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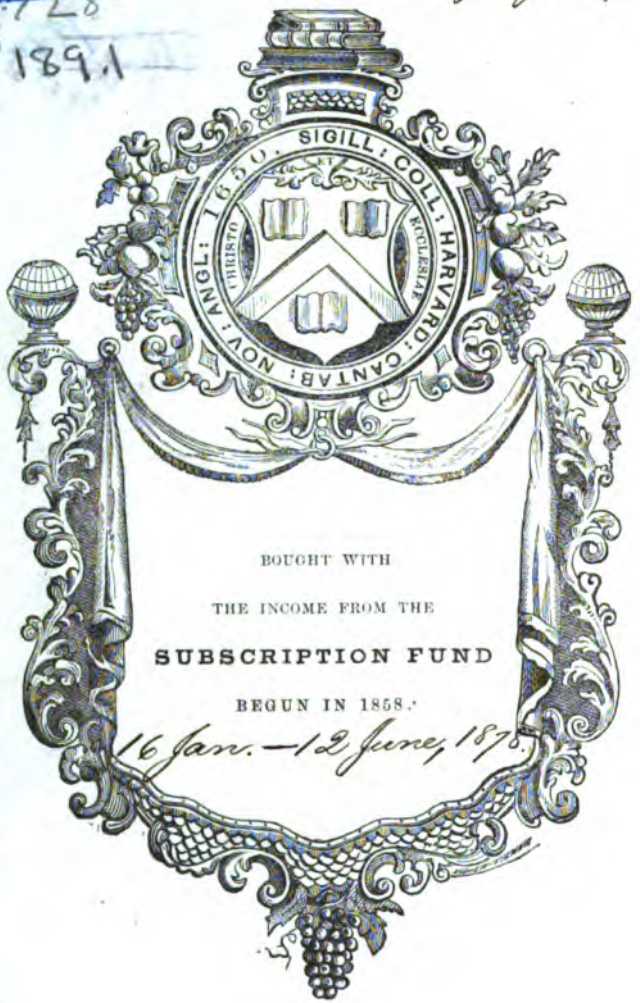


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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

## JANUARY 1878.

### ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

THE present is above all a time when men are brought to ask what are the interests of our country which are essential to its continued well-being; what in the face of all eventualities must we defend to the last; and further what are those supposed interests whose deceptive presence is a burden on our resources, however adaptable to arguments of the sentimental type?

In the *Nineteenth Century* for October, Lord Blachford contributes some very noteworthy remarks on what are now known as the Imperial interests of the British race. And it is well there should be thus authoritatively set up such objections as present themselves to the scheme or theory for the final consolidation of the Empire which has, of late years, taken so prominent a position in public discussion. But in Lord Blachford's argument there are one or two points requiring further consideration. He alludes to the British Empire 'as composed of parts so great, so growing, so diverse in interest, so remote from each other,' that its consolidation is impracticable. Is it possible that the prevalent 'Imperial theory,' which has commended itself to so many able minds, is thus based on fictitious foundations? May it not be advisable at the least to inquire how it is that this same British Empire has held together firmly for so long. The professions and deeds of the Canadians are proverbially patriotic. New Zealand, the only colony with which relations were at any time ever strained in the slightest, is patriotically proud of its position as representative of the mother-country in the 'Pacific' domain of the Empire. In regard to this British Empire there is no doubt about its greatness, there is no doubt about its growth. But this diversity of interests, where do we find that? An instinct to perform the trade of carriers, an instinct to successful traverse of the ocean in commerce-freighted ships, an instinct to watch over and develop any industry which is likely to succeed, whether old or new, whether strange or familiar, an instinct to organise with a view to manufacture, an instinct of self-government, in a word English activity, this is the one pervading characteristic, this the one 'national idea' of every British community, whether it be a band of merchants among the swamps of the West Coast, or a body of pioneer squatters 'taking up' the virgin interior of Australia. To some minds at all events there appears to exist a substantial unity of interests underlying any circumstantial diversities. As to this 'remoteness,' do we not find it neutralised by telegraph and telephone, and bridged by steam? does not London talk with Melbourne as quickly as Paris with Brest? does the ocean still remain 'an eternal barrier set up by creation'? or is it not rather true that the ocean has been made by man a highway far

more practicable for long journeys than the land?

Lord Blachford puts it that human beings when they associate have a purpose in view, and 'for the all-embracing purpose of security, order, prosperity, and safety in the territory which they occupy, they become a state.' But in this definition, it may be suggested, no notice is taken of the nature of the territory so occupied. It is implied in the argument that territorial contiguity is a necessary element. Yet France and Algeria are one state, France and Spain are not one state.

England and her colonies do form one state.

Geographical differences necessarily induce different means for the maintenance of order, prosperity, and safety, but they do not do away with the fact that each state is one society imbued throughout with a national idea, a certain constitutional theory, definite commercial and industrial tendencies, and specified social aspirations. The Algerian recruit is brought by transport to the drill-shed at Marseilles, while the Gallician conscript joins the Madrid garrison by train. But that the communications in the one instance are over the sea and in the other over the land does not seem to constitute a reason for denying the title 'state' to one society and granting it to the other. Indeed, it may well be asserted that just as the military power of any nation arises in accordance with its extent of territory, so does the maritime power of any nation find its chief cause and origin in that want of territorial contiguity which drives maritime nations to hold their own at sea.

Certainly, the element of distance is no safe criterion. The governor of Tashkend leaving St. Petersburg for his own capital, has to face a laborious and irksome land journey of some 2,000 miles, which consumes about 30 days. The Governor-General of Canada reaches his capital, 3,000 miles from Downing Street, in a floating hotel in some 14 days, while the Governor-General of India is with equal ease landed in Bombay in about 25 days. The Russian arsenal of Vladivostock, 5,000 miles as the crow flies from St. Petersburg, cannot be stored at all by land, so great and troublous are the difficulties presented by the long land journey; while it is considerably farther from St. Petersburg by sea than any British colony is from London.

Territorial contiguity is in short a drawback rather than an advantage to a *large* empire, and the facilities of communication offered by the ocean are immeasurably superior to those available on land.

And yet are we to acknowledge Russia to be a 'practicable' state because its parts are territorially contiguous, while we deny this claim to the British Empire, for the reason that its parts are separated the one from the other by the sea?

Upon such considerations it might possibly be advanced that there is some reason for assuming the existence within the British Empire of a 'unity of feeling,' which the 'remoteness of its parts' entirely fails to do away with, and that we have thus a sphere of combined action, we have that 'something which can be pursued by a common effort and a common policy,' which Lord Blachford so well shows to be the fundamental element of a state. That 'something' in the present case is the furtherance of the securing to the nation the conditions of its present prosperity and general opportunities.

In regard to the British Empire, Lord Blachford points out that of three functions of a supreme power, that function which would deal with the internal affairs of its component parts is performed by the general institution of self-

government. The second function, that of arranging inter-provincial questions, he tells us is virtually performed by means of 'accepted Imperial laws, like slavery,' together with the provisional but sufficient arrangement of colonial office, colonial governors, and colonial agents. With regard to the third and last of the functions of an Imperial Government, namely the conduct of the foreign policy of the State, he finds that any scheme of Imperial Confederation completely breaks down. He asks, 'In relation to foreign politics what purposes are common to England and her colonies as a mass?' He makes a qualified admission that colonial influence in foreign affairs may possess certain good points. That, for instance, it might turn the balance in favour of peace, or that it would ease commercial negotiations with foreign Powers, who cannot understand our colonial relations. But in all other respects he proclaims it to be a 'simple interest of suffering.' The only share in our foreign policy which could fall to the lot of the colonies, he argues, would be their feeling the heavy hand of war, and their endurance of their part of the national sacrifices ensuing. In proof of this argument he instances our foreign wars in China, in India, in Abyssinia; our talked-of aid to the Confederates in the American war; our talked-of help of Denmark against Germany; our talked-of interference in the Franco-German war; our talked-of armed intervention in the East. Waiving all questions as to the admission into the argument of such 'talked-of' policies, he asks, 'What have our colonies to do with the command of the Mediterranean or the road to India, or the balance of power, or the invasion of Belgium?'

We would venture to suggest the possible answer of those who uphold the Imperial theory: 'Quite as much as England, if we turn for a moment to regard the true nature of the British Empire.'

What are the Australians doing? Vigorously seeking markets for their products. Why is there an Exhibition at Cape Town? In order to attract buyers of South African produce. Whence comes the wealth of Canada? From the markets where her productions are sold. Whence the prosperity of England? From the profits resulting on her industrial activity finding due outlet. And how is this national wealth, this national well-being, secured? By the continued assurance that the nation can carry its varied products to the best markets. We have here the true national interests, the true 'British interests'—namely, the retention of access to markets. Moreover, in many cases, time is of great importance to the merchant. The teas of China must reach Europe faster and cheaper by sea than by caravan, otherwise the Russian and not the Englishman reaps the advantage. The Suez Canal being kept open, the merchant in Hongkong has more profits to spend on Australian produce. Moreover, markets exist potentially wherever human beings congregate. It becomes the interest of the merchant to open up all such markets, to penetrate all inhabited lands, and sell his wares. Not only does the shipowner of Sydney make his profits by having the *entrée* of Chinese ports, whence to fetch tea, but the merchant can thus introduce to the Chinese market his manufactured products.

And in regard to our wars, how has the foreign policy involved consorted with this true nature of our Empire? Our wars in China and Abyssinia, what else were they than endeavours to protect our pioneer merchants, and open up markets for our colonies quite as much as for the home country? To these might well be added our

latest war—that of Ashantee—undertaken purely and solely in colonial commercial interests. 'Talked-of interference' in the Danish and American wars was never likely to be carried out, and always opposed by a large majority of Englishmen.

Talked-of interference in the Franco-German war was practically confined to a defence of Belgium; a course of action whose avowed purpose was and is to insure the security of the ports of England: a matter of some moment to the colonies. Interference in the Eastern Question is avowedly and decidedly confined to insuring the safety of British interests. It is commonly asserted that English merchants, whether home or colonial, cannot for a moment endure the presence of Russian protectionists staying their Black Sea trade, and shutting them out from the markets of the East. Others again cry out against the presence of a powerful and possibly hostile Power at the Isthmus, interrupting the most direct communications of our colonies with that great market, Europe. Thus it is argued that there has yet to be found any great item of foreign policy which is English as opposed to Imperial in purport.

It is further necessary to bear in mind that Europe is, at present, much the best market for all 'colonial produce;' and, moreover, that Europe for some considerable time to come promises to be the centre of the active forces of the world. If the plea is to be entertained that the proposed unification of the British Empire will localise national effort around Europe, and hereafter, as colonies grow, will find its chief interests in Oceania and its centre at Melbourne, it may well be added that, in such case, the centre will be rightly placed. But, whatever development the future may have in store for us, the present, so far as we are acquainted with it, shows England to be the actual centre of the Empire.

Imperial interests, quite as essential to the well-being of the colonies as of England, may be defined, in the rough, as the maintenance intact of the communications of the Empire, and the opening up and securing as many markets as possible for our traders and for the products of our industries. Nor may it be denied that in such interests our colonies have a share, at the least, proportionately equal to that of England. And if the foreign policy of England, since the growth of her colonial empire, be regarded, it will be seen that it has definitively set itself to foster these interests alone, and to the exclusion of all others. It is thus that we can see the basis for a common foreign policy, and for a united effort of all Englishmen, no matter how 'remote' their various fields of labour.

Such are some few of the ideas that have occurred to those 'keenly set on maintaining the integrity of the Empire.' Lord Blachford asks, 'Is it seriously believed possible that nations internally independent and externally divided by oceans, like England, Canada, South Africa, and Australasia, can remain for ever united in one political system for the sole purpose of determining a foreign policy in which no three of them have a common object?' Thus he summarises the objections to a federation of the Empire in the final plea that the sole purpose of union is the determination of a foreign policy. The worth of the objection of the external division by oceans is seen by a brief review of the comparative geography of empires, and an acknowledgment of what modern science has accomplished and seems destined yet to accomplish in overcoming distance. And if the one political system is organised 'for the sole purpose of determining

a foreign policy,' there can be no objection to it until it has been shown that the foreign policy so inaugurated will not be dictated by the interests of the whole body. A foreign policy in which no three of the component parts of this proposed unity have a common object has, however, yet to be discovered.

The same Review has, however, also allowed due advocacy of the other side of the question. Sir Julius Vogel, in the July number, eloquently emphasised the theory that the colonies are, and should remain, part and parcel of the Empire, for the benefit of the poor, for the success of the rich, for the inevitable development of the British population (fed indeed by useful contingents from other nations), consequent on the prosperity ensuing from a continued commercial and industrial activity.

Mr. Dicey, too, in the September number, ably pointed out that the making and holding of a colonial empire is in the very nature of Englishmen, and may not be stayed or thwarted. And, with much truth, he argues that 'the possession of a number of outlying dependencies scattered over every portion of the globe is an essential element of the commercial prosperity on which our greatness as a nation depends.'

Now this tendency of the English nation, coupled with the economic reasons, go far to assure the continuance of the integrity of the British Empire. But they also incidentally bring to light the present weak places in the system; they show where the consequences of foreign war would bring disaster unless due means be taken to avert all evil effect; they call for measures 'to perpetuate the belief in our strength.' But whether we hold, with Lord Blachford, or Sir Julius Vogel, as to the final development of the British nation, we must equally acknowledge the fact, that under the conditions of the present or the immediate future the Empire is and will be one. That this unity is marked by a unity of interests we have attempted to show; and it remains to discover the best means for the due carrying out of a common effort and a common policy.

We will repeat here from Mr. Disraeli's great speech at the Crystal Palace, in 1872, the pregnant words:

> But self-government, when it was conceded, ought, in my opinion, to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by . . . . a military code, which should have previously defined the means and responsibilities by which the colonies should have been defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the colonies themselves.

Mr. Disraeli next asked how was it that the policy of the disintegration of the Empire, long ago inaugurated, had utterly failed? And he answers:

> By the sympathy of the colonies with the mother-country. They have decided that the Empire shall not be destroyed, and in my opinion no minister in this country will do his duty who neglects an opportunity of resuscitating, as much as possible, our Colonial Empire, and of responding to those distant sympathies which may become the source of incalculable strength and happiness to this land.

In order to a reconstruction of our colonial empire, it becomes those who have thought on the matter to neglect no opportunity of laying out for public discussion any suggestions they may deem appropriate to the case in hand. It is with the 'military code,' with 'the means and responsibilities' by which the whole Empire should be defended, that our present business lies.

There are three distinct departments of the question. Each introduces fresh elements, and elements vital to the successful issue of the whole effort. It must be examined from the naval and mili-

tary point of view, from the legal and constitutional point of view, and from the point of view of the expedient and practicable. That a measure should be deemed valuable, even that it should be deemed necessary, does not bring about its adoption in English communities till those interested become convinced that the time and place of its due promulgation have been arrived at. But each of these phases of the question can be well abstracted from the others for separate determination. Attention must first be paid to the technically strategical part of the question. For some years much attention has been devoted to this part of the subject; and in treating thereof it is luckily possible to cull much valuable matter from the elaborated opinions of that section of military authorities who have taken up the subject, and whose latest and able exponent is Captain Colomb.

It is well, at the outset, to acknowledge in full the geographical nature of the problem, and the military needs therefrom arising. Never in history has there been a State in the same conditions as to offence and defence. Various provinces situated in every quarter of the globe, and separated the one from the other by long distances of ocean, constitute the British Empire. Moreover, the wealth and prosperity of these same provinces depend, in intimate measure, on the fact that they enjoy perfect liberty of intercommunication, being, as they are, part and parcel of the nation which is the carrier of the world. Unlike any other, the true English Nation dwells in scattered abodes, and its strength lies in the maintaining both the inviolability of these abodes and the freedom of communication between them, each of vital importance to the other. Other nations are, as a rule, occupants of continuous territories, and their aim is to develop within such territories the various industries and arts which ameliorate the condition of their peoples. To defend such continuous territories large armies are needed. But to defend the *disjecta membra* of the British Empire, a navy is the great essential; while the army is primarily needed merely to hold against all comers the harbours in which the navy rests and has its being.

The question thus resolves itself into two divisions; the maintenance of the inviolability of the abodes, and the maintenance of the communications between them.

The actual defence of the 'hearths and homes' is the special function of domestic forces. And all colonies are evincing an earnest and able desire to fulfil this part of their national duty. All colonists appear willing to act in defence of their peculiar abode, provided they be not in addition liable to serve on foreign expeditions. And this spirit judiciously cultivated is the very spirit to ward off invasion, and to secure with strong grasp the various harbours and stations of the Empire.

The colonies are liable to invasion. But the invasion of any one of the outlying provinces of the Empire is hardly feasible save on the assumption that it has been left unprotected. Admiral Rodney of old, surprised at his easy capture of the island of St. Eustatius, wrote, 'Had the Dutch been as attentive to their security as they were to their profits, the island had been impregnable.' Englishmen will, let us hope, be wiser in their generation. Powers attacking our colonies must closely consider the amount and kind of resistance likely to be met with. In favour of the colonists, it must be remembered that the element of distance adds countless difficulties and increased hazards to the attacking force. It

seems improbable that under any usual conditions a serious attempt would be made actually to invade a defended colony. Nevertheless are there other ways in which the colonies might be made grievously to feel the heavy hand of war. Foremost among these is the attack of expeditions of sufficient power to impose requisitions on a district, to destroy shipping or coal in a port, or even to seize and hold advantageous points with a view to further operations or exactions.

It is to guard against these eventualities that the principal endeavours of the home defenders should be directed. Nor can it be said that the task thus imposed is of very appalling difficulty. There are the ports, the centres of each locality, to be defended. But in addition to this, there will be for some time to come long tracts of coast-line practically uninhabited and so devoid of protection. In these cases the special circumstances of each case must regulate the remedy. As a rule such unpopulated districts afford little to the invader save a foothold on the land. It is not as though these were the cultivated provinces of an old-established land; they are for the most part regions that offer little in the way of supplies. If Dunedin be rendered practically impregnable against any expeditionary force likely to attack it, it will be little profit and great risk for such expeditionary force to establish itself along the barren Otago coast.

The desirability of efficiently defending the ports is obvious. These are as a rule the centres of population; and it is only of late years that general attention has been drawn to the necessity and the practicability of their defence. Some years ago the merchants of Sydney awoke one fine morning to see a foreign man-of-war unexpectedly riding at anchor off their well-stocked warehouses, their whole rich city lying at the mercy of her guns. She had during the night sailed in at the Heads and up the harbour; at the time she represented a friendly Power, but her unexpected advent set the men of Sydney promptly to avail themselves of their splendid natural defences, and now it is acknowledged their port can with great ease be rendered impregnable. Other colonists are awaking to their danger. The *Overland China Mail*, speaking of its own home, the important commercial harbour of Hongkong, declares it to be—

> without a single fortification that could prevent an enemy's ship entering the harbour at either end; and, were war to break out to-morrow, a single ship belonging to the enemy could run through the harbour and so damage our naval and military stores that, before we could fire a shot in return, we should find ourselves defenceless.

The *Port Elizabeth Telegraph* bears witness to the same effect:

> A few Armstrong guns, and a few torpedoes from the Imperial stores, with the Naval Brigade resuscitated, would impart a sense of security to the community it has not experienced since the Crimean war.

When we consider the great ease, in these days of big guns and torpedoes, with which ports are rendered safe even from the attack of ironclads, it is evident that what is required to be done would be insignificant in cost and in quantity, and might prove of vital importance.

The larger colonial ports have already instituted or discussed the institution of ironclads or turret vessels for the protection of their shipping, and there is no doubt of the value of such undertakings. Volunteers have been forthcoming in plenty to man batteries and to line the shore with riflemen. And it may here be noticed that colonists form excellent military material. They are by their very life and nature ready-trained campaigners; hardy, ready to rough it in health and in glee, handy as sailors at

shifts, they are the very men to fall naturally into camp life should need arise. And it may be added that there does not exist in the world better material for irregular cavalry than the stockmen of Australia and their marvellous horses.

Torpedoes are a latter-day invention, but their efficacy in keeping off the foe is undoubted. Yet for their effective use there must be men who can work them. The torpedo is a delicate instrument, liable to get out of order with the slightest neglect, and very difficult of successful management. Farther on we shall come to discuss the desirability of more numerous arsenals, and one of their great uses would be the manufacture and distribution of torpedoes for local defence. It is essential, too, that a port thus defended should have its torpedoes themselves well defended. Artillery on shore, well served, is necessary, but not all-sufficing. The *boats* of an enemy can, under cover of darkness or fog, fish up concussion torpedoes, cut the wires of electric torpedoes, and destroy all kinds by discharging their own torpedoes; and the only force serviceable against such boat attack is boat attack. Moreover, one of the most reliable and efficient ways of 'serving' torpedoes, from an offensive point of view, is by means of small vessels and boats. Mr. Brassey has lately shown us in England that the clerks of our great mercantile ports, the members of our yacht and rowing clubs, are eager to turn true sailors in defence of their country. Any who have seen the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers in regular blue-jacket costume at work at boat or gun drill, or away for a Saturday to Monday cruise in our estuaries, will see at once that organised boat work is far from distasteful to the volunteer. In fact, he apparently prefers it immensely to dusty drills and tiring field-days and marches. Englishmen, all the world over, have it in their blood to be at home on the waters, and the volunteer defenders of their hearths and homes will be found, whenever called for, ready to man the necessary boats. The keen yacht and rowing contests in Port Jackson, the maritime feats of the Canadians, are some of the signs of the abundance of material ready to be drawn upon to man these local boat defences.

We have thus in brief hinted at the true functions of local forces. The inviolability of the abodes is easily attainable. The men are volunteers, living on the spot. The *matériel*, guns, vessels, torpedoes, ammunition, must be supplied to them; and the junior officers of the regular army and navy never tire of pointing to the fact that, in order to organise and instruct, in accordance with the latest developments of military science, such local forces, there is, and will always be, a plethora of senior officers in the existing regular forces, whose removal to fresh scenes of useful activity would quicken promotion, and give the longed-for impulse to upward moves, which would otherwise only be hoped for by the means of a hard-fought war.

To preserve the inviolability of the scattered abodes of the British race is thus seen to be no impossible matter. But the other essential condition to true prosperity, the maintenance of their communications one with the other, is a task of greater difficulty, and yet of no less essential importance.

For a long period the British fleet, with its chief bases at Portsmouth and Devonport, has been the trusted guardian of these communications, and it may be necessary to see why it is that this system may not answer still. These communications must of course be guarded by an armed force abiding on the waters; and in these days of ironclads and steam, the primary

condition of the effective existence of such a force is the presence in each neighbourhood of a port wherein they may refit, repair, or restore the damages of time or foe. As these new necessities of modern naval warfare developed, so was it found absolutely necessary to trust to other than home dockyards for minor repairs. Bermuda, Halifax, Malta, Bombay, became supplementary refitting stations. Private accommodation was sought in Sydney harbour, at the Cape, and elsewhere.

These things are signs of the times. They are a recognition of the rapid growth of population and trade in our distant provinces, as well as of the exigencies of modern naval warfare, and it is only in accordance with the indisputable signs of the future that any wise policy can be shaped. Australians do not forget that sudden appearance of a French ironclad in their waters at a moment when there seemed a prospect of England becoming embroiled in the Franco-German war. The *Shah* and *Huascar* fight shows the desirability of ironclads on distant stations, as well as on the home, Mediterranean, and North American stations, where they can already exist because they have the bases of Portsmouth, Malta, and Halifax. It is possible our ironclads which are laid up in ordinary in home harbours might do better and more economical service as flagships, or even as guardships capable of being rapidly changed into cruisers, on our outlying stations.

It has to be borne in mind, however, that the most powerful war-ships of the present day, those of the *Devastation* type, however good as sea-boats, however capable of buffeting the waves and fighting their guns in a gale, are by no means cruisers. A vessel that has to keep the sea for any length of time must necessarily be of a weaker war type. It is essential, for instance, that she have masts and rigging in order to eke out her supply of coal; it is essential, too, that she have good freeboard to enable her the easier to buffet the waves, and, above all, to retain the health of her crew. The type of war-ship that could successfully attack our lines of communication or our outlying colonies is thus confined to the comparatively weak cruising type. When the unarmoured *Shah* does battle with the turreted *Huascar*, it is to the superiority of her skilled crew that we can alone trust. Now, by the existence of, say, six minor arsenals in various portions of the British Empire, six *Devastations* might be posted as efficient sentinels at various points of the Empire. The *Devastation* can only operate near her protected base. In time of war vessels of this powerful type could readily proceed to any given locality; but once there they would be useless unless they had assured to their use coaling and repairing depôts. And the effective presence of one such vessel in the Australian or Cape waters would at once warn off all hostile cruisers, even though they were of the strength of our own *Sultan* or *Monarch*.

From a strategical point of view such arsenals would have a high value. In our eastern colonies it has been well asked, Suppose the Suez Canal for any reason closed (a sandstorm, a sunken vessel, an explosion of torpedoes—many are the possible causes), and supposing the middle Atlantic the scene of a severe struggle with the enemy, what securities are India, Australia, and the Cape to trust to? Some have advocated the immediate and forced completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad as being a line of communication altogether in English possession. But it seems that a more efficient remedy is to be found in the development of a system of independent arsenals.

History tells us that great things can be accomplished by the Anglo-Saxon race when hard pressed. The Confederates of America, blockaded by land and sea, yet turned to with a will and sent forth a *Merrimac* to the consternation of the Northerners. These proposed fortified arsenals need but be at the present the nucleus of future expansions. Yet their positions and character should be decided upon, and their foundations, so to speak, laid with a full recognition of their future importance. Such fortresses would go far to giving England territorial possession of the trade routes of the world other than the Suez Canal. This latter would obviously be in the keeping of that Power which for the time being could establish itself in the Isthmus.

Again, by distributing the vital points of the Empire larger attacking forces would be necessary, and the attack thereby rendered less likely, while the defence would be little enhanced in difficulty. After the battle of Trafalgar, England was supposed to have won the command of the sea; yet it required eighteen of her invincible men-of-war and a force of ten thousand soldiers to capture the Mauritius. Expeditions of such magnitude are not readily undertaken. Then, too, the multiplication of such arsenals would render less fatal the fall of any one of them. A struggle to affect England must be a struggle at sea. Suppose the ports of England sufficiently engaged with their own defence, while the powerful navies which had issued from them were scattered over the world bravely doing their duty; it is at once seen how vitally important the presence in other parts of arsenals for the support of this fleet, how dangerous to the enemy; and, in short, how hopeless an attack on such an empire.

Suppose the fall of any one of these arsenals—say one situated in Simon's Bay. The hostile Power forthwith commands the South Atlantic. For the defence of Hongkong, India, or Australia, ships of war would have to force a passage past the foe were it not for the fact that the arsenals, say, of Sydney and Bombay and Esquimault were active bases of fitting-out, repairing, and even building the wherewithal to attack the enemy in the rear. Such we assume to be the true principle of the defence of a scattered empire. We are told that Japan and China are starting arsenals in the Pacific; that the Russians have an independent arsenal and dockyard already growing at Vladivostock; that the Americans have one at Manu Island. Not one of these nations has any 'communications' to maintain, their duty is merely to protect such commerce as they possess, and to act offensively in defence of their home interests. Yet England and her colonies, in addition to these duties, have to maintain the communications of a scattered empire. Consequently she especially requires independent arsenals and dockyards.

Thus it is clear that the true interests of a widespread empire, guarded by its fleet, necessitate the formation of a series of arsenals, not indeed many in number, yet commanding the various groups of colonies. These dockyards and arsenals are started as places capable of the highest development; but, in accordance with present circumstances, developed only sufficiently for the lighter repairs and possible docking of our larger men-of-war. We have already alluded to their use as centres for the local supply of torpedoes, torpedo boats, and trained men to direct their working. The superior economy and efficiency of such a plan are obvious over one which should merely distribute these means of defence to every port in time of peace,

and leave these war stores to lie by till the time of their urgent need exhibit the ravages of rust and dust and the absolute uselessness of a large percentage of the whole.

It would perhaps be sufficient to start five such arsenals. The exact locality of each must be left to local exigencies, and in some cases would be determined by the existing work accomplished in this direction. The outlying interests of the Empire may be conveniently divided into six groups. The *North American* already has its arsenal at Halifax, the *Mediterranean* is duly provided with Malta, the *West Indian* interests at present have their centre at Bermuda, though, on account of its difficult approaches, it is said Barbados or Jamaica might be found preferable localities for a central dockyard. The *West American*, including our colonies in the North, our trade in the Pacific and on the coast of South America, would be best protected by an arsenal at Esquimault or its neighbourhood. The influence of such a base would extend to the China seas. The fleet protecting the trade of *India and the Straits* should have its dockyard at Bombay, or, as some have advocated, in Ceylon. The *South African group* would establish its centre in Simon's Bay, Saldanha Bay, or other favourable spot. And the safety of the *Australias* would be insured by an arsenal in Port Jackson, or at the head of Port Phillip.

These impregnable ports would have another indirect use in war time. Suppose an enemy's fleet or cruisers to take the sea at the commencement of a war: our merchantmen in each district at once have safe refuge to run for where they could arm or lie in security till such time as our fleet or peace should have cleared the seas.

The British Empire thus resembles a vast tract of country held by a central citadel and various outlying forts; but it is further necessary to the safety of the intervening districts that there exist along the main roads and at the cross roads blockhouse outposts stored for the due reception and replenishment of the national patrol, and of sufficient strength to resist the attacks of the enemy's skirmishers.

Among the stores such blockhouse outposts can supply to war forces, none in modern days has such high value as coal. H.M.S. *Alexandra*, representing a type of powerful cruiser in high favour with all nations, can carry only 750 tons of coal, though with any head of steam on at least 150 tons is consumed per diem. Such ships, and yet more those of the *Devastation* type, are practically useless unless 'coaled up.' And there are only two methods of supplying cruising men-of-war with coal. By one of these, steamers simply coal-laden and trusting to extreme swiftness alone for safety, act esquire to the fighting man-of-war, and supply her with the wherewithal to locomotion. But another and simpler plan, which may be instituted with great ease in the British Empire, is the multiplication of fortified coal depôts. It has to be borne in mind that by far the larger proportion of the coal fields of the world are in English hands. This enables the great carrier nation of the world to compete with others in speed of delivery. Yet it further gives the English a great advantage when attacked on the sea. By maintaining possession of these coal fields, and of any stored depositories of coal, the English, blockading the remaining coal ports, have an opportunity of driving the steamers (and that means the fleet) of an enemy from the sea. This is a tremendous prospect, but it is one we might find ourselves seriously enabled to entertain, provided we set our house in order betimes. In a great war,

coal might become more precious than any diamonds.

We have coal fields in India, in Labuan, Vancouver's Island, New Zealand, Natal, and other of our colonial possessions. Yet are many of these coal fields undefended at the present. And again, increased steam traffic has dotted the world with well-stored coal depôts. These for the most part could be sacked or destroyed by ships of war in a few hours. It becomes then of the utmost importance to consider the establishment of garrisons and fortified protection to such depositories of coal as are in our hands at the present. Nor may it be forgotten that such security, primarily extended to the coal, would indirectly foster the development of such outposts as centres of trade and commerce.

In the distribution of these blockhouse outposts great care must be given to the geography of our trade routes. Trading vessels are pretty well scattered abroad over certain portions of the ocean, whereas in others they congregate at certain known spots, and it is these points of convergence which are specially the object of attack or defence. These are determined by the natural agencies of wind and current, and man has in such circumstances to obey and not to order nature. The *Alabama* took advantage of this fact, and readers of Captain Semmes' *Adventures Afloat* will remember his 'toll-gates' on the wide ocean. The rich carrying trade from Australia, the Cape, and South America all converges at a certain point on the equator. This point alters somewhat with the season of the year, but it is always 'worked' by mariners in order to enjoy to the full the invaluable trade winds. Another great convergence of routes is the immediate vicinity of Cape Horn. The homeward-bound Australian trade comes that way, and both the outward and homeward trade between the west coast of America and Europe passes the same district. These are two examples of important marine cross-roads. Stationed at one of these, a single war-steamer has immense power for offence or defence. Yet even the *Devastation* herself would roll helplessly in the lazy swell on the equator unless she could from time to time retire upon some well-appointed base. St. Helena, Ascension, and certain West India islands with equal plausibility arrogate to themselves the important position of blockhouse at these cross-roads. A fortified coal depôt is here a necessity, just as another is needed on the Falkland Islands to serve the same purpose for the Cape Horn crossways.

We have gone far into this plan of defence, which seems fast thrusting itself on the British Empire. It remains to discuss the kind of force which is to profit by this central citadel connected by blockhouse outposts with the outlying forts. Such a force must be movable, and it must combine the naval and military element in order that it may be possible to undertake military movements when requisite, either in aid of immatured defences or for purposes of counter-attack. Moreover, it would seem essential that such a force should eventually represent a single system pervading the whole Empire.

At first sight this would appear to run counter to the 'Colonial Naval Defence Act of 1865,' which authorised the responsible colonial Governments to provide vessels of war and seamen at the expense of the colony. But we take it that this Act is in reality only part and parcel of that policy 'which sought to withdraw Queen's troops from colonies possessing responsible government, and to require such colonies to find the means for self-protection against revolts of native tribes, or others within their

boundaries, and against sudden attack on their frontiers.' The fleet and army thus proposed is just that which has nothing to do with frontiers or localities: it has no ties of place, and exists for the sake of the general welfare of the whole Empire. It is a power which might be called in against native revolt or outside invasion, but it is a power distinctly Imperial and not local, consequently this force must be a professional force. The men serving therein must find their home wherever the interests of their common country need them. And this force some regard as the coming bond of the Empire, the one type and visible sign of the unity of British power. And there is little doubt but that such a force, with its several shore-going bases established in the various dominions, unions, and confederations, would be a standing evidence of this unity, and, further, of the great power of this unity.

Coming to the question of recruiting for such a force, we find plenty of evidence of the desirability of its existence. In Canada, lately, no less than 10,000 men volunteered for 'Imperial' service. As the colonies grow, so will there arise material in plenty to recruit this force. Colonel Fletcher, in a paper read before the United Service Institution, advocated the existence of colonial forces, separate, raised locally, and individually complete, officers and all; such forces to be 'placed at the disposal of the mother-country by the great colonies.' No doubt such contingents would have the many good qualities of their race sharpened by competition; but this advantage might be overridden by the manifest strain thereby imposed on the colonies. An enlisted professional force is far more in accordance with the actual conditions of 'Imperial life.' The great mass of colonists, supposing them prosperous, cannot afford personally to leave their homes, save at great risk to this same prosperity. But they can afford to pay for substitutes; and in all prosperous societies there is a sufficient sprinkling of men of all grades ready to feed a professional force. It is said that since the 'red-coats' left our larger colonies there has been a falling off in the number of colonial candidates for commissions; one must needs hope for a speedy revival of a large colonial element among naval and military officers. It has indeed been suggested that the competition of localities might be combined with the acknowledged *kudos* of an Imperial uniform. The means to this end is an extension of the 'Localisation of the Forces' scheme. A 22nd Regiment of Hussars is to have the title 'Queen's Royal Sydney;' a new 110th Line Regiment is to be known as the 'Royal Natal Fusiliers.' These are to be part of the Imperial foreign-going army; yet have a nominal base in some colony, which is to act as a centre of attraction for both officers and men.

The evident tendency of the future is that the provisional distinctions of mother-country and colonies should melt and coalesce into the conception of the Empire as a whole. And the powers of this whole must be represented by an armed force. The Imperial force may be further regarded as a species of military school, from which there shall be from time to time drafted into the local forces trained leaders to infuse into the fighting power of the Empire, whether local or foreign-going, a unity of method keeping pace with the military science of the day.

We have seen, then, that the central citadel should be rendered impregnable, and that the same should be done for the outlying forts and for the blockhouse outposts of the Empire. It remains to demand of the commercial travellers along the

highways that they do something towards their own protection. Such demand has already been made by those in authority, and well responded to by the more wise among them. The ships carrying the commerce of England form a mighty fleet, and by easy and small precautions this fleet can be armed sufficiently to render an attack upon it of enormous difficulty and expense. Speed, of course, which is sought by the merchant for his own benefit, is an invaluable means of escape from the clutches of cruisers. The 'lines' and engines planned for purposes of peaceful commerce, in times of war may often give safety to ship and cargo. Water-tight bulkheads, so useful in the event of collision, might float many a vessel, even when struck by the shot of the enemy, to the shelter of a friendly port or cruiser. It has now become acknowledged that our ocean steamers, with their known speed, might insure a fair chance of safety in war-time were they so planned originally as to be able to ship a heavy gun or two if required. Guns' crews would be forthcoming from among the Naval Reserve men usually to be found in such ships. The Peninsular and Oriental authorities have pointed out that their fine fleet alone, if only lightly armed, could in time of war clear the seas of all vessels of the *Alabama* type. We know that Russia has to some extent adopted the plan of Captain Baranoff—'abandon the construction of iron-clads, which are sure in the long run to be outdone by guns; avoid naval battles, and confine operations at sea to the letting loose of a number of cruisers against the enemies' merchantmen.' Captain Baranoff has been allowed to put his scheme to practical test in the Black Sea, arming the Imperial yacht and certain 'corn and tallow' steamers. But with refuge ports for our smaller and weaker merchantmen, and with the larger and stronger prepared as above suggested for war, such an attempt on English commerce would be easily and completely thwarted. It is a great truth, and one not readily to be lost sight of, that our merchant navy, by a proper organisation, may be made an invaluable handmaiden to our regular navy.

It is worth while to bear in mind that the plans here discussed do not alone bear fruit in war-time; otherwise it might well be advanced that some simpler scheme, some far less extensive plan, would be all-sufficient for the possible contingency of war. It must be remembered that peaceful benefits would neither be few nor unimportant. A large empire thus thoroughly organised for powerful defence would scarcely invite attack or even collision; and these measures, as they developed, would be invaluable aids to the growth of enterprise and industry. Further, the dockyards and arsenals which, as we have seen, it is desirable to establish in the various centres, would save much of the expense necessary even in peace as precaution against war. They would save sending a man-of-war twenty thousand miles from and to the field of her utility for the sake of repairs. Moreover, in such dockyards advantage could be taken of the timber and ores of the country, and much freightage saved. Nor need such dockyards be confined to the uses of the fleet. They should become centres of ship-building activity; affording secure and convenient opportunities for the building and repairing of our mercantile marine; thus fostering another among the many life-giving colonial industries. The coaling depôts, too, would be open to the use of the trader.

The further guarantee of security thus imparted to English commerce and English colonies would bear immediate fruit in the advent of

well-placed credit. British Columbia, for instance, were her communications and inviolability thus efficiently secured, would at once see her vast coal fields opened up to some purpose by the influx of the money of the capitalist. And among the colonies we find many eager to enjoy the advantages consequent on being chosen as arsenals or depôts. Thus the *Times of Natal* exclaims:

> We are surely indulging in no wild dream when we confidently look forward to the selection of Natal as one of the eastern depôts; if we hope to see our port enlarged and improved, thronged by merchantmen, and protected by regular defence vessels and torpedoes.

Even if we suppose the carrier trade going partly into other hands, it would continue to be the duty of England to secure the communications of her Empire.

Among the minor advantages of the growth of such a system are the benefits arising from the institution of local defence forces. It has been well said in a recent number of the *Colonies*: 'Apart from the beneficial influence that military training never fails to exercise on the physical condition of a nation, it engenders a spirit of self-reliance and feeling of security, the importance of which to a young and rising community cannot be overestimated.' Conscription appears to be diametrically opposed to the English nature; yet Englishmen volunteer readily enough to undergo that military discipline which conscription gives to a nation. In the 'old country' 250,000 effective volunteers are in existence each year; and this would be by no means a contemptible quota to a population of 30,000,000, even if raised by conscription. The colonies are rapidly following suit; and herein we see the need and benefit, even in times of peace, of the organisation of local defence by means of volunteer battalions, batteries, and boats' crews.

We have thus far discussed the strategy of our question; we have endeavoured in some measure to focus what is needed for the defence of British interests. There remains the necessity briefly to consider what has been and is doing at the present in supply of this need.

With regard to the inviolability of the abodes, there is a general movement among the colonists all over the Empire to organise local defence. The celebrated Canadian militia is a well-officered, well-trained force of all arms, numbering 23,000 men, and there is a reserve force of some 600,000. Victoria has lately determined on investing a sum of 350,000*l.*, together with an annual outlay of 73,000*l.*, in providing an adequate force of ships, artillery, torpedoes, and rifles. New South Wales has voted a like sum for a similar purpose. In South Africa, with the approval of Lord Carnarvon, the native forces are being made use of.

With regard to the maintenance of the communications, these and the arsenals and blockhouses are at present the care of the Home Government, and it is here that new measures are most necessary. Thus British Columbia, boasting large coal fields, and our only harbour in the East Pacific, has been practically defenceless; the same may be said of the favourable coaling station of Labuan, and also of the important harbour and dock of Hongkong. When we say defenceless, we allude, of course, to local defence; hitherto the protection of these and similar outlying places has been entrusted to the fleet. But, just as it has become evident that those colonies which are able, by reason of their increased population and wealth, to organise for their own defence, should set about the task forthwith, so has it become clear that our important commercial and coaling stations and strategic harbours must be defended

on a similar plan. British Columbia, for instance, may thus be made the well-protected base of our Pacific fleet, and not, as hitherto, its main cause of solicitude. It seems right now to place Hongkong in a position to aid our China squadron, rather than to look to that fleet for its own protection.

Of late years Government action has been vigorously awake in this direction. All efforts cost money; we may turn to the estimates to learn what efforts are being made. And in them we find, under the head of 'Dockyards and Victualling Yards Abroad,' that Malta absorbed during the year 1876–7 about 50,000*l.*; Gibraltar 16,000*l.*; Halifax 10,000*l.*; West Indies 10,000*l.*; Cape 18,000*l.*; Trincomalee 4,000*l.*; Hongkong 34,000*l.*; Esquimault 5,000*l.*; Shanghai 2,000*l.*; Sydney 2,000*l.*; Bombay ('a new item') 400*l.* A glance at these payments—one and all increases on former years—proves that the various localities we have hitherto alluded to as desirable positions for dockyards and 'outposts' are many of them becoming the centres of naval expenditure, and so of naval work. And this implies that their local defence will be cared for; garrisons will follow to protect the stores and works. We hear of the creation by the Dominion Government of fortifications to protect the harbour of Victoria in British Columbia; the Home Government meanwhile sending warlike stores and men to organise the security of Esquimault. Thus the scheme discussed already exists in an infantile state; it presents the usual features of that condition, but is developing its future characteristics, and even thus early gives a hint of its future muscle and strength.

The remaining element of our strategy—the armed force abiding on the waters—is a requirement of a far later stage of things. It has, however, at present its very vigorous nucleus in the fleet and regular army of England. The infusion of more colonial blood both into rank and file and among the officers is the one desideratum of the immediate future. Nor does it seem unlikely that with the establishment of branch arsenals will come the desirability of garrisoning them with Lord Herbert's 'red coat and Union Jack of the Empire;' and thus relieving the colonies in which they may be situate of the extra danger of attack, and of the increased sacrifices necessary to insure the defence of what is essentially an Imperial and not a local establishment.

It is suggested that the army of the Empire may be judiciously distributed; supplying in each centre a force ready to vindicate the strong arm of authority or patriotism, and forming a nucleus for the particular local energies. The various regiments and brigades of an Imperial army thus stationed would enjoy a tour of the Empire in their period of service, at the same time keeping up a healthy circulation of English ideas; infusing into the colonies the life-blood of the mother-country, and bringing back to her a valuable contribution of the more youthful energy of the colonies. Moreover, such garrisons would at once agglomerate recruits and give off in time-expired men and retired officers the trained military element necessary for the true well-being and efficiency of the local forces. But, as we have seen, this 'Imperial army' must in truth be regarded as a development of the future, the culmination of the present growth, to reach mature vigour as the colonies approach the state of things Mr. W. E. Forster tells us is coming by the year 1900, when there shall be 82,000,000 inhabitants in our 'temperate colonies' and 63,000,000 in the yet flourishing Old Country.

Nevertheless is it necessary to consider the eventual outcome of any system, in order that its first beginnings may be directed aright.

Such is a scheme culled from the study of the more recent public discussions on the subject. We must perforce acknowledge that the unity of the Empire is a fact of the present, however problematical may be its future. To accept this fact in these days of armed nationalities, is to accept the necessity of duly arming this unity; and it is with a view to asking what is necessary, and to seeing what prospect there may be of achieving it, that these views are laid before the public.

GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

# ON TEACHING ENGLISH.

By Francis W. Newman.

It is fifty years since the University of London was planned. Already the complaint was heard among the reformers of education, that the English language did not receive due attention; that it ought to be practised and studied as a substantive object, and with this view a Professor of English ought to be appointed. The actual result has been, a Professor of both the English language and the English literature: but as regards the cultivation of the language there is little to boast of. When at length, some ten years later, the present University arose, and the earlier University took the surname of College, the London examination papers in English were far more learned than beneficial; inasmuch as to call forth the remark from an eminent scholar, that to answer the questions in English, a student ought to be familiar with Mœso-Gothic. Practical power over the language was not cultivated, nor delicate appreciation of the distinctions of words and force of composition; but mere theory and historical erudition.

The older doctrine, upheld by such accomplished men as Dr. Coplestone, afterwards Bishop of Landaff, and Dr. Arnold, head of Rugby School, was, that English grammar is best understood by *contrast* with some other language whose grammar is more complex; and that English composition has its best exercise in careful translation from such a language. For this very purpose, it was urged, the Latin, which is our ordinary school-basis, is admirably suited; because, first, as used by its best writers, it is signally concise; next, it is nobly free from that vice imported by the Middle Age schoolmen into our modern tongues—the excessive use of abstract terms. Latin loves concrete expression, and works by the finite verb rather than by the infinitive and by verbal nouns: hence simplicity and energy. Further, its power of transposition enables it so to arrange words that the emphasis of a sentence shall fall just where it ought. This excellence we can but imperfectly attain in English; but by the practice of translation the student learns to aim at it so far as our language allows. On the contrary, the French naturally subsides into the true logical order. Whately, intimate friend and almost co-adjutor of Coplestone, illustrates this well in his *Rhetoric*, by observing that our 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians,' becomes in a French version, 'Diana of the Ephesians is a great goddess.' To place the negative particle where it will have its full energy, is in our idiom thoroughly native, as, 'Never shall I believe,' which the half-educated would explode, and use only, 'I shall never believe.' If it be true, as some say, that familiarity with French saps the energy of English, and that few writers attain our best style without some cultivation of Latin, a good case is made out for the old Oxford doctrine.

But the doctrine, true or false, has no place in our primary schools. No one now contends that Latin should be taught universally, that Grammar Schools ought still to mean Latin schools, or indeed that into the most elementary teaching some foreign language ought to enter. Thus we are driven back into the necessity of either not teaching English at all, but taking for granted that it will be sufficiently picked up out of school, or

else teaching it on a purely English basis. Must we thence infer that to teach the theory of its grammar —simple and meagre as it is—or to teach the irregularities of spelling, is our main business? We might answer this from the case of the old Athenians. Greeks learnt no language but their own in the ordinary course of high education. That before the time of Pericles the theory of their own grammar was unknown to the Athenians, may be safely inferred from the fact of which Aristotle informs us, that Protagoras was the first to teach them that Greek had three genders, masculine, feminine, and neuter. To recite poetry to the lyre, and pronounce every word distinctly and accurately, was the accomplishment first coveted. The noblest poetry was selected—especially that of Solon, Simonides, and Theognis—for moral culture, besides Homer and Hesiod. Pindar and Æschylus were probably rarer, by reason of their greater difficulty. Thus far it is evident at what they aimed; which surely ought to be our aim also:—to impart a correct pronunciation and a practical knowledge of their high poetry:—to cultivate the taste, the moral sentiment, and an ample knowledge of noble words:—to extirpate plebeian utterance, coarse, obscure, or inaccurate, and awake the power of relishing and even criticising high compositions. The common Athenian citizens are said to have attained the last-named power to a remarkable extent, though it is far from certain that they could read fluently, and almost certain that they were void of grammatical theory. Grammar was a practical art, not a philosophy. It aimed at correct speaking as its end, not in accounting for the forms of words through historical erudition. The first great prose writer, Thucydides (who with Protagoras was about co-eval with Pericles), is a very clumsy composer; but in the next generation, Euripides and Xenophon show signally the improvement from the new grammatical training: and Aristotle's allusions hardly let us doubt, that it included a sedulous instruction in the precise meaning of words, in the distinction of poetical and ordinary phrase, also of high style and low, so as to avoid alike bombast, affectation, and meanness. Surely nothing short of learning these things is to learn a language. To the vast mass of a nation,—even now, when print is so voluminous and letter writing so common,—to understand the sense of words well, and the delicate shades of meaning, and to have them at hand for use in *speech*, is vastly more important than to be able to *write* them down with the received orthography. Of course a right knowledge of irregular verbs is essential: and the contrast of *I* and *me*, *thou* and *thee*, *he* and *him*, *she* and *her*, *we* and *us*, *they* and *them*, if due advantage be taken of these pronouns, easily leads the pupil to understand the contrast of nominative and accusative in nouns also. A wrong use of the pronouns being a prevalent error, it ought to receive primary attention for itself, as well as for its utility in giving aid beyond itself. To *speak* rightly is the first accomplishment at which we ought to aim.

May it not appear that in our paper-examinations (whether for the Civil Service or in our primary schools) we are proceeding as though the main effort were to train everyone to become an essay-writer or penny-a-line scribbler? Those who desire to revolutionise our spelling, and to write *nashun* for *nation*, appear totally to misunderstand *why* bad spelling is thought disgraceful. They ridicule severity against it as absurd; and at the same time themselves make it out to be so great an evil, that we ought to consent to a total

change of writing in order to enable our millions to avoid it. Manifestly (though they overlook this) it is held for certain by the public that one who spells common words ill *has read very little English.* This is why they are severe on the error. Next, it is urged on us that Sir Walter Scott perpetrated several false spellings in a few lines of MS. If this be ever so true, it is nothing to the point; for we have abundant proof that Sir Walter was peculiarly learned, not only in modern literature, but in numberless old ballads and legends. His very erudition may have so familiarised him (as other antiquaries) with spellings which we now reject, that his eye was (what one may call) vitiated. At the same time, until the words said to be misspelt are produced, we cannot tell but that he wrote deliberately, and held a different judgment from certain dictionaries which have been set up as a standard.[1] But this is to digress. The thing now urged, is, that to know English aright is a far greater and nobler acquirement than these gentlemen (English or American) seem to be aware. They set up the miserably low standard of spelling aright, as though to attain it were to attain a high result; and next, think to win that high result by altering our spelling. But the children thus accommodated would not hereby learn the English language in any worthy sense: at best they would, from mere *hearing* of a word, write it down more easily. But (it is calculated) not one-third of our written language is familiarly spoken. The children would thus only learn (what in the East is called) the language of the bazaar; and in the endeavour to enlarge their vocabulary by reading our printed literature they would be more embarrassed than now.

I insist, that one who teaches English has primarily to teach—1. A pure pronunciation, according to the most correct standard; 2. An ample vocabulary; 3. An accurate knowledge of the distinction of words which approach in sense; 4. A delicate sense of the suitability of words for different styles; 5 (what is most arduous of all because it implies a general cultivation of the mind, and therefore cannot be taught to children, nor indeed to any but advanced pupils). A rapid choice of fitting words, and an arrangement of them in well-measured sentences, without complexity and without monotony.

The first topic, a pure and correct pronunciation, can be imparted up to a certain point; and even so, while imperfect, it is of great value. It cannot be *perfect* until we come to some compromise and agreement between North, Middle, and South England, also between England, Scotland, and Ireland. This is a very considerable and difficult work, which must be done *before* it can be worth while to adopt any wide reorganising of our spelling. Nevertheless, it would be a very great gain to teach in every primary school the elements of *clear articulation.* In Derbyshire *water* may be heard sounded as *waiter.* Ludicrous as this seems, it is but an isolated oddity. To correct it, is less important than to tune the ear to distinguish, and the tongue to utter rightly, the pure English sounds of *au* and *ai*: to insist on a due opening of the lips, and a smooth utterance of vowels, a full enunciation also of consonants opposed to all mumbling, and without any provincial coarseness or

[1] The present writer frequently has much difficulty in getting printers to print *tiro*, *Sibyl*, *indispensable*, *Nicolas*, which they wrongly change into *tyro*, *Sybil*, *indispensible*, *Nicholas*. Other words might be added.

superfluity and peculiarity of sound suitable only to utterances of passion. This first aim of the teacher belongs properly to elocution, cultivating the ear and the tongue: those which have been recounted after it are purely mental; but all strictly belong to a knowledge and power over our language, all are more valuable than the correct spelling, especially of words foreign in origin and little used by children and simple people. If inspectors of schools pick out words not current with young people and demand that they be spelt correctly, no one need wonder at their reporting very poor success. To require children to spell words which they do not familiarly hear and read, is an error akin to that of expecting them to reduce a puzzling complication of fractions —a problem which does not meet them in the market. Inspection and examinations are intended to guide judicious teaching, but if the questions proposed be injudicious, they may hurtfully misdirect teaching. Children ought to have access to pleasant story books which they will read voluntarily, then those who read much will not go far wrong in the spelling of familiar words. An immense range is open for contrasting and discriminating words so as to fix distinctions in the mind. Simple, well-chosen poetry, not too philosophical or abstract, will refine the taste, while it extends knowledge of the language and imparts a sense of rhythm and emphasis. Failure marks the present schools, and will not be removed if the right spelling of unfamiliar words is made a substantive object; because it is dry, repulsive, and cannot interest children. To kindle a love of learning is the only way to elicit from them active effort. They above all need popular teaching, as little scholastic as may be.

In the last fifty years a great change (which to the present writer seems lamentable) has been made in the teaching of Latin: namely, *learning by heart*, which used to be most extensively imposed, is all but given up; boys are taught less orally, more by book; far more *writing* is exacted of them; and the aim has less been to insure a wide and correct knowledge of the vocabulary and a practical mastery of the syntax, than to gain insight how it has been built up; concerning which our scholars know much more than did Cicero and Virgil. Especially zeal for examinations, and the idea that all excellencies and all mistakes can be valued numerically (a bright idea which has come from Cambridge), has led to a supreme trust in paper work, and has all but exploded oral examination. This system now spreads as a leprosy over the country, and is even said to impair the sight of young pupils. There is reason for much jealousy lest the primary schools be infected by it, so far as the different circumstances admit. One might be glad to know how much of popular and valuable English poetry the children learn by heart; whether as much as Athenian boys learnt of Solon's: how much pains is taken to make them pronounce every word correctly, without a confused plebeian squeak or drawl: how far the teacher aims at leading them to choose simple words and use them rightly, and to avoid vulgar slang. On this whole subject it is easier to conjecture than to know; but the very unsatisfactory reports of inspectors justify a suspicion that the teaching is conducted on unwise principles.

# ON THE POSITION OF THE EVANGELICAL PARTY IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

WE shall, perhaps, not be very far from the truth, if we define a Party to be a section of a larger society, united to promote the interests or to carry out the objects of the whole body on principles or by methods peculiar to itself. It must have principles or methods of its own, or it becomes a mere accidental subdivision of the larger body: it must have as its final cause the promotion of the interests of the whole, or it degenerates into a faction. Thus, for example, if the Tory party should, from whatever cause, cease to possess any distinctive principles, its members might conceivably continue for convenience' sake to act together, but they would be then a kind of political committee: if it ceased to have for its professed object the honour and interests of England, and made its one aim the retention of Lord Beaconsfield in power, it would become simply a political faction, subordinating patriotic motives to a personal object. In the same way, the High Church party in the Church of England professes to have for its object the promotion of our national Christianity; it seeks that object by means of a special system and special doctrines by which it is distinguished from other sections of the Church. If it ceased to hold those doctrines or to lay stress on that system, its members, having been accustomed to act together, might very well become an independent section of the Broad Church party; if, on the other hand, retaining its distinctive system and doctrines, it set itself simply to get hold of as many bishoprics and livings as possible, or to eliminate the Low or the Broad Church party from the Church, it would be a troublesome faction.

So much having been said for the sake of clearness, we may proceed to approach our special subject —the present position of the Evangelical party in the Church of England. In doing so, we shall endeavour as far as possible to take up an independent and impartial position, to climb to a height sufficiently elevated above the scene of action to observe things in their proper proportion, yet not so high as to lose sight of details. And if we venture to assume that no one party is either altogether right or altogether wrong, we shall probably be making an assumption which will be admitted by almost all educated and thoughtful persons.

The origin, or at least the foreshadowing, of the existing parties in the Church of England, might probably without much difficulty be referred back to times antecedent to the Reformation; but, at any rate, from the moment of the Reformation down to the present day, it is impossible not to see that one section of the Church has laid the chief stress upon Church authority and observances, another upon Scripture and preaching, while a third, sometimes represented only by individuals, sometimes rising to numerical importance, has ventured, while acknowledging the authority both of the Church as a Divine institution and of Scripture as a Divine revelation, to assert the coexistent if not co-ordinate claims of reason as a Divine gift. Each party has, indeed, professed to acknowledge all these principles; the High Church party has reverenced Scripture, and not wholly proscribed reason: the Low Church

party has appealed to the authority of the Church, when that authority was on its own side, and, by asserting the right of private judgment, has opened the door to reason: and the Liberal, or Broad Church party, has claimed to have discovered, or reasserted, the true meaning and intention both of the Church and of Scripture. But still it remains true that each party has adopted one of these principles as its special watchword, and that if either party had prevailed to the exclusion of the other, its particular principle would have assumed exaggerated importance, while the other two would have fallen into the shade.

The Evangelical party claims, and not without some show of reason, to be the child of the Reformation. For while the Reformers were compelled by the exigencies of their position to deny the infallibility of the Church, they felt unable to hold their footing without leaning upon some equally strong authority, and so they fell back upon the infallibility of Scripture. This principle the Evangelical party have continued faithfully, though of late with some modifications, to maintain; and they have thus been able to profess an exclusive possession of the traditions of the Reformation. But it has been frequently pointed out that if the Reformers were obliged, by the circumstances of the times, to lay special stress on the authority of Scripture, they assumed, nay asserted, the authority of the Church, and (perhaps somewhat inconsistently) submitted the interpretation of Scripture to reason and private judgment. The Evangelical party may, however, fairly claim to represent the extreme Left of the Reformers—the section who looked for their principles rather to Geneva than to Canterbury, rather to Calvin and Zwingli than to Luther and Melanchthon. But, passing by this, it must be allowed, that if we take the three great sections of the Church as they at present exist, the Evangelical is the oldest. There were, no doubt, High and Low and Broad Churchmen, as far as principles go, more than two hundred years ago; but the actually existing parties in their organisation and nomenclature date the one from the last, the two others from the present century. And no one can deny that, whatever may be the case now, in their earliest phase Evangelical principles meant real spiritual religion. Simeon, Wilberforce, Scott, Thornton, Zachary Macaulay, Lady Huntingdon, these are the names, not of party leaders, but of the salt of their generation. How low the average standard of duty amid the country clergy had sunk in the last century, we who live in better days can hardly picture to ourselves. At such a time, a mere revival of ecclesiastical proprieties and decent observances would have been unmeaning; the spirit had well-nigh gone out of the body, and required to be renewed and quickened. This was the great work that the older Evangelical leaders did. They found a Church dying of dignity: they believed that the life of a Church, like that of a man, consisteth not in the abundance of the things that it possesseth, and they set about to win souls. Their position with reference to the organisation of the Church of England was peculiar. It is difficult now to realise how almost entirely the idea of the Church, as a spiritual organisation, had died out; how completely it had sunk into what was commonly called 'the Establishment,' into a mere State department of public worship; or, still lower, into a snug and tolerably close corporation, with plenty of prizes, to which were annexed certain not burdensome duties, that could be performed by deputy. Indeed, the earlier Evange-

licals seem hardly to have thought of looking for spiritual life or communion in the Church as by law established, any more than we should look for it in the Poor-law Unions; the Establishment supplied them with churches to preach in, houses to dwell in, and tithes to live upon; but their true Church was the congregation of faithful Evangelical men, within and without the Establishment, who with them were awake to the realities of the spiritual world, and with whom they felt a bond of union which they did not recognise in the case of the majority of their so-called brethren, who were fox-hunting and port-wine-drinking squires on six days in the week, and very indifferent parsons on the seventh. If, indeed, the early Evangelicals had leavened the Established Church with their principles, a work in which we may well hope they would have succeeded—if they had continued to be almost the sole representatives of vital Christianity in the Church—in that case it is probable that the relations between the Church and the Nonconformist bodies would by this time have been much like that which exists at present between the Established and unestablished Presbyterian Churches in Scotland; organically distinct, they would have been in doctrine and in sympathy one.

But, as has been already remarked, the Church of England has ever since the Reformation comprised two distinct if not opposing elements. And though the Evangelical or Low-Church element was the first to arouse itself from the sleep of the earlier part of the last century, yet as soon as it began to move, it could hardly fail to awaken the companion of its slumbers. For a time, indeed, the High Church section of the Church looked on in something like scandalised bewilderment at the *trop de zèle* of its less polished sister. Bishops[1] charged against enthusiasm, or tripped up Evangelical candidates for ordination with cunningly devised questions on Calvinism; the University of Oxford expelled students guilty of holding prayer meetings and visiting the prison; but another form of spiritual life and enthusiasm soon arose in that very University, and the Oxford movement, begun about the year 1834, won its way chiefly through the singularly high tone of devotion and holiness which marked both the writings and the lives of its founders. And now it became apparent that religious zeal and vigorous spiritual life were not of necessity connected with æsthetic sterility and absence of imagination and poetry. The sermons of Newman, the sweet songs of Keble, the tales of Paget, Gresley, and a host of others, the devotional publications of Dr. Pusey and Isaac Williams, all these, followed up by the influences of better churches and more artistic and frequent services, gradually attracted the more cultivated and leisured classes which had been repelled by the uncomfortable rudeness and loudness of the Evangelical school. At first indeed the old High and Dry or Port-wine party, who had hated the Evangelicals because they were troublesome, hated no less the Anglican or Puseyite party because they were 'so confoundedly in earnest;' but this venerable section of the Church was doomed to a gradual extinction in the course of nature, and its sons and daughters found rest for their souls in the modern High Church party.

[1] Lord Houghton, in his *Monographs* (p. 272), has preserved the story of a bishop who bade his ordination candidates to improve their Greek, and not waste their time in visiting the poor.

Thus the Evangelical section of the Church, which at one time bade fair to enjoy a monopoly of spiritual vigour within the bounds of the Establishment, now stands confronted by a very formidable rival; a rival which at present certainly more than holds its own in respect of energy, learning, and organisation. With regard to numbers, the High Church party has undoubtedly a clear majority among the clergy; as to the laity, the question is more difficult; for while it is certain that a large majority is strongly and even fanatically opposed to High Church doctrines and practices, yet it would not be right to credit the Evangelical account with all the deductions from the other side: it is probable, however, that, especially among the middle class, the distinctly Evangelical laity outnumber very considerably the distinctly High Church.

The relation of these two great parties to each other has greatly changed with the course of time. In the early days of the Evangelical revival, the clergy who attached themselves to it formed not so much a party as a kind of voluntary society or brotherhood. The Establishment was for them, as for almost everyone else in those days, simply a State institution for religious purposes. The bishops were shy of them, so they kept out of the bishops' way; their brother clergy disliked them, but in those days there was little to bring them into contact with each other, so they fraternised among themselves, and were quite content to be left alone. They had little chance of preferment, and little wish for it except so far as it gave them opportunities of preaching the Gospel; as for canonries, deaneries, bishoprics, if they had thought of them at all, they would probably have regarded them as dangerous seductions which were hardly compatible with true religion. They had little in common with the dignitaries of the Church, such as they then were; but they had much in common with the Evangelical Dissenters, and it was with them for the most part that they sought for sympathy and conference.

But the rise of the modern High Church party modified very considerably the position of the Evangelicals. Having hitherto had to combat worldliness, carelessness and irreligion, they now found themselves confronted by a party equally unworldly, equally religious, whose principles, nevertheless, seemed to them as dangerous to true religion as the lethargy and unspirituality of the old generation. And so it came to pass that the attitude of the Evangelicals became more and more polemical, and their writings more and more controversial with reference to their adversaries, and apologetic with reference to themselves. Hitherto they had assumed their position in the Establishment as a matter of course: now they found that position called in question by a party who professed a special if not exclusive reverence for the organisation, the formularies, the traditions, the ritual of the Church. Hitherto they had been somewhat careless of their character as Churchmen, content if they could claim the title of Protestant Christians: now they must assert themselves as true Churchmen, nay, as the only true and honest Churchmen. For some ten years the controversy raged in newspapers, in magazines, in pulpits, in pamphlets, in books: thence it was transferred to the Convocation House at Oxford; at length it reached the Law Courts. And the result of forty years of controversy and litigation has been that each of the three great theological parties has made good its position in the Church of England, and has established an indefeasible title to the peaceful and unmolested

enjoyment of its share of the ecclesiastical territory.

The existence side by side of three parties in the Church of England is now, therefore, an acknowledged fact, almost a part of her constitution. They, of course, shade off into each other, and there is a certain amount of neutral territory in which peace-loving souls still contrive to escape from the fray, though there is a kind of Commons Enclosure Commission at work, by which the neutral ground is being rapidly narrowed. On their external frontiers they touch the boundaries of Rome, of Nonconformity, and of Latitudinarianism; on each side stragglers from time to time cross the frontier into foreign territory, but on the whole the centripetal force is still strong, and though the rapid rotation of the ecclesiastical planet gives its constituent atoms a tendency to fly off into space, yet the attraction of the central mass is for the most part sufficient to counteract the opposite impulse.

It is, however, specially on the position and attitude of the Evangelical party that I propose to offer some remarks in this paper.

We have seen that this party was, at one time at any rate, distinctly the party of spiritual life and vigour. But the spiritual life which was fostered by the Evangelical party was not a corporate but an individual principle. The Church to them was, in its corporate sense, simply the Establishment; in its higher and spiritual sense it was the invisible society of true believers. It probably never occurred to any of them that the fact of membership in the Church of England constituted any sort of spiritual brotherhood. Indeed the spirit which was then predominant in the Church of England was by no means favourable to any such idea. To acknowledge as a member of the same spiritual family a jovial, hunting, port-wine-drinking clergyman, just because he happened to be a minister of the national Establishment, and to refuse to acknowledge a godly and devoted man, because he happened to be a Baptist or an Independent, would have seemed to the Evangelicals of sixty years ago an absurdity too great to be thought of. And therefore the fathers of the party of necessity sought their intimate allies rather without than within the boundaries of the Establishment. Newton, when a new pastor was ordained in the Dissenting meeting at Olney, or when any special service was held, attended, as a matter of course, as rector of the parish.[2] Scott associated on the closest terms of intimacy with Dissenters of all denominations. The principle of these men was—

> Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.

Indeed, in their phraseology, the term Evangelical was applied, as connoting a particular set of views, to Churchmen and Dissenters indiscriminately.

But since the rise of the High Church party, or rather (to speak more accurately) since the Oxford movement quickened the old High Church party into spiritual life, a very different spirit has animated

[2] Newton, in a letter to his wife, says: 'If you should be asked to stay to the Sacrament (at the Independent meeting), I should like you to do it if you choose it. . . . My wife and any of my people have my full consent to "eat of that bread and drink of that cup" with Mr. Kingsbury and his people, and he and they shall be heartily welcome to share with us at St. Mary Woolnoth. And I should not be sorry, but glad, if such testimonies of mutual love and consent in the great truths of the Gospel would sometimes take place among those who are ranked under different denominations.' Scott preached in a London church the anniversary sermon for the London (Dissenting) Missionary Society (*Life*, p. 372).

the Evangelicals. Partly from a dread of being stigmatised as Low Churchmen, partly also from the new life which has been infused into the Church of England, it has of late years been their custom to vie with the opposite party in professing devoted and exclusive allegiance to the Church. If we take the writings, for example, of Thomas Scott, and compare them with those of Bishop Oxenden, while we recognise in both the same fundamental doctrines, in the former we shall find it impossible to discover the author's special denomination, in the other we shall find a tone of Churchmanship almost as decided as in those of Bishop Wilberforce. Nor is this in itself anything but a gain. The want of appreciation for the Liturgy, the neglect of Church seasons, the dull and slovenly service, which was a characteristic common to the early Evangelicals and Puritans, was distinctly a source of weakness. And the recognition in the Church of something more than a mere State department, the sense of continuity, not only with the Protestant element at and since the Reformation, but even with the pre-Reformation Church, the acknowledgment, in however modified a form, of some elements of truth in systems other than their own, has been undoubtedly a gain both to themselves and to the Church. But it is possible that those who, while they admire the Evangelical party for its noble services to spiritual religion, can yet look at it impartially from outside, may see that in this advance in the direction of Churchmanship there has been an abandonment of some valuable positions. For although there is nothing in Evangelicalism inconsistent with a genuine and even enthusiastic allegiance to the Church of England, and with the cultivation of a sober yet solemn ritual, yet it is clear that the true *raison d'être* of the party is the assertion and defence of Protestantism, the bringing into prominence of that element in the Church of England which connects her not with the Episcopal but with the non-Episcopal Churches. And one of the most useful services which the Evangelical party could render to the Church would be the keeping resolutely open, and if possible widening, the door of communication with the Nonconformist Churches of England. Unhappily, the party as a body has found it easier to swim with the stream, and to accept the old intolerant tradition of Tudor and Stuart days, which represents sympathy with Nonconformists as inconsistent with loyalty to the Church.

Let us look a little more closely into this matter. From the Reformation downwards the Church of England has combined within herself two—if not inconsistent, at least opposite—elements, which we may for convenience term the Catholic and the Protestant element. At the Reformation she alone—or almost alone—of the Reformed Churches retained Episcopal government, the ancient creeds, a fixed liturgy, and something at least of the ancient stateliness of ritual. In doing so she alienated many who desired a more thorough Reformation, while she doubtless retained some who would have fallen back if she had gone farther. And thus the territory of the Church of England extends through many degrees of ecclesiastical latitude, from the cold and austere though bracing regions which border on Puritanism, down to the bright and sunny if relaxing climes which lie in the direction of Rome. At the one extreme her frontier is in contact with the nomad tribes of Nonconformity; at the other, it borders on the ancient historic realms of Rome and the East. Just as in France you find in Normandy

a type scarcely distinguishable from the English, and in Provence a type scarcely distinguishable from the Italian; so in the English Church you have a graduated Catholicity reaching almost up to Rome, and a graduated Protestantism reaching almost down to the conventicle. And therefore she, more than any other religious community, is fitted by her position to be the meeting-point of various minds; nay, as some are sanguine enough to hope, the future nucleus of some possible federation of Christianity. And for the same reason she ought, so far as in her lies, to cultivate, if we may so apply the stereotyped phrase of Royal Speeches, friendly relations with all foreign powers; to be superior to petty jealousies and superstitions; and to show that, though she is ready for defence in case of attack, she is still more ready to enter into friendly communications whenever her neighbours are willing to make or to accept overtures.

On the one hand, indeed, friendly relations are unhappily impossible. For the Roman Church has inherited from the Roman Empire the proud motto:

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento:
Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

And such a policy, whether in a Church or an empire, is nothing short of a proclamation of universal war. Fortunately for her neighbours, the Church of Rome has inherited the will without the power to vindicate her universal sovereignty; and being, therefore, unable to rule them as subjects, she regards all other Churches as rebels. With Rome, therefore, there is no possibility of treating on equal terms, any more than Montenegro can treat with Turkey. With the Eastern Churches, it is true, there has been from time to time a little harmless flirtation: indeed things have gone so far that a Greek Patriarch has blessed an English congregation in a tongue not understanded of the people; but after all, anything beyond civilities with the Greek Church is like a flirtation with one's grandmother; the disparity of age is too great to admit of any serious ideas of union. To do the High Church party justice, there has been no backwardness on their part in framing schemes of alliance, or even of federation, with the elder Churches; unfortunately, as in the case of the single lady who had once been very near matrimony, the only thing wanting was love on the other side.

It appears, then, that if the Church of England is to cultivate any kind of friendly relations with any religious body[3] outside her own pale, it must be with those who lie in the direction of Protestantism. And in this direction surely lie her true affinities. For if we set aside the temporary hallucinations of a party, it is impossible to ignore the fact that, without indeed any breach of historical continuity with the pre-Reformation Church, and making all allowances for the distinctly Catholic element which, as we have seen, she retains, the Church of England has always professed to be, and has always been recognised as being, the chief of the Protestant Churches. English divines attended the Presbyterian Synod of Dort; and it appears that in the reign of James the First, Presbyterian ministers could hold benefices in England without receiving Episcopal Ordination. Indeed it was not till the Act of Uniformity, after the Restoration,

[3] We of course do not include under this designation the Churches which are in more or less organic union with her, as the Colonial Churches, the Scottish Episcopal Church, &c.

that any kind of legal barrier was set up between the Episcopal and the non-Episcopal communions. As long, however, as this Act stands unrepealed, it must be acknowledged that any formal intercommunion[4] between the Church of England and any non-Episcopal Protestant Church is illegal. But this does not hinder, nay it makes all the more desirable, those acts of Christian brotherhood and friendliness which may, to some extent, supply the place of actual ecclesiastical communion; acts which, though they would be out of the question for the High Church party, in whose eyes all non-Episcopal ministers are laymen officiating without authority, and non-Episcopal Churches are no Churches at all, would be for the Evangelical party only the assertion of its rightful position, and the falling back upon its original principles.

In fact, unless the Evangelicals do cultivate some form of alliance with the Protestant Nonconformists, they will find it increasingly difficult to maintain their position. For the party which shrinks from logically carrying out its fundamental principles, and is ashamed to acknowledge its antecedents, is certain, ere long, to drift from its moorings. And here is the weak point of the Evangelical party in the Church of England. They are so afraid of being taunted with being bad Churchmen, that they are often even less disposed to a friendly policy towards Nonconformists than their High Church rivals, who feel that they, at least, can afford to be civil without any fear of compromising themselves. They are like a man who meets a shabby relation in St. James's Street, and who does not like to cut him, but yet is mortally afraid of his friends in the club windows seeing him in unfashionable company. In truth, an Evangelical clergyman in a High Church neighbourhood is often painfully like a man of low extraction who is trying to gain a footing in society. He turns his back upon his natural associates, and prefers the society of those with whom he has little in common, and who would respect him more if he acted differently.

It is possible, indeed, that another cause may have something to do with the phenomenon under consideration. The Evangelical party, foreseeing that the present and the coming generation must make its choice between the religion of authority and the religion of thought and inquiry, and conscious to itself that theological and philosophical thought is not its strong point, may be strengthening itself against the evil day by an alliance with its great rival. And yet, even in this point of view, it would surely be more consistent, and in the long run more prudent, to seek the alliance of those who agree with themselves in basing everything on the authority of Scripture, than that of those whose fundamental authority is the Church.

But, say the Evangelicals, how can we consistently fraternise with Nonconformists when we differ from them on doctrinal points? Now, this is, of course, not the place for the discussion of theological questions. It must suffice simply to say, that the doctrinal differences between Mr. Newman Hall (for example) and Mr. Ryle are neither wide nor important, whereas between Mr. Ryle and Dr. Pusey they are both wide and important; and if they do not hinder organic and formal communion in the latter case, why are they to

[4] With regard to the Church of Scotland, the position is remarkable. English clergymen can, and not unfrequently do, preach in Presbyterian pulpits; but no Presbyterian clergyman can preach in an English church, though it appears that he can deliver an address in the nave of Westminster Abbey.

stand in the way of informal and occasional ecclesiastical intercourse in the former? Of course, if the Evangelical party adhere to the doctrine of Apostolical Succession, if, that is to say, they regard Episcopal ordination not merely as possessing a certain historical prestige, but as conveying an exclusive right to minister the Word and Sacraments, then, no doubt, intercourse with non-Episcopal bodies would be inconsistent with their position; but if they regard Episcopacy as, like Monarchy, an ancient historic system, not to be upset without grave reason, yet perfectly consistent with the acknowledgment of more popular forms of government, then the open profession of sympathy and union with Nonconformists would be not harmless merely, but the most effective and telling form of that protest against sacerdotalism which is so needed in the present day, and which the Evangelical party are, by their position and by their antecedents, especially bound to make.

For indeed in this matter it is no longer possible to avoid taking sides. As in France, as in Italy, as in Germany, so in England, the effect of adversity upon the sacerdotal party is to make them more determined, more uncompromising, we had almost said more reckless. We pointed out in a recent article[5] how much more pronounced the professional and caste tone of the English clergy has become in the present generation. Nor is it only in the Ritualist or the High Church section of the clergy that this movement is noticeable: everywhere there is a tendency to widen the distinction between clergy and laity, and to introduce into Christianity that sacerdotal element from which in its original form it was so singularly free. If the Evangelical section of the Church of England would make common cause with the Nonconformists in opposing this movement, not by prosecutions and associations, but by setting before the Christian people of England a more liberal and a less professional type of Christianity, they would be easily pardoned for much want of sympathy with modern thought, much that is antiquated in their methods of interpreting Scripture, much which to persons outside their pale looks like want of faith in the Divine guidance of the world; but if their 'Presbyter is but old Priest writ large,' if they cannot discern the signs of the times sufficiently to see that the future lies not with sacerdotalism in any form, but with a type of religion whose fundamental principle shall be the absolute equality of all men, and which will therefore tolerate class distinctions only so far as they are necessitated by the division of labour, then, like so many other parties in Church, in State, in philosophy, in science, they will show that they are incapable of carrying out and unfolding to their true significance the principles on which they originally stood, and that they know not the time of their visitation.

The line which this party has taken of late on a critical question does in fact give great reason to fear that they are not equal to the opportunities of their position. The claim of the Nonconformists to equal rights of burial in the parish churchyards with orderly Christian rites to be performed by their own ministers, is one which might not altogether unreasonably be rejected by those who regard all persons not in communion with themselves as schismatics, but which those who regard them as members of sister Churches ought surely to have welcomed as a valuable opening for conciliation, and for showing as in a visible sign that death ends divisions. And yet at Ruridecanal Chapters, at Diocesan Conferences,

[5] *Fraser's Magazine*, October 1877, on 'Clericality.'

and at the Church Congress, Evangelicals have vied with High Churchmen in the hopeless cry of 'No surrender!' That so admirable a specimen of the party as Mr. Ryle should have said at Croydon that he was ready to stand side by side with the High Church party in defence of our churchyards, in other words that he would unite with sacerdotalists within the Establishment against Evangelicals without it, is a fact that, as the French say, 'donne à réfléchir.' Here, as often happens, we see by comparing the speeches of Lord Harrowby and Lord Midleton in the House of Lords, and of Mr. Hughes at the Church Congress, with the utterances of the clerical members of the party, how much more liberal and far-seeing is the ordinary layman than the ordinary clergyman. It is no doubt pleasanter and easier for an Evangelical clergyman on a platform surrounded by High Churchmen to win applause by denouncing concession to Nonconformists, than to take the unpopular side by urging it as a means of healing breaches that should never have been made; but the bolder course would be the better for the cause of truth and also of his party.

Nay, might not the Protestant party in the Church go one step farther even than this? Might they not, without abating a jot of their loyalty to and preference for the system and ritual of the Church, advocate such a modification or repeal of the Act of Uniformity as should give them the right, under whatever needful restrictions, of occasionally being heard in Nonconformist pulpits, and admitting Presbyterian and other non-Episcopal ministers to their pulpits? This form of intercommunion is common between the Established and other Churches in Scotland; it is common between the various non-Episcopal denominations in England; how, on the Protestant theory of the Church, can the English Church alone be justified in standing in absolute isolation? If Mr. Baldwin Brown, Dr. Allon, and Mr. Newman Hall were Scottish Episcopalians, they would not be shut out of the Established pulpits in Scotland; being English Presbyterians, why must they be excluded from every Established pulpit in England? If Canon Ryle were in Scotland he might preach for Dr. Guthrie; why must not Dr. Guthrie preach for Canon Ryle in England? On the High Church theory, the answer is distinct—because he is not a priest; on the opposite theory, which admits that he is a lawfully ordained minister, it is not so clear.

The modern Evangelical school in the Church of England are fond of calling themselves Evangelical Churchmen. The introduction of the substantive at all is a thing of recent date, and may be useful as a distinctive appellation; but it may be feared that there is a tendency to unduly emphasise the substantive, and to pass somewhat lightly over the adjective. Our only object in this article has been to recall them to a consideration of their first principles, and to ask them whether their present ecclesiastical attitude is consistent with these. By persisting in their present policy of strict and rigid Churchmanship they may conciliate the favour of the High Church clergy, with whom, however, after all they can have but little hearty sympathy; by adopting the policy which we have tried to indicate they would assuredly gain the support of the great body of the Protestant laity, while they would be acting on the principles of those spiritual forefathers whose names they profess to venerate.

R. E. B.

## THE GREAT FOURFOLD WATERFALL.

IT has been said there are three supremely wonderful sights in India—the snowy Himalayan range, the marble vision of the Taj Mahal, and the mysterious sculptured halls of the Ellora caverns; the first, Earth's immeasurable altar raised by the forces that laid her foundations; the others the work of men's hands, guided by the deepest influences of humanity—sorrow for the dead and awe of the unknown.

We dispute not the assertion. Many-peaked Olympus, with great Jove and his divinities, were but a foot-stool under the unapproachable thrones of Kailasa and Gangotri, on which gods older than the Olympians still hold their court and look down upon worshipping millions. Endless are the works of beauty inspired by the love of woman and mourning for its loss, but never from the depths of grief and tender memory arose elsewhere such an ideal of beauty and delicate symmetry as the snow-white structure that with sad and graceful dignity guards the dust of the Indian Empress. Sublime is the Cathedral soaring high and bearing the symbols of divine life over the dwellings and turmoil of men, with the sunshine piercing its dim aisles and disclosing the memorials of the past and presences that tell of eternity, but no daylight scatters the shadows of that Eastern temple in whose recesses, hewn from living rock, watch the giant gods of a faith, grey at the birth of Christianity, through whose shrines the mystic cry that once rang over the Ægean proclaiming the death of Pan and his brotherhood has not yet sounded.

Yet, granting the three great Indian wonders their places of pre-eminence, there is a fourth, but little lower, which all the world might be searched to parallel, where the beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of earth and water are concentrated and displayed in unsurpassable magnificence. This marvel is the Falls of Garsoppa, to which we will endeavour to conduct the reader.

On the western coast of India stands Honore, near the boundary between the Madras and Bombay Presidencies. A wide river runs into the sea between cliffs of red laterite, which bending northward and southward from the mouth mark out the coast-line. Before the entrance of the river three or four lines of heavy rollers, incessantly rearing their white crests, swelling as they sweep on, and falling over with a hollow roar, indicate the presence of a bar, to cross which safely the quaint Indian trading craft must carefully watch the flow of the tide. Less than a mile beyond, a high rocky islet, green with foliage and crowned with cocoa-trees, shelters innumerable pigeons, whence it takes its name. Inland, a wild hilly country stretches eastward till closed by the great cloudy barrier of the Ghauts. It is a fair scene in early morning when the sun has just risen over the toothed outline of peaks, clefts, and ridges that crown the mountain rampart. On the red cliff overlooking the river stand the white bungalows of the European residents amid masses of dark-green foliage, and a lofty white pillar, raised by a native regiment to the memory of a general officer who died there, serves as a landmark conspicuous afar over the Indian Ocean. The native town lies inland out of sight buried in groves of cocoa-palms, its narrow busy bazar streets shaded by immense screens of woven leaves stretching from side to side high

overhead, a protection alike against burning sun and monsoon showers. Three or four native vessels are dropping down the river, their vociferous crews anxious to cross the bar with the out-running tide, and from the fishing-village of leaf-huts on the strip of sandy beach a score of long narrow black boats have just shot out seaward for the day's toil. It is amazing to watch the hardihood and address of these sinewy fishermen. The flight of boats, with four or five men erect in each, swiftly approach the lines of formidable rollers, where larger vessels warily watch the moment and opportunity, and never slackening in speed, charge and surmount the foaming waves in succession, often for a moment suspended with bow and stern clear in air on their crests, and then, speeding onward over the smooth expanse beyond, are soon seen like black specks dotted over the fishing ground.

But we can stay no longer at Honore, once a station, though remote, as pleasant as it was pretty; a centre of administration, with judge's and collector's courts and much commercial activity; but now, through change and rearrangement of head-quarters and the growth of rival ports, a decaying, forsaken place. We prepare for a pilgrimage to the wonder far up amongst the distant mountains, which the waters of the river at our feet have passed and are ever murmuring of. Two hours before sunset a large boat capable of carrying some twenty or thirty people is brought up to the little wave-washed jetty under the cliff. On it we embark with attendants, coolies, and baggage, the broad red sail is set square against the sea-breeze blowing briskly up the river, and we sweep up the stream between wooded banks, by reedy egret-haunted islets and sand-banks, on which alligators lie grim and log-like. There is but little sign of human life, only now and then a small boat is seen crossing with people, the only way of communication between villages sparingly scattered beyond either bank. Beholders are always struck by the varied and picturesque scenery of this river. Two and a half centuries ago a Roman knight, Pietro della Valle, travelled widely in the East. The account of his wanderings in the form of letters to a friend was thought worthy of translation into English,[1] and deservedly; it is full of close observation, accurate description and quaint remark. He passed down the western coast from Goa to Calicut, and wrote copious and entertaining details of all he saw. His eyes were open, in a manner unusual in that age, to natural beauties, and when on October 31, 1623, he ascended this very river to visit the court of a native prince above the Ghauts, no better idea of its course could be given than in the following extract:

> The three leagues of this journey was one of the most delightful passages that ever I made in my life, for the country on either side the River is very beautiful, not consisting of Plains that afford only an ordinary prospect, nor of towering Mountains, but of an unequal surface, Hills and Valleys, all green and delightful to the eye, clothed with thick and high Groves, and many times with fruit Trees, as Indian Nuts, Mango, Amber, and such like, all watered with innumerable Rivulets and Springs of fresh water: The sides of the River all shady, beset with Flowers, Herbs, and sundry Plants, which, like Ivy creeping about the Trees, and Indian reeds of excessive height (called by the country-people *Bambii*, and very thick along the banks), make the wood more verdant; through the middle whereof the River strays with sundry windings. In short, the River of Garsoppa, for a natural thing, without any artificial ornament of buildings or the like, is the goodliest River that ever I beheld.

[1] *The Travels of Sig. Pietro della Valle, a Noble Roman, into East India and Arabia Deserta; in Familiar Letters to his Friend Signor Mario Schipano.* London, 1665.

Looking on the same unchanged scenes which the old traveller decribes, we quite agree with his judgment. The sun now sinks and darkness comes on apace; the rustle of the wind and gliding progress of the boat induce slumberousness, and an hour before midnight we find ourselves at the halting-place, as far as boats can go up the river, now little more than a stone's throw wide. Far round us in the jungle extend the ruins of the once royal city of Garsoppa, whence the Falls we are about to visit derive their English appellation, not very appropriately, as they are twenty miles distant. It contained of old thousands of houses and seventy-four temples, in one only of which the image of a god still looks from his shrine over the surrounding desolation. Like many others in this part of India, the state of Garsoppa was once ruled by a woman under the prevailing law of inheritance in the female line; as our Roman traveller remarks, 'These Gentiles having an opinion (as 'tis indeed) that the Issue by the Woman-side is much more sure of the blood and lineage of the Ancestors than that by the Man-side.' However, this custom, though it may insure succession in one way, has its inconveniences, which are severely felt at present, as they must have been in past days. The last Queen of Garsoppa fell in love with a stranger, to whom she resigned herself and all her power. In this there was nothing contrary to the existing law, but he so abused his position that the affairs of the kingdom fell into confusion, when a neighbouring king, suddenly entering with a great force, took the queen prisoner, slew her paramour, and caused the whole town and palace to be destroyed, so that, as Della Valle reports, 'that lately flourishing City is become nothing but a wood; trees being already grown above the ruins of the houses, and the place scarcely inhabited by four cottages of the Peasants.'

At the landing-place a pony sent on a couple of days before is awaiting us. Attendants and coolies come on shore and assume their burdens. Three or four men bear on their heads huge bundles of primitive torches, each a long roll of cocoa-leaf midribs and fibres bound together, dry as tinder and extremely light; one will flame for ten minutes or more; then, as it burns out, another is plucked from the bundle and lighted, and so on. A ghaut road, not practicable for wheels, leads hence upward to the Mysore table-land, passing near the Falls whither we are bound. Mounting the pony we proceed onward at a foot's pace, for all must accompany us, and the torch-bearers go in front, incessantly waving their torches to keep them alight. The road is not generally steep, but winds with continual ascent amid the throng of ever-growing hills and along the upward-sloping valleys that lead into the heart of the great central plateau. For an hour we go on in deep darkness, the waving flickering torches only just showing the ground we tread, whilst before and behind darkness glooms like a wall. There is a great silence in the forest, only now and then the murmur of water sounds unwontedly distinct, but we see nothing of the scenery around. Let us then once again borrow a few lines from the old Italian traveller who ascended the same mountains by another pass, not to the Falls, of which he seems never to have heard, but to the court of the reigning Hindu king at Ikkeri. 'Withal,' he writes, 'the Mountain is so watered with Rivulets and Fountains, and so clothed with Grass and Flowers, that, me-thought, I saw the most delightful place of the Apennine in Italy. If there be any difference, the Indian Mountain hath the advantage, because the height is much less than that of our Apennine—the ascent more easy, the woods more beautiful and thick, the

waters not less musical and clear. If it yields to it in anything, 'tis the frequency of inhabited places and the sumptuousness of buildings.'

After for an hour or more threading our way through the palpable obscure, the sky in our front begins to brighten, and the trees fringing the heights become more and more visible against it. Presently the gibbous moon comes suddenly up over a long ridge, and mounting higher and higher, begins to search out and disclose the mountain recesses. Whilst the feet of the long slopes are shrouded in deep blackness, their thickly-wooded, many-folded sides are steeped in silvery sheen, tracts of light alternating with depths of inky gloom. The road we follow sometimes passes through clear moonlight and then plunges into ebon shadow. As we mount from the lower valleys the silence of the hills is sometimes broken. Strange sounds burst upon the ear. Now a deep sigh seems to rise up, and anon a sharp call rings out, and now and then a rustle betrays the neighbourhood of a furry denizen of the woods. Once or twice a great owl comes sweeping noiselessly along, and on seeing us swerves aside with a startling whoop. After proceeding thus for some ten miles we halt at an open spot where a runlet crosses the road. The men put down their loads, quickly kindle a fire of sticks, sit round it, and pull out their frugal viaticum—a handful of cold boiled rice tied up in a corner of the waist-cloth. The moon is now riding high, and through a long vista we catch a glimpse of the low country, a spark of light glimmering here and there, the dusky sea-line and the moonshine on the watery waste beyond. Soon resuming march for eight or nine miles, the air perceptibly grows keener and the overarching trees larger and more umbrageous. At length we arrive before a long low building; it is still an hour to daybreak, a white wet mist fills the air, and a strange muffled roar, now swelling now sinking, but sounding remote as though from depths immeasurable, strikes upon the ear.

But we are tired and drowsy, and entering the bungalow, and stretching ourselves on a cot, soon doze off. Suddenly awaking, we find it sunrise; volumes of mist are still wreathing and rolling past, and the strange far-off sound, like low subterranean thunder, continually swells or dies away. We are soon out in the dewy morning air. Nowhere, we think, all the earth over can there be a region more romantic and picturesque than this above the rim of the Ghauts—a land of hills, peaks, and ridges, stretching away in an ordered confusion, never rough, never monotonous, mantled with magnificent forests, of no single growth, but countless varied species, and the underwood fresh and graceful, thronged with beautiful plants and flowers. Amid these is spread a net-work of winding valleys, seldom very wide or deep, whose flat fertile bottoms are covered with rice plots, gardens, and orchards, amongst which may be discerned the frequent homestead, shaded by tall green fans of the plaintain and fruit trees entwined with pepper vines. These and the higher hill-tops and grassy peaks are the only open spaces, the forest dominates everywhere else, and a few roads pierce its depths like long shadowy arcades.

Through this luxuriant country (on which the lean finger of famine, so killing, alas! on the wide regions eastward, can never heavily be laid) runs a broad fair River, gathering the tribute of a thousand hills and springs, whose waters, except in the rains, find their way along its rocky bed in several streams. It winds on between banks fringed with trees

and festoons of many-coloured creepers, but showing no specially striking feature, till at one point, suddenly, with no warning slope or rapid, an appalling abyss opens across its course from bank to bank, and the whole great River disappears into this gulf.

Difficult it is to convey in words any picture of the stupendous scene. There is the river, some three hundred yards in width, flowing through soft woodland, its waters split into many glassy currents, gliding round worn boulders and islets, when instantly bed and banks are gone, and in their place are savage terrific walls of gaunt rock plunging to depths the eyes dare not look into, down which the shuddering waters fall at four points nearly equidistant on the irregular curve of the rim of the abyss.

These are the Falls of Garsoppa, not so famous as they should be, for nowhere the world throughout can there be another such vision.

From the lip of the precipice to the dark pools at its foot is an accurately measured distance of eight hundred and thirty feet, more than twice the height of the top of the cross that surmounts St. Paul's Cathedral, and down this prodigious descent pour the four cataracts, each arrayed in its own special robes of grandeur and beauty. First on the western side is the Great or Rajah Fall; a branch of the river runs over a projecting ledge, and nowhere touching the Titanic wall, which hollows in, descends in a stately unbroken column, gradually widening its shining skirts, into a black unfathomable pool eight hundred and thirty feet below. Imperially sublime the transfigured water passes with majestic calmness through the void in fold after fold of ermine whiteness spreading out its magnificence as it silently nears the end. The precipice runs backward, curving in an irregular bay, on whose farther side the next Fall, named the Roarer, shoots slanting down a third of the height into a rocky basin that shoulders out, whence it boils out in a broad massive cataract, plunging five hundred feet into the same pool opposite its kingly neighbour. All the thunder and madness of the element are gathered in this writhing headlong flood, and it is the voice of its fury that comes up from the abyss, like the roar and tumult of hurrying multitudes in the face of some great monarch moving to his doom. Leaving the bay, next on the general plane of the precipice comes the Rocket Fall, running impetuously over the brim and down the face of the stupendous wall, to which it only just clings with a broad band of glistening foam-white water, speeding in quick gushes incessantly darting out myriads of watery rockets and vaporous arrows, with which all its volume seems alive, and pouring clear at last in a dense shining curtain into its own pool. Last and loveliest, La Dame Blanche glides down the grim colossal rampart in lapse after lapse of delicate lace-like veils, now blowing out in bright misty spray and again quickly gathering up the white folds, and so stealing downward with a whispering murmur, till gently sinking in a sparkling shower into a pool whose ink-black surface is hardly ruffled.

At a point a furlong or two below the Falls on the farther side of the mighty ravine that cleaves the mountains from their feet, a platform has been hewn in the rock whence the whole overpowering precipice and the four Falls are disclosed from top to bottom: the eye at once takes in the sublime column of the Great Fall, the wild tumultuous plunge of the Roarer, the impetuous gush and foam-sheaves of the Rocket, and the hesitating tremulous beauty of La

Dame Blanche. All round the world there can be nothing to match the sight. The opposite side of the profound ravine, which maintains a uniform width and depth as far as seen, rising in tree-crowned crests higher than the line of the Falls, sinks in a perpendicular drop of stern grey walls for more than a thousand feet to the floor of the colossal chasm; only here and there a dark rent or stunted tree rooted in a crevice breaks the awful uniformity. On the side where we sit the slopes, densely forest-clad, descend with only less than precipitous steepness. Looking down the ravine, the gaunt rocky faces gradually disappear, and a majestic wooded mountain closes the view. But one cannot turn long from the sublime vision of the Falls, and the long pillars of bright water—too long to be taken in at a glance, the eye must follow them—bathed in light, as the Indian sun darts its radiance to their feet. Small trees, patches of herbage and grassy shelves, kept fresh by the spray-rain, soften the front of the abyss about the Rocket and the White Lady; but gloomy cavernous recesses, which no sunshine reaches, lie hid behind the Great Fall as it pours from its beetling rim. Above in the background the higher summits of the mountains lift green peaks and darkly wooded crests into mid-air, and at the bottom of the Falls a sunbow, ever rising slowly higher as the sun's rays penetrate deeper, arches the dark pools with its beautiful soft splendour. In the morning it lies long and low, but ascends with the sun, and after noontide spans the ravine with a glorious lofty semicircle. Not much mist-cloud arises except where the Roarer hurls down its massive volume, but the air is laden with moisture, and often flushes with brilliant colours, as blasts of wind below scatter for a moment the symmetry of the sunbow, and fling wider the shining robe of the Great Fall. No, there can be nothing comparable to it elsewhere. The Staubbach dropping its single smoke-like veil from as lofty a brow, and the enormous flood and breadth and massiveness of Niagara, far less in height, belong to a different order of sublimity. The many torrents of the Zambesi Falls descend but one hundred feet into a long narrow fissure, 'a gigantic crack' only eighty feet across. One hears of marvellous cataracts among Norwegian hills and in Californian valleys, but nowhere else are all the wonders and enchantments of water in every aspect of grace and beauty, force, majesty, and terror, so gathered and set in such a frame of surpassing sublimity and awful grandeur amid all the magnificence of tropical mountain scenery.

On an overhanging brow near the ledge over which the stream of the Great Fall glides to its tremendous plunge there is a point called the Rajah's Chair, from some tradition that of old a rajah of that region would resort there and sit on the brink, absorbed by the spectacle. He must have been gifted with a steadiness of brain, no less than an appreciation of scenery, unusual with his race; for on this point few can stand or sit, or do more than lie prone on the breast and cautiously peer over. Even so, the brain reels and sickens. There is the fearful void between the eyes and the dark pools and rock-strewn bottom plumb down below, so far does the rocky rim hang over, and such is the terrific perpendicularity of the dreadful precipice; only here and there far below a jutting point or shelf gives a measure and makes the depth beyond seem still more interminable. Countless flocks of pigeons winging the midway air show, not so gross as beetles, but like swarms of flies. Large stones brought from the

river bed behind and thrown over, fall and fall, and seem to vanish into the lowest depths, but reverberations still continue to come up, and after expectation is wearied, a faint splash tells they have reached the pool. The true height of the Falls had long been a debated point, not easy of solution. Lines let down the face of the abyss stuck on the way, and calculations of the time taken by falling stones were delusive; and the general estimate, naturally inclined to excess, was never less than 1,000 feet. About twenty years ago, however, a party of officers from a Government ship employed in surveying the coast, visited the Falls, bringing with them tackle and fathoming apparatus. They contrived to stretch a cable across the inward curve of the precipice above the caldron into which the upper volume of the Roarer rushes, and slinging on to it a sort of bamboo cradle, which was then drawn out to the middle, let down a deep-sea line and lead to the pool beneath, and ascertained the exact depth from lip of precipice to pool to be 830 feet.

We now return to the vantage point on the farther side of the ravine, beyond whence all the grandeur and glory of the Falls are sublimely displayed. One could well sit there the livelong day, but we will follow a narrow track that leads downward to the bottom of the gorge. Very steep and difficult it is, threading the declivity sometimes like a mere stony stairway, and twice or thrice descending slippery faces of rock by a rude ladder. Most of the distance the path passes through deep groves where the tree from which gamboge exudes and the large glossy leaves of the gutta percha tree are conspicuous. Sometimes through the branches the eye catches the foamy gleam of the cataracts, which are more fully disclosed now and then when the path traverses a moist open space, where bright flowers and orchids stud the dripping shelves, and ferns, especially the curious *Pœcilopteris terminans*, with its long, thin, poignard-shaped, terminal frond, grow thickly. Flights of brilliant butterflies haunt such spots, and the prolonged shrilling of the cicada rings from the surrounding trees. At length the path emerges at the bottom of the gorge, a wild and weird place, strewn with large rounded stones and boulders indescribably slippery from the perpetual spray; the gigantic precipices so closely hemming it in on three sides seem to shut it out from the upper world. Slowly and cautiously we make our way over the perilous slime-covered stones towards the pools that receive the cataracts. A sense of the remote eeriness of the spot, as though it were in some forlorn fairyland, grows over us as we approach the largest and longest of those gloomy waters. Almost one thinks to see a dragon, or some monstrous beast, couched upon the brim. At the farther end the Great Fall descends in a massive shower; the other end is shaken by the furious down-pour of the Roarer. More to the right the water of the Rocket Fall, alive with endless flights of foamy arrows and out-darting shafts of spray, spreads out in a broad curtain that descends over a dark-browed cavern, level with its own pool, and farther on the Naiad of the spot, hidden in glistening delicate films and vaporous folds, vanishes in a thick bright rain. Slowly we wander along the edges of the profound basins, whence many streams running out soon unite and continue their course along the gorge, and pausing before each Fall watch their wonderful descent and disappearance. Long streamers of moss and vivid green vegetation hang from the chinks and crannies of the eternally dripping walls, and in guarded nooks and under shelves, ferns, and strange

plants and flowers, find root. Especially round the arch of the cavern behind the Rocket grow clusters of some bright red flower, inaccessible and unknown. Here and there a wild plantain or banana clings in a sheltered nook, stretching out its large coarse leaves and small hard clusters, the indigenous stock, as the crab of the apple. Looking upward with head strained back, the long jagged rim of the stupendous precipice can be discerned at a bewildering height above, and the tops of the Falls seem as though issuing from the sky. The dreadful downward descent cannot be grasped at once, and a sense of fear, feebleness, and oppression spreads over the brain, different, however, from the sickening thrill of dread that grows over the gazer-down from the rim above. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, observes: 'I am apt to imagine that height is less grand than depth, and that we are more struck with looking down from a precipice than looking up at an object of equal height; but of that I am not so sure.' Much depends on temperament. There are some who can stand upon the dizziest edge and look calmly down; but had the great statesman visited a scene like this, we think he would have decided that in the case of a really tremendous precipice there is a far fuller, deeper, and more unwonted pleasurable sensation in looking up to than down from it. In the latter case one is not so much struck as overwhelmed.

The floor of the abyss widens out in front of the Falls, especially on the side of La Dame Blanche, but soon resumes its ordinary breadth as the river runs on between its colossal banks, and one of the wonders of the place is from a knoll above, on the side near the Great Fall, to look down on the stream pursuing its way along the bottom of the enormous chasm. Repassing the dangerous stony space, we retreat to the shade where the abrupt declivity meets the floor. Long sitting there alone, the spell of this enchanted spot grows over one more and more. Though seeming to be sunk far aloof from the winds above and the influences of the upper sky, the air around is as full of mystic noises as Prospero's Isle. Even when all is still, and the leaves hanging motionless, the voices of the falling waters continually change, sometimes almost dying away, then rising in strange tones of far-off lamentation or sudden triumph; and at times, when the atmosphere is stillest, fierce blasts seem to go by far overhead with a long wailing sough or unearthly shriek, and the arch of the sun-bow and white skirts of the Great Fall are scattered for a moment in iris-tinted fragments, whilst the gulf is filled with moans and weird sounds echoing from steep to steep. The falling waters and long deep trough-like ravine doubtless influence the currents of air, but the effect is strange and startling. It is such a fastness as the gods of a dying religion might retreat to from their neglected shrines and temples, and gather to bewail and await the announcement of their final doom. And indeed while watching there in that sunny stillness, broken only by the mystic voices of the air and waters, the forms of the old gods of India almost seem to float and soar amid the rolling clouds of spray and sun-coloured wreaths of mist. Siva, Vishnu, and their train, many-armed and monstrous, arrayed in jewelly splendour, gleam for a moment, and vanish in the dim recess beyond the sun-bow, and suddenly a fierce rushing, as of harpies on the wing, is heard overhead.

Whilst thus dreaming, the rustle of a light approach along the downward path strikes upon the ear, and presently a man emerges from the bushes and advances over the slip-

pery stones. A Hindu, old and gaunt, wrapped in an orange coloured cloth, and his forehead white with ashes. In his hand he carries a long staff, polished like glass with use. We perceive that he is of the Jăngăm or Vîra Saiva sect, a follower of the great saint Băsăva, an incarnation of Siva. He perceives us not where we sit aside under the overhanging foliage, and stepping, with bare feet, surely and lightly along, he seats himself, drawn together Eastern fashion, on a small sand bank in the open sunshine.

Seven centuries ago, when Brahmanical ascendency and pretensions —the most crushing and tyrannical system of priestly domination the world has ever known — were strongest and most unquestioned, Basava was born, the son of a Brahman in a village of Belgaum, in the Southern Mahratta country, upon the western coast. When a boy, it is said, he refused to wear the Brahmanical thread, because the right of assuming it, requiring the adoration of the sun, involved an act of idolatry. Perhaps he did assume, but afterwards renounced, it: there was some rebellion against the orthodox creed, and whilst still young he fled to the capital of the Carnataca country, where the reigning prince was a Jaina by religion, and his minister related to Basava. The minister gave the young man employment, and at his death Basava succeeded to his office, and in time attained great power. Here it seems probable that after comparing the rival creeds of Jainas and Brahmans, and perceiving that both were idolatrous, he resolved to reject them both and worship only Siva, conceived as the one Supreme Being, God and Father of all. No Puritan or Quaker of the old stamp could have gone to work in a more root-and-branch style. He resolutely set himself against the Brahmanical priesthood and principles, and especially their exclusive hierarchical pretensions, renouncing the divine authority of the Vedas, Ramayuna, and Bhagavat Gita on which they are founded, and teaching that all men are equal by birth, and holy in proportion as they are temples of the Great Spirit.

He prohibited the superstitious rites of purification and the tedious funeral ceremonies, which are the burdens heavy and grievous to be borne of orthodox Hindu life, and tenaciously enforced by the Brahmans. Whilst they worship multitudes of gods and reverence the sun, rivers, cows, monkeys, and many animals, Basava declared there is but one God—Sadā-Siva—the Ever Blessed, a benevolent, gentle deity, somewhat resembling Saturnus, and with nothing but name in common with the Jupiter Siva of the Brahmans, represented always as an austere destroyer. Together with caste, he moreover renounced all Brahmanical observances and distinctions, fasts and feasts, penances and pilgrimages. The emblem of deity adopted by Basava was the Lingam, the most ancient symbol known to the Hindus, and in their minds totally separate from any obscene association. In Saiva Brahman temples it is called Sthâvara Lingam, the fixed or stable image, and to move it would be a great sin; but Basava called it Jăngăma Lingam, the moving or peripatetic image, a Vedic phrase used for a living being, and ordered it to be carried about by all his disciples as part of themselves; hence they are called Jangams, or living images of the deity, much in St. Paul's sense of a living sacrifice. Tiny images of it, the size of a pea, are inclosed in a small silver case or reliquary, and carried suspended on the breast by a string round the neck. Every Jangam is known by this badge. It can never be laid aside, or taken away, or perma

nently lost, for it is looked upon as part of the body; and should it ever be accidentally lost, the sufferer's friends fast and pray with him till it reappears in his hand, 'descending through the air like a bee.' This miracle they strongly affirm has repeatedly occurred, and they even declare that were it known to fail their faith would perish. In social matters the Jangams manifest the same determined opposition to all traditionary orthodox observances. By the Brahmans women are regarded with complete contempt, and widows are excluded from society, but the followers of Basava alone amongst Hindus, holding marriage not obligatory, behave with consideration and delicacy towards women, and treat widows with kindness and respect. Their heads are not shaved, and they may marry again. Amongst the Jangams a woman of piety is listened to as reverently as a man, and they accept and return the salutation of women equally as of men, observing that an insult to a woman would be an insult to the image of the deity which she wears, whilst it never even occurs to other Hindus to treat women with civility. Men and women eat together, and bless their meals in the name of their god, *after* which they consider the food holy, and are bound to eat it; it cannot then be defiled by the glance or touch of any person. Eating is expressly termed *Sivapuja*, or worship; for the Jangams think with Jeremy Taylor, that 'God esteems it a part of His service if we eat or drink; so it be temperately.' Their literature is extensive and of high value, distinguished for moderation and purity, and free from the extravagance and abominable filth that characterise Brahmanical writings. They declare the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man as distinctly as any modern thinkers, and differ remarkably from other Hindus with regard to a future state, affirming that they will suffer for themselves according as they have done good or evil. Other men are liable to transmigration, but not they who have been brought into the faith. They depart either to heaven or hell, and that state is eternal. Basava's resolute rejection of the established creeds and customs of course raised hosts of enemies; a civil war ensued, in which the prince his patron was slain, and this event was soon followed by the death of Basava, who, according to his followers, was 'absorbed into the image,' or vanished, a significant expression which may cover much. This was coeval with the murder of Thomas à Becket. At the present day the Jangams are very numerous in the Canara and Mahratta countries, and in Mysore and Berar. Several of the petty rajahs of those regions have belonged to them, as is still the case. Pietro della Valle, the first European who mentions them, reports that the king to whose court we have seen him journeying was a 'Giangama.' As now seen, they are a peaceable race of Hindu puritans, boasting that none of their number are found in courts of justice, where the common Hindu oath would be regarded by them as a crime; and, firm in their faith, boasting also that conversions to Christianity or Mahommedanism are unknown amongst them.[2]

In Europe the Hindoos are regarded as beyond other races bigoted, fettered by caste, and immovable in their religion and customs; but there can be no more striking instance of the revolt of intellect and conscience against idolatry, superstition, and priestly

[2] In the foregoing account the writer has been largely indebted to a learned *Essay on the Creed and Customs of the Jangams*, by C. P. Brown, M.C.S. Madras, 1840.

domination than that achieved by Basava, himself the son of a Brahman, 'twice born,' at an epoch when the sway of his caste was firmest. Again, three centuries later in Bengal, where Brahmanical tyranny was most rigid and supreme over all relations of life and society, Chaitanya, born in the same year with Luther, flung caste to the winds, renounced the priesthood, proclaimed the sufficiency of simple and absolute faith without works, observances, or ceremonial, and died with four millions of followers, a number now believed to be doubled. In truth, Europe has lagged behind India in the sphere of moral and religious insurrection. The Jaina and Buddhist systems, older than Christianity, are instances on the largest scale of triumphs over hierarchical pretensions; triumphs, moreover, continuing through centuries, extending over vast regions, accepted by ruling dynasties, and associated with high civilisation, magnificent architecture, and excellent morality. But India also markedly exemplifies how the indestructible human tendency towards sacerdotal direction, authority, and ritual reasserts itself, however slowly, and bears them again to dominion. The Brahman and his power long seemed near extinction; he is now supreme, and his rivals have faded from the land of their origin, and those who still defy him are in comparison but a few scattered dissenters.

Meanwhile, the man whose appearance has recalled these recollections of the history of his creed remains seated motionless on the sand-bank with eyes fixed upon the glorious scene before him. We can hardly conjecture what thoughts are passing through his mind; Hindus are little open to the impressions of natural scenery, and that sympathy with it, when cataracts, rocks, and mountains haunt like a passion, seems wholly alien to their nature; it is rare indeed in any race. Still this is a point on which the European mind hardly understands and fathoms the Hindu enough to form a judgment. Ideas and ways of thinking are so essentially different that something of the same result may be arrived at under very different forms and by very different paths. Indian poetry is far from destitute of the recognition of natural objects and beauties, but generally in subordination to some shrine or god, and introduced in a mechanical sort of way. Every poem, they think, ought to contain descriptions of the seasons, streams, love, morning and evening, &c., in certain formal proportions. But a sense of natural beauty shows itself in them in many ways—their love of flowers, the picturesque sites of their temples, and their veneration of streams and waterfalls, so grateful in a burning land. An educated and reflective man of a sect like the Jangams, whose mind has not been stuffed from childhood with absurd Brahmanical stories and notions of manifold gods and superstitions, may well be open to higher influences, and even be touched with that sublime sense 'of something far more deeply interfused' in Nature. Presently the man we have been watching rises, and holding in his hand the emblem of his faith suspended on his breast, repeats in a loud emphatic voice, as Hindus always use to do when reciting or reading to themselves, some verses in which we can distinguish the majestic march of a Sanskrit hymn or prayer, composed by the celebrated sage Agastya, and adopted by the Jangams as their credo and confession of faith, continually in their mouths, and prefixed as a motto to their religious books. It runs thus, closely rendered line for line:

The Being endless, Giver of goodness,
Image of wisdom, whom pain and grief
Never can reach; the Sky His emblem,
whose names are countless, and Truth
the chief.

The One, everlasting, stainless, stedfast; who knows all secrets, Himself unknown.
Passionless ever, of perfect justice,—Him do I worship, and Him alone.

He who sits at the foot of the World-Tree, on the devout who before Him fall
Understanding and strength bestowing. Lord of the Universe, Teacher of all,
Embodied Glory of grace and mercy; Him I salute and adore, for He
From the burden of life and the bonds of death alone can deliver and set us free!

Scooping up water in his hand and drinking, he draws his cloth round him, and passing with long light steps over the slippery stones disappears on the upward path without having noticed us screened behind some bushes. After a time, and once again advancing to the brim of the dark pools and contemplating the wondrously lovely lapse and vanishing of the waterfalls in their bosom, we too address ourselves to the ascent, which shod feet and limbs less light and spare make far longer and more toilsome than to the ascetic who has gone before.

We do not neglect after moonrise to resort to the wooded knoll above the Great Fall. Even the full moon at her midmost height cannot reach the lower depths of the gulf, or touch more than half of the mighty precipice, which from its overhanging and inwardly retreating character is mostly shrouded in gloom; only here and there a craggy point, outswelling slope, or rugged projecting brow catches the light and gives hint of the vast wall behind. The four Falls descend into the abyss like huge columns of shining silver, writhing and quivering in the moonbeams, till suddenly swallowed and lost in the blackness of darkness. It is a weird and sublime sight, almost more impressive than the stupendous daylight vision. The voices of the water seem to change their tones, and a long lament, mingled with strange gusty sounds and cries as of struggling winds, rises fitfully up, laden with the intimation of appalling depths. By night too the spray clouds over the pools, which seldom mount high during the day, creep upwards in long spectral wreaths, and at dawn may be seen lifting their pale locks and brows over the brim of the abyss, but soon sink back and vanish as the sun mounts up.

Few travellers have visited the spot during the rainy season. At the height of the monsoon the whole forest country is a dripping, weltering wilderness, streamlets and threads of water become torrents, and roads are everywhere blocked up by floods and fallen trees. Movement and business are suspended, and the inhabitants almost as much confined to their homesteads as Arctic dwellers by the polar winter. Then the River, a wide furious flood, unbroken from bank to bank, rolls over the precipice in one tremendous torrent. The force and thunder must be overwhelming and sublime, but nothing can be seen—nothing of the precipice, of the gorge below or the river bed above; all are veiled by the enormous mist-clouds which fill the ravine and chasm, and roll in prodigious volumes far up the valley, ascending above the trees and bordering hills, and burying everything in a blank uniform grey. All is as much lost to view as a mountain prospect involved in clouds, and these clouds neither lift nor disperse whilst the monsoon lasts.

In this luxuriant region there are many marvellous spots; let us finally leave it with a glance at another wonder of nature, even stranger than the Falls, and more difficult to convey an idea of by words. Some fifteen or twenty miles northward in the same continuous forest-country are the Yêni, or Ladder Rocks, difficult to reach and seldom visited. In a rather low-lying undulating tract, in the heart of the jungle, where

trees are broadest and undergrowth thickest, the visitor, long guided through labyrinths of narrow paths, often retarded by thorny bushes and the sharp hooks of rattan-trailers, sometimes wading across swamps swarming with nimble leeches, and now and then over the paddy plots of a lonely homestead, at length sees with surprise strange rocky shapes shooting abruptly above the trees, as cathedral towers rise over woodland. Previously for a long distance no rock has been encountered, the outlines of the country being low and rounded, but now advancing from between wooded eminences two extraordinary objects strike the eye, standing across an open space on either side the entrance of a narrow glen. Not columns or obelisks, not pinnacles or towers, yet unlike any of Nature's freaks in rock or stone. Two great piles of rock rise abruptly some four hundred feet above the jungle that closely surrounds them. Huge, and of no describable outline at base, their shape, if shape it can be called, changes continually as they rise, square, rounded, many-sided, breaking out everywhere in overhanging ledges, sharp points and elbows, jagged edges, twisted pendents, and ending in wild irregular spires and turrets. No other rocks are near; they stand clear, sooty-black in colour, for iron enters into their texture, which is hard crystalline limestone, grey at the fracture, but blackening on the surface. No more rocks of the kind are known in that part of the country; at this spot only they and their fellows seem to have been thrust up from the bowels of the earth. The narrow glen, between two hundred and three hundred yards in length, is bordered by a succession of these fantastic shapes, not so large or high as the gigantic warders at the entrance. There is nothing of the pillared regularity of Staffa, or rather one might imagine one's-self moving through a Walpurgis *day*, made mysterious by the dim forest-shadows, past 'giant-snouted crags' and rocks animated with monstrous life, or amid a throng of the enormous mis-shapen Afrits of Arabian romance, or a revel of huge lumpish giants turned into stone by some potent magician or Merlin-spell. The little glen widens at the end into a sort of amphitheatre, in which stands a pair of the most amazing and fantastic of these night-mare forms. On the right is a great towering mass rather suggesting in outline some vast megatherium, or one of the colossal brood of earth's younger days, its prodigious back covered with a close array of long sharp spines; the other, loftier and less bulky, rising in piles of dislocated angular masses, some poised and hanging on others, seamed with deeply overhanging brows shooting straight up in spires and pinnacles, and over them many-cornered shafts bearing ragged parapets, broken steps and buttresses, all mounting upward and ending in a long lean tooth. Could unlike conditions be compared, one might imagine a fleet of icebergs drifted from their Arctic birthplace into this tropical solitude, and transformed suddenly from white glittering ice into sable stone; the grotesque forms wrought by the magic ministry of frost would not be exceeded by the bizarre outlines of these sun-blackened Indian rocks, surrounded by no blue sea waves, but by the green billows of a forest wilderness. At the base of the great spined rock there are wide and lofty cavernous recesses, with rugged far-projecting eaves, in the hollows of which prodigious swarms of bees have, doubtless for ages, held their stronghold, and, far above reach, filled them with an enormous wealth of Brobdingnagian combs, which hang down in rich waxen stalactites. The deep incessant hum of this innumerable commonwealth is audible at a considerable distance. The natives relate that two Euro-

pean officers once visited the spot, one of whom foolishly and wantonly fired into this formidable fortress, and was instantly attacked by clouds of the defenders, and died from their stings. Since then, they say, it is not safe for anyone to go too near the swarming legions of the guarded city.

Such are some of the wonders and impressive sights embosomed in these Indian western wilds. The grand picture of the matchless fourfold Falls can never fade from the inward vision of eyes that have looked upon them. At the bungalow hard by a book used to be kept in which visitors wrote their names, and often their impressions, for the most part not unworthy of the spot, for its influence had been too much for even British jocosity. Amongst them a bishop had recorded his thanks to God for having been permitted before death to behold so sublime and glorious a manifestation of the works of His hands, and a German artist wrote that an account of the Falls had led him thither all the long journey from his own land, but that he held the toil to be well repaid. Such expressions are nothing exaggerated.

M. J. WALHOUSE.

## SPINOZISM: THE RELIGION OF GLADNESS.

THE professed object of Spinoza's great work, the *Ethica More Geometrico Demonstrata*, is man and man's happiness. The first book of it is headed *De Deo*; but the author is not therefore to be taxed with inconsistency. To know man's happiness we must know man; and to know man we must know Nature, God.

This point of view is of the very essence of Spinoza's doctrine. In his view all true knowledge is mathematical in form. A thing truly known is known by its cause; that is to say, the grounds of it are known, and its necessary connections with them are seen into. But if a thing can only be known through its grounds, the grounds themselves can only be known through other grounds; and it follows that all our knowledge must depend in the last resort on a First Ground. Is there a First Ground at all? If not, philosophy is impossible. If there be one, what is it? The problem of Philosophy is to find this First Ground, and from it deduce the answers to the questions she deals with. If mathematical knowledge be the type of philosophical knowledge, then the mathematical method must be the type of philosophical method, and the latter, like the former, must be deductive. If we can find such a First Principle in Thought, we shall have found the First Principle of Things that we are in search of. For it is an axiom with Spinoza that there is absolute correspondence between Thought and Things. Every true idea exactly corresponds with its object.

We do find such a First Principle in Thought. We find in our thoughts two sorts of existence, the Infinite and the Finite, the Absolute and the Relative, the Unconditioned and the Conditioned, Substance and Accident, God and Things. Are they true ideas? Do the two terms of the antithesis exist out of the mind as they do in it? Spinoza affirms the existence of the first, absolutely; 'God, or the Substance consisting of an infinity of Attributes, of which each expresses eternal and infinite Essence, exists necessarily.' The Self-existent is infinite. It is unique, for if there were more than one Self-existent, each would be what the others were not (if they were distinguishable at all, and if not distinguishable they would not be different)—there would be in each a negation; that is, they would be not-infinite, which is impossible. It is the cause of all things; the immanent or inner cause, and not the transient or outer cause, for Its effects are in It, as the accident in the Substance, as sweetness in an orange. It is the eternal cause of all Its effects, and not the temporal cause of them; for they lie in It as Its 'eternal' consequences, just as the properties of a circle lie as 'eternal truths' in the idea of a circle; they do not represent a Becoming, but an eternal Being. It is a free cause, for It is absolutely unconditioned, and in Its actions It is not determined by anything outside It, for outside It there is nothing. And It is a necessary cause, because Its effects follow from Its nature out of just such an inner necessity as from the nature of a triangle it follows that its three angles are together equal to two right angles. It exists and acts, that is to say, by an inner, and therefore by a free necessity (*libera necessitas*). It is the Substance of all that is; It is in Itself, and whatever is, is either It, or is in It; and without It no thing can be, nor even be conceived of.

Perhaps less evident than these

deductions is the position that 'the more reality a thing has, the more Attributes it has'—a position from which it follows that the infinitely real Being possesses an infinity of Attributes. Nor does the definition of Attribute as 'that which the understanding perceives in Substance as constituting its essence' seem at first sight to help us to any solid knowledge of what an Attribute of Substance may be. If we could find an example of an Attribute, perhaps we should understand all about it; and although we remember that it was scornfully said by Kant 'that examples are the leading-strings of the intellect,' yet on these somewhat giddy heights of ontology, we do not disdain such helps. Fortunately, out of the numberless Attributes of Substance, two happen to be known to us. They are Thought (*cogitatio*), and Extension. 'Deus est res extensa; Deus est res cogitans.' We see what is meant, though the *patrii sermonis egestas* makes it difficult to put the meaning into words. The Attributes of Substance are its functions, its manifestation-forms. Looking at these two great aspects of existence, Thought and Extension, we find that with all their profound and irreducible difference, their absolute incomparability and heterogeneity, there is yet one aspect in which they agree; they are both rooted in the same ultimate substratum of Being. Each can claim that it expresses, in as high a degree as the other, the essentiality of Being; or, classifying known Existence into these two great divisions, we see that its essence is in one direction Thought, in another Extension. We must co-ordinate them, and not subordinate one to the other, if we would not derive one from the other; and the very pith and marrow of Spinoza's system is that neither of them is derived from the other. Each of them is conceived, and must be conceived, by itself (*per se*). It is just for this reason that they are seen to be the Attributes of the Substance, to be, in fact, the Substance Itself. The plurality of the Attributes is not to be conceived as related to any division or plurality in the Substance; it is only a plurality, or a difference, of aspect. 'A circle existing in Nature, and the idea of that circle, are one and the same thing, expressed (*quæ explicatur*) by different Attributes.' The infinity of Attributes does not result in an infinity of worlds, but in one world with an infinity of aspects. Spinoza asserts the manifoldness of the Attributes in the one-ness of the Substance.

This is the most important point in the doctrine of the Attributes; but very important, too, is his assertion of an infinity of Attributes in the Substance. 'Non dico me Deum omnino cognoscere;' nay, out of the numberless forms of God's Being, we know but two. Knowledge, then, may be real, but it cannot be 'total,' for there are numberless aspects of its object that it fails to embrace. With this concession, the system is no longer an absolute dogmatic Realism. And with this assertion, even if for no other reason (which is very far from being the case), the system is for ever far removed from all likeness to Atheism. For in the infinity of the Unknowable Attributes of God there is room for sorts of Being that may infinitely transcend all that we call consciousness, and will, and reason; there is room and to spare for the 'Grand Perhaps,' and for the grand 'Something Higher than Personality.' There is room in this Unknowable for the building of temples, if the Knowable seems not big enough nor strong enough to build on.

We are now in possession of the answer to the question with which we set out, at least so far as regards

one of its terms. God, or the Substance consisting of an infinity of Forms of Being such as Thought and Extension, exists necessarily. The Infinite exists objectively, but there remains the Finite. God is, but is there a world? Spinoza affirms this too, but with certain serious limitations. 'Whatever is, is in God,' thus runs the celebrated fifteenth proposition of the *De Deo*; 'and outside God nothing can exist, nor even be conceived of.' Whatever is, that is to say, is either Substance or Accident, in the language of Scholasticism; or, in Spinoza's tongue, Substance or Mode of Substance, and Things are not Substance, for they are not conceived by themselves (*per se*), and Substance is conceived by Itself (*per se*); Things, therefore, are 'modes' of Substance. The world is a series of 'Modes,' of 'Modifications,' of Substance; a series of forms appearing on the face of the Infinite, as waves separate themselves, in appearance, from the mass of the waters to play for a moment the part of distinguishable entities on the face of the ocean. Things are made up of the Divine Substance. Without It they cannot begin, nor continue, nor even cease to be; they are not even conceivable, not even possible to Thought without It. At first sight their entire being seems to be swallowed up in the all-embracing Divinity of the Substance.

Assertions, such as these, have brought upon Spinoza the charge of 'confounding God and the world,' a charge which has taken the two sufficiently opposed forms of Atheism and Acosmism. We must waste no words in the refutation of the former of these views, which is so groundless, and is now so generally seen to be groundless that the examination of it would hardly yield us an interesting result. But Hegel's dictum, that 'Spinozism is Acosmism,' must command attention; and it is incumbent on us to try and make out the exact relation that the two great terms of the philosophical synthesis bore to one another in Spinoza's mind.

Perhaps there never was a thinker more thoroughly penetrated by the conviction of the nothingness of the Finite in comparison with God, than Spinoza was. All that proceeds from the Infinite, he tells us over and over again, is itself infinite and perfect; in God there is no limitation, and no imperfection; and so potent is Infinity, that whatever follows out of any infinite modification of any Attribute of God, is itself infinite. The production of that which is finite, he expressly teaches, is a function of the Finite. 'Every particular thing, or that which is finite and has a determinate existence, can only exist and be determined to action by a cause which is itself finite and has a determinate existence.' The difference of sphere of the Finite and the Infinite is here so clearly marked, that it has been lately taught that this proposition (*Eth.* i. 28) operates to make the Finite independent of the Infinite, and to open between them a chasm which all Spinoza's after-efforts were powerless to bridge over. From the Scylla of the Identity-theory, criticism has drifted into the Charybdis of an independent world, self-evolved in total disconnection from God. Let us see if it is not possible to steer a middle course.

First, as to the mode, the *finite* Thing. I take it that Spinoza's intention in this proposition (*Eth.* i. 28) was to assert the doctrine that Change must be explained by the Finite, and not by reference to the Infinite; but this is no contradiction to the doctrine asserted elsewhere, that there is in things a nucleus of Divinity. The divisibility of Space into figures, for instance, follows from the absolute nature of Space; but each figure, that is, each particular division of Space is only possible by means of the other particular

divisions by which it is bounded, by which, as a figure, it is produced. Infinite Space is not all that is necessary for the existence of a triangle, determinations of Space are its necessary conditions. But when made, the triangle *is* in infinite Space. So, from the absolute nature of God, there follows the possibility of a cosmos, and within this latter lies the chain of secondary causes, the nexus of finite causality, in which are to be found the external conditions of every finite existence. Each link of this chain is 'determined' or conditioned by another link, itself determined like the last. If a tile fall from a housetop, its fall must be explained by the loosening of its mortar by the frost, or by the scrambling of some cat, not by reference to some supposed act of change in the immutable Being of God. You must not rouse from Its eternal repose the whole frame of the Infinite Substance, to account for your beer turning sour. The sufficient reason of all change is to be found inside the world of finite things. But Things are not therefore independent of God. The conditions of Change are in the world, but the Being of Things is in God. For its Essence, for the Truth of a Thing, we must turn to God. The temporal conditions of a Thing are its 'causa existendi;' God is its 'causa essendi.' 'Nam etsi unaquæque (sc. res) ab alia re singulari determinetur ad certo modo existendum; vis tamen, qua unaquæque in existendo perseverat ex æterna necessitate naturæ Dei sequitur.' (*Eth.* ii. 45 Schol.) Things—and this is the solution of the difficulty—have a double nature, and are the products of two kinds of causality. As regards their 'Essence,' they follow, as 'eternal truths,' immediately from God. As regards their temporal existence they follow from Him mediately, through the infinite nexus of secondary causes, and are caused, conditioned, determined, bounded, by other finite things.

Now, as to the Mode, the *infinite* Thing. From the infinite Substance there follows, as infinite Mode, the world. From the infinite causality of the Attributes of the Substance ('Natura naturans') there follow as infinite effects the world of Spirit and the world of Matter and all the other unknown forms of beings; that is, since these are but one and the same thing under different aspects, there follows Nature, 'Natura naturata.' This world, this Natura naturata, is not a mere aggregate of effects; it is a chain of causality, not a heap of loose links. The chain is an endless chain, and is not attached by any first link to anything external to it, but it does not therefore follow that it is independent of God. As an infinite, unique, undivided Thing, it follows from God. Thus conceived, the Cosmos is a true conception, and truly thus exists as an effect of God. The separation of it into particular entities, Things, is an artificial and unreal separation, the product of that imperfect form of knowing classed by Spinoza as *Imaginatio.* Things in this sense do not truly exist. Conceived in their Separateness they are falsely conceived. Only in their connection into an infinite system, or whole, are they real. That which follows from the One God, is the one World, and not the many Things. The many Things are moments artificially distinguished in the one World. The Cosmos follows from God immediately, and by following is here meant sequence, after the analogy of mathematical sequence. But it is not therefore the same as God. The relations in question have been summed up in a masterly manner by Kuno Fischer.

God is related to the world, as Natura naturans to Natura naturata. Natura naturans is the eternal cause; Natura naturata, the eternal effect. The one-ness of

this cause and this effect, is the one-ness of God and World; the distinction between cause and effect is the distinction between God and World; and in Spinoza's doctrine there is no other one-ness and no other distinction of the two.

The Attributes are co-ordinate in their origin; and they are co-ordinate in their modifications. Corresponding to every Modification, or Mode, of any Attribute, there is a parallel Modification of all the others. To every Body there corresponds an Idea; to every Idea there corresponds a Body. Every Thing is at once Idea and Matter. All that takes place in any Attribute, takes place in a corresponding manner in all the other Attributes. And between no two Attributes is there any causal relation whatever. This bold doctrine at once breaks the neck of the old puzzle as to how Spirit acts on Matter, and Matter on Spirit. Matter neither does nor can act on Spirit, nor Spirit on Matter; how could they do so, for they are but two faces of the same thing, its inside and its outside, say? Modes of Thought (Ideas) are caused by Modes of Thought; and Modes of Extension (Bodies and Motions) are caused by Modes of Extension, and all Modes of any Attribute are caused by Modes of that Attribute, and not by those of any other. But because all the Attributes, with all their Modes, are expressions of the same Reality, it follows that the order and connection of Ideas is the same as the order and connection of Bodies. All bodies have souls, that is, Ideas, which are, as it were, the souls of them; and all souls of things have bodies. The human soul is the Idea of the human body; and the human body is but the visible side of the human soul, or mind, or Idea. It is for this very reason that the one cannot act on the other. A molecular process in my brain cannot be the cause of an Idea in my mind, because the molecular process and the Idea represent the same moment in the causal process of the Cosmos; neither precedes the other; neither is transformed into the other; neither arises out of the other. The Idea has for its cause an idea; and the molecular process, the movement, has for its cause a movement. The cause of all changes in Mind are mental; and the causes of all changes in Matter are material. Mind must be explained by Mind, and Matter by Matter. This is a most important point; for the mutual independence of the Attributes is one of the hinges on which the whole system turns. Between Thought and Matter there is no causal relation possible; no Thought can be the cause of any Matter, nor can any Matter be the cause of any Thought. Spinoza's thoroughgoing assertion of this principle gives him an absolutely unique position in the history of philosophy. Hitherto philosophical thought had alternated between the assertion of the priority of Matter, which gives Materialism as its outcome, on the one hand; and that of the priority of Thought, which gives Idealism, and the teleological systems, on the other hand. Spinoza's principle is equally removed from either of these extremes. From it, there follows, in one direction, his antagonism to final causes; it is a logical consequence of this principle that Spinoza's whole system should be, as it is, perhaps more thoroughly than any other, a direct denial in every possible way, of every possible form of teleology. Nature works not from ends, but from grounds. She follows no Idea, she moulds from no model, she realises no types, looks up to no pattern. Hence, also, Nature misses no ends, and all her works are perfect. Good and evil, beauty and ugliness, harmony and discord, these, and the like, are but terms that express the relation of things to a type formed in the mind of Man. Order and disorder, for example, express only a relation

that objects have to our imaginative faculty. If they are such as we can easily embrace in imagination, and easily remember, we call them orderly; if not, disorderly. In Nature there is neither order nor confusion. We call things good or bad in proportion as they are useful to us; in themselves they are neither good nor bad. Music is good for one whose soul is sick, like Saul's; bad, say, for an easily distracted student, to whom, as to Kant, it may appear 'an importunate art; *eine zudringliche Kunst*;' and to a deaf man, neither good nor bad. Yet such is man's inveterate habit of taking himself to be the central figure round which things revolve, of measuring all things by himself, that he has even set up Harmony for a formative principle of the universe, and dreamed a music of the spheres! No! God creates after the rhythm of no harmony, nor after any outline of archetypal beauty, nor after anything outside of Him; but His works follow from the Divine nature in the same way, and with the same infallibility and perfection, as from the nature of a triangle it follows that all its angles are, together, equal to two right angles.

We come to Man, the proper subject of the *Ethica*. Like all other things, he is an identity of mind and matter; the human mind is the Idea of the human body; and the human body is the object of the idea that constitutes the human mind; the one is a certain modification of the Divine Attribute of Thought, and the other a certain modification of the Divine Attribute of Extension. Neither of these is an isolated entity, any more than any single wave is isolated from, and independent of, the rest of the sea. Man is not a smaller Cosmos, self-contained within the larger, *imperium in imperio*, but merely a certain highly complex modification of the Divine Substance. He is unceasingly impressed by the forces of the universe; and the changes made in him by them constitute the 'Affections' of his body and of his mind. Of these 'Affections' ('Dispositions' is perhaps the word that most exactly renders Spinoza's meaning), he proceeds to treat 'as if it were a question of lines, or planes, or bodies.'

If things cannot make themselves, so neither can they destroy themselves; it is in the nature of every thing to persist in its own existence, and to resist, as far as its powers will allow it, the disintegrating action of external forces. This power of persistence and resistance is nothing else than the very 'essence' of a thing, that transcendental nucleus of Divinity in things to which we have before called attention. To man, as to other things, must be ascribed such a *conatus* towards indefinite persistence in Being. When referred to the whole man, conceived as unity of mind and body, Spinoza calls this essential conatus Appetite. In so far as man is conscious of this Appetite, it constitutes Desire (Cupiditas). When referred to the Mind alone, it is Will. That which agrees with this 'conatus,' that which furthers our persistence in Being, we call good; that which is contrary to it, that which hinders it, we call bad. We do not desire, and strive after things, because we judge them to be useful, or good, for us; but we call them good or useful because we desire them (*quia ea conamur, volumus, appetimus*). 'Desire is the essence itself of man, so far as he is conceived as determined to some action by some Affection.'

If we are changed from without, we are changed either for better or for worse; the organism is strengthened or it is weakened; it passes to a state of greater or less perfection;[1] of enhanced or

[1] Per realitatem et perfectionem idem intelligo.

diminished Being. The feeling of transition to greater perfection, to enhanced Being, is the passion of Pleasure; the feeling of transition to diminished perfection of Being is the passion of Pain. This gives us two great classes of feelings or affections, of which the one, that of pleasurable feelings, exalts our being; and the other, that of painful feelings, depresses it. We may call them the positive and negative (painful) affections. Desire, Pleasure, and Pain, then, these are the three fundamental forms or categories of all the Affections. From these primordial forms, all the passions are to be deduced. And, in fact, from these principles Spinoza does deduce the mechanism of a large number of the passions; and that in a manner that is a sufficient justification of his assertion that human motives are susceptible of rigorously scientific demonstration. Whatever may be the fate of his ontology, his analysis of the facts of Human Nature will certainly live for ever. It will not bear abstracting; the reader should study it for himself in Book III. of the *Ethica.* From his examination Spinoza sums up the conclusion 'that by many outward causes are we agitated in many modes; and that like sea waves driven by conflicting winds, we fluctuate in ignorance of our future and of our fate.'

But is there nothing in man that he can oppose to his passions? Let us see. We are active, in so far as we are the adequate cause, the total cause, that is, of any change in us. Now the human body must, under all conceivable circumstances, remain subject to changes caused in it from without; to changes, that is, of which it is not the adequate or total cause. It is not in our corporeal nature that this possible activity, that we are in search of, can be found. It must be found, if at all, in our spiritual nature. It must be some function of the mind, of which the mind is the adequate cause. The functions, the products of the mind, are Ideas. Ideas are of two sorts. They are of the Imagination, or they are of the Reason. They are, as in the first case, 'confused' ideas, containing an element derived from a source external to the mind; they are such as are not totally true, but having suffered the contact of our passions, do not represent things as they are in themselves, but as we wish them to be. As Bacon puts it, 'Luminis sicci non sunt, sed recipiunt infusionem a voluntate,' or they are, as in the second case, such as, representing things as they are in themselves, are a pure activity of the mind. Knowledge is what we have to oppose to Passion; the problem is, 'How are "adequate ideas" possible?' The answer is not at first sight obvious. Nay, rather does an examination of the question, on the principles of Spinoza's doctrine of cognition, seem to point to the impossibility of true knowledge.

> I say expressly (he declares) that the mind has no adequate knowledge either of itself or of its body, or of external things, so long as it perceives them in the common course of nature; contemplating them, that is, accordingly as the fortuitous occurrence of things brings them before it.

Knowledge derived from these sources is classed by him as Imagination, *cognitio primi generis*; probably so called because it is the common and natural kind of knowledge, the kind in general use amongst men. From the incompleteness of this imaginary knowledge, he derives all Error. Error (*falsitas*) is not anything positive in things, but merely the incompleteness of knowledge. To Imagination also he traces all such will-o'-the-wisps of the mind as the ideas of order and confusion, beauty and ugliness, perfection and imperfection in Nature. Not by this imperfect kind of knowledge can we hope to rise above Passion; it is itself Passion.

In opposition to this, he establishes a method of adequate knowledge by means of Reason and Intuition; a kind of Knowledge of a transcendental nature, being a function of the transcendental 'essentia' of man, and consisting in the intuitional reference of all objects to God their cause, and this is one of the points at which the great circle of Spinoza's thought closes. We started from God, the Source of all Being; we are come round to God, the Source of all Truth; this is the kind of activity that must be opposed to the Passions. It is Knowledge; and it is rational Knowledge. But in order that it may be effectively opposed to Feeling, it must become something more than mere intellection. A wise theorem of the treatise on the Passions declares that a Feeling can only be destroyed or mastered by means of a Feeling contrary to it and more powerful:

> Sie geben, ach! nicht immer Gluth,
> Der Wahrheit helle Strahlen.

The 'dry light' that we have found must have some warmth infused into it before it can be used to melt Passion; this Knowledge that is to control Feeling must be itself Feeling. Accordingly, we find it shown that there is a Gladness wrapped up in the very act of Knowing-by-Reason, a Gladness that is a true Emotion, so that to the passions, which are dispositions resulting from inadequate ideas, from the confused and mutilated knowledge of the first sort, we have to oppose dispositions resulting from adequate ideas. These dispositions are summed up by Spinoza under the name of Fortitude.

Now, of what sort are the actions that flow from Fortitude? or, which is the same thing, of what sort are the actions dictated by Reason? As deduced by Spinoza they form a body of morality that in its lofty purity and all-embracing kindness, is not unlike that of which the highest Law is: 'Love God; and love thy neighbour as thyself.' Yet not all the same. Since Reason can require nothing that is contrary to nature, her first dictate is that each shall love himself, and seek that which is useful to him, his own true good; that he shall desire everything that may serve to bring him to a state of higher perfection; and, in a word, that each shall strive to the uttermost to maintain and enhance his own Being. Spinoza's first principle of morality, then, is absolutely egoistical; but let not the advocates of altruistic principles of action too quickly take offence: out of this strength will come sweetness, and this selfish principle will be shown to be the foundation of virtue and piety. If Reason commands us to maintain and enhance our own Being, Virtue is the power of doing so. Virtue is a man's Strength in the pursuit of the ends of Reason; its contrary is not Vice, but Weakness. Vice is in a certain sense capable of being opposed to Virtue, for in fact the passions known as Vices are states of the greatest weakness or impotence of Soul, but only in this sense. Virtue is the Power-of-being according to the laws of one's own nature; therefore the Virtue of the mind is the power of Understanding. Hence the propositions:

> What we seek out of Reason is nothing else than to understand, nor can the mind, so far as it uses Reason, judge anything to be useful for it except that which leads to understanding. Nothing is good or bad, except in so far as it leads to understanding, or hinders it. The highest virtue of the Mind, and her highest good, is the knowledge of God. *Summum mentis bonum est Dei cognitio, et summa mentis virtus Deum cognoscere.*

Hence the social life. For the intellectual life implies the social life. As a means to knowing, Man is necessary to Man. Nothing more useful could a wise man desire, than 'that all men should so agree in all things, that the minds of all of them should form but one mind,

and their bodies as it were but one body, all striving to their utmost for their own and the common good.' To Man, nothing is more useful than the reasonable man. Reason is a strict Lawgiver, yet her reign is a reign of Gladness. She teaches that all Gladness is in itself a good; and all Sadness in itself an evil. Cheerfulness knows no excess, it is always good; and melancholy always bad. Laughter and amusement are good, so long as they are not excessive.

It is but a sad and sorry superstition that forbids delights. In what respect is it less becoming to drive away melancholy than hunger or thirst? This is my way of thinking, and my practice. No Deity—nor anyone, indeed, but a jealous person—can take pleasure in my weakness and discomfort, nor count as virtues, tears and wailings, and the like, which are but the signs of an impotent spirit; but, on the contrary, the greater our gladness, by so much the more do we rise to a higher perfection of being; that is, by so much the more do we participate in the Divine nature. A wise man, therefore, will use the gifts of nature, and enjoy them as far as possible; though not indeed to excess, for that is not enjoyment. A wise man, I say, will refresh and recreate himself with pleasant food and drink, and with sweet smells, and with the beauties of flowering plants, with dress, with music, and with games, with the theatre, and all such things as anyone may enjoy without hurt to others.

Love and desire may run into excess, and so be bad; avarice, ambition, lust, 'are species of madness, although they are not usually counted amongst diseases.' Hate can never be good; nor can the species or derivatives of hate, as envy, scorn, contempt, anger, and revenge, ever be good. Hope and fear cannot be good in themselves; whosoever is wise will strive to be free from them. Pity is in itself bad; and, to a wise man, useless. For to all the good actions to which we may be prompted by Pity, we are equally prompted by Reason.

He who knows that all things follow from the necessity of the Divine Nature, and take place according to nature's eternal laws, will certainly find nothing that deserves either hatred, or derision, or contempt; neither will he pity anyone, but, so far as human virtue allows, will he strive to act rightly, and be glad. Add to this, that he who is easily touched by the passion of pity, and moved by the misery or tears of another, often does that of which he afterwards repents; and this, both because the deeds to which passion prompts are not done out of certain knowledge that they are good, and because we are easily deceived by false tears.

'Philosophie sans entrailles,' you may perhaps be tempted to exclaim, with M. Saisset. But the reproach melts into nothingness before the terrible scorn enveloped in the concluding sentence of Spinoza's doctrine of human kindness.

I am here speaking only of the man who lives under the conduct of reason. For as for him who is moved neither by Reason nor by Pity, to aid his fellows, he is rightly called inhuman; for he is not of the likeness of man.

A reference in this sentence sends the reader to a proposition which shows that Pity is a necessary effect of the sight of suffering. The wise man is not without the passion of Pity; but his actions spring, as far as may be, from Reason alone. Humility is no virtue; it is the contemplation of our impotence, of our Not-Being, and is, in itself, bad. Repentance is no virtue; but he that repents him of a deed that he has done is doubly wretched and is doubly weak. A scholium softens down the strangeness of these two last theorems. For unreasonable men, humility and penitence, hope and fear, are useful passions, rather than hurtful ones. They are a necessary bond or bridle. 'Terret vulgus, nisi metuat.' Spinoza had not forgotten the murder of the Van Witts, nor the Jewish poniards that had gleamed above his own heart on that night, before the synagogue, or after the theatre, in Amsterdam. Self-conceit and abjection are alike ignorance of oneself; and the greater they are, the greater the weakness of spirit of which they are the signs. But Pride (Gloria) may spring from Reason. The highest good of them

that follow Reason is common to all men, and all may equally possess it; and the good that any virtuous man deserves for himself he will equally desire for all men. All those things that conduce to concord amongst men, are good; and all that lead to discord, bad. Justice, equity, decency, are conducive to concord; and so are most especially Religion and Piety. Concord may sometimes be obtained by force; but the wise man will remember that hearts are conquered not by arms, but by love and generosity. He will repay hate and anger by love and generosity. He will act always in good faith, and he will scorn deceit, even though it were to free him from a danger of present death. He hates no one, envies no one, contemns no one, is angry with no one. He is not guided in his good actions by any fear of any evil to be avoided by means of them. He is guided by Reason alone; and his Fortitude is equally shown in the declining of dangers and in the overcoming them. As occasion requires, he chooses with the same equal mind combat or fight. He is untouched by Fear; wrapped about in all-sufficing Reason, he sets his face straight towards the end she shows him, and looks neither to the right nor to the left. The shadow of death falls not across his path; the virtuous man is FREE.

The man that is free is troubled by no thought less than by the thought of death; and his wisdom is the meditation, not of death, but of life. *Homo liber de nulla re minus, quam de morte cogitat, et ejus sapientia non mortis, sed vitæ meditatio est.*

Such is the strong man, such is the freeman, the ideal sage that Spinoza dreamed. Looking on this picture we cannot for a moment hesitate to acknowledge the desirableness of wisdom and virtue; we only ask, How can we be wise and virtuous? How can we be free?

Absolute power over the emotions we can never have; yet something may be done. Spinoza points out several devices by which the tyranny of passion may be weakened, if not overthrown. Love and Hate, for instance, may be destroyed by dissociating the objective and subjective factors of which these passions are composed; by separating, that is, the feeling of pain or pleasure from the idea of its external cause, and joining it to some other object. And a passion ceases to be a passion so soon as we have formed a clear and distinct idea of it. And there is no passion of which it is not possible to form a clear and distinct idea. And the knowledge of the causal necessity of things lessens their sway over us:

He who has suffered some loss, feels his pain lessened when he reflects that it would have been impossible to preserve the lost good. Children are not pitied because they cannot talk, nor walk, nor reason, and for so many years live in ignorance of themselves. This is because infancy is held to be a natural and necessary state. But if men were normally born into the adult state, and only here and there a child, then all would pity the child, for he would be held to be a vice or sin of nature.

Thus does knowledge weaken our passion for perishable, finite things. But it has a far higher function, that of producing an active affection towards the Eternal Infinite Cause. The mind that clearly knows itself and its affections, by the very act of such knowing refers them to God as their cause. And in this act there is delight, accompanied by the idea of God as the cause of it. So that 'he who has a clear and distinct knowledge of himself and of his passions, loves God.' The worship of Gladness here joins hands with the worship of Sorrow, in this wondrous lore of love, that teaches that even sorrow becomes joy so soon as it is conceived as caused by God. This love of God fills the soul ('mentem maxime occupare debet'), for it springs out of the contemplation of all and any of our affections; there is none of them to which it is not

linked, none by which it may not be called forth. But most eminently is it the function of that intuition that Spinoza describes as 'cognitio tertii generis' to breed the Intellectual Love of God. Out of this kind of knowledge there arises the highest possible Gladness of the soul, accompanied by the idea of God as its cause. 'Hoc cognoscendi genus procedit ab adæquata idea essentiæ formalis quorundam Dei attributorum, ad adæquatam cognitionem essentiæ rerum;' the words have a hard, dry, awkward look enough; so much so that one might be pardoned for refusing to believe at first sight that this abstruse scholastic formula could contain the seed of a religion. Nevertheless, it is now easy enough to see how Goethe could write concerning them: 'These few words give me courage to devote my whole life to the contemplation of such things as I can reach and form an adequate idea of; and that without in the least degree troubling myself as to how far I may advance, or what destiny may be reserved for me.' In this eternal Love of God—for this Love of God is eternal—consists our salvation, and our blessedness, and our liberty. But we are in the holy of holies of Spinoza's thought, and we must let him speak for himself in the four short propositions that conclude his doctrine of man's earthly life:

This Love towards God necessarily must occupy the larger part of the mind. It is subject to none of the failings that are found in common love; the Love of God cannot lapse into hate, but, on the contrary, must necessarily grow ever more and more. Neither can it be affected by envy or by jealousy; but it is by so much the more strengthened within us as we imagine a greater number of men to be joined to God in the same bond of Love.

Is this all? Is there nothing more necessary? No, nothing more; the Love of God is enough; and the geometer of the processes of human egoism crowns the edifice of his demonstration with the most sublimely unselfish thought ever conceived by man: 'Qui Deum amat, conari non potest, ut Deus ipsum contra amat.' Whoso loves God, cannot desire that God should love him in return.

There remains an outwork of the system, Spinoza's doctrine of Immortality. 'The mind cannot be absolutely destroyed with the body, but somewhat of it remains, which is eternal.' For the human mind is in God as an idea which expresses the 'essence' of the human body, 'sub specie eternitatis;' and it is therefore itself eternal. I remind the reader that 'eternal' means 'without beginning,' as well as 'without end.' 'It is impossible that we should remember that we existed before our bodies, since these cannot hold any traces of this former existence; neither does Eternity touch Time, nor has it any relation to Time. But none the less, we feel and know that we are eternal. For the mind feels no less that which it intellectually conceives, than that which it holds in memory. The eyes of the mind, by which it sees and observes things, are demonstrations.' Part of the mind remains, not all. Of the Affections only the 'intellectual Love of God' is eternal; and the finite forms of memory and imagination, and all that is passion, perish with the body. But qualitatively, that which survives is incomparably of higher importance than the mortal part. It may be so quantitatively, too. Minds participate in more or less of Immortality. In those in which that which is of the Imagination is so little as to be of scarcely any importance in comparison with that which is of the Reason, the perishable part is but of the smallest importance in comparison with the immortal part. 'There is no doubt,' Spinoza writes, 'but that there are minds which have great knowledge of themselves and of God, and of which the principal part is eternal,

so that they have scarce anything to fear from death.' That this doctrine is but an outwork of the Ethical system, and not an integral part of it, Spinoza was himself well aware. In proud anxiety lest the reader should suppose that he was holding out to him Immortality as a bait for well-doing, he bids us remember that 'even if we were ignorant that our soul is eternal, nevertheless piety and religion, and all the other things which we have shown to be the prescriptions of reason, would still have the highest worth for us.'

The conclusion of the *Ethica* is, that 'Blessedness is not the reward of virtue, but is virtue itself; nor do we enjoy blessedness because we have subdued our passions, but, on the contrary, it is because we possess blessedness that we are able to subdue our passions.'

Summing up the results that we have obtained, we find that Spinoza asserts the existence of God as the one Reality, Being, or Substance. In the One-ness of this Substance he asserts the Manifoldness of Its Attributes, or ways-of-being, such as Thought and Extension. He asserts that between these there is no causal relation, thus placing himself in equal opposition to Materialism and to Teleology. He asserts that the one Substance is modified into infinite Modes, which are the World. God is the Being of Things. He asserts that the finiteness and separateness that we see in these Modes is an illusion of imaginary knowledge. From this illusion we are set free by Reason, or the knowledge which sees its object in its one-ness with the Infinite. God is the Truth of Things. The dispositions that result from imaginary knowledge are the passions. From them we are set free by true knowledge. God is the Freedom of Things. Finally, he claims that all these assertions are deduced, are shown to follow necessarily, from the nature of the one First Ground. The examination of this point would be the criticism of the system, with which we have not here to do. But we may drop a word or two of suggestion. Critical examination would probably show that the manifoldness of the Attributes in the one-ness of the Substance is asserted, but not even rendered conceivable, much less deduced. And as regards the Modes, the problem was to extract the Finite from the Infinite. Spinoza may have succeeded in showing on his own principles, that if the Finite is there, it must be *in*, and derived from, the Infinite. But has he shown the *How* of this derivation? His own principles require that it should be shown. Has he succeeded in making the Finite intelligible?

But though the system of Spinoza be only partially true as a theory of Things, and though even as a theory of Life it be incomplete, yet it is not too much to say that his writings will live until the happy days when our successors shall be able to show a Newton as we show an ape. For they have in them the life of a passionate love of truth, and a grand and thorough contempt of all fear and of all selfishness. They breathe in every line the fresh summer breath of the Religion of Gladness.

> God's in His Heaven,
> All's right with the world.

This is the spirit of Spinozism. And besides all this, the quality of Spinoza's writings that makes us range them in the most sacred corner of our bookshelves, and turn to them for consolation in those fretful, half-despairing, moods in which most literature is irritating and unhelpful, is the spirit of ineffable calmness and a certainty that animates them. In its clear, untroubled possession of itself—not with a half-knowledge that seeks to complete itself by a half-trust in the larger Hope, but with the certainty of total insight,—Spinoza's thought is lofty among the loftiest.

ARTHUR BOLLES LEE.

# THE CITY OF KIYÔTO.

By Cyprian A. G. Bridge, Commander R.N.

THE Son of Heaven, the direct descendant of the Sun-Goddess, the divine Mikado has deserted his ancient capital and his Palace of the Nine Gates; and the sacred Kiyôto is now a widowed city. The Forbidden Interior[1] has been turned into a fair; its galleries resound with the heavy footfalls of foreign 'barbarians,' and the strident voices of strangers from the West are heard cheapening crockery and lacquered ware within its halls. The *jin-riki-sha* dashes through the gate which the brave prince of Aidzu defended, not a dozen years ago, for his liege-lord, against the assaults of fiery Chô-shin and the headlong chivalry of Nagato. Where Satsuma struck at Nagato, where the Lord of Yodo came to Aidzu's help on that terrible August day when the rival clans fought for possession of the sacred person of the Ten-nô himself, and the chief who was to be the last *Shôgun* of the house of Tokugawa headed his retainers in full armour, foreigners are passing in little troops, going to or returning from the show, over ground for centuries undesecrated by a barbarian foot. Their presence is still rare enough to make the citizens of the capital turn round and scan them closely.

The marvellous change indicated by this state of affairs supplies food for reflection; and of the visitors who have gone to the city of the Mikado during the last few months, some, perhaps, may have paused to consider what the full effect of it might be. The idlest sightseer, escaping from his desk at Yokohama or Shanghai, could hardly fail to be struck by the abrupt contact between an ancient civilisation and the latest efforts of Western progress which a visit to the city discloses.

The stranger who journeys to Kiyôto starts from the treaty port of Kobé, at the head of the Isumi Nada, the last in the chain of great *lochs* which compose the inland sea of Japan. A few score of trim bungalows and stores, edging the most northern of the two sandy bays which form the frontage of the twin towns of Kobé and Hiogo, comprise the settlement opened to foreigners only eight years ago. At the back rise the sharp peaks of the Futahisan, the Mayayama, and the Kokosan, and the pine-clad ridges that connect their bases with the fertile upland which inclines gradually towards the sea. From Kobé to the great city of Osaka, twenty miles off, which gives a second name to the Isumi Nada or Bay of Osaka, stretches a vast cultivated plain now yellow with ripening corn and fields of rape, studded here and there with the emerald verdure of the young rice-plants still in the minute plots or 'nurseries' from which they will have to be transplanted later in the year. On the left are the thick pine-woods covering the hill-sides, the silver cascades of the Kobé Falls, and the sacred grove of the Moon-Goddess screening her secluded shrine high up near the summit of the Mayayama. Beyond the Kokosan stand out in bold relief the sandy knolls and ridges of the Kabuto-Yama sparsely sprinkled with patches of young pine-wood. On the right sparkle the blue waters of the Inland Sea, bounded by the dim outline of the highlands of Isumi.

[1] A Japanese name of the Palace at Kiyôto.

Few spots in the world can surpass in loveliness this tract of cultivated land. The scenery is of the highest beauty. Mountain, stream, cascade, and sea; grove and copse; golden grain and brilliant flowers in middle distance and foreground; deep-blue waters fading into a pale horizon, shadowy peaks melting into the violet distance, make up a picture such as assuredly few countries can present to the spectator. All tells of plenty and of peace. The whole country, as far as the eye can reach, is dotted with villages and farms. Every square foot of land is cultivated with elaborate care. The homesteads are large, commodious, and in good repair; the villages cleanly and well built; the roads well made and admirably kept. Troops of peasants were labouring in the fields, or walking to and fro along the roads; lines of pack-horses and oxen could be seen bearing burdens from field to village, or from the villages to the town. Few women and children of tender age were observed, as in more enlightened countries further west, engaged in the laborious husbandry of the fields.

The density of population is extraordinary. The shore is fringed with a continuous row of towns; whilst up to the very roots of the spurs which strike out from the range inland, villages and hamlets occur at every half-mile. Now and then a grove of trees of noble growth indicated a sacred spot, and nearer approach revealed the curving eaves and high-pitched roof of a temple or a shrine. No village is without at least one such monument of pious munificence, as in bygone days lamented by the Roman lyrist—the only building of any architectural distinction to be seen. Behind or by the side of each stands a neatly-laid-out cemetery, the 'God's-acre' of the small community.

The dusky tiling of the roofs, and the sun-embrowned hue of the unpainted walls of the dwellings, offered an agreeable contrast to the golden yellow of the corn-fields and the bright tints of the surrounding foliage. The uniformity of the sky-line of the rows of cottages was varied here and there by the loftier elevations of the temples, and the frequent trees which overhung the gardens of the villagers as well as the inclosures sacred to the gods. Many a village, decked with flags and bannerols, was keeping the festival of a local divinity. From short transverse wands on tall bamboos depended long strips of white cotton, on which were blazoned the bars and pales, the heraldic spots and circles of the still remembered feudal lord. More ambitious painting and ornate inscriptions appeared below; a warrior slaying a dragon, a horseman in full armour, or an archer bending his bow. From higher poles fluttered small squares of red and white. In the clear atmosphere and gay sunshine of the Japanese May, the saucy flaunting of these pennons in the wind added much to the pleasing brightness of the scene.

The garb and manners of the peasants working in the fields showed strangers that they were in a land morally and geographically far distant from their own. The forehead prolonged upwards by the custom of shaving the head back to the crown, and the hair brought backwards in a broad band across the ear on either side, obscures or softens the obtrusive simiousness of the Mongolian features. The flowing robe of blue, its 'Gabine cincture' on the men at work or travelling, the snow-white buskins, the thick-soled sandals of wood, recalled the vesture of an older age. A grave husbandman guiding a simple plough of wood tipped with iron, in his loose gown edged with a broad fold or a stripe as ample as the *laticlave*, his stature increased to the Western standard by the

thick sandals on his feet, might pass for an Oriental Cincinnatus tilling his patrimonial fields.

Such ideal parallel would be soon dispelled. A line of railway, not long completed, seams the fair champaign with an ugly scar of 'Western Progress'—the shibboleth of New Japan. Buildings and bridges of brick mar the prospect from many a village or river's bank. Gaunt telegraph-posts stand in ghastly line in sacred groves and thickets of waving bamboo. At the railway stations the officials have discarded the graceful and becoming dress of their fathers, and have assumed the tight-fitting garments of the West. Instead of picturesque figures draped like Grecian statues and exalted upon high sandals, on the platforms strut ill-favoured dwarfs with stubbly scalps, vain of their brass-buttoned pea-jackets and gold-laced caps. The cleanly matted flooring of the rooms has been replaced by one of planks, befouled by the boots which the wearer cannot put off, like the national sandals, at the threshold. The neat lacquered writing tables, some three inches high, at which Japanese accountants kneel, have given place to ungainly copies of European desks and chairs. To enter one of these buildings is to pass from one world, from one historic epoch, to another. They suggest an irruption of Birmingham into Arcadia.

The line of railway ends at present at the vast city of Ozaka. This Eastern Venice, with its many streams and scores of bridges, its noble temples, its now deserted *yashikis*, in which, till but a few years ago, dwelt Daimios and retainers when in attendance upon the Shôgun, stands at the mouth of the two streams which unite in the Yodogawa, and form the great channel of communication with Kiyôto. It is, or was till lately, the great emporium of Japan. When the Tokugawa succeeded to the Shôgunate, with the true instinct of *parvenus* they turned their thoughts to maritime commerce, and possessed themselves of the great seaport towns. Ozaka and Nagasaki, as much as Yedo, were cities of the Shôgun. The dead flat, seamed by canals and streams on which the first-named city stands, is overlooked by the great castle of the hereditary Mayors of the Palace, who governed for the Oriental Merwings idling in the *miako* of Kiyôto. Its deep moats, high parapets, and gigantic revetments bear witness to the pre-eminence of its former lords. Three lines of curtain enclose the square mass which forms the keep. Not even the gigantic lines raised by the Spanish Grand-Master Cottoner, to shield the ramparts of the 'Three Cities' which lie over against Valetta, equal these stupendous works of defence. The huge blocks which face the scarps are larger than the stones of Baalbec, or of the pyramids of Ghizeh. From the summit of the escarp to the bottom of the moat is sixty feet at least. The dwelling of the Tokugawa, of *Hatamotos*, and of retainers have been destroyed; and in their place rise tasteless piles of barracks built on the Western model. The warriors who throng its *place d'armes* no longer wear armour, nor carry two swords in their girdles. A battalion of the Mikado's troops, ill-dressed in absurd imitations of Western uniforms, staggering under heavy cow-skin knapsacks of the French pattern, with feet encased in unaccustomed boots, were burlesquing the evolutions of a European drill-ground on the esplanade that lies in front of the main entrance. A filthy guard-house stands just within the gateway, and, whilst the visitor awaits there an order of admission, he can reflect upon the changes

wrought in a few years' time. The guard-house is typical of the imitations of foreign institutions so rife in New Japan. Its filth and slovenliness, its grimy table and dingy bedsteads, are in striking contrast to the order and cleanliness, the dainty furniture and pretty ornaments, of even the poorest Japanese house. And so it is throughout in this fair land, where beauty itself is orderly and cleanly, and where even picturesque squalor is unknown.

From Ozaka to the capital the road is as level as the stream that runs beside it; now passing amidst fields and gardens, now carried along the vast embankments which confine the Yodogawa. The valley of this stream is a broad plain between two lines of heights that converge towards the capital. Along this plain are crowded villages and towns; and cultivation covers its surface and runs high up the slopes. Scarcely a house is passed before which there is not spread out to dry a little crop of tea plucked from the garden patch close by. Corn, rape, beans, and peas cover square miles of ground; and groves and temples rise from the expanse of waving fields, like islands from a golden sea. There was a cheering air of comfort about the villages and cottages. Anything like poverty, in its European sense, was nowhere to be seen. All seemed to have enough to supply the simple wants of a people yet uncontaminated by intercourse with the more self-indulgent strangers from other lands. Misery and beggary in this favoured country still hang closely to the outskirts of the treaty ports. Chubby children and rosy maidens crowded the village streets, happier than their peers in those more 'civilised' countries in which woman and child must labour in the fields. Those who have brought the 'civilisation' of Europe to the shores of the inland sea may mistrust their handiwork if they compare the 'gangs' of the *shires* and the hop-gardens of Kent with the labourers and the corn-fields of the Yodogawa valley.

The line of railway has been pushed on from Ozaka to the capital, and is now open; and the scream of the locomotive and the bustle of a 'terminus' will soon be familiar to the quiet dwellers in the sacred city. The traveller previously either ascended the Yodogawa in a passage-boat, or traversed the road by land in the *jin-riki-sha*, or man-power carriage which has become so common throughout the country. The distance by land is thirty-six English miles; and the same two men dragged a passenger and his luggage the whole way in six hours including stoppages. One man ran between the shafts, and the other pulled at a single string fastened to a collar round his neck, acting as a trace. The speed and endurance of these runners is extraordinary. Keeping up a rapid pace with short and infrequent halts, they exhibit no signs of fatigue throughout a journey, and arrive fresh and active at its end. They lay aside their scanty clothing, retaining only a broad sun-hat and a narrow waistcloth of white cotton. They even discard their light sandals of plaited straw, and on the way run barefoot as the *hemerodromoi* of old.

The village of Hashimoto lies half-way between Ozaka and the capital. At the beginning of its long, straggling street there is a cluster of native inns, at which travellers to and from Kiyôto stop for rest and refreshment. The village stands upon the river; and every inn has a group of neatly-matted rooms with balconies projecting over the water. The kitchen, the greatest room in all Japanese houses, lies next the street, an off-

shoot from it serving as a *restaurant* to casual customers; whilst the real travellers are accommodated nearer the river frontage. This latter portion of the inn is separated from the kitchen by a little court-yard ornamented with rockwork and dwarfed trees. Thus the tired traveller can rest undisturbed by the bustle in the busier part of the hostelry. Foreigners are still uncommon enough on the great high road to the ancient capital to attract the attention of the villagers, and a little knot of curious folk clustered at the door and lingered to see the strangers get into their *jin-riki-shas* and depart.

Parties of pleasure-seekers in the neighbouring inns, enjoying themselves in the water-side rooms and balconies from which the stream can be surveyed and a fine view of the heights on the farther side obtained, leaned far over the balustrades to catch a sight of the foreign wayfarers. But there was no attempt at intrusion; none of that vulgar mobbing of visitors from strange countries to which we are so accustomed nearer home. The gentle courtesy which distinguishes the Japanese restrained them from satisfying a curiosity which shone forth from their dark and eager eyes; and the gazers shrank timidly back for fear of being caught in so flagrant a breach of good manners as staring at a stranger. How soon this natural politeness and good breeding will yield to the assaults of 'Western Progress,' the manners and the bearing of the *Occidentalised* natives dressed in coats and trousers, and the brief authority of some post in the new-fangled hierarchy of officialism, indicate but too distinctly.

A ferry crosses the broad and shallow Kidzugawa, an affluent of the Yodo, some five or six miles beyond Hashimoto; and less than an hour's run from the crossing brings the traveller to the town of Yodo. This in the old days was an outpost of the Tokugawa towards Kiyôto. The Lord of Yodo was a *fudai* Daimio, or immediate vassal, of the Shôgun. The defection of his forces from the Tokugawa's side in January 1868 turned the scale in the fierce fight that raged in the streets of his castle-town, and was an immediate cause of the downfall of the Shôgunate. How has the stout baron's timely treachery been rewarded? His castle is half destroyed; its white towers falling into ruin stand out from the thick foliage of the park trees like mournful monuments of departed power; and the *places d'armes* and enclosures are being turned into tea-plantations for the villeins regardant of the fief.

There is a wide bridge near the ruined castle, the arch of which spans the Yodo river which gives its name to the town. The road towards the capital crosses this bridge, and, having followed the right or western bank of the Yodo for two or three miles, enters the city of Fushimi, which forms a vast suburb of Kiyôto. Navigation here ends, and the river splits into the two streams of the Ujigawa and the Kamogawa; the former comes from the rich tea-district of Uji and the sacred site of Nara, and the latter cuts the capital into two unequal parts. From the entrance of Fushimi to the body of the capital the road is a long street of continuous houses. On the right-hand side stands the celebrated shrine of Inari-sama, the Fox-God, which in May is visited by thousands of votaries of the Shintoo creed; and long processions of men, women, and children—many of them of the higher classes—were seen walking round and round the central building in fulfilment of their vows. In a grove to the left is a high-fenced paddock into which the divine Fox comes from time to

time to receive the food, usually rice, cast for his acceptance by pious hands over the enclosing walls of plank. Shreds of paper torn and folded in rectangular creases, and strips of leaf inscribed with prayers or vows, were stuck on tiny bamboo wands about the holy spot. The place offered a gay spectacle on a bright May afternoon. The gaudy red of the *toriyi*, or peculiar Shintoo portal, and of the columns of the shrine, contrasted well with the verdant tints of the sacred grove at the back; and the smart hues of the broad zones or *obis* of the maidens in the procession, as 'full-girdled' as Persephone, lightened up the dull grey of the court-yard pavement with bits of gleaming colour. A curiosity in art was pointed out amongst the *ex voto* pictures hung upon the walls. This was a large painting on wood, presented by Korean ambassadors some generations ago. It represented the reception of their embassy at the Japanese Court, and was a fair specimen of an evidently Chinese school.

The Koreans monopolised the ancient foreign policy of Japan. The heroic in history and legend owes its origin to the relations of the two nations in past ages, as the foreign element in the national religion and literature does so largely to former intercourse with China. A short distance from the shrine of Inari stands an artificial mound, called the Mimizuka or 'grave of the ears and noses.' This hillock bears some resemblance to the ancient mound of the Danejohn at Canterbury. When, towards the end of the sixteenth century A.D., the generals of the deified Taiko-sama—known during his earthly career as Hidéyoshi, the Lieutenant of Nobunaga and predecessor of the Tokugawa Shôguns—invaded the Korea, the multitude of the slain was such that only the ears and noses, and not the heads, could be brought back as trophies to Japan. The ghastly spoils were buried beneath this mound.

It is opposite the gateway of the great temple of Daibutsu. The revetment of the *terre-plein* of this holy place contains stones almost as gigantic as those in the castle walls at Ozaka. Within the enclosure is a huge bust, fashioned of lacquered wood, of the great Buddha. It replaced an ancient statue of bronze, which is said to have been 160 feet high, the metal of which was converted into money during some one of the civil commotions of which this part of Japan has been the theatre. A more interesting object is the great bell standing on the ground in the main court-yard. Keeping within the enclosing wall of the temple area, and returning towards Inari, the visitor will come to the Rengehoin temple erected in honour of the goddess Quannon. A vast hall standing by the wall and fronting a whole plantation of that favourite flower of the Japanese, the purple iris, is known as the *San-jin-san-grudo*, or 'temple of the thirty-three thousand gods.' It contains a thousand figures of gilt wood, with many arms, arranged on a long terraced platform which occupies its whole length. Beneath its wide-spreading eaves runs a broad verandah used in old times as a shooting-gallery, and many a votive offering of arrows and of bows still hangs affixed to tablets on the walls.

Kiyôto occupies the level bottom of a valley between the ridges of Hiyeizan and Higashiyama on the east, and the classic elevation of Tenno-san on the west. Two streams, the Kamogawa and the Katuragawa, enclose the main part of the city on a site almost insular in form. A considerable suburb, or, perhaps, an integral portion of the capital, lies beyond the Kamogawa, which is crossed by many bridges connecting the two parts.

In the early summer the bed of the river was nearly dry, a tiny rivulet only trickling through its deepest channel. The shingly bottom was converted into a vast bleaching ground, and was white for many an acre with long strips of cotton cloth spread out upon it in the sun. The Third Bridge, or *San-jio*, built, like many of the finest edifices of the capital, by the great warrior Hidéyoshi, supplied in Kiyôto the place of London Stone, as from it all distances were popularly measured. The quarter of the town, beyond the Kamo, on the lower slopes of Higashiyama, is that in which some of the finest temples and the best inns are situated. Thus it is the common residence of strangers visiting the city. A cairn-like mound, crowned with a clump of trees, rises above the ridge of Higashiyama, and a complete view of the city, spread out like a map below, can be obtained from it. This height, from its resemblance—when seen from a distance—to a vessel under sail, is called the *Mamyama*, or Ship Hill. The road to it runs past the great Gion Temple and through groves of fir and cherry trees. On either side were growing large patches of azaleas gay with scarlet blossom. On a plateau near its foot, a row of tea-houses has been built, to which the citizens resort in large numbers to enjoy the fresh mountain air and the extensive view.

The city is built with great regularity and compactness. The streets are straight, very wide, and scrupulously clean. The houses are all of wood, except a few unsightly masses of stuccoed brick designed on the model of foreign buildings. The greater part of the temples and shrines form a fringe to the city proper, and do not interfere with the general regularity of its plan. The houses, as throughout Japan, are of a toy-like tininess, and the lowness of their elevation is exaggerated by the width of the thoroughfares. Many quarters are composed entirely of private buildings; and their dark walls of plank, often painted black, give a sombre aspect to some of the best districts. In the other streets, lined with shops, there is no lack of cheerfulness. Throughout the day they are filled with a busy crowd. Sellers of fruit and of cool drinks, with little stands of wood ornamented with coloured transparencies of paper which are lighted up at night, take up their stations on the kerb-stone of the narrow side-walks. Rows of crimson lanterns hang from beneath the eaves. The dark-blue robes of the male citizens are relieved by the scarlet *obis*[2] and brilliant under-skirts of the other sex. A troop of maidens coming home with cheerful chatter from some of the numerous schools throws a gleam of brightness over many a street picture that but for their presence would be dull and sombre.

The Exhibition of Japanese Art and Manufactures was held in the *Gosho*, or Imperial Palace, till now not opened even to any Japanese below the rank of Kugé, or Court-noble. This vast edifice covers a great extent of ground. High walls surround its courts and gardens, and about them are seen trees and the steep roofs of the halls within. The whole is built of the universal material, wood; and except that there are some great halls, open to the courts on one or more sides, has little imposing in its appearance. The general plan is that of a series of galleries or corridors raised several feet above the ground, and embracing with almost labyrinthine turnings the numerous

[2] Wide girdles worn by the *musŭmés*, or unmarried women.

courts. In some of the latter are pretty Japanese gardens with flowers, and grass, and dwarfed shrubs, and liliputian streams. The galleries are cut into chambers by screens and partitions of flowered or gilt paper in beautifully lacquered frames; and the floors of all are covered with finely-made matting. The only furniture is an occasional low writing-table with ink-stone and vase for brush-pens, or a square cushion on which to kneel or sit cross-legged.

The objects exhibited were ranged in the longer galleries, and barricades of stout bamboos kept the stream of visitors in the right path. Amongst them the most interesting were some of the personal effects of the Sovereign—the regalia, ancient head-dresses and Court-robes, antique writing-tables and cabinets, and some unique specimens of rare white lacquer. The first objects met with in the Exhibition were an American plough and a large farm-waggon, as if in mockery of the agricultural and economic conditions of the country. The spade husbandry of Japan has changed a wilderness into a garden, and the light country ploughs have turned up the soil in thousands of tiny fields, which would scarce give room for a Western team. The abolition of the class of great landowners has removed all hope of accumulating capital sufficient to purchase the costly implements of Western husbandry. The new proprietors, heavily taxed to purchase iron-clads and breech-loaders —the true symbols of modern progress—living on the produce of their farms, and clad in garments made from raw material of their own rearing, can amass but small savings in a lifetime; savings, too, diminished to no trifling extent by the satisfying of new personal wants created by contact with foreign peoples.

In one of the larger courts a square space was railed off in which elderly men—of an age to have the old order of things fresh in their memories—dressed in the ancient Court-dresses of the Mikado and his Kugés, were playing the old Court-game of foot-ball: it consisted in kicking a large light ball from one to another without letting it light upon the ground. In another part of the Exhibition a small pavilion was set out with an Imperial tea-service as arranged before the late assumption of Western customs. One suite of rooms was devoted to the exhibition of the old *gala* robes of the nobility and high officials. A comely young Japanese was being invested, by a kneeling attendant, with the flowing silks and lacquered arms of former days, incomparably more tasteful in design and ornament than the absurd uniforms, like those of a drum-major of some American militia regiment, which are *de rigueur* at Court at the present day.

Elsewhere were displayed on shelves ancient manuscripts and the writing equipment of celebrated scribes. Pictures of various epochs were hung upon the walls. Mingled with these were imitations of foreign schools by native artists. Even on the art of beautiful Japan the levelling hand of Western intercourse has laid its blighting touch. The home, perhaps the last asylum, of a really national style of art has been invaded by the frigid conventionalities of that eclectic cosmopolitanism which satisfies the artistic tastes of modern European society. That style of art which was founded on observation of Nature, which followed Nature in all the richness of her luxuriant variety, is now yielding to the assaults of the prim formalism of the West. Shapes and outlines which consorted well with the clear atmosphere and sharply cut contours of ancient Attica, sink into mere vulgarities

when overlaid with the rich ornamentation of which Nature supplies the pattern in this sub-tropical land. The taste that can reproduce the masterpieces of Doric architecture upon the mean dead levels by the Seine or the Thames, and on paltry elevations that mock the beauties of the craggy Acropolis or the Sunian promontory, that can raise the Monument of Lysikrates above the roofs of London shops, or plant Italian porticoes amidst the fogs and vapours of the chilly North, has created a demand for the worthless incongruities of style which fill our Western markets as specimens of Japanese art. The artists whose delicate perception could seize the beauty of the soft-toned hues that dwell in the fleecy cloud or on the surface of the waving stem, and could transfer them to the *faïences* of Satsuma or Kiyôto, now follow the rage for foreign models, and produce jugs and bowls as prim and mean as any that emanate from Staffordshire or Delft. Overwhelmed by a belief in the superior æsthetic development of the art-loving inhabitants of Birmingham or Massachusetts, their hands are fast losing their cunning in attempts to reproduce the plunder of Etruscan tombs ornamented with such appropriate embellishments as waving bamboos or the luxuriant verdure of moist rice-fields.

This is the condition to which the fictile art of Japan is being fast reduced. In pictorial art the decline has begun, and an unmeaning artificialism is the most striking feature of the productions of the new school. The ornamentation of the textile fabrics of the country is following the same path. Imitations of the webs of Lyons and Spitalfields are supplanting the old national patterns, which are now relegated to the 'curio' shops of the treaty ports. In architecture the descent is still more apparent. The high-pitched roofs, the curved eaves, the stately pillars, the long colonnades are giving place to copies of the rectangular masses of brick or Caen stone which disfigure the earth at Camberwell or Asnières. On a beautiful site, beneath the trees which till but lately formed the sacred grove of a temple, close by the Shinigawa station of the Yedo railway, stands an ugly building with the hip-roof and bay-windows of a 'villa residence' of a suburban house-agent's list. This is the abode of 'Mr.' Mori, who some eight years ago was known to the world as the Prince of Chossiu-Nagato, the stout peer of the old feudal empire who, at his fortress of Simono-seki, defied the forces of four nations of the West, and who strove with the three families of the Tokugawa, and all the vassals of Aidzu, to gain possession of the sacred person of the offspring of the Sun.

The effect of foreign intercourse upon the morals and social life of the Japanese, though at present less striking, is, perhaps, not the less important. The people who find that the adoption of Western garments compels them to sit upon chairs, are not long in discovering that the use of knives and forks is essential to respectability and to the establishment of a claim to civilisation. Knives and forks are cumbrous implements to assist the deglutition of rice and the smaller kinds of shell-fish. So a more solid food, less suitable to a sub-tropical climate, has to be procured. Because the stout-framed Anglo-Saxons must devour solid masses of boiled or roasted flesh, even in low latitudes beneath a burning sun, and wash down their food with strong wines and malt liquors, their imitators—an increasing band—must do the same. The pretty tea-houses of Japan, with their delicate beverages and *bon-bons*, must give place to copies of

European *restaurants*, with rows of black bottles and joints of meat, which are now conspicuous objects in the streets of many Japanese towns. It will be interesting to watch the pathology of 'New Japan' as the carnivorous habits of her foreign visitors continue to modify the temperate diet of her light-feeding people.

The citizens of Kiyôto are still faithful enough to ancient customs to get to bed betimes. Soon after dark the wide streets of the city were nearly deserted. There was one evening entertainment, however, which all who witnessed it, guides and visitors, declared to be well worth seeing. This was an *odori*, or dance. The streets leading to the building in which the performance took place were hung with gaily-coloured paper lanterns, and lighted by cressets filled with blazing brands. On the farther side of a small court-yard was a doorway which led to a sloping ascent, strewed at the end near the entrance—as is universal in places of public resort in Japan—with the sandals of those who had already gone in. The ascent led to a passage, and the passage to a large rectangular room of moderate height with a gallery along one side, in front of which were a few chairs and benches for foreigners, and natives too much attached to the 'party of progress' to kneel *more Japonico*. The body of the room was an open *parterre* covered with blankets of a dull crimson, and was soon filled with a well-dressed audience, who smoked their tiny pipes and knocked the ashes out after each whiff with the peculiar rattle so well known to those who have been at gatherings of the Japanese. On three sides of the room hung curtains. The place was lighted by large candles of native manufacture, made from the wax-tree, with stout twisted paper wicks. A lad from time to time passed along a platform in front of the curtains and snuffed these flaring wicks with a pair of iron rods manœuvred like chop-sticks, dropping the snuffings into a bucket of water placed for the purpose.

After an interval of some fifteen minutes a low thrumming of stringed instruments was heard from behind the curtains. The gentle ripple of conversation in the *parterre* and the rattle of the pipe-bowls on the ash-holders of the *shi-bashis* (fire-boxes) ceased. The performance was about to begin. The curtains at the sides were drawn up, and on either hand above the platform was seen a dais on which knelt in line twelve girls clad in dresses of brilliant colours amongst which red predominated. Their faces were thickly covered with a white cosmetic, and their lips stained a bright ruby. Those on the right of the spectators played upon a kind of guitar, which they struck with a broad-edged *plêctron*, with a movement so simultaneous and mechanical that, their muscles and features being otherwise rigidly immovable, they almost seemed to be automata. On the left the same number arranged in the same manner played, some on kettle-drums with simultaneous taps, some on smaller drums of hour-glass shape which rested on the right shoulder and were tapped with the fingers of the left hand, and others on sharp-toned flageolets and flutes. After a little the players began to sing in shrill chorus, occasionally not unmusical, keeping time admirably to the regulated beat of the instruments.

Then the central curtain opposite the spectators was drawn aside, and disclosed two bands of performers, each band numbering sixteen girls, standing or kneeling in graceful groups upon the principal stage. All were gaily dressed in bright-coloured garments and brilliant *obis*, and in the hand of each

was the inevitable fan. At first the bands separated, retiring to opposite sides of the stage; then they advanced, retreated, approached each other, and moved apart. Now they formed in line, facing each other upon the transverse platforms beneath the musicians, now withdrew to the central stage. Then they would fall into groups or couples, would stoop, kneel down, and stand upright again, keeping perfect time throughout with the music, and marking the measure with a resonant stamping of the foot. Then the action became more individual. Each member of a couple would act a by-play with her partner. The gesture of one would imply request, entreaty, deprecation; of the other refusal, acquiescence, or command. Then on the one side ill-humour, on the other sorrow and dismay: then reconciliation, and joy on both sides. Now the fan was gaily fluttered, now sharply closed with a peremptory wave; now it dismissed imperatively, and now it beckoned in invitation. At one moment the bearer would withdraw it with fearless frankness, at another would coyly hide her charms behind its ample screen. The pantomime was graceful and in a high sense dramatic, and modest almost to coldness. The curtain fell, and after a short interval was again drawn up. Now the stage, which hitherto had had merely a background of paper screens, was decked with flowers, and evergreens, and artificial cascades, and was illumined with bright lights in clusters. The performers were massed in a pleasing group in front, the music became more lively, and in an energetic flourish the performance came to an end.

This was a purely national exhibition, uncontaminated by the admixture of any foreign element. There was a grace and purity about the actions and the gestures that argued well for the native taste. Such pantomimic dancing might have been performed in days of old by bands of modest Dorian youths and maidens in honour of the far-darting Apollo. The visitor fresh from a sojourn at the treaty ports may well ask himself how long this purity will last in the Sacred City. He may be able to recall, if not personal experiences, at least authentic descriptions of the lascivious *Nautches* of their *Yoshi-waras*. If in a corner of his heart he can find room for some small regard for the piety and ancient faith, for the tastes developed under the auspices of some Romulus or 'unshorn Cato' of this far Eastern land, for a purity which disappears before Western intercourse like snow before the noonday sun, assuredly he will blush to feel that these unmeaning obscenities are the direct product of the presence in Japan of the foreign race to which he himself belongs.

Amongst all the temples and holy places which thickly fringe the outskirts of Kiyôto, and of which many give titles to the scions of the Imperial house, as the suburban churches of the Eternal City to the Roman cardinalate, none is nobler than the great Buddhist foundation of the Chioin. Standing on the slope of Higashiyama, it has a site at once commanding and retired. An avenue leads from the roadway to a broad flight of steps which ascend to imposing propylæa, in an upper gallery of which are ranged a dismal collection of wooden images representing personifications of the evil passions of mankind. On a broad levelled space is the main body of the temple, with its altars, its statue of Buddha rising from the lotos, and its gigantic coloured lanterns and drums. This vast hall is one of the largest in the empire, and is celebrated as being the place in which both the Mikados and the

Shôguns came to offer up their vows and prayers. A long gallery connects it with a large block of buildings divided into halls, corridors, and chambers, in which were lodged these illustrious personages and their followers when they came at stated times to the sacred edifice. On some of the curtains which screened the galleries from the sun was emblazoned the chrysanthemum, the cognisance of the Imperial family; whilst on others was still visible the trefoil of the *San-ké*, the three families of the Tokugawa, from whose scions for upwards of two centuries the Shôguns were chosen.

The temple domain extends far back and up the hill-side. There are splendid groves of pine and cedar, whose dull foliage is enlivened by an intermixture of cherry trees and brilliant azaleas. Amidst the groves are the buildings of the considerable monastery and priestly seminary attached to the temple. There are halls, and chapels, and detached blocks of dwelling-houses, and amongst them courts, and quadrangles, and prettily-laid-out garden plots. There is a notable air of peace and holy calm, of academic quiet, about this interesting spot, so near to and yet so shut off from the bustle of the great city. It was pleasant to seek refuge from the morning sun and lounge away an idle hour amongst its silent courts. Now, indeed, its glory is departing, and symptoms of decay were easily discernible. Many of its buildings are deserted; and, the pious largesses of the great territorial nobles having ceased with the existence of their order, the holy men who lived upon their alms are dwindling in number, and will soon disappear.

Other conventual establishments have fared no better in the changed order of things which has lately overtaken the country. The road which skirts the domain of Chioin, and passes in front of its stately propylæa, joins the Tokaido, the great highway between Kiyôto and the capital of the Shôgunate, Yedo. This magnificent road leaves Kiyôto by a somewhat steep ascent through a pass of moderate elevation between the ridge of Higashiyama and the loftier summits of Hiyeizan. In May it was crowded with passengers on foot, on horseback, in *jinriki-shas*, or in the *norimon*—the Japanese litter which is still to be seen in the ancient city—with peasants carrying loads or returning from market; with strings of pack-horses, and waggons with great solid wheels of wood fixed to revolving axles like those of that ancient form of vehicle which has existed on the country roads of Portugal from the Roman occupation of Lusitania till the present day. On the left of the road, as it reaches the outskirts of the city, stands a shrine of octagonal shape, an unusual design in Japanese ecclesiastical architecture. Though built of wood and barbaric in ornament and detail it looked, at a little distance, not unlike the Temple of the Winds still existing at Athens. On both sides there were large inns for the accommodation of the farmers, carriers, and lower class of travellers. The last on the right-hand side was of great size, and in plan bore a striking resemblance to the hostelry, of which the ruins can still be so plainly traced, by the side of the Street of Tombs at Pompeii.

The Tokaido winds round the southern end of the great lake of Biwa; and the large town of Otzu, through which it passes, is the first stage on the way from Kiyôto. Above Otzu, and overhanging the lake, rises the steep elevation of Hiyeizan and the lower stage of Miedera. From the temple court of the latter a magnificent view of the lake and the surrounding

country can be obtained. The lower part of the hill is enveloped in a thick grove of lofty chestnut trees, which in the summer were covered with rich masses of yellow blossom. In front of them lay the brown roofs of Otzu and the blue calm waters of the lake. On the other side of the water was seen a remarkable ridge of sand-hills, volcanic and of recent formation, whose bare sides formed a marked contrast with the luxuriant verdure all around elsewhere. On Hiyeizan still stand the buildings of the ancient temple of Yenrekiji, whose foundation is coeval with that of the capital, the Mikado Kaumu having been the founder of both.

The priests of Yenrekiji occupied in Japanese history a position somewhat akin to that of the Templars in the history of the West. War as well as devotion was part of the business of their lives. They fought with and defeated rival fraternities not so well supplied with their peculiar controversial weapons as these warrior-priests. In the sixteenth century of our era they dared to contend with the Ashikagawa Shôguns, and were destroyed by the celebrated Nobunaga. The victor also burnt down their temple, which the piety of subsequent ages restored. It still exists, but shorn of its former splendour, and receiving but scant support from the predominant party, which thinks to court the favour of 'advanced' thinkers in Europe by neglecting and despising the ancient and comforting beliefs of the great mass of the people.

As yet the city of the Mikado has changed but little in outward appearance from the aspect it bore through the centuries of the country's seclusion. That which is archaic and national still meets the stranger at every turn. But in Japan movement along the path of change is rapid, headlong. No custom or institution of the races of the West, however ill-considered on the spot, is thought unworthy of at least a trial. The most venerable and beneficent of the political institutions of peoples for ages in the enjoyment of systems which time has rather modified than changed, have been made the playthings of the revolutionary zeal of the experienced and able politicians whom the events of half-a-dozen years have brought to the surface. Parliamentary government has been twice tried and failed. Freedom of the press has been granted and curtailed. The great peers of the old monarchy have been given official rank and power, and have been deprived of it. Bentham and Mill are studied and quoted by enlightened reformers whose judicial system rested on torture little more than a year ago. It is a pitiful tale, this overwhelming of an interesting and even romantic country by a deluge of vulgar common-place. Some sense of the fitness of things still exists even amongst the party of enlightenment. It has steadily resisted attempts to introduce generally into the country, which it has already supplied with sufficient distractions of its own, the bitter contentions of rival Christian sects, and at this moment it keeps in prison thirty editors in a single city. How long it will continue to perform acts so worthy of praise none can tell: in the mean time those who would see anything of the real Japan should visit the country without delay.

# THUROT.

## A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE question of fortifying the several commercial harbours and seaports round our coasts has been often proposed and argued on; it has, quite lately, been again urged by the corporations of Edinburgh and Leith; it is, in reality, one which too closely affects our material interests to be treated as lightly or carelessly as it often is treated, and which deserves more consideration than it commonly gets.

Britannia needs no bulwarks

is a favourite reply; a poetical vaunt, a bit of bounce, that sounds well, and that, when written, sounded almost better; with the tidings of the First of June, of St. Vincent, Camperdown, and the Nile still ringing in the public ears, we can quite understand the proud boast which a few years' further experience showed thinking men might be a very unsafe one. Had Villeneuve been a man of moderate ability and moderate nerve, Britannia might have wished very heartily for bulwarks; and the martello towers, which were built shortly after, showed that it was considered just as well to have some fortifications even along the steep.

It is not, however, of that stirring period of eighteen hundred and war-time, that I am now about to write. I am going to endeavour to recall the memory of an older war, and a still earlier scare; when a French invasion seemed imminent; when flat-bottomed boats were got ready all along the north coast of France; when a camp was formed on Brighton Downs; when a large force of soldiers, militia and volunteers, was mustered to oppose the expected landing; when Garrick wrote, and Boyce composed, and Champness sang that spirit-stirring song, *Hearts of Oak*, which is still the recognised call of our seamen to quarters, though such lines as—

We'll still make them fear, and still make them flee,
And drub 'em on shore as we've drubbed 'em at sea—

hint at a possibility of invasion after all; and when another favourite song was first heard, a song whose air has been a loth-to-depart in both services for the last 100 years, and which is genuine English, nor the less so because a great many have fancied it an Irish melody: the words are too long to quote; the first two verses will be sufficient to remind the reader that the original name of the song was *Brighton Camp*:

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley,
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the fine or gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away
With the girl I've left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silvery light,
When first she vowed to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp;
Kind Heaven then pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

And then, as half a century later, the boldness and decision of English admirals, acting on the timidity and vacillation of the French, nullified the well-planned strategy of the French Government: then, on August 18, 1759, Boscawen, —'Old Dreadnought,' as our sailors loved to call him—broke up, dispersed, captured, burnt, or drove on shore the Toulon fleet, under M. de la Clue, as it tried to pass out of the Mediterranean to join the fleet

at Brest, and obtain the command of the Channel: then Hawke—'as a hawk on his quarry'—pounced down on that Brest fleet as, on November 20, 1759, it was entering Quiberon Bay, to embark the troops mustered in Morbihan; and made that brilliant and glorious smash of the French navy which was historically, nautically, and politically the precursor and rival of Trafalgar; the memory of which in France is perpetuated as 'la journée de M. de Conflans,' though in England it is but feebly remembered as Hawke's action, and the name of Quiberon Bay has fallen into oblivion, so that it will now probably sound strange, or in itself convey no definite meaning.

That Quiberon Bay was a decisive battle of the Seven Years' War, is a fact which has escaped most historians; that, had the result of it been reversed, had it been the English fleet that was annihilated, the relative positions of France and England during the next four years, and in the negotiations which then ensued, would have been very different. Historians have not recognised this; and even at the time, it seems to have been taken very much as a matter of course. The possibility of the result of a meeting between the two fleets being not exactly what it was, seems never to have occurred to our enthusiastic countrymen, who had, less than three years before, shot one of their admirals for strategic defeat and tactical imbecility; not perhaps for positive cowardice, but, at any rate, for very negative courage. Hawke was thanked by Parliament for his great victory; and a pension followed shortly after, but he did not get his peerage for seventeen years; and even at the time, the fleet was so neglected by the Government, now that the strain—unacknowledged though it was—was taken off, that the necessary stores and provisions were not sent to it; and our seamen were exposed to great and uncalled-for hardships and privations, while keeping up the strict blockade on the shattered remnants of the enemy's navy. The feeling of the fleet was expressed in some wretched doggrel, which none the less conveys a very painful idea of injustice and neglect:

> Ere Hawke did bang
> Monsieur Conflans,
> You sent us beef and beer;
> Now Monsieur's beat,
> We've nought to eat,
> Since you have nought to fear.

But all this is matter of history more or less familiar. The political state of the two countries at the time may be read in Lord Mahon's (Stanhope's) *History of England*; and the details of Boscawen's action in the Straits, or Hawke's action in Quiberon Bay—both joining with the capture of Quebec and the conquest of Canada to render the year 'wonderful'—can be found in Entick's *History of the Late War*, in Beatson, in Charnock, or in the continuation of Campbell.[1] But coincident with these great events, smaller events were taking place; coincident with the French idea of a great invasion in the south of England, which was extinguished by Boscawen and Hawke, was entertained by the French another idea, that of a landing in the north of England or Ireland, not indeed in any force, but still in such force and under such circumstances as

[1] Is it not strange that in a country like ours, having a navy such as ours, there is nothing at all approaching to a standard Naval History? Beatson's *Memoirs* is a mere chronicle, crowded with unimportant details, very often incorrect; and though—with proper care—most valuable to the professional student, is *caviare* to the general reader. A writer of our own time attempted, a few years ago, to supply the want; but his work, though pleasantly enough written, is a mere compilation of the material readiest to hand, without research, knowledge or critical judgment; and as a 'History of the British Navy' is of no value whatever.

might, and as it was hoped would, direct to the north a considerable part of the army mustered in the south, would thus weaken the defence, and render the undertaking of the invaders comparatively easy. The charge of this expedition was given to a man whose name indeed, Thurot, is in all our histories, but of whose career no one English book, or French book either, gives any complete or correct account. In the local records, the corporation books of many towns, the mention of Thurot's name shows that he was a much more real personage in the minds of the worthy burghers than De la Clue or Conflans; and yet, even then, he was to some extent mythical; and his earliest biographer, the Rev. John Francis Durand,[2] writing immediately after his death in 1760, says: 'In the course of a few weeks I have known him to be a Scotchman, an Englishman, and an Hibernian: he was successively the young Pretender, a reformed pirate, and a bastard of the blood royal of France, and I make no doubt that if he had kept the sea a little longer, he would, in his turn, have been the brother of the Grand Turk, or the nephew of the Pope of Rome; unless the newspapers had thought fit to give us broad hints that he was those very great personages themselves in disguise.' Durand's little book is the only Life of Thurot which has been written in English; but though the author makes great claim to authenticity, as having been an intimate friend of Thurot for many years, he has left us a farrago of nonsense which we may believe Thurot himself crammed him with. Durand was a clergyman, and is said by Entick, also a clergyman, to be worthy of credit; it is more than can be said of his book, which can only be trusted for the few years when Thurot was living in London, or a frequent visitor to it; or when, in the latter part, it quotes or refers to official papers; but the account which it gives of Thurot's early life and active career is simply and entirely false; it has not even the semblance of truth.

François Thurot,[3] the son of an innkeeper and postmaster in a small way of business, was born at Nuits, a petty town of Burgundy (Côte d'Or) on July 22, 1726. As a boy he is said to have been of a violent and quarrelsome disposition; and when, after having had a fair education at the Jesuits' College at Dijon, he was, at the age of sixteen, bound apprentice in the shop of a druggist in that town, he launched out into all sorts of juvenile dissipation and debauchery. This, as is often the case, led to the worst kind of rowdyism; and he ended his career in Dijon by robbing his aunt of her silver dishes and flying from the town. Naturally enough, he ignored Dijon and Nuits for the rest of his life; he seems to have passed himself off as a native of Boulogne, when, some short time

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[2] *Genuine and Curious Memoirs of the famous Captain Thurot, written by the Rev. John Francis Durand, with some of Mons. Thurot's Original Letters to that Gentleman, now in England. To which is added a much more faithful and particular Account than has been hitherto published of his Proceedings since his Sailing from the Coast of France, October* 18, 1759. Dublin, 12mo. 1760. I have said in the text that these Memoirs are more than curious. Even such a trifling matter as this last-mentioned date is incorrect.

[3] The French notices of Thurot referred to are:

(1) *Adresse à Messieurs les Représentans de la Nation Française.* Par Mlle. Thurot. 1790.

(2) *Vie du Capitaine Thurot.* Par M. * * *. Paris, 1791.

(3) *Journal Historique du Capitaine Thurot dans sa Croisière sur les Côtes d'Ecosse et d'Irlande.* Dunkerque, 1760.

(4) *Journal de la Navigation d'une Escadre Françoise, partie du port de Dunkerque aux ordres du capitaine Thurot, le* 15 *Octobre* 1759.

after, he turned up at Dunkirk, and, being almost or quite destitute, obtained employment as surgeon on board a privateer fitting out to take advantage of the war with England. He was then barely eighteen, and his knowledge of surgery was such as he had picked up during his few months in the druggist's shop; so that it was, perhaps, in some respects, fortunate for the crew of the privateer that she was captured by the English almost at once; and that they and their surgeon were put out of harm's way in a prison at Dover.

Thurot remained a prisoner for about a year, during which time he learned English; and having won the good opinion of his gaolers, and probably being out on parole, he one night seized on a small boat, and put to sea with no further equipment than a pair of sculls; with these, and with his shirt for a sail, he reached Calais in the course of the next day. The success of this bold escape made some noise, and was the means of introducing him to the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, who advised him to study navigation and take to a seafaring life. He did both; he entered as boy on board a privateer, and rose rapidly to higher ratings; after two cruises he was entrusted with an independent command, and by his activity, energy, and good fortune, won some reputation and a large share of prize-money; so that, when peace was concluded in 1748, although but twenty-two, and having been only three years at sea, he was in a position to fit out a merchant-ship at his own risk and expense. For the next few years he lived a good deal in London, lodging—according to Mr. Durand—at the house of an apothecary in Paddington, where he passed as a gentleman. He spoke English remarkably well for a foreigner, sung, played the flute and the French horn, was free with his cash, and was, altogether, good company. 'But,' says Durand, 'the chief bent of his inclination leaned towards navigation and fortification; he had always some little plans, purely the efforts of his own unformed genius, relative to those arts about him, which he was constantly showing to his companions; and never seemed so thoroughly happy as when he got with people that had a smattering of the above-mentioned sciences. The last time he was in England he lived in a court in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was there instructed in the mathematicks by one Mr. Donnelly, an Irish gentleman, famous for his knowledge and abilities in mathematical studies.'

He seems, then, to have passed his time in London in an easy, social, sometimes studious, occasionally dissipated manner; vanishing for months together, no one knew where, when his money ran short. Durand clearly knew nothing about him during these absences, beyond what Thurot himself chose to tell; and in that there was evidently a good deal of romance. It is, however, quite certain that he was actively engaged in smuggling; possibly in piracy also; and that his misdeeds brought him within the grasp of the law; but whether in England or France may perhaps be thought doubtful. His daughter, in her address to the French Government in 1790, urging her claims for a pension, says that he was ruined by legal process in England, on suspicion of being engaged in contraband trade. But his daughter had no personal knowledge of Thurot; nor, at the time referred to, does Thurot seem to have been married, so that she could not learn anything of this, at first hand, from her mother; and Thurot himself was too much given to what is nautically known as 'spinning benders,' to permit us to attach much credit to any unsupported statement of his concerning his antecedents. Neither is it to be overlooked that Mlle. Thurot had a

case to make out; that it was an object to show that her father had lost money through the English; and that, in 1790, implied abuse of England was not likely to do her cause any harm. Durand, on the other hand, says that he was imprisoned in France, first in Dunkirk and afterwards in Paris, for smuggling; the French laws, in respect to that offence, being extremely severe: and though it is quite possible that Thurot's peculiar views of commerce and navigation were objected to on both sides of the Channel, Durand's account is consistent, and apparently based on actual knowledge.

Nevertheless, smuggler or pirate, he had in France a reputation as a bold seaman; and when war was on the point of breaking out, his name was mentioned at Court as that of a man likely to prove serviceable. The King sent him a commission in the royal navy, and his old patron, the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, procured for him the command of the *Friponne*, a small sloop, in which he cruised, as before, in the Channel, waging a profitable war against English commerce.

Whilst thus employed, he is said to have conceived the possibility of setting fire to Portsmouth, and utterly destroying the dockyard. His plan was simplicity itself. He was to glide (*glisser*) into the harbour in the dead of night, in a large boat carrying fifty men. His biographer, M. * * *, thinks that nothing prevented his doing this but the jealousy of the aristocratic courtiers, and the carelessness of the minister who discussed the project in presence of some traitor, who sold the secret to the English Government. Had it not been for that, it was only 'necessary to elude the most active vigilance, and to face the guard of a harbour the entrance of which bristled with cannon.' These, to Thurot, would have been trifles; but the English, being forewarned, took such additional precautions as rendered the brilliant scheme quite hopeless.

It is difficult to say how much, or how little, truth there is in this, but I see no reason to doubt that a wild and daring adventurer, like Thurot, may have proposed some such scheme; partly, perhaps, with a real intention of attempting it; partly also, with a view of being prevented by the Government, and of adding to his reputation at a cheap rate. But certainly, if the project was seriously proposed, the French Government refused to entertain it: instead of doing so, it appointed Thurot to the command of a squadron to cruise in the Channel.

This squadron, consisting of two 36-gun frigates, the *Maréchal de Belle-Isle* and the *Chauvelin*, each mounting 12-pounders on her maindeck, and two small sloops, sailed from St. Malo on July 16, 1757. Very shortly after starting, one of the sloops, looking out ahead, was picked up by some English cruisers; but the others escaped. On July 25, off Portland, they fell in with the English frigate *Southampton* (32 guns, Captain Gilchrist), on her way from Portsmouth to Plymouth, with stores and specie. As the action that ensued is one which the French biographer considers especially glorious, it is well to point out that the French frigates were each of them more than a nominal match for the *Southampton*; that the two together had a very great superiority of force; that they attacked and were beaten off; and that whether they drew back, as Beatson says, or were unable to follow and prevent the *Southampton* making off, as M. * * * says, is a matter of little consequence. The main point is the same; that Thurot, with two frigates against one, each larger, heavier, and with a more numerous crew, did not

capture the one;[4] and with the best will in the world, it is difficult to see the great glory which, from this non-capture, redounds to the French navy.

It looks to me, indeed, as if M. Thurot had conceived his special work to be plundering comparatively helpless merchant-ships, rather than fighting sturdily defended men-of-war; and that, when he found the *Southampton* no easy capture, he stomached his loss—amounting, on board the *Belle-Isle* alone, to 14 killed, 26 wounded—and hauled to the wind. Clearly it was no part of Captain Gilchrist's duty, when he was specially employed in carrying specie, to go out of his way to engage an enemy of more than double his strength. That this is the correct view to take of Thurot's conduct seems confirmed by the facts of another action which he fought off Flushing, on August 1, with the *Seahorse*, a 24-gun frigate, Captain Taylor. The *Belle-Isle*, which, in her engagement with the *Southampton*, had suffered much in her rigging, had been partially dismantled in a squall off Ostend, and was in tow of the *Chauvelin*, their sloop, the *Gros Thomas*, in company, when the *Seahorse*, with two small craft, the *Raven* and *Bonetta*, bore down against them. After an engagement lasting three hours and a half, at first with the *Chauvelin* alone, and afterwards with the two together, the *Seahorse* was almost dismantled and had 8 killed, 17 badly wounded. She was of much smaller force[5] than either the *Belle-Isle* or the *Chauvelin*, and ought to have been captured. That she was not, was due not so much to her material strength, as to the moral weakness of her opponents, who have boasted—as of a victory—of having forced her to sheer off. In point of fact, she was too much disabled either to sheer off or to continue the attack, and the French frigates were content to leave her and retire into Flushing.

It was September 18 before they were refitted, and they were scarcely well out of the port before they were chased in again by an English squadron, consisting, it is said, of three ships of the line and two frigates. The *Chauvelin* got back without difficulty; but the *Belle-Isle*, carrying away her foretopsail yard, was overtaken, and sustained a heavy fire before she could escape. The French accounts of this affair are certainly exaggerated; and as the English have taken no notice of it, it is impossible to identify the squadron; the more so, as the *Journal de la Croisière*—written by an eye-witness, an officer of the *Belle-Isle*—has previously called the *Seahorse* and her little companions, 'three frigates.' The *Somerset* (70), and the *Rochester* (50), were on that coast at the time, and may possibly have chased the French frigates into Flushing; but it is difficult to believe that both or either of them were within pistol-shot of the *Belle-Isle*, fired several broadsides into her, and did not sink her: it is not a question of human endurance, or French courage, but of the fundamental principles of hydrostatics.

When Thurot had again refitted, the two ships, *Belle-Isle* and *Chauvelin*, stood out to the northward, and cruised with some success on the east coast of England and

[4] A statement of the comparative force of the combatants will put this in a clearer light:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Southampton | 26 12-pounders | 6 6-pounders | 220 men. |
| Belle Isle | 28 12-pounders | 8 6-pounders | 400 men. |
| Chauvelin | 28 " | 8 " | 400 " |
| Total | 56 12-pounders | 16 6-pounders | 800 men. |
| [5] Seahorse. | 22 9-pounders | 2 3-pounders | 160 men. |

Scotland. On October 5 they were driven by stress of weather into the Moray Frith, and anchored off Banff, to the no small dismay of the provost and burgesses, who expected nothing less than the enforcement of a heavy contribution. The accident of opportunity might have suggested this to Thurot, and there was no force to prevent him; but during the night the gale freshened; the *Chauvelin* parted her cables and drifted out to sea, leaving her anchors behind; and in the morning the *Belle-Isle* weighed, and went to look for her, very much to the relief of the towns-people of Banff, who, for once, realised the danger to which they were exposed so far as to raise a sum of 400*l.* to construct a battery for their future defence.[6]

The two ships did not meet outside, and we may conclude that the *Chauvelin* made the best of her way back to France: the *Belle-Isle*, on the other hand, kept northwards; and having, under the Dutch flag, obtained some provisions at the Shetland Islands, crossed over to Bergen, picking up on her way (October 19) a prize, described as a royal frigate of 26 guns: this it certainly was not; but it may have been an armed merchant-ship, or possibly a privateer. During this year the French cruisers were very active, and took—according to Beatson—571 British ships, most of which, however, were of trifling value. The number of prizes taken by us amounted to no more than 364; but of these, '115 were either privateers of force or armed merchant ships, carrying a great number of guns, and manned with upwards of 10,000 seamen;' so that, on the whole, the balance was believed to be in our favour.

Thurot anchored at Bergen on October 30, and remained there a couple of months, refitting his ship, which, though only a month at sea, was much in want of it. Here a curious incident occurred, which marks the character of the man: he was short of naval stores—such as blocks, ropes, and spars; and offered to buy them from the captain of a French ship, in the port, consigned to a Norwegian merchant. The captain refused to sell; and Thurot, not to be baulked, or, as his biographer puts it, 'guided by his zeal for the interests of his country,' sent a party on board, and with the strong hand seized on what he wanted; 'an act of violence,' adds M. * * *, 'which would, under other circumstances, have been most blamable,' and which, as it was, nearly got him into trouble with the Norwegian authorities.

He left Bergen on December 25, and was no sooner outside than he got into a furious storm, which again dismasted the *Belle-Isle*, whose ill-luck in that respect suggests that Thurot was not quite such a good practical seaman as he is represented. Under jury-masts, and with continual bad weather, the *Belle-Isle* was driven north beyond the 65th parallel; it was slowly and with much difficulty that she worked her way south again, and did not reach Gothenburg till February 1, 1758.

At Gothenburg Thurot remained till May 12; and then, going south, capturing several coasters and colliers, he was, on the 26th, off the entrance to the Frith of Forth, met and engaged by the *Dolphin* (24) and *Solebay* (28). The two English frigates were beaten to a standstill, and Thurot, still satisfied with having secured his own safety, made no attempt to push his advantage to the point of victory: the match between the two sides

[6] The *Statistical Account of Scotland* (vol. xiii. p. 20) gives a ludicrous description of the meeting of the corporation of Banff; the date there given (1759) is, however, a mistake: Thurot was not near Banff in 1759.

was tolerably equal, though the *Belle-Isle* had a certain superiority both in weight of metal and in number of men; and, in boarding, might perhaps have carried one before the other could assist her: but she had lost 19 killed, 34 wounded; and simple hard fighting was not the vocation of her crew.

Thurot, however, remained in Scotch waters, and made many prizes between St. Abb's Head and the Naze of Norway: his continued presence deeply impressed the coast population; his repelling the attack of the *Dolphin* and *Solebay* was magnified by vulgar report; and he became the bugbear of a people who were unaccustomed to the neighbourhood of enemies' ships. Twelve vessels, mostly small snows, brigs, or brigantines, are *named* as prizes taken between May 26 and July 12; and on the 13th, off the Skaw, he encountered a fleet of merchant ships—seventeen armed pinks—presumably the Baltic trade. With these he had a brisk engagement; they mounted an aggregate of 130 guns, and, clustering round the *Belle-Isle*, seemed for a time as if they might take her; in the end, Thurot broke through them, put them to flight, and cut off one of their number, the *George and Joseph*: heavy rain and a dark night permitted the rest to escape.

The English Government, wearied with the continual complaints about one frigate being left to threaten the coasts of England and Scotland, and almost to stop the North Sea trade, sent several ships to look after the *Belle-Isle*; but though constantly chased, Thurot succeeded in eluding his pursuers, in maintaining his ground, and in making several captures, till towards the middle of August; when, finding the station too hot for him, he stretched across to the Faroe Islands. Having obtained some fresh provisions, he came back; and as the ship was making a good deal of water, put into Lough Swilly.

It gives a curious idea of the conditions of naval war in the year 1758, to read of an enemy's frigate quietly taking up her position in Lough Swilly to refit; but even then it was not safe to stay long. Thurot resumed his cruise, and off the west coast of Scotland and northern entrance to St. George's Channel, took several prizes; amongst which are named the *Henry*, mounting 18 guns; the *Charleston*, of 12 guns, laden with cloth stuffs, from Liverpool to Carolina; the *Britannia*, of 14 guns, with porcelain, to New York; and the *Admiral Ruyter*, of 18 guns, laden with sugar, coffee, and indigo; but, formidable as the armament of these sounds, it must be borne in mind that the guns of a merchant-ship were small, meant merely to repel any desultory attack of petty pirates, and were useless against a regularly armed ship; not one of these prizes seems to have even attempted any resistance.

By September 13 Thurot was back at Bergen, and cruising from there took again several prizes; but towards the end of the year he ran down to Ostend, and early in January discharged his crew and officers, or, as we should say, paid off, at Dunkirk.

M. Thurot seems now to have spent some time at Paris, and to have been consulted freely by the Government as to the projected invasion of England. The public feeling of France—so far as France had a public feeling—was no doubt just then very bitter against England. Not only was England at war, and a natural enemy, but four times within the last two years had she defiled the soil of France; and though on the first occasion, the attempt on Rochefort, in September 1757, was altogether abortive, as is indeed related in *The Virginians*; and on the last, the troops which landed

near St. Malo, on September 3, 1758, were, to the number of 800, killed, made prisoners, or driven into the sea at St. Cas, on the 11th; the success on the two other occasions had been sufficient to kindle not only material fires at the time, as at St. Malo in June '58, but also very much and noisy indignation. The attack on Cherbourg, in August '58, was worst of all; and even St. Cas following directly afterwards could not wipe away the memory of it.

Cherbourg, though very different from what it now is, had been a pet fancy of Louis XV. and of Cardinal Fleury: there is no doubt that it was meant, from the beginning, as a standing menace to England: as such its docks had been dug out and fortified against wind and waves and English arms; and as such it was broken up and destroyed by the expedition under Commodore Howe, —'Black Dick' as he was more familiarly called: the mole and fortifications were turned over into the harbour and basins: the work of years was undone in a few days: it seemed almost in mockery that the gate of the grand sluice bore the inscription:

Hanc jussit Lodovix, suasit Floræus, et undis
Curavit mediis Asfeldus surgere molem:
Non aliis votis almæ præsentior urbis.
Ars frænavit aquas, fluctus domuitque minaces;
Hinc tutela viget, stat copia, gloria crescit;
Hinc Rex, hinc sapiens, herosque manebit in ævum.—

which was, not unaptly under the circumstances, paraphrased by one of Howe's officers:

Louis and Fleury must, with Asfeld, now
Resign to George, to Pitt, to Bligh and Howe.
One blast destroyed the labour of an age,
Let loose the tides and bid the billows rage:
Their wealth and safety gone, their glory lost,
The king's, the statesman's, and the hero's boast.

The wrath of France and of the French Government was extreme, and it was not lessened by Rear Admiral Rodney bombarding Havre de Grace, on the 3rd and following days of July, 1759, as he wrote in his official letter, 'for fifty-two hours without intermission, with such success that the town was several times in flames, and their magazines of stores for the flat-bottomed boats burnt with great fury, for upwards of six hours.' Albion was to be crushed; Carthage was to be destroyed; and whilst the Marquis de Conflans and the Duke d'Aiguillon arranged this in the south, Thurot undertook, with a small force, to make a diversion in the north, according as circumstances rendered expedient.

The force put at his disposal for this purpose consisted of his old ship, the *Maréchal de Belle-Isle*, now mounting 44 guns, of which four were 18 pounders; three smaller frigates, and two corvettes; and all of these, in addition to their complements, which were smaller than was usual in French ships, carried a number of soldiers, amounting in the aggregate to about 1,200:[7] these were borne for service on shore, under the command of a Brigadier General, M. de Flobert. With this squadron, Thurot weighed from Dunkirk on October 15, 1759. On the 26th he arrived at Gothenburg, having not only passed through the English cruisers which, under Commodore Boys and Sir

[7] The squadron was:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Maréchal de Belle-Isle | 44 | guns | 600 men. |
| Bégon . . . | 36 | „ | 600 „ |
| Blonde . . . | 36 | „ | 400 „ |
| Terpsichore . . | 24 | „ | 300 „ |
| Amarante . . . | 18 | „ | ? 150 „ |
| Faucon . . . | 18 | „ | ? 150 „ |

Piercy Brett, blockaded the coast off Dunkirk and Ostend, but taken several prizes on the way.

A quaint letter, which Durand has preserved, gives the impressions of a Liverpool skipper, a Captain Rimmer, who had seen the squadron at Gothenburg. The *Belle-Isle*, he says, 'has a black lion-head, and appears very ill-hogged in the mid-ships, and is painted black and red;' one of the other frigates 'has a yellow lion-head standing remarkably high, is painted yellow and black;' and so on through the rest of them. The fashion which prevailed to the last, of painting ships of the line and frigates black with white stripes, and which was, I believe, definitely introduced by Sir John Jervis when in command of the Mediterranean fleet, no doubt had some advantages; but the artistic eye, comparing it with the fashions of the past, as exemplified in some of the models in the museum of the Royal Naval College, may almost regret the uniform simplicity which superseded them.

But a more remarkable passage in the letter just referred to, is that which speaks of the condition of the squadron:—'The frigates when they came into Gothenburg were very foul, as if come off from a long voyage, and were destitute of many necessaries—had very few seamen on board, but full of land forces, commanded by a Major General; most of the soldiers were in blue, faced with white, and others all white. Whilst they remained at Gothenburg, nineteen days, they were fully employed cleaning their ships, getting new topmasts, new rigging for their vessels, victualling and watering; and the Swedes assisted them all in their power, sending them their East Indian ships' boats to water with, and procuring them cables in lieu of those they had ordered to be made, which would have detained them before finished.' And this after eleven days at sea from their first leaving France!

The squadron left Gothenburg on November 15, and meeting with a succession of southerly gales, was driven northward, and put into Bergen; the *Bégon* (36), presumably the 'yellow and black' frigate mentioned by Captain Rimmer, and one of the corvettes had parted company; and as Bergen had been given out as a rendezvous, Thurot waited there for several days; they did not, however, appear, and he left without them on December 5.

The weather, that winter, seems to have been as persistently bad as it has been during the winter which is just passing away; and the squadron, now reduced to four ships, was driven away to the westward, and on December 28 came to an anchor in Westmanna-haven in Stromsoe, one of the Faroe Islands. Whilst there he wished to procure fresh provisions for his ships' companies; and as the governor made difficulties, he landed a party of men, at once to intimidate the authorities, and to lay hands on whatever they could get. The display of force was sufficient, and a small supply of bullocks, flour, brandy, and tobacco was sent on board. It may be noticed that at that time the Faroe Islands were a favourite haunt of smugglers, and a place of call for Danish and Dutch East Indiamen; now that smuggling, as well as these branches of the East India trade, has been done away, the resources of the islands have probably much diminished, and any supplies they could furnish would scarcely be worth the notice of a body of more than 1,200 men.

During the stay of the squadron at Stromsoe a quarrel broke out between M. de Flobert and Thurot, which was the cause of serious embarrassment both then and afterwards. Flobert had displayed all along a feeling of jealousy at being

subordinated to Thurot, as well as of pique at Thurot's refusal to communicate the tenor of his private instructions and the full purport of the expedition. A circumstance, trivial in itself, was sufficient to set the match to the ready fuel. Thurot had learned that one of the soldier-officers had been grumbling about the hardships of the cruise, and the provisions, in what he rightly considered an unofficer-like way; and had felt it his duty to reprimand him sharply. Flobert took up the matter in support of his junior; worked himself into a rage; and mad with passion, ordered up a corporal and two file of the guard to put Thurot under arrest. This obliged Thurot to produce an order from the King, in proof that he was absolutely commander-in-chief of the expedition; and Flobert—I quote here from the *Life*, by M. * * *—'fearing to compromise his authority by persisting in his imprudent step, drew back, and the quarrel was for the time appeased; leaving, however, a leaven of animosity which continued to ferment, occasioned many difficulties, and threw into the minds of the soldiers a germ of insubordination which produced very bad effects.'

In point of fact, this quarrel between Flobert and Thurot was an extreme instance of a cause which, in the last century, and in England more than in France, rendered futile so very many expeditions in which sea and land forces were required to act in conjunction. Of these, Vernon's failure at Cartagena in 1741 was perhaps the most marked and the most disastrous; but there were scores of others; and the constant recurrence of difficulties seems to point to a radically false system and an honest misunderstanding, rather than to mere captiousness and personal dislike. At the same time, it is too true that there was, between soldiers and sailors, a very mutual feeling of jealousy and contempt, which the officers in no small degree shared with their men. This was strong enough, no doubt, on the part of the soldiers; but was perhaps even stronger amongst the sailors, who saw their favoured and courtly rivals sea-sick and helpless on board ship, but had no opportunity of seeing them in their own sphere of duty and distinction. The pipe-clay, the powdered head, the stiff clothing and etiquette of the soldier, were all repulsive to the 'tar' of the olden time. Had he been versed in Shakespeare, he would probably have described the object of his scorn in the words of Hotspur, as 'neat and finely dressed—fresh as a bridegroom—perfumed like a milliner;' as it was, he drew up a table of precedence, which continued in vogue till not very many years ago: I have myself heard it said, and meant too:—'A messmate before a shipmate; a shipmate before a stranger; a stranger before a dog; but—a dog before a soldier.'

When we consider that, in our own annals, the only brilliant instance of perfect concord between two commanding officers of the different services, not otherwise connected, was that offered by two exceptional men,—Rear Admiral Saunders and Acting Major General Wolfe—a concord which effected the fall of Quebec and the conquest of Canada, it is not to be wondered at if a French soldier of good family, M. *de* Flobert, was indignant at the circumstances that compelled him to act subordinately—or rather insubordinately—to a sailor, not even a genuine naval officer, an ex-smuggler, a privateer, a man of no family, a *roturier*, a François Thurot. Possibly, nay probably, Thurot was at fault in some of the conventionalities of French society, for he had never had any opportunity of seeing or practising them: but after all, Thurot's name lives in history; Flobert's probably comes before

many readers, now for the first time.

The constant succession of gales which obliged Thurot to remain at the Faroe Islands, compelled him to put the men on short allowance of bread, ten ounces per day, and to stop the double rations issued to officers and servants, promising, however, that they should be paid savings, that is, the equivalent in money. Flobert insisted that a council of war should be called, and stated that, in his opinion, as their force had been lessened by the loss of the two ships, *Bégon* and *Faucon*, and was now weakened by the want of provisions, it was imperative on him to return to France at once. Thurot replied: the speech, as reported, is most likely apocryphal: but it has been accepted by the French, and serves at any rate to illustrate the sense in which they have considered his character. He said, then:—That as they could not get provisions at the Faroe Islands, they must go and look for them in England, where they would find abundance. That the winds, which had long been contrary, would change, and three days would bring them to their destination: the only honourable way to be useful to their country was to make a diversion,—which might lead to great results,—by attacking the enemy in their homes, and by braving all risks in this glorious attempt; certainly not by returning shamefully to France after so much toil and fatigue, without having ventured to undertake anything. For the rest, the direct route lay past England; and on the English coast he would land: it was absolutely necessary to make a descent; he was determined to do so: the reasons offered for a retreat so dishonourable as had been proposed could have no influence with a force on which the safety of the country depended: and in fine, that to grumble at the difficulties, or even the calamities incidental to war, was not showing the courage and firmness necessary to the career of arms.

Thurot carried his point. On January 26, 1760, the squadron left Stromsoe, with a fresh wind from north-west, and by the 30th was on the north coast of Ireland. It was his intention to enter Lough Foyle, and attack Londonderry; there does not seem to have been anything to prevent him, except the weather, which, with a southerly gale, drove him off the coast. And meanwhile, a mutiny broke out amongst the officers of the troops, which was the more dangerous as the soldiers formed the largest part of the ships' companies. The *Amarante* deserted the squadron; the *Terpsichore* had arranged to do the same; Thurot hailed to say that if the wind did not shift he would run back to Bergen and get provisions; the *Blonde* replied that it was none too soon. M. de Rusilly, commanding the troops on board the *Terpsichore*, complained bitterly of the short allowance of provisions, and said that all the officers were decided to return to France. Thurot pointed out that their doing so might lead to results disagreeable to themselves; but finding his authority set at naught, he consented, as a compromise, to go to Bergen.

The wind, however, now changed to the north-west, and he proposed to enter St. George's Channel; but Rusilly impudently notified to him, in the name of the officers of the *Terpsichore*, that they were going to pass to the west of Ireland, and return to France. Thurot ordered Dernaudais, the captain of the *Terpsichore*, to follow the *Belle-Isle*, saying that if he refused he should be responsible before the king for his conduct. Rusilly answered that he would take all the responsibility on himself; that it was his intention, as soon as he arrived in France, to lay a complaint of Thurot's conduct before the court, and have him punished. Dernaudais, who

had every wish to obey his commodore, was forced by Rusilly and the other soldier-officers to yield, and to make off towards the west: Thurot fired a shot across the *Terpsichore's* bows; he had to fire a second before she would bring to; and Dernaudais, having gone on board the *Belle-Isle*, had to prove that he had been constrained by his officers. He was sent back to his ship, bearing to the mutineers the assurance that they should be severely punished. The *Blonde* seems to have been just at that time more favourably disposed; she passed under the *Belle-Isle's* stern, and her captain, M. Larréguy, hailed that Thurot might count on him.

The next day, Thurot judged it necessary to reduce the ration of bread to eight ounces. Flobert ordered that only five ounces should be issued to the soldiers. These naturally complained that they got less than the sailors, and Thurot at once gave directions that they should get the same. Flobert, whose order seems to have been quite unwarranted—to have been given only to provoke disturbance amongst his men—was furious. He insisted on a council, and demanded that the captain should explain his navigation; for the day before it had been agreed that he was to enter St. George's Channel, and now he was standing towards Londonderry. Thurot replied that, in fact, he meant to go to Londonderry. Flobert asked what he would do if the wind still prevented his entering. In that case Thurot would continue his route. 'Well then!' cried Flobert, 'if to-morrow morning, at six o'clock, we are not in the port of Londonderry, and you do not then give up this project, I will have you arrested, and will myself take charge of the ship.' Thurot is described as being more surprised than angry, and as contenting himself with saying, 'If you take it in that way, there's nothing more to be said: your threats do not intimidate me; I do not fear you, and I defy you to arrest me.'

Flobert, screaming with rage, rushed out of the cabin; ordered the sentry to prevent Thurot leaving it, and called the guard to arms. Thurot took his pistols, pushed past the sentry, and went out on the quarter-deck. The guard had fallen in, but the men were unwilling to execute off-hand the orders of their commandant, whose fellows had, meantime, pointed out to him that he was exceeding his power. Flobert gave way; and Thurot, to put an end to the scandalous scene, and to prevent anything of the sort happening again, wished to read out his instructions from the king, and the commission appointing him commander-in-chief of the squadron. Flobert forbade the soldiers to listen to him. Thurot then said that he would have it posted up for all to read. Flobert gave orders that whoever attempted to post it up should be arrested. It was now Thurot's turn to give way; 'he had the complaisance not to make his instructions public'—not to post them up—and so calm was restored.

That same night the *Belle-Isle* hove-to off the entrance to Lough Foyle, and in the darkness her two consorts left her, having agreed between themselves to pass round to the west of Ireland. By a mistake in their reckoning, however, they rejoined her next day, but too late to carry out the commodore's purpose. The wind had shifted to the south-west, and it was no longer possible to enter the Lough.

Meanwhile, in gales, disturbances, and quarrels, time slipped away. It was February 15; the daily allowance of bread was reduced to five ounces, and Thurot, firmly resolved not to go back to France, anchored in Claigeann Bay in the island of Islay. Here he learned from a man, McDonald, who came off as

pilot, of the decisive defeat which Conflans had sustained. It was an event three months passed, but was news to him, and disturbed his plans, as he saw that, of course, the great project of invasion could not be carried out. He was, however, still unwilling to return without attempting something which might be for the honour, if not very much for the material advantage of France. But it was absolutely necessary, in the first place, to get some fresh provisions and bread, for his crews were sickly; and, as the population of the island, with the suppressive measures of the English Government after 'the Forty-five,' still in their memories, refused to furnish any supplies, the natural course would have been to take them by force. This Thurot was unwilling to do; for his instructions were positive not to attempt any hostile landing in Scotland, where it was hoped the Jacobite feeling might itself make a diversion in favour of French arms.

In this dilemma he came to an arrangement with McDonald—who seems to have acted throughout as his agent—to land his men as a demonstration. It was the merest of demonstrations. The poor, half-starved, scurvy-smitten wretches, were no sooner landed than they 'began to dig up every green thing they saw upon the ground, even the grass, which they devoured with the utmost eagerness.' The bullocks, nevertheless, were produced; 48 were driven in, and after a difficulty with Flobert, who wished to 'requisition' them, were very honestly paid for by Thurot. In a similar way, he got a small but grateful supply of oatmeal and flour; and putting to sea on the 19th, a Lisbon trader, laden with oranges, was, under the circumstances, a most valuable prize.

About midnight on the 20th he entered Belfast Lough. On the previous evening he had detailed his plans to Flobert. 'There are two objects before us,' he had said, 'Belfast and Carrickfergus. I will land you at Whitehouse. You will, in the first instance, attack Belfast; it is a rich commercial town, and has neither fortifications nor troops. Threaten to set fire to it, and the inhabitants will hasten to furnish the stores and provisions of which we are so much in need. You will be able, besides, to levy a large contribution. After that you will go to Carrickfergus, a town of but small size, and poor. It will be quite easy to seize on the castle, which is old, ruinous and without defence. You will set at liberty the French prisoners who are there, and extract from the people such a contribution of provisions and money as their small means will permit; and will re-embark before the English ships are apprised of our landing. The whole thing is to be done off-hand; the enemy must not have time to organise any opposition.'

The plan seems to have been excellent, but Flobert, purely out of contradiction, insisted on attacking Carrickfergus first. He would land at Kilroot, two or three miles to the north-east of Carrickfergus, or nowhere; and, unable to overcome his mutinous obstinacy, Thurot, sooner than do nothing, consented. The landing of about 600 men was effected by noon on February 21, 1760.

As soon as Lieut.-Col. Jennings, who commanded at Carrickfergus, learned that three strange and suspicious ships had anchored at Kilroot, whilst waiting for further information, he sent all the prisoners to Belfast, and made what preparations he could for defence. These were but few. Although Carrickfergus was, in a way, the military depôt of the north of Ireland, the castle was ruinous, the town was unfortified, and there were in garrison only 200 men, almost all young recruits, and, as yet, quite undisciplined. Accordingly, when Flobert

attacked, little opposition could be made; the men retired into the castle, and after a short stand, in which some 50 French were killed and wounded, they capitulated on terms sufficiently favourable. The troops were not to be sent prisoners to France, but exchanged against an equal number of French; the castle (such as it was) was not to be demolished; the town was not to be burnt or pillaged, but was, as a ransom, to supply the squadron with provisions. The course of events rendered these conditions practically vain; and though the town was not set on fire, it was pretty well ransacked, as was, indeed, to be expected from men whose officers had set them no good example of obedience, and who had been confined on board ship for four months.

Thurot had meanwhile weighed, stood further into the bay, and anchored off Whitehouse. From there, on the next day, he landed, and in an interview with Flobert, pressed him to advance at once on Belfast, which, he understood, was defended by only 200 men and some militia. Flobert, notwithstanding this, and the wish of his own officers, refused to move.

The next day, the 23rd, Thurot wrote to Flobert, still urging him to attack Belfast; again pointing out that they could get plenty of provisions there, could levy a rich contribution, and that it would be easier to re-embark. That he could not stay long, as the enemy would gather in on him; that, in fact, he must sail the next day; and that, unless he got provisions, he would not re-embark the troops: it would be better that they should remain prisoners in Ireland than die of hunger on board. Flobert's reply to his commanding officer is a valuable commentary on the discipline of the period.

'If,' he wrote, 'you had done with your ships the hundredth part of what I have done with the quarter of my detachment, we should not be in the wretched plight in which, by your fault alone, we now are: for this you shall answer to the King, who, when he entrusted you with the conduct of a detachment, did not give you permission to sacrifice it, in a barefaced manner, in trying to carry out impossible and chimerical plans. If you had had the common sense to see that famine is the only evil without remedy, and beyond the courage of the King's troops, you would not now be reduced to the cruel threat of abandoning us to the discretion of the King's enemies. It is your duty to abide whatever may happen, rather than not re-embark the detachment. I summon you, in the King's name, to run all hazards rather than abandon us.'

M. de Cavenac, who, on Flobert being wounded, had taken the command, wrote in much the same sense; and again, shortly afterwards, that the enemy were mustering in force, and that it was necessary to re-embark at once. Thurot, in threatening to abandon the troops, had undoubtedly threatened what he could not and durst not perform; and finding that their officers would not lead them against Belfast, he embarked them on the evening of the 25th. Of provisions he seems to have obtained none, except a few potatoes. The mayor and three townsmen were taken on board as security for what had been demanded and promised; but as these were not forthcoming on the 24th, it was arranged that the town should pay 1,000*l.* instead; and two of the hostages were sent on shore to see about it; the two others, Mr. Chaplin the mayor, and Mr. Spaight, a merchant of Carrickfergus, being kept on board. Thurot was anxious to get out of the bay, but a stormy wind from the northward prevented him, and he could not weigh till midnight of the 27th. It was half-past four on the morning of

the 28th when he rounded the light on the island of Copeland.

The delay which had been enforced on him had permitted the Government to bring up a small squadron from the south of Ireland. It cannot but appear strange that there should have been at that time no ships of war in the northern waters; for it had been known for weeks past that Thurot was on the coast, and great alarm had been felt at all places which were, or thought they were, worth attacking. At Whitehaven, where some 200 merchant ships, coasting vessels and others, were lying, there was great excitement, and 600 volunteers took up arms to defend the place; but how these were expected to defend the shipping does not appear. Liverpool in the same way, then rising fast into importance, and especially obnoxious for the number of its privateers, assembled a considerable number of troops, mostly of the local militia. An old townsman, who, under the name of a 'nonagenarian,' published his recollections a few years ago, has described the scene, which would be still fresh in the memory of his mother when he was a little boy.

'Everton Hill,' he says, 'was alive with people from the town waiting the freebooters' approach. A party of soldiers was then encamped on the hill, and I have been told the men had orders, on Thurot's appearance, to make signals if by day, and to light up the beacon if at night, to communicate the intelligence of the French fleet being off the coast to the other beacons at Ashurst and Billinge, Rivington Pike, and elsewhere, and so spread the news into the north; while signals would also be taken up at Halton, Beeston, the Wrekin, and thence to the southward.'[8]

But there seems to have been no attempt to defend the river, and Thurot might, practically without opposition, have done a good deal of mischief amongst the shipping, and have destroyed the rising fortunes of the Bolds, the Colquitts and others, whose names are perpetuated in the modern streets.

Notwithstanding all this preparation and excitement, no ships had been sent north; and when the Duke of Bedford, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, had news of the landing at Carrickfergus, he had to send, quite promiscuously, to the different seaports, to inform the captains of any of his Majesty's ships that might happen to be there of the enemy being on the coast. Luckily, and only luckily—that is to say, without any special orders—there did happen to be three frigates at Kinsale: the *Æolus* (32) Captain Elliot, *Brilliant* and *Pallas*, each of 36 guns. These having weighed immediately, had come off the entrance of Belfast Lough on the evening of the 26th, but during the gale had not ventured inside: it was thus, that on the morning of the 28th, when the French squadron came round Copeland Island, it saw, and was immediately seen by, the *Æolus* and her consorts.

It was no part of Thurot's plan to fight a squadron of English frigates, and he did not wait for their attack. They gave chase, and closed with him about nine o'clock; the *Æolus*, leading, engaged the *Belle-Isle*; the *Pallas* and *Brilliant*, as they came up, assisted her; and after a smart action, lasting for about an hour and a half, Thurot was killed, and his ship hauled down her colours. The *Blonde* and *Terpsichore* had not shown any wish to fight, and being chased by the *Pallas* and *Brilliant*, struck almost at once; they thus sustained little or no damage or loss; but the *Belle-Isle* had suffered

[8] *Recollections of Old Liverpool*, by a Nonagenarian, p. 146. Liverpool, 1863.

considerably in men, in spars, and in hull. Captain Elliot, in his official letter, estimates the enemy's loss: in killed and wounded, at 300; the French accounts—probably not including the less severe cases—speak of 90 *hors de combat*; and whichever account we accept, the loss was very great, and had fallen almost entirely on the *Belle-Isle*, which was also with difficulty kept from sinking, as she was taken, with the other prizes, into Ramsay Bay, in the Isle of Man.

The presence of the French frigates on the coast had caused such vivid alarm, that the rejoicing over their capture was somewhat excessive, and was accompanied by much boasting. The action was no doubt highly creditable to Elliot and his companions, and a very important service was performed just when it was most needed; but there was not, in reality, much to boast about. Nominally the French squadron was superior to the English; independent of the result, it was not so effectively; the French guns were heavier, but several had been struck below during the bad weather in the Northern Seas, and had not been remounted; the ships too were of slighter scantling, the *Belle-Isle* more especially, which was badly hogged even at Gothenburg, and after her capture was not thought worth buying into the service. The number of men, again, was nearly double that of the English, but of these many were sickly, if not sick; and the bulk were soldiers, who—under such officers as they had—were not only useless in action, but worse than useless, as getting in the way, and swelling the list of killed and wounded. Even had the *Blonde* and *Terpsichore* stuck gallantly by their consort, the result must have been the same; for the three English frigates were in good order, well manned and ably commanded; but the manner in which these two kept aloof, by throwing the whole weight of the contest on the *Belle-Isle*, rendered it beyond question easier, and the sooner come at.

About Thurot himself there seems little room for doubt; his contemporaries, alike friends and enemies, speak of him as a bold daring man, active, energetic, and full of resource; and the fact that during the greater part of three years he kept the English coast in a state of continual apprehension, escaping from, eluding, and, when need was, fighting the English cruisers with which the narrow seas were swarming, is sufficient evidence of his high qualities as a corsair and a leader of a flying squadron. I have already shown how, on different occasions, he declined to push his success against English ships of war to a decisive issue; notably against the *Southampton* and against the *Seahorse*—against this last more especially. In doing so I have not wished to impute any base motive to Thurot, whose courage must have been of proof; but I do think that both these actions, and in a less degree that which he fought against the *Dolphin* and *Solebay*, illustrate the principle which was then, and continued to be during the century, the ruling principle of the French Navy—that of avoiding decisive action;[9] a principle which might occasionally lead to strategic advantage, but which on the other hand exposed them to great tactical danger and absolute loss—as was clearly exemplified on November 20, 1759, 'la journée de M. de Conflans'—and which effectually prevented their winning any brilliant success. Thurot fought well when he was forced to fight; but he consistently avoided action whenever he could avoid it: and when he could not, he quitted it at the earliest possible opportunity. He thus, throughout his career, obtained only the reputation of

[9] Compare *Victoires et Conquêtes*, tom. vii. p. 251.

an active and untiring corsair. Had it been otherwise, he might have gained a higher reputation as a warrior, by capturing the *Southampton* or the *Seahorse*, against each of which he had an overwhelmingly superior force; and at the last, might have made a much sturdier resistance against the *Æolus* and her consorts. Had he stood boldly towards the English squadron, his companions would scarcely have had the unblushing cowardice to stand away; but as he crowded sail from the enemy, they did the same; and by rate of sailing and accident of position, had an excuse —sufficient for them, though it would not have been sufficient for single-hearted, honest, and honourable men—to keep out of the fight.

As to the conduct of M. de Flobert, and the whole body of soldier-officers, the story of which throws a curious light on the capabilities or incapabilities of French discipline, there can be but one opinion. Whatever grievances he had, or thought he had, it was his duty to his country and his King to have backed up the Commodore. His complaints might and should have waited, after due remonstrance, till their return to France. There can be little doubt that had Flobert entered into Thurot's views and schemes, Belfast would have been sacked. Against a sudden onset such as Thurot proposed, there were no possible means of effective resistance; though after three days' delay, things would certainly have been very different.

And the history of Thurot's whole career, and more especially of this last campaign, seems to me to show that a naval force, however numerous and active, is not in itself sufficient to protect our commerce from loss, our coasts from insult, and our towns from pillage, at the hands of a small squadron, or even of a single ship, commanded by a man of talent and enterprise. That Thurot failed in inflicting very serious loss on our towns and our shipping, seems to have been due not to any wise precautions of the Government—though the elder Pitt was Secretary of State, not to the superior might of our navy—though that crushed him at last; but to the exceptional severity of the season, to the inherent weakness of French sailors, the inefficiency of French equipment, and the bad discipline of French soldiers. But it is not wise always to trust our safety, our prestige, or our honour either to the caprice of the weather or to the presumed incapacity of a possible enemy.

In person, Thurot is described as of middle height, stout built and well made, 'rather robust than genteel, rather comely than handsome; very brown and extremely florid, with a small scar under his left eye.' Of his private life we know little or nothing; he died poor, leaving an Irishwoman (*née* Smith) who passed as his wife, and a daughter six months old, dependent on the State, which, at that time, meant Madame de Pompadour. We find the daughter coming forward in 1790, with a petition for further support, and being awarded, at the instance of Barrère, a pension of 1,000 francs. His biographer, M. * * *, says that he married about the year 1750; but according to Durand, who appears to write in good faith and of personal knowledge, he was, about that time and after, living in Shadwell with an Irish lady whom he had picked up in that not very reputable neighbourhood. Whether this was Miss Smith, the future Mdme. Thurot, or not, must remain a matter of opinion.

J. K. Laughton.

## FREE TRADE OR RECIPROCITY?

WE have not very long ago had two great speeches on Free Trade, one from the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the other from Professor Fawcett.

Both speakers admit how greatly the expectations held forth as to the speedy conversion of other nations to free-trade principles have been falsified. Both admit also the injury being done to our commerce by the enormous import duties levied by foreign governments, but at the same time urge us on no account to even temporarily reimpose duties on our side.

Sir Stafford Northcote's chief argument is that any step in that direction would expose us to the taunts of other nations, who would say, 'See what we have brought the Apostle of Free Trade to do!' an argument that might be met by saying that the welfare of the enormous population engaged in the manufacturing trades of this country is far too important for us to care for taunts in comparison with choosing a right course. The destruction of those trades would bring such widespread distress upon the whole nation, and would so burden us with pauperisation, that we might never recover from it.

Professor Fawcett contents himself with saying that 'the injury done to our commerce would not be lessened, but would, on the contrary, be seriously aggravated by a policy of retaliation,' and, like Sir Stafford Northcote, he thinks that temporary protection would only end in permanent protection, as we should create fresh vested interests, but he frankly admits that English free traders are much too fond of adopting a tone not calculated to convince those who differ from them. To say that anyone who does not agree with the method by which we are 'educating' other nations into free trade, must either be acting from the most selfish motives, or must be a fit inmate for a lunatic asylum, is not the way to convince him, and yet that is the style of argument usually employed. As Mr. Fawcett justly says, 'We are much too prone to overrate the advantages of free trade.' We are told triumphantly that our imports and exports have increased so greatly since free trade was inaugurated, but the other causes that have been at work since that time—the immense development of railways and of steam power—are forgotten, although they have had a great deal to say to what is usually put down entirely to free trade.

Another thing that is lost sight of, or kept carefully in the background, is that when we first commenced our attempts at free trade we were in a totally different position to that which we now hold, and it is time for us to fairly consider this. We were then undisputed masters of the world of commerce. Our machinery was far superior to that possessed by other nations, our workmen were more skilful, and we had apparently inexhaustible mineral resources ready to our hand, whereas other nations had, at any rate, not yet developed any such resources. We threw open our markets to all the world, and got all the advantages that the first start in either a large or a small enterprise always confers. We appeared to think that the superiority that we then possessed would allow us to, as it were, give any amount of points in the game to our opponents; but we forgot that by allowing our machinery and our coal to be exported, foreign manufacturers,

having got our workmen to teach theirs, would soon diminish the superiority we once possessed. We still have to play the game, giving as many, if not more, points than before, and our opponent now plays as well as we do.

Unfortunately by abolishing our import duties, instead of gradually reducing them, we have cut the ground from under our feet. Other nations will say to us when we press them to lower their prohibitory tariff, what the French Government replied to our unfortunate glass manufacturers, when they made a similar request, viz.: 'To accord the request of the English glass manufacturers would be contrary to French *interests*. You ask us to reduce a duty that may bring us in revenue. What duty in England would you repeal as an equivalent for our giving up the duty on sheet and plate glass?'

The only weapon we had left to meet arguments of this character was that at the termination of our treaty with France there was nothing to prevent our reimposing import duties, and that the French Government would find we should not flinch from doing it if obliged to take such a course; but they will now say, 'No Government of which Sir Stafford Northcote is a member can take such a course after his speech on Free Trade.' It must be remembered that the time is now fast approaching when it must be decided whether the French Treaty is to be continued on the same terms as hitherto; and though our Government are apparently as little inclined to listen to the complaints of manufacturers as the Liberals were in 1860, still they may as well recollect that working men, whose daily bread depends on the welfare of our manufacturing trades, can now exercise a political power that they did not then possess.

We have the power, if we choose to use it, of forcing the French to reduce their tariff. It would ruin many French manufacturers if England went back to the duties in force in 1859, or imposed the same duties on French manufactures that France imposes on English ones. Whereas the French duties being already so nearly prohibitory, the making them *quite* so would not so much affect us. In the debate on the French Treaty in 1860 the present Lord Chancellor said, 'That large and important branches of the trading industry of this country are entirely overlooked or their interests neglected in this treaty, is capable of very easy proof.' It is well known how true his words proved to the unfortunate ribbon manufacturers. In the two years following the treaty there were upwards of 1,400 weavers' houses empty in Coventry. Looms which cost 40*l.* were sold for as many shillings; 10,000 weavers were totally destitute and supported by a relief fund, and, in addition to this, 4,000 received partial relief. It will probably, however, be said that this trade is one of those which Mr. Fawcett talks of as 'artificially fostered, and forced into a kind of unnatural existence through protection.' Whether this be true or not, we might at least have insisted on the export duty on raw silk being removed when we allowed manufactured silks to be imported here free.

But look at another manufacture which cannot be said to be artificially fostered, viz. glass. It was a most flourishing trade before the treaty, but imports of sheet window glass have increased from 22,000 cwt. in 1845 to 616,000 cwt. in 1876, and now one-third of all the plate glass and three-fourths of all the sheet window-glass used in this country comes from France and Belgium, while, owing to prohibitory import duties, not a foot of either sort is ever exported there. It is the same with the paper trade; our imports are now more than treble in value

what we export to foreign countries, and while our imports are increasing our exports are as steadily decreasing. Our paper-makers get no compensating advantage for this enormous influx of foreign-made paper; for they are excluded from selling their manufacture in most of the countries from which the paper comes that competes with theirs here, and, in addition to that, rags, which are indispensable for making the better sorts of writing paper, are heavily taxed on export from those countries. With sugar the case is still harder, for there is virtually a bounty on the export of sugar from France of about 3*l.* per ton. This has completely ruined the loaf-sugar trade of this country. There were twenty-three loaf-sugar refineries here a few years ago; there are now only *two*. Besides the loaf-sugar branch the whole of the refined sugar trade of this country is indirectly affected by this bounty, and directly by having foreign markets closed against it, whilst foreign-made sugars are imported free; and it must be remembered this is no unimportant trade, for the raw sugar that passed through our refineries in a year was valued at from 15 to 20 millions sterling not long ago.

But it may be urged that, as to the sugar trade, and still more as to smaller trades, we can afford to let them perish without any great harm being done to the general prosperity of the country. But what of the iron and hardware trade? How should we be able to stand vast populations like those of Birmingham and Sheffield being thrown on our poor rates like the Coventry weavers were? The iron trade in France is protected by a bounty on exportation very similar to that on sugar. The result of this is that the imports of iron into France are now smaller than they were twenty-five years ago, for the duty of 2*l.* 8*s.* a ton is decidedly more prohibitory in 1877 than that of 9*l.* a ton was in 1852. In 1874 the value of cutlery exported from France was 114,494*l.*, while that imported was only 12,819*l.*, and even in Birmingham itself French competition is beginning to be much felt.

But it is in Belgium we have the most dangerous competition, for the Belgians have already got the monopoly of many sorts of wrought iron. Not five per cent. of the rolled joists, now so much used in buildings, are of English make. As a rule Belgian iron of all sorts can be delivered in London about 25*s.* a ton cheaper than Staffordshire iron. This is partly to be accounted for by the fact that freight by sea from Antwerp or Brussels to London is only 6*s.* a ton, whereas by rail from Staffordshire to London the cost would be 15*s.*, and also because the Belgian Government have the control of their own railways, and consider it good policy to assist in every way the export trade of the country. Besides all this it must be admitted that the Belgians do excel us in some sorts of iron manufacture, but if that is so in some few sorts, there are many others in which we excel them, and if we continue to be debarred from finding a market abroad for our iron, while we admit theirs here free, it must ultimately ruin our iron trade, and the effects of such a disaster are frightful to think of.

It would really be difficult to point to a trade *not* affected by our present system, and it would be the greatest folly to wait until each trade is ruined separately before we interfere. Even in such a national trade as *cloth* the small end of the wedge has been inserted, and French houses that used to only send over a traveller occasionally, now have large warehouses in London. Even in cotton manufactures we have had alarming indications of ruinous American competition, and the cotton trade would have suffered more

had it not been especially taken care of in the French Treaty of 1860, where, as the late Lord Derby truly said, 'very good care has been taken of the cotton manufactures; but what is the case with linens? what is the case with silks?' The time is coming when cloth and cotton will be affected as much as other trades. Are we prepared to have the populations of Bradford and Manchester thrown on the poor rates also?

But leaving the question of injury to these trades, which no person who inquires into the subject can deny, let us see whether the mere consumer really gains as he is supposed to do by unrestricted imports. No doubt he does gain for the time being, but the temporary advantage will be dearly bought at the cost of the ruin of his home manufactures, for then he will be at the mercy of foreigners, and may by-and-by have to pay very dearly for his folly. The loaf-sugar trade has been ruined. Sugar for a time was cheap. Then came a failure in the French beet-root crop, sugar went up in price, and the French, who now have a monopoly, will take very good care it never goes back to its former price.

It must be remembered that this is not only a question affecting the French Treaty: America treats us far worse than France does. None of our manufactures are taxed less than 20 per cent. there, and in some the tariff goes nearly to 100 per cent. To take a single instance: the duty on carpets is 50 per cent. for Axminster, and over 60 per cent. for Wilton. Is it fair to import their manufactures here *free*? If there were the slightest chance of shaming them into a different policy, there might be some reason for continuing this one-sided traffic, but there is not; they will never concede us better terms, unless we have something to offer them in exchange. They must be made to see that we are determined to obtain reciprocity even at the cost of a return to import duties.[1] Let us hope that future Chancellors of the Exchequer will have the strength of mind that Sir Stafford Northcote does not give them credit for, and be able to remove such duties when they have secured their object. Their temporary imposition cannot be accused of being a 'war of tariffs.' We should under no circumstances increase the tax on French wines in retaliation for their taxing our manufactures, but we should put a small tax on their manufactures, sufficient to give them an inducement to lower their tariff on our removing it.

Admitting that unrestricted trade would be the greatest boon the world could attain, our present system is only carrying us farther away from it every year. We have jumped too far and must retrace our steps. To attain real free trade you must go through a stage we have missed, that of—*Reciprocity*.

At present our policy is not even consistent. We admit luxuries—such as silks, kid gloves, watches, &c.—free, but we heavily tax tea and coffee, which are almost necessaries of life to the poor. By the abolition of many other import duties we have not only deprived ourselves of a fair source of revenue, but are causing the ruin of our manufacturing trades. The hasty removal of those duties, though it may have benefited the consumer for the present, will ultimately be injurious to him, and must end in increase of direct taxation, and in wide-spread distress among the working classes.

C. Halford Thompson.

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[1] The Americans show signs of giving way at some points; being, as we believe, not unmindful of the movement of public opinion in this country.

# THE KINGDOM OF FIFE.

ALTHOUGH rich enough in various departments of historical and antiquarian literature, it is somewhat curious that Scotland possesses nothing exactly resembling the county histories of England. The publications of the Bannatyne, Maitland, and other clubs, and the numerous separate works of such writers as Mr. Laing, Mr. Skene, and the late Professor Innes sufficiently attest that the absence of what may be called county literature is not attributable to any deficiency of historical acumen of this specific kind, or of the want of readers to appreciate such books when published. It is rather that the national taste has somehow not run into this particular groove of bookmaking. As a rule, too, Scotch antiquarians with literary proclivities have been men who would have despised the drudgery of mere compilation, which is, necessarily, the staple of most productions of the kind. To writers like those referred to, authorship of that nature is not very congenial work. Instead, therefore, of a general collection of all matters relating to a district, we have usually some special nook or corner of antiquarian research edited and illustrated—the chartularies of a famous abbey, the archives of some ancient family,[1] the diary of a divine, or the records of a presbytery or synod. It may be thought, perhaps, that the competent editing of such records is the more valuable work of the two, for some of these county histories are not conspicuous for literary ability, and they have, evidently, in most cases, been compiled very much for the glorification of the landed gentry. Others of them are very meagre, containing little else than the genealogies of the various families, their sepulchral monuments, lists of the vicars, and the like. Still, although often very imperfectly carried out, the idea or plan of these works is a good one. To get, within the compass of a single publication, an account of all that is known of a given county—its general history, its ancient and prominent families, its antiquities, physical features, industrial resources, and similar information—is a thing likely to be both useful and interesting.

Several counties in Scotland would furnish abundant materials to a competent local historian—Fifeshire for many reasons peculiarly so. It has a marked individuality, and fills a distinct and important niche in the national annals. For some centuries—at Dunfermline, Falkland, and other places, it was the frequent and favourite residence of the Scottish royal family. A city of Fife, too, it should be remembered, was the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland, and much of the secular and religious history of the time was transacted at St. Andrews. Nor have the inhabitants, as their records abundantly show, been at all a submissive and quiescent race, either in political or ecclesiastical matters. From the Reformation down to the era of the Reform Bill, they have uniformly taken a very pronounced position in every great crisis that has occurred. They protested with Knox. In another century they were Covenanters almost to a man in many districts, and when the time of deliverance came in 1689, the new regime was welcomed with open arms. And to these various considerations it

[1] The *Lives of the Lindsays* is a valuable and delightful example of this species of literature.

may be added that the shire can boast of a most honourable roll of distinguished names.

With such a superabundance of materials it is surprising that more has not been made of the history of Fife in a literary sense. Sibbald's rambling, inconclusive, though in many respects valuable book, and Swan's Illustrated History, are the only works of any pretensions professing to deal with the county as a whole. Both have been long out of print. Fifeshire, of course, is included in the Statistical Account of Scotland, Old and New, but the history of a county from sixty-four different hands is not likely to prove a very complete or homogeneous performance. We commend the subject of a satisfactory History of Fife, in all its branches, ancient and modern, to those chiefly interested, the proprietors of the soil. Let it be, however, when it comes, a thing of flesh and blood, something more than a setting forth of genealogies and a cataloguing of memorial brasses, the mere skeletons of human life and history.

Compared with many of its immediate neighbours, the straggling, peninsular strip of land on the east coast of Scotland, known to the world as Fifeshire, looks very little on the map. Only four counties in England are so small as Fifeshire—Bedford, Huntingdon, Rutland, and Middlesex. One need not fall down and worship mere bulk, however, and the importance of a place depends on a good many things besides the number of square miles it may happen to contain. Greece in the ancient world, and our own country in modern times, are trite examples of small territories exercising enormous moral and political influence. To teach this is not the object of the present paper, but probably some such moral may emerge as we proceed. Our intention is rather to bring together in brief compass the salient points that go to make up the history of the shire, feeling assured, as we do, that not many Scotch counties possess so many features of general interest, historically and otherwise.

First of all, the comparative statistics of the county are both curious and exceptional. Of the thirty-three shires into which Scotland is divided, Fife occupies what may be called the golden mean, sixteen being larger and sixteen smaller. Its area, according to the Scottish Domesday Book, published in 1874, is 304,363 acres, but the Ordnance Survey, which includes lakes (of which there are seven), rocks, foreshore, &c., gives the figures as 328,426 acres. Keeping the relative extent in view we shall find that the rest of the statistics are out of all proportion. In value, for example, instead of seventeenth it ranks eighth, the counties higher being Aberdeen, Ayr, Edinburgh, Forfar, Lanark, Perth, and Renfrew, all of which, except Ayr, include one or more of the seven large towns of Scotland. Further, we find that the annual value of the land of Fife (with the buildings thereon, of course) is, overhead, about three pounds per acre, while the average for all Scotland is only twenty shillings.

In connection with this it is interesting to note that two centuries ago Fifeshire was absolutely the most valuable county in Scotland. In the valuation of 1674 the amount was 30,208*l.*, about a thirtieth of the present rental. Perthshire was then second, showing 28,330*l.* Going back still further, to 1517, 360 years ago, we find a valuation of Fife amounting only to 113*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*! And coming down again to 1831, it is 405,770*l.*, less than one-half of the amount in 1874. As a further illustration of the material progress of the country generally, it may be added that Lanarkshire, which in 1874 is rated at something over

four millions sterling annual value, was at the earlier period, 1674, valued at 13,436*l.*! Making all allowance for change in the value of money, this portentous increase in the wealth of a single district is very startling.

As to proprietors Fife is more subdivided than any other Scotch county, Midlothian and Lanark, which means Edinburgh and Glasgow, excepted. The whole number of owners is within nine of 11,000, and 1,772 of these hold an acre and upwards. This latter class of proprietors is exceeded only in Lanark, where again the data of the western metropolis overwhelm all other statistics. From this, however, it must not be supposed there are no extensive landowners, or rather, valuable estates in Fife. The return already quoted shows that there are nineteen proprietors whose rental is above 5,000*l.* and under 10,000*l.*, three or four of them making a narrow escape of reaching the latter sum. In addition to these there are seven other estates the annual value of each of which ranges from 10,000*l.* to 20,000*l.*, viz. Wemyss of Wemyss Castle, Balfour of Balbirnie, Ferguson of Raith, Johnston of Lathrisk, Earl of Elgin, Earl of Moray, and Tyndall Bruce of Falkland. Three of these, the Fergusons, Johnstons, and Earl of Moray, have large possessions elsewhere in Scotland.

Population is a good test of prosperity, and in this respect Fife holds the seventh place, the numbers in 1871 being 160,735. There are 27,056 inhabited houses; Lanark, Aberdeen, Midlothian, and Fife being above it on the list. Ecclesiastically, it is, considering the extent, more subdivided than any other county, the parishes numbering sixty-four. The number of royal burghs in Fife, that is burghs with a charter from the Crown, is also the largest in Scotland. The granting of these municipal favours was doubtless owing to the fact already adverted to, the frequent residence of the Court in Fifeshire. In the case of Falkland, for example, we learn from the old Statistical Account of Scotland, that 'the preamble to the charter of erection states, as reasons of granting it, the frequent residence of the royal family at the manor of Falkland, and the damage and inconvenience sustained by the many prelates, peers, barons, nobles, and others of their subjects, who came to their country seat, for want of innkeepers and victuallers.' Some of these seventeen royal burghs are very small places, as Earlsferry, Crail, and Kinghorn; others, like Dunfermline and Kirkcaldy, are comparatively important towns. Of the latter, Kirkcaldy, we are told by Andrew Fairservice, in the *Antiquary*, that 'it is the sel' o't as lang as ony toon in a' England,' and it has been generally regarded as the leading town in the county. Not less than eleven royal burghs are situated on the estuary of the Forth, one every two or three miles, their maritime position thus giving rise to the *mot* ascribed to James V., that the Fifeshire coast was 'the golden fringe of a worsted petticoat.'

Fife, then, holds a very respectable place among Scotch counties. It is seventeenth in extent, eighth in value, third in number of proprietors, seventh in population, in inhabited houses fourth, in ecclesiastical subdivisions first, in number of royal burghs first.

With one striking exception, the physical aspect of Fife possesses nothing specially remarkable, and compared with portions of the contiguous counties of Stirling and Perth, it may be described as rather tame. Geologically, it consists of one or two extensive open valleys and some smaller ones, with the alternating high lands, and then

gradual slope all round the coast towards the sea. Lofty mountains there are none; only hills, of which the principal are the two Lomonds —about 1,500 feet high (Wilkie's 'ain blue Lomonds')—Largo Law on the coast, and Norman's Law in the north. The Eden and the Leven (not Smollett's Leven), with some tributary streams, are the only rivers in the interior, both flowing eastwards, but the absence of any imposing volume of water inland is amply atoned for by the two noble rivers —the Forth and the Tay—which, with their estuaries, surround three-fourths of the county. Fife, as a whole, although the surface is nowhere flat, but pleasantly undulating all over, except, perhaps, in what is called 'the Howe of Fife,' is lacking both in the picturesque and sublime, and it has never been regarded as a hunting-field for tourists. Its grand attractive feature, however, in the way of scenery, is the sea coast. 'He,' says Defoe, 'that will view the county of Fife, must go round the coast.' Many portions of it are singularly fine, notably, we think, the stretch nearly thirty-five miles long, diversified by many a bay and promontory, between St. Margaret's and Elie. From the deck of the Granton and Burntisland steamer, on a fine summer day, the variety of magnificent views is not easily surpassed anywhere. Upwards, towards the narrowing of the river, a charming landscape is formed by the beautiful woods of Corstorphine, Cramond, and Dalmeny, which stretch away to the left, with Barnbougle Castle, solitary and in ruins, in the extreme distance, and Cramond Island in the foreground. On the Fifeshire side the view is perhaps finer still. Burntisland itself, anciently Kinghorn Wester, is a picturesque sort of place, with much to attract the eye—pretty villas, a tiny links, a rocky headland over the shore, surmounted by an old-fashioned Dutchlike church, while at the upper end there is a grey time-worn pile, Rossend Castle, embosomed in trees, once the residence of the celebrated Kirkaldy of Grange. It was also the scene of Chastelard's fatal and foolish nocturnal intrusion on Queen Mary. In the background, overshadowing all, is the Bin, a great bare hill, of the trap-tuff formation, standing like a huge sentinel over the town. From Burntisland upwards to Inverkeithing, nearly all the way, the coast is beautifully wooded to the water's edge, the land gradually ascending from the river for a couple of miles or so, with here and there cottages, farmhouses, and patches of plantation. In the middle distance, about a mile from the shore, lies the isle of Inchcolm, with its ruined monastery, founded in 1123 by King Alexander I. in this wise, as told by Sibbald, quoting from Fordun:

> The king, while he was passing this firth at the Queen's ferry, was, by a violent wind, driven into this island, after great hazard of being cast away. At that time there lived in this isle an hermite, in a chappel dedicated to St. Columb, and had no sustenance but the milk of one cow, and what he could purchase (*sic*) of shell fish and other small sea fish. By him the king and those who were in company with him were maintained for three days that the storm kept them there, upon which he made a vow to build something of note there, and afterwards built the abbay for the chanons, and doted it.

Opposite the island is Aberdour, nestling in a bend of the coast, a delightful rustic watering-place.

Turning to the other side of the steamer the look-out is very grand. In the foreground we see the island of Inchkeith, like a slumbering lion in the placid expanse of the Firth, while beyond, far and near, there are successively, Fisherrow, Portobello (the Brighton of Scotland), Leith, Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, the Castle rock, the 'cloud-capt towers

and gorgeous palaces' of the metropolis, and the grey Pentlands closing the view at the horizon.

The *tout ensemble* is magnificent, surpassing everything else on the British coast-line, the famous Cornish shore not excepted,

> Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount
> Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.

Patriotic natives even aver that the scene will stand comparison with anything in Europe.

From Burntisland eastward to Pettycur the Bin continues itself in a series of rocky heights, over one of which in 1285 Alexander III. had his fatal fall. Rounding Kinghorn Ness there is the town of the same name built in a little semicircle, and doubling another tongue of land, on which stands an old peel called Seafield Tower, we enter the bay of Kirkcaldy, with the steeples and innumerable chimney stalks of the 'lang toon' visible for four miles to the north. Then another projecting mile of wooded rock, the property of Lord Rosslyn, and round the corner is Dysart, an ancient burgh-royal, which gives a title in the peerage to a branch of the Murrays, now merged in the Tollemaches. Another point and another inlet, and Wemyss, Wester and Easter, appear. Buckhaven, a colony of fisher folk from the Low Countries, comes next. Like all people of the same kind they have many peculiarities, keeping themselves very much to themselves. One half of them are either Thomsons or Robertsons. It would be wrong to say less of them than that they are, bating some defects on the surface, a most worthy and industrious community. Two miles farther on is Leven, at the mouth of the river Leven, and a little farther we come to Largo bay and village, the scene of the well-known song of the 'Boatie Rows.' Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe, was a native of Largo. Still another long reach of land to Kincraig Point, and Earlsferry and Elie are visible at the inner extremity of an acute curve of the coast, the one a continuation of the other—on a small scale, much like Hastings and St. Leonards. The legend about the genesis of Earlsferry is rather an interesting one. We quote it as narrated by the late minister of the parish:

> The origin of this burgh is ascribed to Macduff, Thane of Fife, who, when fleeing from the usurper Macbeth, was obliged to take shelter in the cave already mentioned in Kincraig Ness, where, remaining in concealment for a time, he received great kindness from the fishermen of this village, who afterwards ferried him across the Frith to Dunbar. In return for these kind attentions, Macduff is said to have got Malcolm III. (son of the 'gracious Duncan') betwixt 1057 and 1093 to erect the village into a royal burgh, calling it Earlsferry, with the privilege that the persons of all who should cross the Frith from this place should be inviolable or safe from their pursuers, and that no boat should be allowed to sail in pursuit of them till they were half-way across.

A very fair start truly. At the distance of a good mile is St. Monans, in the district improperly spelled and pronounced St. Monance, a village entirely given up to fish. It has an interesting old Gothic church, engraved by Mr. Billings in his *Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities*. Eastwards from Elie the fine sands, which has thus far been a delightful feature of the beach, gives place to rocks, and we now proceed along a very prosaic coast, nearly destitute of trees, to Pittenweem, also a fishing town, with the remains of a priory, formerly an ecclesiastical foundation of some note. In the next indentation, a mile off, Anstruther Wester and Easter follow in this interminable chain of sea-coast towns, and three miles farther east, behind another projecting point, is Crail, old and quaint in the extreme. It is a peculiar little town, with a main

street on the heights about twice the width of Regent Street, and a primitive harbour of the tiniest description, nearly a hundred feet below, to which the steep lanes from the high ground lead. Above the port is a commanding eminence, where formerly stood Crail Castle, an occasional residence of David I. From this point a fine view is obtained of the Isle of May, five miles out into the German Ocean. The church, consisting of nave and side aisles, is a very ancient structure, in the pointed style of architecture, and there are many interesting monuments to the neighbouring squirearchy in the churchyard. It was in this church that John Knox, on the 29th of May 1559, began his memorable crusade against the idolatry of the Romish Church, which within a week resulted in the partial or entire destruction of the superb cathedral of St. Andrews, and many of the smaller churches in the district. A walk of two miles farther brings us to the East Neuk of Fife, an angular point of land, as its name implies, on the eastern extremity of the county. About half a mile from the Neuk are the ruins of Balcomie Castle, of old a famous house belonging to the Hays, afterwards in succession to the Leslies, Learmonths, Hopes, &c. It is now part of the Pitmilly estate. Mary of Guise landed here in stress of weather in 1538 on her way to St. Andrews to be married to James V. In the immediate vicinity, at the entrance of St. Andrews bay, is the Carr ridge of rocks, a low, treacherous reef, on which many a gallant ship has gone to pieces.

Last of all, thronéd by the east, is the archiepiscopal city of St. Andrews, a dignified old place, with a flavour of bishops and archbishops about it still. It is a curious combination of modern street architecture and ecclesiastical antiquities, of which more hereafter. Although shorn of much of its former splendour, it is still the seat of a university, and its other educational institutions are famous all over the kingdom. St. Andrews is also the headquarters of golf, a delightful pastime, in recent years introduced into England at Westward Ho and elsewhere. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, of which Prince Leopold was lately installed Captain, now numbers about 800 members. The golf links is the finest in the world. It is a tract of land exactly the shape of a hook, and the course is nearly five miles round, with one side bordering the sea.

On a gala day in May or September, when the medals are played for, the scene on the links is a gay and lively one. At the end next the town, that is the top of the hook, is the club-house, with the Union Jack fluttering from the roof. From this point the game begins, and here also is the goal. The game consists in driving a small ball, made usually of gutta percha, into a series (at St. Andrews) of eighteen holes in succession, the holes being from three to four hundred yards apart. The player who does this in the fewest strokes is the winner. Clubs made of ash or hickory, and faced with iron at the striking part, are used. They are of different weights; and in certain positions, such as the ball getting into a bunker or sand-hole, an iron club or 'cleek' is necessary. Scattered about over the field is a miscellaneous gathering of all sorts and conditions of men and women, many of the former in scarlet uniform, which contrasts sharply with the grassy surface. The play is usually two and two, but sometimes a 'foursome' is made up. Celebrities of all sorts are to be seen. Here is a Fife laird and a celebrated Edinburgh publisher bracketed together for a match; there the member for the county

and a lord of session; while on the other side is a major of the Fife Volunteer Artillery coupled with a distinguished officer of the Indian army. Each party has a little following of caddies and others. The interest is of course chiefly concentrated on the 'crack' players, and as a possible medal winner nears the last hole the interest becomes intense. A ladies' club has also been established in recent years, and has proved very successful.

At the farther extremity of the links the Eden flows into the German Ocean, and beyond the river on the other side, a dreary waste of sand extends several miles northwards to the Tay—destitute nearly of all vegetation as well as of human abodes, reminding one forcibly of Shelley's description of a similar desolation in *Julian and Maddalo*:

> A bare strand
> Of hillocks, heaped from ever-shifting sand,
> Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,
> Such as from earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds,
> Is this; an uninhabited sea-side,
> Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,
> Abandons; and no other object breaks
> The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes
> Broken and unrepaired.

Substitute St. Andrews for Venice, and the North Sea for the Adriatic, and the portraiture of the desert of Tents Moor is exact and complete. There can be little doubt that within a comparatively recent period this extensive plain, containing twelve square miles, was covered by the sea.

The extreme north-east of the county has now been reached, and the shores of Fife for the next five-and-twenty miles are washed by the Tay; but on the northern boundary there are few towns and comparatively little that is noteworthy. The portion we have now traversed, however—about one-half—is, it will be admitted, a very remarkable bit of sea-coast. It is questionable if any similar distance on the British shores possesses equal interest. Mr. Billings, in his great work already referred to, speaking of the foreign aspect of the Fife coast towns, remarks that 'a ramble among the grey old towns which skirt the ancient kingdom of Fife might well repay the architectural or archæological investigator.' We might add that the tourist who was daring enough to abjure Schehallion and Loch Maree for a season, and 'do' the coast of Fife instead, would be equally surprised and delighted with his vacation trip; a sea-board which, in the portion of it we have attempted to describe, is begirt with a score or more of towns and townlets, nearly as many ruined castles, several islands, and bays and creeks and picturesque projections innumerable. The castles alone, to an appreciative traveller who had some little feeling for the romance and reality of the past, would afford delightful holiday work for a fortnight at least.

The seats of the nobility and gentry are very numerous all over the county, and add to the variety and beauty of the landscape. Many of these are most delectable places, 'full of all blessed conditions,' some in an architectural sense, others in picturesqueness of position or general amenity. Conspicuous among the latter is Raith House and grounds, the seat of the Fergusons, the park being the finest and largest in the county. The house, built by Lord Raith in the seventeenth century, is a plain building; but its situation, on an elevated plateau of an irregularly shaped hill, is superb. And in the laying out and general embellishment of the grounds, the natural felicities of the site have been skilfully utilised. There are fine woods spreading over hill and dale for miles; two beautiful lakes, dear to

local artists and curlers and skaters, adorn the lower ground, while all about there are any number of pleasant walks and, from the inequalities of the surface, constant surprises in the way of scenery. Raith is altogether a delightful spot, and had it a background of mountains few places in the kingdom would equal it. Nor is it an inaccessible paradise. On the contrary, thanks to the generous liberality of the Ferguson family, the grounds have from time immemorial been open to the good folks of Kirkcaldy. Mr. Tennyson's indignant interrogatory—

> Why should not these great Sirs
> Give up their parks some dozen times a year
> To let the people breathe?

is inapplicable to Raith. It is always open, and in the autumn months such a scene as that described so charmingly in the Introduction to the *Princess* may be seen almost any day. The old mansion of Kirkaldy of Grange, and Balwearie Castle, the residence of Sir Michael Scott, now form part of the Raith property.

This, by the way, it is worth mentioning, is the estate alluded to by Miss Berry in her diary in such vehement terms. She writes, rather wildly, of being 'choused out of a great inheritance,' but surely there is not much either of natural or legal wrong in a man choosing a younger rather than an elder nephew for his heir. The truth is, Miss Berry's father wanted what Scotch people call *smeddum*, and was not capable of managing a great estate; Miss Berry herself admitting that he was 'in need of the guidance she might have looked for from him.' Taking all the circumstances into account, we are inclined to think that Lady Theresa Lewis would have exercised a wise discretion if she had omitted this and other similar bitternesses of Miss Berry towards her grand-uncle Mr. Ferguson.

Balcarras, in the east of Fife, with its romantic *craig*, an old domain of the Lindsays, is also a delightful residence, finely situated on an outlying spur of Largo Law. The house stands high, and below is a pleasant expanse of finely cultivated country to the coast. The number of country houses, each with its environment of woodland scenery, within a few miles of Balcarras is remarkable. They literally swarm. The principal are Pitcorthie, Charlton, Kilconquhar, Elie House, Gibliston, Grangemuir, and Balcaskie. The last mentioned belongs to Sir Robert Anstruther, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, and is a fine old house with terraced gardens and other decorations much in the French style. A pleasing object flashing in the sun between Balcarras and the sea is Kilconquhar Loch, referred to in the local poem of the 'Witches of Pittenweem:'

> They took her to Kinniuchar Loch,
> And threw the limmer in,
> And a' the swans took to the hills,
> Scared with the unholy din.

The Mosaic injunction, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,' received a very literal interpretation in those days.[2]

As an example of architectural splendour and beauty of situation combined, Nuthill or Falkland House, at the base of the East Lomond Hill, may be mentioned. This noble mansion is a modern one, Elizabethan in style, and was erected by the late Mr. Tyndall Bruce, joint convener of the county.

[2] 'Witchcraft abounding so much at this time (1643) no less than thirty persons having, in a few months, been burnt in Fife alone, the General Assembly named a Committee to examine into the nature and cure of that dreadful sin.'—*Stevenson's History of the Church of Scotland.*

It is in every way a princely house, certainly the finest in Fifeshire, and scarcely surpassed anywhere else in the north. It stands on the natural slope of the hill in a unique and beautiful lawn, which extends gradually upward into a background of forest. Nothing, however, in this world is quite perfect, and Nuthill has two defects. There is scarcely any drive within the grounds, and, from the relative position of the house and the hill, the sun is little seen during some months in winter. Largo House, at the foot of the hill already spoken of, is also a sweet place, with many fine old trees scattered here and there. It was the patrimony of Sir Andrew Wood, a celebrated naval hero of the fifteenth century. He seems to have been a sort of Commodore Trunnion, for we are told that on his retiring from active life he kept up his seafaring recollections by having a canal cut from his house to the parish church, along which he was rowed in state every Sunday in an eight-oared vessel. Traces of the canal are still visible. Inchdairnie, belonging to the Aytouns, not far from Leslie, has many claims to notice. The grounds, although not of great extent, are very pleasant, overlooking the Lochty, and the house, built about thirty years ago, from a design by Mr. Bryce, is a beautiful edifice of the Scotch baronial type, and almost disputes with Nuthill for architectural pre-eminence. A near connection of the Inchdairnie branch of this old family, Sir Robert Aytoun, who flourished in the seventeenth century, has a considerable literary reputation, and his monument in black marble is still to be seen in Westminster Abbey. Crawford Priory, the seat of Lord Glasgow, inherited from Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford, near Cupar, should not be forgot. The mansion-house is a grand and imposing structure, half castellated, half monastic in style. It is now, we believe, the principal residence of that noble family.

The country houses just noticed are all more or less inland, but there are one or two Fifeshire estates somewhat amphibious in situation —land on one side and the sea on the other. Chief among these is Donnibristle, the residence of the Earl of Moray, Dysart, the heritage of the Earl of Rosslyn, and Wemyss Castle, possessed by a branch of the Wemyss family. The houses of all three are close to the shore, the latter, Wemyss Castle, so near that at full tide one might almost leap from the windows into the water. The juxtaposition of the sea in the grounds of these estates is a novel and romantic feature. The Dysart 'policies,' for example, as the Scotch phrase goes, are rather limited in extent, but the unexpected glimpses of rock and sands and water ever and anon visible through the trees are charming. At the western boundary is a noble relic of a bygone age —the ruined castle of Ravenscraig, romantically situated on a lofty ledge of rock overhanging the bay of Kirkcaldy. It is a large and interesting ruin, apparently of the fourteenth century, and it has a further claim to our regard from its literary associations as the Ravensheuch of Sir Walter Scott's ballad of *Rosabelle*. The poem, which narrates the fate of the hapless maiden, and describes the supernatural illumination of Roslin Chapel on the night preceding, is well known, but a few of the verses may not be unacceptable once again :

Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew,
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

. . . .

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bo'd
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

The vault of the 'proud chapelle' is still the burying place of the St. Clairs, but the castle adjacent is now a ruin.

A few miles eastward is another interesting ruin—Macduff's Castle, near the village of East Wemyss. It consists of two massive square towers, on an eminence by the shore. Some assert that this was the chief residence of Macduff, but as he had several castles in different parts of Fife, it is needless to dogmatise on the point. The present Castle of Wemyss is at Wester Wemyss, an old historic house, some parts of it being coeval with the ruined fortress farther east. Here it was that Queen Mary first saw her future husband Darnley. In Sir James Melvil's Memoirs he is thus described:

At his first coming he found the Queen at *Weems*, making her progress through *Fiffe*. Her Majesty took very well with him, and said that he was the properest and best proportioned long man that ever she had seen; for he was of a high stature, long and small, even and straight.

Charles II. was also on one or two occasions a guest at Wemyss. The castle, as has been said, occupies a commanding position on the heights overlooking the sea, and there is a fine approach to it a couple of miles long. The building is now being modernised, and will, when completed, be a very grand mansion-house.

If space permitted many other denesnes might be described, such as Broomhall, Inchrye, Fordel, Leslie, &c. The last mentioned, before it was burnt down in 1763, was probably the largest mansion in Scotland. It is the seat of the Leslie-Rothes family, and was built by John, Duke of Rothes, the magnate of the house, about 1670. The situation, on a terrace above the river Leven, is happily chosen. Originally, the edifice formed a complete square, with an internal court, but only one of the sides remains. Yet even now, one-fourth of its original size, it is an extensive house. The most striking feature is the picture gallery, containing portraits of the successive Earls, and their relatives and contemporaries. In an arboricultural sense Leslie is also celebrated, its beeches, and notably its beech avenue, having a more than local fame. All of these country mansions, however, are adorned with fine old woods, and in view of this it is amusing to recall Dr. Johnson's well-known diatribe on the paucity of trees in Scotland, 'that he had not seen from Berwick to St. Andrews a single tree which he did not believe to have grown up far within the present century.' Even then, all over the country, scores of ancestral trees were already venerable with age, if he had had eyes to see them. However, we shall put the Doctor's remarks on Scotch trees into the same category with his amusing vaticinations about modern science and his non-appreciation of *Lycidas*. One good did come out of his absurd statement. His biting animadversions, read everywhere by the landed class, stimulated the planting fever to intensity, and hundreds of hillsides are now covered with trees, which, but for him, might have retained their primeval bareness.

It is a natural transition from the land to the owners, and here change and decay are written far more vividly than on the face of nature. Great changes have no doubt taken place in Fifeshire as elsewhere even during the last two hundred years. In early times the

county, for the greater part, was either forest or heath and morass, and where there are now waving cornfields and fruitful valleys and gardens, the wolf and the wild boar roamed in droves. Still the great physical features are the same. The everlasting hills remain, and the rivers and the sea change not. And contrasted with the fixity of nature, a survey of the leading families of to-day and the prominent names in the records of three or four centuries ago, forcibly suggests the vanity and glory of ancient lineage. Here is a list, or committee as it would be called now, of landowners in 1517, appointed to make an inquisition or valuation, which we have taken the trouble to analyse, and of the whole number we can only recognise three as having successors in the present Domesday Book; Murray of Balvaird, Monipenny of Pitmilly, and Forrester of Strathendry:

ANDREAM MURRAY de Balvaird, milit.
GEORGIUM DISCHINGTON de Ardross.
JACOBUM LUNDIN de Balgony.
AND. SEATON de Parbroth.
DAVID. STEWART de Rasayth.
DAVID. BARCLAY de Cullernie.
THOMAM FORRESTER de Strathenry.
JOHAN. MALVIL de Carnbie.
JOHAN. TRAIL de Blebo.
THOM. LUMISDEAN de Conland.
JOHAN. CLEPHAN de Carslogie.
DAVID. TULLIE de Hillcairnie.
GEORG. STRANG de Balcaskie.
JOAN. SCHEVEZ de Kemback.
ALEXAND. AUCHMOUTIE de eodem.
WILLIELMUM MONIPENNY de Pitmilly.
JOHAN. RANKEILOR de eodem.
DAVID. BARCLAY de Touch.
JOAN. HAY de Foodie.
ALEXAND. LOCHMALONIE de eodem.
THOM. DISCHINGTON Capitanum Palatii S. Andreæ.
JOHAN. FORRESTER de le Newtoun.
JOAN. SEATON of Balbirnie.
JOAN. WARDLAW de Torrie.

Murray of Balvaird is now represented by Lord Mansfield, Viscount Stormont in the Peerage of Scotland. A Monipenny still enjoys the pleasant patrimony of his forefathers by St. Andrews bay, and the Douglases, who now possess Strathendry, acquired it in the seventeenth century by marrying the heiress of the Forresters. All the rest, Seatons, Barclays, Strangs, Lochmalonys, &c., all are gone. It may be mentioned that up to a very recent period the Clephanes and Lundins occupied a place on the territorial roll of Fifeshire. Coming down to a later period, we find another striking illustration of the vicissitudes of families. Out of 276 heritors in Sibbald's list, printed about 1695–1700, not many more than one-third remain. And, once more, of the 170 names of Scotch peers on the Union Roll in 1707, more than one-third are extinct!

Of the survivors of these ancient families, Mr. Froude, in his address on 'The Uses of a Landed Gentry,' says in effect that they are here because they deserve to be; a sort of 'survival of the fittest,' 'enduring witnesses of past worth, and good work done.' And again, to the same purpose, he says, 'High place was lost so easily that when a family had been of long continuance, we might be sure it had survived by some exceptional merit.' No one, we fancy, will object to Mr. Froude's statement, so eloquently expressed, of the historic claims of the landed gentry, but dare we say of all those whose memory and name are gone, that they were unworthy, and, therefore, in the continual press to the front, they went to the wall and perished? This is a hard saying. Strength and might and success are not necessarily always in the right. Might not Milton's solemn and scathing words of condemnation apply, perhaps, to some of those families who have outlived the wreck of centuries, rather than to those of them who have gone down in the struggle?

Our English herald Guillim, though his office consist chiefly about titular dignity

and gentry by birth, yet confesses, speaking of those whose first ancestors were raised for their worth, that if they vaunt of their lineage or titular dignity, and want their virtues, they are but like base serving men, who carry on their sleeves the badge of some noble family, yet are themselves but ignoble persons.

Of the older Fifeshire families who have living representatives, those of Rosslyn, Rothes, and Wemyss have claims to be specially noticed, and the Lindsays might also be added. All of them were great and powerful houses at a very early period, and took a leading part in the conduct of affairs. The St. Clairs, of whom Earl Rosslyn is the chief representative, were of Norman origin, and arrived in Scotland in the eleventh century, during the reign of Malcolm Canmore, and obtained lands in Midlothian, where they built the castle and chapel from which they derive their title. One of the early St. Clairs, Sir William of Rosslyn, fought at Bannockburn, and accompanied the Black Douglas on his mission in conveying the heart of King Robert Bruce to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Both fell in Spain fighting against the Moors. A descendant of Sir William, by a marriage with the heiress of the earldom of Orkney, acquired the extensive estates of that almost regal family, and at this time the St. Clairs were probably the most powerful house in Scotland. On the marriage, however, of James III. with the Princess of Denmark in 1470, the Orkney and Shetland Islands were ceded to the Scottish Crown by Norway; and jealous, it is said, of the overgrown power of the northern noble, the king compelled him to make what in Scotch law is called an excambion —in other words, to exchange his possessions in Orkney and in Nithsdale for the earldom of Caithness, and the lands of Dysart and Ravenscraig. Hence their connection with the county of Fife. The most distinguished member of the family in recent times was the great-grand-uncle of the present earl—the Lord Chancellor Loughborough, first Earl of Rosslyn, an able and astute lawyer, whose career is graphically depicted in the *Lives of the Chancellors.*

The great name of Leslie-Rothes is now represented by Henrietta, Countess of Rothes, who, with a little poetic license, may fairly be described as 'the daughter of a hundred earls.' It would only be multiplying the fact by four. There have been five-and-twenty bearing the name, and there was an Earl of Rothes in 1457. The earldom ranks fifth on the list of Earls in the Union Roll. The Leslies trace their descent to Bartholomew, a Hungarian grandee, who settled in Scotland in 1097. The family has been a most influential one, and attained its culminating point in the person of John, Duke of Rothes, a zealous Royalist during the civil wars. At the disastrous battle of Worcester, he, along with many other eminent persons, was made prisoner, and his estates confiscated. When the Restoration came, he was reinstated, and a dukedom and many additional honours heaped upon him. The succession to the ducal honours being in the male line, failed. A sufficient testimony to his administrative ability is the fact that he held five of the great offices of State simultaneously—His Majesty's Commissioner for Scotland, High Treasurer, President of the Secret Council, Keeper of the Great Seal, and Lord General of all the Forces in Scotland. The following extract from the Records of the Town Council of Kirkcaldy relates to the Duke's funeral, which was a national one:

1681.—At this time there being a letter direct from the Earl of Haddington, inviting them to the burial of the Duke Rothes, his father-in-law, and considering the great and many obligations that lie

upon them more than other burghs in this shire, and that lately his Grace had purchased from the King's Majesty ane gift to them of several impositions for building their harbour; therefore they appoint all inhabitants who can get horse to go to said burial upon their own expense, and that there shall be thirty mourning cloaks provided upon the town's expense.

The transcriber, referring to the Chancellor's ecclesiastical leanings, adds a little anecdote indicative, we think, of the magnanimity of the man:

The Duke was not so unpopular as the Archbishop (Sharp) and others. Lady Rothes used to conceal the Covenanting preachers at Leslie House with the knowledge of his Lordship; only they had to keep out of his sight, he pretending not to know they were there.[2]

The Wemyss family has also claims to great antiquity, being descendants of Gillimachus, fourth Earl of Fife. Their great ancestor, the first Earl, is the Macduff of Shakespeare, whose important service to King Malcolm was rewarded by that monarch with the Earldom of Fife. Three special privileges were also bestowed on him at the same period. First, that he and his successors should conduct the king to the chair of state at coronations; second, that they should lead the van of the army in battle; and third, that unpremeditated murder on the part of any of Macduff's kin to the ninth degree was expiable by certain fines or offerings at the cross of Macduff. 'Our judicious Skeen,' as Sibbald calls him, thus refers to this curious privilege:

The croce of clan Mackduff had privelege and liberty of girth, in sik sort, that when onie manslayer, being within the ninth degree of kin and bluid to Mackduff sometime Earl of Fyffe, come to that croce, and gave nyne kie (cows) and an colpindach or young kow, he was free of the slaughter committed be him.

A dangerous privilege, it will be thought, in those lawless times. Very little now remains of this famous cross.

There can be no doubt that these early Earls of Fife exercised absolute and almost royal state and jurisdiction within their territories, forming a kind of *imperium in imperio*. A manuscript referred to by Sibbald says:

He had all his earldom (Fife) erected into a principality, that is to say, to exime his tenents and subjects from all other courts and judgement, and give justice to all his, in his own countries.

Very likely it is owing to this, rather than to its general wealth and importance, that the county, which at that time included Kinross, Clackmannan, and portions of Perthshire and Stirlingshire, came to be designated 'the kingdom of Fife.' The Wemyss branch of the Macduffs broke off from the main stem at the fourth Earl in the twelfth century, and the present Fife branch of the family is descended from James, third son of the fifth Earl of Wemyss. The chief of the blood is the Earl of Wemyss.

Among the great historic houses of Scotland the Lindsays hold the very first rank. Three of the name at different periods have espoused royal princesses. One of these, the first Earl, married a daughter of Robert II. Another of the family, Colin Lindsay, Earl of Balcarras, is a well-known figure in English history, his first wife being a cousin of the Prince of Orange. The Earl of Crawford is premier Earl of Scotland. For three or four centuries the Lindsays took a prominent part in every important event in the history of the country, and they have produced many distinguished characters — warriors, statesmen, and scholars. Among the more noteworthy of this illustrious race may be mentioned Earl David, the fifth

[2] See *Lives of the Lindsays*, vol. ii. p. 141.

Earl, created Duke of Montrose by James III., the most powerful of the clan; Sir David, better known as Lord Menmuir, a lord of session, and a distinguished statesman as well; Alexander, first Earl of Balcarras; and John, twentieth Earl Crawford. There have been a good many literary Lindsays. Sir David of the Mount is the earliest. Few characters in Scottish history have a fairer fame or a sweeter savour than this dearly-loved playmate and companion of James V. The story of his relations with that prince is a most touching and honourable chapter in the family annals. Thus tenderly in the *Complaint to the King's Grace* he recalls the endearments of infancy:

How as ane chapman bears his pack
I bore thy grace upon my back,
And sometimes stridlings on my neck,
Dancing with mony bend and beck.

The first syllabis thou did mute
Was 'Pa Da Lyn' upon the lute,
Then played I twenty springs perqueir,
Whilk was great pleasure for to hear.

*Perqueir*, we may mention, is a Scotch form of *par cœur*, and 'Pa Da Lyn' has been felicitously interpreted as 'Play, Davie Lindsay.' Lindsay of Pitscottie is another less known member of the craft. Then, in more recent times, Lady Anne Barnard, the author of *Auld Robin Gray*, was a Lindsay, and that pathetic ballad is for ever associated with Balcarras, where it was composed. And modern readers do not need to be reminded that there are still worthy representatives of the house. There is the Earl of Crawford himself, whose *History of Christian Art* and *Lives of the Lindsays* are well known, and his brother-in-law, Sir Coutts Lindsay of Balcarras, accomplished both in literature and painting. The ancient Fife seat of the family was Struthers, sometimes called Aughter-uther-struthers, from the morasses which surrounded it. It is now in ruins.[4]

The Earl of Moray is another prominent name in Scottish history, and still 'to the fore.' The founder of the present family, the well-known good regent, the half-brother of Mary Queen of Scots, was assassinated while riding through the streets of Linlithgow by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. It is not so generally known that this did not prevent Murray's son from marrying the daughter of his father's murderer. The Bethunes, or Beatons as they are popularly called, have also been a famous race. Several members of the family, including two archbishops, have won a place in Scottish history; but their greatest name is the celebrated cardinal, who was murdered in the castle of St. Andrews in 1546. In the records of Presbyterianism he shares, with Archbishop Sharp and Graham of Claverhouse, pre-eminence in persecuting the 'suffering Church of Scotland.' It would be ungallant to forget another of the clan, the beautiful Mary Bethune, one of the Queen's four Maries, whose portrait still adorns the drawing-room at Balfour. Mr. Conolly, in a notice of the family in his *Eminent Men of Fife*, remarks that another branch—the Bethunes of Creich—made more great alliances during the time they flourished than any other family in Scotland.

The Melvilles[5] hold an honour-

[4] Struthers was the inheritance of the Lindsays of the Byres, one of the three great branches of the house of Lindsay. The present Earl of Crawford belongs to the Balcarras branch.

[5] The honours of the house of Leven were conjoined with those of Melville in 1713, David, the second Earl, inheriting as third Lord Leven, on the death of his mother, a granddaughter of the celebrated Presbyterian general, Alexander Leslie, first Earl of Leven.

able place among Fifeshire families. It is an ancient house, Galfred de Maleville, the first of the name, having lands in the reign of David I. His great-grandson, Sir John de Melville, emerges in historical records as having sworn fealty to Edward I. in 1296. A descendant, Sir John Melvil of Raith, was beheaded in 1549, probably for his share in the murder of Cardinal Bethune. Three of his sons attained eminence. Sir Robert, the second son, held several official employments, and was twice deputed ambassador to the Court of Elizabeth: on the last occasion in an ineffectual endeavour to prevent the execution of Queen Mary. He became the first Lord Melville. Sir James, the third son, author of the *Memoirs*, occupied a distinguished position during the same period, and, like the rest, was a devoted adherent of Mary. Another brother, Sir Andrew Melvil, was steward of the Queen's household, and attended his unhappy mistress to the scaffold.

Many other families connected with the shire might be enumerated, but time would fail to tell of Halkets, Anstruthers, Bruces, Whytes, Hendersons, Balfours, Boswells, Skenes, Fergusons, Maitlands, Oswalds, Campbells, and many more.

The antiquities of Fifeshire are both numerous and interesting; but we do not think they have ever got a fair chance of becoming famous. Several reasons might be adduced why it is so. First and chiefly there is the fact that St. Andrews and Dunfermline (Falkland may be included), where the remains of ancient grandeur are principally to be found, are difficult places to get to or from. The two first mentioned are situated in the extreme corners of the county, away from the main line of railway, and Falkland is also somewhat difficult of access. Then there has been no Magician of the North to throw the glamour of his genius over any of these places. If to this we add that Fife has no towering mountains or lonely savage glens to tempt the tourist from the usual track, sufficient will have been said to explain why the secular and ecclesiastical antiquities of the county are comparatively unknown. So much the worse, however, for the tourists.

St. Andrews—the ancient Kilrymont—is one of the most interesting places in Great Britain. It is a city *sui generis*. Among the many beautiful and interesting cathedral cities of the South there is nothing at all like it. Its striking maritime situation, and noble outlook seawards, is not only unrivalled but unique in an ecclesiastical town. Add to this its spacious streets, its academic air, its ecclesiastical forlornness, its famous links, its romantic history, and, above all, its noble ruins, which all combine to throw a halo of interest over the ancient city of St. Rule. We often wonder that Hawthorne, for whom our old cathedral towns had an inexpressible charm, should never have made a pilgrimage to St. Andrews.

There is quite an *embarras de richesses* of ruins at St. Andrews. The Castle, built in the thirteenth century, the palace of the archbishops, would alone be sufficient to set up a reputation in the romantic line. The situation is very striking, and twice a day the waves of the German Ocean flow round its foundations. A good part of the front wall is extant, and portions of the towers. A miserable dungeon, five-and-twenty or thirty feet underground, the abode of many an unfortunate wretch, is also shown to visitors. It was in front of the castle that Wishart was burnt; and the supposed window is pointed out

at which Cardinal Bethune sat to witness the awful spectacle, and from which in turn, a few months later, his mangled remains were ignominiously hung. A few steps further, and we enter the cathedral gates. Here, certainly, the glory is departed, but every footstep is over historic and, might we say, enchanted ground. The remains sufficiently indicate the former grandeur of the edifice. It was begun in 1159, and only completed in 1318. Its extreme length was 370 feet. For nearly three centuries it remained the great metropolitan church of the nation, until in 1559 it fell a prey to the iconoclastic zeal of the followers of Knox, and the work of a century and a half was demolished almost in a day. Part of the east and west gables, three of the turrets or spires, a portion of the walls of the nave, and some lesser fragments is all that is left of this once splendid edifice. Close by the grey tower of the church of St. Regulus, 108 feet high, rears its head, one of the very oldest structures in Scotland. Fresh as it seems, it is supposed to have been nearly a thousand years in existence, and it looks solid enough to endure for a thousand years to come. The cathedral grounds now form the cemetery of the city, and there are a number of interesting monuments. Among the modern ones is that of Robert Chambers, the last years of whose useful and honourable life were spent in St. Andrews. In South Street are the ruins of St. Leonard's Chapel, and farther down the remains of a small chapel belonging to a monastery of the Blackfriars. This list does not exhaust the antiquities of the place. There is the College Church, the ponds, the Westgate, the grand Abbey wall &c., all of which possess much interest.[6] A marked feature in the street architecture of St. Andrews is the number of large old family houses with an infinity of windows, especially in South Street. The necessity, however, for such extensive mansion-houses will be obvious if we consider that formerly it was not unusual for the county families to migrate for a time to the city, just as they now do to London.

Dunfermline has little attractiveness as a town compared with its stately sister in the east, but it possesses many interesting memorials of the past, both palatial and ecclesiastical. At a very early period Dunfermline was a favourite residence of the Scottish kings. Here Malcolm Canmore, with whose reign, 1057–93, something like authentic history begins, nearly constantly resided in the tower on the hill in Pittencrieff glen, which still goes by his name. Only the merest fragment of this ancient royal residence remains, but it has considerable interest as the spot from which rays of enlightenment and religion were shed on a barbarous land. There seems a substantial agreement among historians about Margaret, his gentle and saintly queen, and the beneficent, civilising influence she exercised in her adopted country. At a little distance from Malcolm's modest dwelling, and in the same romantic hollow, arose in a later age a more ornate and splendid fabric, the favourite palace for some centuries of the sovereigns of Scotland. There is much difference of opinion as to the date of its erection, if indeed it was all built at one time, but whatever its exact era, it must have been, both in architectural grandeur and extent, a right noble edifice. Although the remains are smaller, the palace bears a striking resemblance, both in style and situation, to Berry Pomeroy Castle,

[6] Well might Defoe describe St. Andrews as 'an awful heap of ruins.'

near Totnes, a famous ruined fortress of the Somersets. The south-west wall, 205 feet long and 60 feet high, with a small portion of the east end, is all that is now visible. Here Charles I. and his sister the Princess Elizabeth, future Queen of Bohemia, were born, and the window of the natal chamber, with a curious stone carving in bas-relief of the Annunciation, is still to be seen. The monastery adjoining, founded by Malcolm, and afterwards promoted to the dignity of an abbey, was one of the wealthiest ecclesiastical houses in Scotland. Not less than thirty-seven churches and chapels, in different parts of Scotland, with their pertinents and lands, belonged to this rich monkish corporation.

Of the Abbey Church only the western end of the nave remains, and one of the spires. The interior of the remaining part is in good preservation, the pillars, roof, and walls being apparently entire, owing possibly to the protection of the massive buttresses outside. The remains form a majestic vestibule to the modern parish church. The great western door, Norman, attracts much admiration, although the sculptured work is somewhat defaced. It is exactly opposite the old palace, and very likely there would be a covered way between them. A corridor of a similar kind led to the monastery buildings a little to the east, of which eight or nine fine tall windows survive. A large traceried window also adorns the gable of this portion of the ruins. An extraordinary interest attaches to this ruined church as the burial place for many ages of the royal family of Scotland. A long list of royal personages interred here is printed in Chalmers' *History of Dunfermline.* The most famous of all, still a name to conjure with in Scotland, is King Robert Bruce, whose tomb was opened in 1819 by order of the Barons of Exchequer. The remains now lie under the pulpit of the parish church. Many other antiquities of lesser importance are also to be seen at Dunfermline, but want of space prevents any detailed account of them.

Falkland, as is well known, had also a good deal to do with royalty, chiefly perhaps as a hunting seat, first at the castle, and then at the palace subsequently erected. The former was the scene of a dreadful tragedy—dreadful even in that age—the murder by starvation of the Duke of Rothesay, son of Robert III., by his uncle Albany, in 1402. No portion of the old castle is now to be seen. The palace, or what remains, is a sweet and interesting place. Originally it had three sides, but only the south side and the skeleton wall of the east end are preserved. The entrance, in the castellated style, with two towers surmounting it, is handsome and imposing, and reminds one of Holyrood. A magnificent view rewards the visitor to the battlements, including the whole of the 'Howe of Fife.' In its prime the palace must have been a charming residence. James V. lived very frequently here, and here also he died, broken-hearted, after hearing of the birth of his still more unfortunate daughter. His grandson James VI. delighted also to come to Falkland, but after the union of the crowns the building went rapidly to decay. It then became private property, and it has since passed through the hands of six or seven proprietors, the last of whom, the family of Bruce of Nuthill, still possess it, and have earned public gratitude by their efforts to preserve it from further decay. Fine gardens are attached, and the factor of the Nuthill estate resides in the palace apartments. In the Valuation Roll of the county of Fife this grand old appanage of royalty stands at the

magnificent sum of twenty-five pounds annual value!

Besides these three centres of archæological interest there are many other interesting remains scattered over the county, chiefly in the shape of ruined castles. On the coast alone, as has been already mentioned, more than a dozen of these dismantled strongholds are to be seen, and there are a good many inland also. Lindores Abbey, that of Balmerino, Leuchars Church, a fine specimen of Norman ecclesiastical architecture, and the 'Standin Stones' of Lundin are also interesting monuments of antiquity.

It is a step from the romantic to the prosaic to leave the shadowy, legendary part, and touch upon the modern industrial resources of the county. Fife, if we may so speak, has a good many irons in the fire, and great diversity, consequently, of population. The industrial class may be divided roughly into four sections — miners, factory hands, fishermen, and agriculturists. In regard to the first, an important and valuable industry, coals have been wrought for about 600 years. In the Chartulary of the Abbey of Dunfermline there are notices of the working of coal so early as 1291, but at that period, and for long afterwards, its use was confined to the wealthy. At that time, too, it was all wrought by crop-levels. The chief coal districts are Dunfermline, Lochgelly, and Kirkcaldy, all situated towards the lower portion of the county. It is worthy of remark that no coal seams have been found in the north of Fife, nor indeed anywhere in Scotland beyond the Tay, unless the mining enterprise of the Duke of Sutherland at Brora should be crowned with success. The Fife collieries add about 50,000*l.* annually to the valuation roll. In the Earl of Elgin's rental we observe that nearly one-third is derived from below the surface.

The weaving of linen is an extensive branch of Fifeshire industry, the two chief centres being Dunfermline and Kirkcaldy, although in late years a good many factories have been built farther inland, in the Falkland and Strathmiglo districts. Dunfermline has long been famous for the production of damask fabrics, such as table cloths, napkins, and the like. The Fife manufacture of this article is, we believe, the largest in the world. Kirkcaldy again supplies goods of a plainer description, ticks, sheetings, towellings, &c. Flax-spinning is also extensively carried on in Kirkcaldy, its maritime situation and proximity to the Baltic being favourable circumstances. The Fifeshire linen trade thus includes everything between the coarse ducks and canvas of the Forfarshire looms on the one hand, and the finer productions of Belfast on the other. In Kirkcaldy also of late years the floorcloth industry has got a local habitation and a name as well, the production being larger and of better quality than in either of the old seats of the manufacture—Bristol and London.

As to farming, the agriculturists of Fife have long had a good reputation. Nearly all the land is arable, but there are considerable differences in its quality and productive powers. All along the coast and in most districts in the interior the soil is a rich loam, and yields large and early crops, but in some others it is wet, poor, and indifferent. Thus, while the rental of farms in the parish of Kinghorn, over against Edinburgh, averages about forty-six shillings per acre, and those of Kilmany, in the Cupar district, about forty shillings, the farmers in the parish of Beath do not pay more than about nineteen or twenty shillings in the aggregate. The average extent of the holdings is large, larger at least than in many districts

of England. Taken all over, large and small together, the average is probably a little over 200 acres. Everywhere the cultivation of the land and general management of the farm is conducted on the most improved modern methods, one result among others of the system of long fixed leases which is everywhere the rule.

There is still one other source of wealth and prosperity which we have yet to speak of—the sea, which furnishes a considerable item to the revenue of the county. There are several towns entirely dependent on the harvest of the sea, of which the chief are Cellardyke, Buckhaven, St. Monans, and Pittenweem. The white fishing, as the taking of cod, haddocks, whitings, &c. is called, goes on nearly all through the year, but it is a curious fact in natural history that during the last few years both the summer and winter herring fishings have been almost *nil*, at least compared with what they were five-and-twenty years ago. The fish seem to have migrated for the present to some other quarter, although it is a general belief, we understand, among fishermen that they will return by and by to their former haunts. A favourite spot for large takes near Crail, called the 'auld haiks,' used to be described jocularly as the best farm in Fife, but here and everywhere else the game is up for the present. The same thing, however, we find, has happened before. Lamont, from whom we have already given extracts, writes of the years 1657–8, also 1662–3, 'there was few or no harring gotten in Fyfe side, and not many in Dumbar.' He adds, 'the like had not been, as some think, for the space of a hundred years before.' The boats are now very large craft, almost sloops in size. There are 760 belonging to Fife, and with nets and lines the aggregate value is 100,000*l*. Since the home herring fishing has failed, the men prosecute their calling as the season comes round both north and south, at Stonehaven and Wick on the one hand, and as far south as Yarmouth on the other. In one of the towns mentioned, Cellardyke, the superior, or lord of the manor, is entitled to every fourteenth fish that is caught, except herrings, of which every eighteenth is claimed. This contribution, however, which, paid in kind, would be rather an embarrassing offering, is now commuted by a payment of forty pounds annually to the laird of Balfour. Thirty or forty years ago the whale fishing was also carried on with considerable energy, Kirkcaldy, at one time, sending seven or eight large vessels to Greenland, but it is, so far as Fife is concerned, now abandoned. In general shipping there is still a great deal of trade, coasting and otherwise. Flax and Norway timber are the chief imports; coals, potatoes, yarns, &c., the principal outgoing commodities.

These notices of an interesting county can scarcely be concluded without some reference, however brief, to the eminent men of Fife. We would incur the just wrath of every native if we ventured to say of the county as a whole, what the late minister of Elie, with much naïveté and brevity, wrote of his particular parish, under the head 'Eminent Persons.' 'This is a production,' said his reverence, 'in which the parish does not appear to be very prolific.' Perhaps the most distinguished native of Fife, in the sense of most largely influencing the welfare and destiny of the world, is Adam Smith, whose great work on the political economy of nations is silently operating in every civilised country, and bearing in its train beneficent results beyond all human calculation.

Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus.

He was born in Kirkcaldy, where his father was comptroller of customs, his mother belonging to the family of Douglas of Strathendry already noticed. It is pertinent to remark here that the inhabitants of Kirkcaldy, whatever sense they may entertain of the merits of their distinguished townsman, have not given any visible tangible proof of it to the outside world. With the exception of a bust in their council chamber, there is nothing whatever, we understand, to indicate to the stranger that here was born the author of the *Wealth of Nations.* 'A prophet is not without honour save in his own country.' The book was written at Kirkcaldy, in his mother's house, during the ten years that elapsed between his return from the Continent with the young Duke of Buccleuch, and his removal to Edinburgh on receiving an appointment as one of the Commissioners of Customs. It was published in the year 1776.

Another name Fifeshiremen are justly proud of is Sir David Wilkie, a native of the parish of Cults, near Cupar, the county town. A village in the neighbourhood is the scene of his well-known picture of 'Pitlessie Fair.' Dr. Chalmers, the celebrated divine, and principal founder of the Free Church, is, however, the most widely known and popular of Fife worthies. Nothing, on the whole, sways more powerfully the lower and middle classes in Scotland than the pulpit (except, in late years, the modern newspaper press), and Chalmers was above all things a pulpit orator. He 'fulmined over' Scotland from John o' Groats to Wigton Bay. He was born in Anstruther, the birth-place also of Tennant, the author of 'Anster Fair,' and even now strangers, with a theological bias, perhaps, come to the little fishing town to see where the great preacher was born. Then in modern times, beside those otherwise mentioned, we may mention Mrs. Somerville, Lord Chancellor Campbell, Professor Syme, the late Earl of Elgin, Sir Noel Paton, Lord Deas, Sir Ronald Ferguson of Raith, and Sir John Oswald of Dunnikier (the last two, companions in arms of the Duke of Wellington), Sir John Leslie, the Right Hon. James Oswald, John Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, and others. More remotely in point of time there is Leslie, the distinguished Parliamentary general, and his equally celebrated chief, Lord Leven, both of whom may be regarded as belonging to the county, Balnaves of Hal-hill, Sir R. Sibbald, several of the Melville, Lindsay, and Rothes families, Kirkaldy of Grange, George Gillespie, Alexander Henderson; the two last-mentioned distinguished defenders of the Presbyterian Church. Earliest of all is Sir Michael Scott, of wizard fame, a name shining to our own day through the darkness of the thirteenth century. His castle, in ruins, is still to be seen at Balwearie, in the neighbourhood of Kirkcaldy. The situation is very fine, and the road to it most singular and picturesque, part of it being reputed the work of Sir Michael's familiars. A great part of his life was spent abroad, but he returned to Scotland before the death of Alexander III. About 1290 he, with his near neighbour, Sir Michael de Wemyss, was deputed ambassador to bring home Margaret, the Maiden Queen, from Norway. The Wemyss family possess an ancient silver bowl, a memorial of this event, which is always used on christening occasions. Sir Michael Scott died in 1292, but, like Moses, the place of his burial is unknown, although, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel,* Melrose Abbey is mentioned. It is scarcely likely, however, that one who, while alive, was credited with so intimate an acquaintance with

*diablerie*, should find a resting-place within the hallowed precincts of Melrose. His remains may possibly have been removed thither, but the building of the abbey was not begun till 1326, thirty-four years after Scott's death.

Those of our readers who have accompanied us thus far in our survey will, we trust, have at least a distinct impression left on their minds that it is no mean or commonplace county we have been considering. Very much has no doubt been left unsaid, but perhaps our remarks, imperfect and desultory as they are, may induce some to prosecute the investigation for themselves. And if, further, these notices should in any measure be instrumental in directing attention to the fact that there is no worthy and complete history of the county extant, and to the consequent desirableness of such a literary undertaking, then, in that case also, this paper will have served a useful purpose.

T. Hutchison.

## HOW TO INVEST MONEY WITH SAFETY.

THE question, What is the *bonâ fide* value of a given investment of money? is one of extreme importance to a large number of persons. It may be said with truth, that the keeping of money is often a matter of more perplexity and uncertainty than the earning of it. The number of persons who are dependent on a fixed income, or, more properly speaking, on the returns obtainable by the employment of a limited sum of money, is very large in this country. It comprises many of those who fall the most easy prey to the swindler, the schemer, or the sanguine and over-hasty adviser. Even the primary law of investment—which is to the effect that security and rate of interest are associated in an inverse ratio, and that any increase in the interest paid for a sum of money in excess of that which can be obtained by the purchaser, in the open market, of Government securities (meaning, of course, those of the British Government) indicates a corresponding want of safety in the investment—is but dimly and partially apprehended. Stories are often told, and are sometimes true, of investments on which the returns have replaced the capital expended in a few years. And the clergyman, the widow, or the half-pay officer, who has a little nest egg of a few hundred pounds in Consols, looks with a sort of self-reproachful envy at the accounts of the five, six, or even ten per cent. dividend which he or she may see promised, or even announced, as the result of some tempting speculation.

Even with regard to those persons to whom it is of less importance to receive the utmost available penny of income, the question of investment will often cause perplexity. If a perfectly safe employment of capital will insure a return of over four, or four and a half, instead of under three, per cent., the inducement is one which few of us can afford to despise. But when the question arises, 'What shall I do with so much money?' the reply usually is, 'That is the most difficult subject on which advice can be sought.' And, as a rule, in proportion to the capacity and reliability of the adviser is the hesitation and reluctance with which he will offer advice.

The object of the present pages is to suggest a few considerations on one particular form of investment, namely, that in railways. Parliament has authorised the creation of railway shares and stock to the amount of 549,000,000*l.* sterling for the construction of railways. It has further empowered the railway companies to borrow 192,000,000*l*, on the credit of their property. Out of this large amount of 741,000,000*l.* the sum of 658,000,000*l.* had been expended to the close of 1876. The public, therefore, are likely to have an early opportunity of subscribing for nearly 200,000,000*l.* of railway stock or securities. That some sure and impartial guide should be provided —some means of ascertaining, first, the degree of security, and then the probability of return, that may be attached to the shares or securities of any given railway—is a desideratum for a very large number of persons.

In the French railways the proportion between share capital and borrowed money differs very widely from that which prevails in this country. Roundly speaking, the English companies are authorised to borrow about one-third of their

share capital. The French companies borrow three times the amount of their share capital. At the end of 1872, the *actions* or shares of the French railways amounted to the sum of 1,566,549,049 francs; the obligations, or loans, to the sum of 5,923,995,141 francs; or 62,660,000*l.* and 237,150,000*l.* respectively. To this large amount of borrowed capital the guarantee of the State gave a degree of security which was more acceptable to the thrift of a vast proportion of French investors than the chance of a higher return from the unguaranteed shares of the companies. This allowed the French companies to raise their borrowed capital at so moderate a rate of interest that their nett revenue (in 1872) allowed of the division of 10·74 per cent. by way of dividend and sinking fund on the average share capital of the six great companies, the North, the East, the South, the West, the Lyons, and the Orleans lines. The ratio in that year of nett income to total capital was 5·9 per cent., while that obtaining in England was 4·7 per cent. Railway property as a whole, therefore, at this time was about 21 per cent. more productive in France than in England; in which latter country, in the same year, the interest paid on preferential and loan capital was 4·39 per cent., and that on ordinary capital 5·14 per cent. The amount of ordinary capital at that time was 239,000,000*l.*; that of preference and guaranteed stock (which of course only had the guarantee of the companies and of their ordinary stock) was 177,780,000*l.*, and that of loans and debenture stock was 146,000,000*l.*

On the English lines, then, it is necessary to regard the capital raised as to a certain extent dependent on the prosperity of the railways for the dividend which it pays. Questions of detail arise as to the relative value of the different stocks of different companies, or even of the same company, which are not, perhaps, of any very serious difficulty. But the condition of the property as a whole is that which has first to be regarded. As to this, the returns which the companies are now compelled by Act of Parliament annually to make certainly present much definite information.

Since 1860, for which year the figures are first given by the Board of Trade, there has been a very slight improvement in the productive value of railway property as a whole, coupled with an enormous increase in its amount. The paid-up capital of 1860 was 348,000,000*l.*, and the nett receipts of that year were enough to allow a distribution of interest at the rate of 4·19 per cent. over the entire capital. By 1876, that is to say, in sixteen years, the capital had increased to 658,000,000*l.*, on which the nett receipts for the year gave an average dividend of 4·36 per cent. The entire property, therefore, besides its augmentation in amount, had increased in value by the annual figure of 0·17 per cent. of dividend, or by 4 per cent. on the earning power of the capital.

This increase, however, has not been either steady or continuous. The culminating point was attained in 1872. In that year the total capital expended on the railways of the United Kingdom was 569,000,000*l.*, being at the rate of nearly 36,000*l.* per mile of line. The gross receipts from all sources were 53,235,000*l.*, being at the rate of 3,366*l.* per mile of line. The working expenditure, which in 1860 was 47 per cent. of the receipts, had risen to 49 per cent., and the proportion of nett income to paid-up capital was 4·74 per cent.

From the close of 1872 to that of 1876 there has been a progressive deterioration in the earning powers of railway property, amount-

ing to 8 per cent. A slight recovery was shown in 1875, but with that exception the decline has been continuous. During the four years in question the gross receipts of the railways of the United Kingdom have increased by 16·9 per cent., while the length of line open has only increased by 6·6 per cent. As referred to mileage, the gross income has increased from 3,366*l.* to 3,687*l.* per mile. But during the same time the ratio of working expenses has increased from 49 to 54 per cent. of gross income, and the capital cost per mile has increased from 35,984*l.* to 39,012*l.*, or by more than 10 per cent. Thus while our railway property has increased in amount it has deteriorated in value; not as measured by the Stock Exchange price of the shares (which affords but very imperfect indications of the real worth), but as regards the actual nett earning power of the system. That earning power, represented by the proportion of nett revenue to paid-up capital, has diminished, as above stated, by 8 per cent., which is equal to a depreciation of the value of the entire capital to that amount; or to a loss by the owners of railway property of the sum of 45,500,000*l.* sterling. The addition to the capital, during the four years in question, has been 89,000,000*l.*, so that the shareholders have received rather less than ten shillings in value for every pound of additional subscription.

To obtain a correct view of the true value of railway property as an investment it is necessary to lay aside, for the purpose of the inquiry, any disturbing appreciation of nominal or conventional value. We have one thing to ascertain, and that is the earning power of the property. We obtain but little light as to this from the market price. Many causes combine to raise or to depress the market price of any security that is usually quoted on the Stock Exchange. The result of these combining causes may be summed up in the expression 'public confidence,' but public confidence is of an extremely subtle nature. Its variation from day to day, expressed by the variation in market price, is, as often as not, dependent on causes which have nothing to do with the intrinsic value of the property of which the price varies. For the permanent holder of property who looks, not to the exchange of his property at a possible profit or loss, but to the safety and regularity of his dividends, the thousand circumstances that affect the ever shifting vane of public confidence are, for the most part, immaterial. What he requires is to have adequate and unmistakable grounds of personal confidence. If he has that, the market price will affect him but little, unless it fall to so much below his own scientific or thoroughly well informed estimate of real value as to induce him to make every effort in his power to purchase more of the underpriced stock; not, be it understood, with a view to realise the difference of a rise in the market price—that is speculation—but with a view to derive the permanent benefit of the income.

From this simple but undeniably exact view it readily becomes apparent how little real light is thrown on the value of any special stock by very many of the announcements that raise or depress the daily quotation of its value. Thus the publication of the weekly gross income tells but little from week to week; first because there is a certain average of income, the weekly distribution of which through the year is affected by many causes, not the least important of which is the weather; and, secondly, because the gross income is only one out of the three main elements the resultant of which determines the earning powers of any particular railway. Again, the amount of dividend paid for two

or three years, if taken only on an average, may be very misleading as to the position of any one railway line as compared with others. For the ordinary dividend does not altogether depend on the nett revenue, or even on the direct relation of nett revenue to capital. The position of the capital of a company has to be examined; how much of it is advantageously (or the reverse) raised on loan, or on preferential stock; how long is the period for which any low-priced loans are borrowed, and what is the probability of their reissue on equally favourable terms. When we take the comparative cases of the French and the English systems, although we may regard the contrast as extreme, it yet shows how much may be done by good management to raise the dividends on ordinary stock, apart from economy in the working of the line, or increase in either its gross or its nett revenue. We have seen that in 1872, while the difference in the nett earnings of the French and the English railways was only that between 5·9 and 4·7 per cent. over the entire capital, the difference in the dividend enjoyed by the ordinary shareholders was that between 10·75 and 5·14 per cent., or more than two to one. The dividends of some of our northern lines have been considerably raised by good management as to loan capital.

Again, the market value of a railway stock, in so far as it is a fair market value (not raised by any approach to mania, or by any difficulty of purchase due to speculative operations, or depressed by panic, or by speculations of an adverse nature), is affected as much by the current value of money as it is by the ascertained value of the property. If we suppose a railway to have paid a steady and unchanged 4, 5, or 6 per cent. to its shareholders for 10 or 20 years, we should not find its stock to have maintained the same level of price. On the contrary, it would have risen and fallen in common with the general course of the market. A variation of ½ per cent. in a half-yearly dividend amounts to a variation of 20 per cent. in the earning power, and thus in the intrinsic value, of a line. But we find that the course of the market, the price of consols, and the value of money at call, may exert more influence on the rise or fall of price of any particular line than does even such a serious fact as a difference of ½ per cent. in a half-yearly dividend.

Gross revenue, again, is commonly deceptive as a measure of the earning power of a line. For this reason the inferences drawn from the publication of the weekly returns may be, and sometimes are, the very reverse of those which would be drawn were all the facts of the case known. A railway, for example, in a struggle with a competitor for the traffic of a given district, may adopt the dangerous expedient of lowering its rates of charge to such an extent as to command a large influx of traffic. It may tap the sources of the supply of its rivals; but it does so at a cost which must diminish, and which may extinguish, nett revenue to such an extent, that the swollen weekly return actually indicates a shrunken weekly balance sent to the banker. It would not be impossible to point out several instances of this kind of misreckoning.

It is thus evident that the only knowledge which is adequate to guide a person who wishes to become a *bonâ fide* investor in any given railway, is a thorough acquaintance with the facts of the case; and then the possession of a formula, by the arrangement of the facts after which he attains definite figures, which he can compare as between different lines. It is further necessary that he should be to some extent aware of physical facts which

do not find a numerical expression in any return. Such are, the condition of the works, permanent way, and rolling stock of the company in question; the proportion of the latter, in cost and number of vehicles, to the gross earnings of the line; the population of the district served by the railway, and that of the centres which it connects, on which the probable rate of increase of traffic depends; and (which, indeed, is partly involved in the other conditions) the proportion borne by the different branches of traffic.

Dealing first with those figures which are obtainable from the half-yearly reports of the companies themselves, or from the annual returns published by the Board of Trade, the earning power of a line admits of a very simple expression. The ratio of the nett income to the return expected may be expressed by a fraction, which denotes the earning power. The numerator of this fraction is the nett income, whether taken for the whole line or per mile; the denominator is the capital cost, stated in the same way. Thus, in 1871, out of the twenty railways tabulated by Mr. Fleming, the lowest earning power was that of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, which was represented by the figures 1·69; the highest was that of the North-Eastern, represented by the figures 6·33. By 1875 the value of the former line had advanced to 1·97; that of the latter had retroceded to 5·95. In 1876, according to the returns just issued, this figure had fallen to 5·53. This is a depreciation in the value of the property of 12·64 per cent. between 1871 and 1875. It is thus accounted for. The gross income per mile has risen from 3,741*l.* to 4,591*l.* But the proportion of working expenses to gross revenue has risen from 44·70 to 54·36 per cent. and the capital expenditure has risen from 33,485*l.* to 36,023*l.* per mile. In this case the proportion of the sources of traffic has not very materially altered during the four years in question, as far as income is concerned. The depreciation, therefore, must be mainly due either to increased cost of working and maintenance, or to a decrease in the rate of charges.

In the Midland, which in 1871 was one of the lines marked by the highest earning powers, the indicating number of value has fallen from 5·91, in 1871, to 5·05, in 1875, according to Mr. Fleming's tables. The value in 1876, which can be calculated from the railway returns, is 4·88 per cent. The decrease in the earning power of the property in this case is 17·6 per cent., while the increase of capital expended on the line has been 29·8 per cent. In this case there has been an increase in the proportion of revenue derived from mineral traffic, between 1871 and 1875, from 23·24 to 27·75 per cent. The capital of the Midland, which in 1871 was 42,161*l.* per mile, had risen in 1875 to 47,804*l.* per mile, an increase of 13·5 per cent. in four years. In this case the depreciation of the property, which was 14·3 per cent. from 1871 to 1875, has a little over-balanced the increase of capital: that is to say, that for every 100*l.* of new capital laid out in these four years, the ultimate value of the company's stock has been, not 100*l.* more, but 5*l.* 12*s.* less. The working expenditure, during the period, has increased from the ratio of 44·89 to that of 53·10 on gross revenue.

The cases of these two great lines are eminently instructive; from the very large amount of mineral traffic which they convey, in proportion to passenger and ordinary merchandise traffic. The North-Eastern has the enormous advantage of a less capital cost per mile by 11,181*l.* than the Midland. This is as much as 31 per cent., that the latter has cost more than the former railway. Thus

a proportion of nett earnings per mile, which would allow 6 per cent. dividend on the Midland, ought to allow of nearly 8 per cent. on the North-Eastern. The gross receipts on the former line, in 1875, were 5,211*l.* per mile, those on the latter 4,591*l.*; the working expenses were respectively 53·10 and 54·36 per cent. The proportions of nett income to cost we have already given, as 5·05 and 5.95, in 1875. Thus it will be seen that the better financial position of the North-Eastern line, as compared with the Midland, is entirely due to the lower cost per mile of the former. It may be noticed, as a striking element of comparison, that on the Midland there are 2·8 passenger and 25·2 non-passenger vehicles to every mile of railway, while on the North-Eastern the proportions are 1·8 of the first and 53·1 of the second. Thus the outlay per mile of the North-Eastern is 35 per cent. less for passenger vehicles, and more than twice as much for non-passenger vehicles per mile compared with the Midland. The vehicles belonging to the colliery proprietors are also to be remembered, but the figures above are taken from the official returns of the companies.

To understand the full import of these figures, as bearing on the actual and on the probable future earning power of the lines in question, and of the others with which it will be desirable to compare them, it will be well to give the average of the same elements of cost and revenue on the average of the English railways.

Taking England and Wales, the proportion of capital per mile expended on railways was, in 1871, 42,522*l.*; in 1874, 44,710*l.* The gross annual traffic receipts were, in 1871, 3,672*l.*; in 1875, 4,222*l.* per mile. The proportions of traffic receipts derived from the carriage of minerals were 20·81 per cent. in the former, and 21·99 per cent. in the latter year. The working expenditure rose from 46·85 per cent. on gross receipts from all sources in 1871, to 54·56 per cent. in 1875. And the proportion of nett receipts to total outlay fell from 4·77 per cent. in 1871, to 4·46 per cent. in 1875. Thus the North-Eastern cost per mile 7,667*l.* less, and the Midland 3,093*l.* more, than the average for England in 1875.

We shall see the effect of augmented capital in decreasing dividend very forcibly illustrated by comparison with a line of which the character of the traffic differs as widely as can well be the case from that of the two great north country railways to which we have referred. The cost of the London and South-Western Railway has been less than that of the North-Eastern, being 29,311*l.* per mile in 1871, and 31,146 in 1875. The traffic receipts have been light; rising from 2,728*l.* to 3,251*l.* per mile. Of these receipts, however, minerals have only contributed about 6 per cent. The proportion of expenditure to receipts has thus risen much less rapidly than in the northern lines, or from 50·10, in 1871, to 55·85, in 1875; although there is no doubt that a higher ratio of cost is, other things being equal, likely to accompany a lower intake per mile. But, with these disadvantages to overcome, the London and South-Western has increased its nett earning power from 4·30, in 1871, to 4·67, in 1875; showing an improvement in the value of its capital of 8·6 per cent. in the four years.

In the London, Brighton and South Coast line, and in the South Eastern line, the movement has been in the same direction as in the London and South Western; while in the Great Eastern, Great Western, Great Northern, Midland, and London and North Western Railways, the earning power has depreciated in every case. In the London, Chatham

and Dover, the Metropolitan, and the Metropolitan District lines, the property has improved in each instance. Thus in the eleven great lines entering the metropolis, from 1871 to 1875, there has been a progressive improvement in the earning power of the six non-mineral lines, and a progressive deterioration in the earning power of the five mineral carrying lines.

Nor is the difference small. It is one that it is worth while to particularise, which can be most readily done in a tabular form.

| Railway | Capital | Average per cent. |
|---|---|---|
| | £ | Plus |
| South-Eastern . . | 20,335,004 | 0·76 |
| London and Brighton | 22,612,562 | 0·53 |
| London, Chatham and Dover . . . | 22,416,314 | 0·22 |
| London and South-Western . . | 21,334,954 | 0·17 |
| Metropolitan, from 1874 . . . | 8,779,346 | 0·65 |
| Metropolitan District | 5,519,746 | 0·40 |
| Total, and average improvement . | £100,997,926 | 0·455 |
| | | Minus |
| Great Western . . | 60,166,562 | 0·29 |
| Great Northern . | 25,367,583 | 0·51 |
| Midland . . . | 54,449,216 | 0·92 |
| London and North-Western . . | 76,293,434 | 0·54 |
| Great Eastern . . | 35,199,812 | 0·45 |
| Total, and average deterioration . | £251,476,607 | 0·602 |

Stating the results approximately, by taking an average which, though not exact, is close enough to illustrate the contrast, on the capital of the six non-mineral lines there has been an improvement in earning power (from 1871 to 1875 for the first four, and from 1874 to 1875 for the remaining two) of 0·455 per cent. of return, which, taking the nominal return on money at 4 per cent., is equal to an addition to the value of the aggregate capital of 11,375,000*l.*

On the other hand there has been, on the five lines of mixed traffic, with a heavy proportion of mineral trade, an average depreciation of earning power, in four years, of 0·6 per cent. This, on the same mode of calculation as before, represents a loss to the owners of these lines of 37,500,000*l.* The figures may be worked out with more minuteness, but the result will only be the increase of the above approximate sums.

On the one hand, then, there is an advance in the value of property of more than 2½ per cent. per annum, noting year after year. On the other hand, there is a decrease in the value of property year by year of 3¾ per cent., making a difference of 6¼ per annum in the annual increase or decrease of value of the mineral and non-mineral lines.

There can be no doubt that it is to this element in the statistics of the lines in question that this difference is due, because it is the only one in which the two groups that we have indicated coincide. In the non-mineral lines we have the highest and the lowest capital cost in the whole double series of lines; the Metropolitan District having cost 686,731*l.* per mile, and the London and South-Western 31,146*l.* per mile. In the second group the extremes are, the Midland, with its cost of 47,804*l.*, and the Great Western, which has cost 37,627*l.* The proportion of gross receipts to capital has varied, in the first group, from 12·56 per cent. on the London and South-Western, to 4·72 per cent. on the London, Chatham and Dover; and in the second group from 13·87 per cent. on the London and North-Western, to 9·11 per cent. on the Great Eastern. The results of these several relations of gross income to capital, and of working cost to revenue, are expressed in the final proportion of nett revenue to capital. And we find this proportion to intimate a steady advance in the earning power of

the non-mineral, and a steady decline in the earning power of the mineral bearing, lines of mixed traffic. The first movement, supposing it to be continuous, would double the value of the property in forty years. The second, if continuous, would extinguish the value of the property in thirty-three years; making the value of the former approach that of the ordinary French stock, and the latter arrive at that of the railways of Belgium; neither extreme being thus without a practical precedent.

The five lines in the second category have a total aggregate length of 5,823 miles. The gross annual income on this is 26,760,000*l.*; out of which the working expenses consume 54·23 per cent., leaving the nett income of 12,248,176*l.* This makes the average earning power of the property 4·57 per cent.

The six lines in the first category have a total aggregate length of 1,272 miles. The gross annual income for 1875 was 8,033,272*l.*; out of which the working expenses came to 50·95 per cent., leaving a nett income of 3,940,082*l.* The average earning power of this system of lines was 3·90.

But the cost of the first system was augmented unduly, as compared to that of the second, by the proportion of the cost of the London works to the small length of 1,272 miles. The average cost per mile of the former system is 79,390*l.*, against 43,186*l.* of the other. Thus, while the gross revenue of the one group is 10·40 per cent. of the capital, that of the other group is only 7·95 per cent. The superior working economy of the southern lines has not yet compensated for the excessive capital outlay. But that economy allows the nett income to increase in proportion to capital annually, while the nett income on the northern lines annually decreases in proportion.

If the mineral bearing lines were worked with the same economy as the non-mineral (in spite of the higher price of fuel, and of the great cost incurred by the numerous stoppages on the Metropolitan line, and the London, Chatham and Dover line) the earning power would be raised from 4·57 to 5·21 per cent. And if the southern lines had not cost more than the northern per mile, the earning power of the latter would now be 7·12 per cent. The actual figures of the southern lines have been taken; but if the proportion of 47·5 of working expenses averaged by the South-Eastern and London and Brighton lines be regarded, the economy of the passenger system is still more striking; the difference between the working cost of these and the northern lines being nearly 7 per cent.

By comparing the outlay of capital made on the two systems of lines between 1871 and 1875, we shall at once understand the reason of the advancing value of the one category, and of the decreasing value of the other. The aggregate capital of the five northern lines at the end of 1871 was 215,754,575*l.*; at the end of 1875 it had risen, as we have seen, to 251,476,607*l.*, being an increase of 16·5 per cent. Omitting the Metropolitan line, of which there is no return for 1871, the four remaining lines of the second category had cost 79,714,263*l.* in 1871, and 86,698,834*l.* in 1875, being an increase of 8·76 per cent. On both systems of lines the capital outlay has increased; on both the gross income has increased; on both the proportion of working expenses has increased. But the need for continually increasing accommodation for the mineral traffic has caused the increase of capital per mile on the mineral bearing lines to take place at twice the rate demanded by the non-mineral lines; and thus the nett

income has been diminished in proportion to the capital outlay.

As far, therefore, as experience goes, the carriage of minerals on the long lines to London at such prices as alone can be obtained for freight so long as the coasting trade is kept open, not only involves an additional cost in working expenses of some ½ per cent. over all for every 1 per cent. of income derived from mineral traffic, but also doubles the rate of increase of capital. The average amount of proportionate mineral revenue on the northern lines (omitting the London and North-Western, which refuses a return) is 20·6 per cent. On the six southern lines it is 4·6 per cent. If this difference of 16 per cent. of mineral increase (which, apart from special causes of exception, makes a difference of some 8 per cent. in the cost of locomotion, maintenance, and repairs) be compared with the difference of 7·25 per cent. on the growth of capital in four years (being at the rate of 1·81 per cent. per annum) we shall gain some insight into the large demands for increase of capital made for the sake of conducting the mineral traffic.

If we now revert to the question of arriving at practical rules for the investment of money with which we commenced the present investigation, we shall find that it has not been to an altogether fruitless occupation of time the reader has been invited.

On March 6, 1877, the *Times* published a table showing the then current market price of 100*l.* stock in each of nine different lines, together with the rates of dividend paid on each in the preceding year. They were as follows:

| Railway | Price | | Dividend 1876 | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | £ | s. | £ | s. | d. |
| 1 London and North-Western | 147 | 0 | 6 | 12 | 6 |
| 2 Great Northern | 127 | 10 | 5 | 10 | 0 |
| 3 Midland | 127 | 0 | 5 | 7 | 6 |
| 4 North-Eastern | 154 | 15 | 7 | 7 | 6 |
| 5 Lancashire and Yorkshire | 137 | 0 | 5 | 17 | 6 |
| 6 Great Western | 102 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| 7 London and South-Western | 130 | 0 | 5 | 12 | 6 |
| 8 South-Eastern | 125 | 0 | 5 | 12 | 6 |
| 9 London, Brighton, and South Coast | 119 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 |

The average market price of 100*l.* stock was 130*l.*, and the average dividend (neglecting the proportion of capital in each line, and taking the quoted rates alone) was 5*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per cent.

It results that a return of about 4·72 per cent. was to be obtained from an investment at market price.

If, however, instead of taking the dividends declared on the ordinary stock as the measure of value, the proportion of nett earning to capital be taken, we find that the average earning power of the above lines, which in 1871 was represented by the rate 5·86 per cent., had sunk to 5·11 in 1875, which yields a bare 4 per cent. on the average price of 130*l.* This difference, however, is within the limits of variation above indicated, as affecting the relative values of different classes of stock on the several lines. The decline is another matter. Although general, it is not universal. While the loss on the average of the railways quoted has been more than the gain, there has been noteworthy gain in some instances. Thus the London and Brighton value, which in 1871 was 3·53, rose to 4·06 in 1875, and to 4·82 in 1876. The South-Eastern rose from 4·30 in 1871 to 5·06 and to 5·26 in 1875 and 1876. On the other hand, the Great Northern earning power, which in 1871 was represented by 5·90 per cent., fell in 1875 to 5·39, and in 1876 to 4·87; and that of the Midland fell from 6·08 in 1871 to 5·16 in 1875; and to 4·80 in 1876.

But these phenomena bring us back to the one point at which we have formerly arrived by other paths. They show an increase in the earning power of the non-mineral lines, contrasted with a decrease in the earning power of the mineral lines. Nor are the variations unimportant. The main improvement of the Brighton and South-Eastern properties, in the four years, is a little over 1 per cent. on capital in earning power, or an addition of 25 per cent. to the value of the property in 1871. The mean deterioration of the Midland and Great Northern lines, in the same time, is also a little more than 1 per cent. of earning power; or a depreciation of (as the rate in 1871 was 6 per cent.) 16·6 per cent. on the capital value of the property. One pair of lines has advanced at approximately the same speed as that at which the others have declined: and the declension has occurred on the railways which derive from a quarter to one-third of their revenue from the carriage of minerals.

It is thus clear that for a person who is considering the advisability of investing money in the stock or shares of an English railway company, the first step is to acquaint himself with the actual earning power of the line, as measured by the proportion borne by the nett revenue, when all expenses are paid, to the total capital expended on the undertaking. But although it is necessary in the first place to ascertain this ruling relation, its detection is by no means all that prudence demands. A similar earning value must be ascertained at an earlier period. If ten or twenty years are investigated, the results will be more reliable than from a single comparison. Thus if 1872 be taken as a starting point (on the ground of having been the culminating era of railway prosperity during the period for which returns have been published), a comparison of the annual relation between nett earning and capital since that date will show not only the state of the line inquired into as a financial undertaking at each period, but the general march or progress of the property; whether it be in the direction of 10 per cent. dividends, or in the direction of bankruptcy. That the average movement is in the latter direction has been indicated by the ultimate outcome of the working of each year since 1872, with the sole exception of 1875; when there was a recovery to the amount of 0·08 per cent. of possible dividend. At the same time it may be remembered that the actual gross earning power, referred to capital, is higher for 1876 than it was in any year from 1860 to 1869. The proportion of earnings from passenger traffic has not varied, since 1872, more than from 41·39 to 42·05 per cent. But the per-centage of mineral receipts rose from 20·81 per cent. in 1871 to 21·99 per cent. in 1875, in England, and from 20·51 to 21·89 per cent. between the same years in the United Kingdom. Concurrently with this increase of revenue receipts the proportion borne by gross receipts to capital has increased from 8·84 per cent. in 1871 to 9·72 per cent. in 1875 in the United Kingdom, while the proportion of nett receipts to capital has fallen, during the same time, from 4·43 to 4·25 per cent. These figures are taken from the elaborate and valuable tables in Mr. Fleming's *Index to our Railway System*, to which we have before referred, a work which should be in the hands of everyone who takes a practical interest in the value of railway property.

If the reader will allow us to glance back for a moment over the inquiry in which we have endeavoured to interest the public of the United Kingdom, the following will prove to be the most salient points on which evidence has been cited, and

on which it is of primary importance that a judicious and impartial decision should be authoritatively pronounced. They are points on which, up to the moment of writing, no single word of contradiction of the statements made has, so far as we are aware, been published.

By the close of the first third of the present century the internal communications of the country were carried on in three main branches, under the conduct of distinct public and private carriers. For the transport of passengers, besides private and post carriages, drawn by one or more horses, a service of mail and stage coaches had been arranged, which conducted their portion of the communication of the country, over excellent roads formed for the most part on the plan introduced into England by Mr. MacAdam, at speeds varying from seven to ten, and in two or three notable cases even attaining sixteen miles per hour. A considerable goods traffic was carried, by vans and heavy waggons, also by road, at a speed of from two to three miles per hour. And a new life had been imparted to important districts by the introduction of water carriage on canals, in which the speed was about the same as that of the heavy road vans, but on which the cost of transport was reduced to the minimum yet attained, unless for long voyages by sea. The superior cheapness of water transport was accepted as an established fact in 1825, and nothing has since occurred to interfere with this mechanical discovery.

The successful application of steam locomotives, first used on the tramways of the collieries, to the conduct of passenger traffic, surprised the engineers who conducted the early experiments. The rate of transit attainable on a pair of smooth rails proved to be regulated rather by the excellence of the workmanship of both way and vehicles, than by any difficulty in developing motive power, which the accidental discovery of the blast had placed almost absolutely at the command of the engineer. Thus, after the opening of the railway from Liverpool to Manchester the country was rapidly overspread with iron tracks; and the velocity easily attainable was such as to bring the entire passenger traffic, and the greater part of the parcels and goods traffic, on to the new routes, without any extraordinary efforts on the part of the managers.

Success in this legitimate business disposed the managers of the railways to attempt to grasp the entire carrying trade of the country; an attempt which was stimulated by the competition which Parliament suffered to spring up, by the absence of any species of wise and foreseeing control of the method in which the country should be served by the lines which applied for Parliamentary authorisation. At the same time the companies were allowed to conduct their traffic entirely without the publication of proper accounts. Thus no means were afforded for arriving at the actual cost, or nett results, of any separate portion of their threefold business. Great expenditure was incurred in order to purchase, lease, or otherwise obtain command of the canal lines of communication. By 1875, out of 4,135 miles of navigable water, 1,716 miles were in the hands of the railway companies, and these were so selected and situated as to render almost or altogether impossible the continuation of independent navigation. The consequence has been the deterioration or destruction of the canal property of the country, and the transfer of the commerce of the canals to the railways.

No intelligible accounts of the result of this forced trade have ever been presented to either share-

holders or the public. While, as far as internal communication goes, the railways now command a monopoly, the coasting trade to London has kept down the price of the conveyance of coal to the metropolis to such a limit that the necessity of clear debtor and creditor accounts has become perilously urgent. The last year has seen a further reduction in the coal charges on the great lines running north from London. The maintenance of a business of so enormous an amount, without any distinct accounts, is an anomaly peculiar to the present era of speculation.

But while the railway companies refuse to say, or even to inquire, at what cost they retain a heavy traffic, as to which cheapness of transit is the main requirement, and speed is of little moment, the outcome of the yearly balance sheets steadily grows worse and worse. Such comparisons as the returns—purposely vague as they are—allow us to institute, reveal two incontrovertible facts. First, that, over the long trunk railways, the proportionate cost of the items of maintenance, locomotion, and vehicle repairs steadily increases in close relation to the increase of the proportion of gross revenue derived from minerals. And secondly, on comparing the lines which carry few or no minerals to London with those which carry large quantities, the last six years have seen a steady increase in the earning power of the former, which is still going on, together with a decrease of equal amount in the earning power of the latter, which also shows no signs of arrest. One class of property has increased in earning power by 25 per cent., while the other class has decreased in earning power by 16·6 per cent.

The above are only a few of the most salient facts, which may be drawn from Government reports and publications of unquestioned authority, and which prove that it is a perilous, and may be a ruinous, policy on the part of the railway companies to continue to carry on a vast business without adequate accounts. If there be any reason for controverting the calculations which point to the heavy loss incurred by the mineral traffic, that reason should be made plain. The inquiry is simple. It is only requisite to show, with ordinary exactitude, first the amount of capital expended in order to provide accommodation and plant for mineral traffic, including sums spent in purchase, leasing, or guarantees of canals; and secondly, the receipts and expenditure obtained and incurred in the conduct of that traffic, giving details of weights, of distances, and of the mileage of engines and vehicles. If any information of this nature has been obtained by the Board of Trade, the Assistant-Secretary of which department wrote to the author of these pages on November 25, 1876, 'I am to add that they are in communication with some of the principal railway companies on the subject of the statistics of the mineral traffic on railways,' the public will receive it with gratitude. If nothing results from such an appeal on the part of the Board of Trade, the inference will not be reassuring. There is nothing so special in railway enterprise as to withdraw that class of business from the control of the ordinary rules which the long experience of commercial men has taught them to be essential for the safe conduct of business, and only the more essential the larger that business is. If there were a steady advance, or even a steady maintenance, of profit on the railways of the United Kingdom, there might be ground for an appeal on the part of their directors and managers to the public for absolute confidence, even in the absence of proper accounts. But there has been

a steady decline—not a universal, but an average decline—a decline which a comparison of the accounts published by the Board of Trade shows to occur most markedly in the value of the long trunk lines which convey a heavy mineral traffic to the metropolis. Under these circumstances, the resolute withholding of detailed accounts as to the traffic, both from the shareholders and from the public, can be attributed to but one reason, and that is the uneasy dread that a thorough investigation of this important subject will bring to light unquestionable proof of the mischievous and fatal error of that policy which has sacrificed so much already, and is sacrificing so much year after year, and month after month, for the sake of conveying over the choked lines of our great railways of mixed traffic, that description of freight which can be so much more cheaply, so much more profitably, and at so far less a cost of human life and limb, carried by inland and coastwise navigation.

The subject speaks home to distinct classes of persons, each of which has special reason to demand the keeping and production of proper accounts. To the railway shareholders, the owners of a property equal in value to three-fourths of the amount of the National Debt, we have shown that a difference of plus twenty-five or minus sixteen per cent. has actually accrued in different descriptions of their property within five years; and that the difference can only be attributed to the absence or presence of a heavy mineral traffic. To the 280,000 servants of the railway companies, it must be clear that the frightful casualty rate to which they are exposed is a function of the proportion of mineral traffic carried on lines of mixed traffic. To the third-class passenger it is tolerably apparent that he might be conveyed at half the actual fare, if the companies would cease to embarrass their finances by the heavy loss incurred by the mineral traffic. To persons wishing to invest money, it will become more and more evident, the more they study the subject, that it is to the passenger and non-mineral lines that they must look if they seek to purchase a safe and improving property. The only persons whose interest can be thrown into the opposite scale are those who, from whatever reason, persist in refusing that business-like statement of accounts which has been asked for by the Board of Trade, and which, sooner or later, will be demanded in a tone which will allow of no further denial.

FRANCIS ROUBILIAC CONDER, C.E.

# IVY-LEAVES.

## FROM THE HERMITAGE, EPPING FOREST.

DEAR MR. YORKE,—I rejoice to hear from you again. You know Epping Forest, where I am now settled? Not at all? So much the better; I may have the honour to be your guide 'when green leaves come again.' It is bleakish at present round the Old Manor House, but still we could give you a walk or a ride most days, a roast fowl and good claret, a warm fireside, plenty of books, a song or two, and a chat into the small hours. Suppose you run down and escape the Great Christian Festival which London keeps so greasily and tipsily; or do you perhaps love (having a lingering tinge of sentimentalism) the Cattle-show, the bowers of beef, the pictorial 'numbers,' the church-going bells (a phrase Wordsworth objected to), and all the familiar scenery, machinery, dresses, decorations, and stage-business of Merry Christmas? We carefully avoid London at this time, and welcome New Year's Day chiefly as token that Christmas is over.

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The so-called New Year is not at all so impressive an epoch for me as it used to be. There is no real New Year's Day for mankind or any portion of the race. Each separate mortal's New Year is his birthday. For larger use the day chosen among the three hundred and sixty-five is and must be entirely arbitrary.

How many of the apparently solid circumstances of our life are wholly and merely mental (depending on verbal) formulæ! Such, without even a discoverable starting-point in the real, are those familiar divisions of time—a Minute, an Hour, a Week. The Century is but a numerical convenience (ten tens—starting from the ten fingers). Our Calendar Months are adaptations; our Calendar Year approaches to natural fact; serves with some patching. New Year's Day is conventional as mince-pie; and two-thirds of the world, including a large slice of Europe, disregard *our* reckoning. Still, there are three hundred millions or so who keep it together, and that is impressive. Do they? Look at a page of dials showing the time at the various capital cities of the earth.

However, there is but twelve hours' difference at most. New Year's Day, like every day, runs in a billow of light over man's globe from east to west, and life and all things human must be reckoned by days, by months, and by years. This new date to be used by us, and those we have most to do with throughout another journey round the sun, is record and reminder of many things. So (with all due reservations) Hail New Year's Day! and *A Happy New Year*!

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Here is an old Diary of mine, and written on its first page

LAUS DEO!

one of the antiquated forms of commencement, truly. On certain public and private occasions such yet survive; but even the forms are fast dying out, in science, in literature, in daily intercourse. We have gone a long way in the last twenty years, as though for mental travelling some analogue to steam had been discovered.

Nevertheless I will write it again, at the head of my new Diary.

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I am ashamed to have made free with the name of Ivy-leaves for these scraps, holding the plant in more honour and love than any plant, tree, or flower, even the queen rose or vernal hawthorn. It is for summer and winter, city nooks and mountain rocks—the wildest and tamest of leafy things. Its strange, acrid, healthy smell is like no other. It flourishes in wet and dry, sunshine and darkness, and so draws an equal fitness for occasions of mirth and melancholy; belongs to Bacchus and to Pluto. But for the ivy, I should not be in this Old House, which it wraps like a mantle, fringing the casements as we look from within. 'Tis a living architectural ornament, and no other is needed.

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I asked myself,—How can ivy leaves on the same stem be, often, so very unlike one another—heart-shaped, ovate, variously notched?

The shape of a leaf depends, I suppose, first on the veins, and then on the growth between the veins. When the substance ('parenchyma,' or whatever we call it) between the veins of the leaf and exuding from them, spreads itself, growing fast and freely, the leaf is filled up into a roundish outline (that which a flowing fluid arrested tends to: a sphere flattened by gravity and other resistance, and ovated by the forward movement); when the growth is slower and languider the cellular substance does not push itself out so far beyond the vein, and thus meet all along, from end to end, the substance spreading from the neighbouring veins: hence a gap, a notch. One would, on this, expect to find the roundish and ovate ivy-leaves on fresh and green stalks, well-nourished and free to air and light, in short where the leaves have quickest growth; and there, I think, one does find them. The notched leaf soon begins to notch itself; both it and the even-edged have their own characters in the cradle and develop them to the end. And, now, why has ivy so much variety in the shapes of its leaves? Just because they grow in such a variety of conditions; some in air and light, some in constant shadow, some with only half to the air, &c., some nourished from the main stem, some partly or wholly from fibrils struck into a wall or tree. I say nothing now of different sorts of ivy.

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Thus, it seems probable, the more picturesque and fantastic forms in all leaves indicate not freedom and luxuriance of growth, but check and a struggle against opposition. It is by check put upon the growing force of a plant that the flower too begins to concentrate itself and the fruit to curdle. A flower is a checked branch: over-luxuriant plants 'run all to leaves;' old melon seeds give most fruit. So in man's life, outer and inner limitation is necessary for productiveness; from a force ever striving into free expansion and a resistance and hindrance of its effort, is formed in place of a barren luxuriance of stalks and foliage, the nucleus of fruit, wherein lies cradled the future.

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If my guess about the ivy leaves be right, here is another instance of modification of form by environment. But what care I for such generalisations if the innermost truth be missing. Things come to be what they are, that is certain (my Brother of Prague, who never saw pen or ink, was of the same opinion), and my scientific friends explain, or think they do, some steps in the process. The most interesting question for me in these ivy sprays is, their relation to me now we are brought together. The main fact about them is their beauty. Is not beauty precisely the deepest relation of the phenomenal world to man?

What careless beautiful ease in

the results flowing out of inflexible natural laws! The exactness of the Universe is not of the mechanical sort. The opposite halves of things are similar, yet not paired as children cut figures in folded paper. Features, joints, patterns of leaves, curves of fluids, orbs, orbits, and librations of planets and satellites, are not done with scale and compass, but *artist-fashion*, with intellect and with imagination. The movements of the Universe are not those of a machine.

It is easy to dispute without end in attempts to define the word 'Pantheism,' but to some such thought, or call it instinctive belief, the mind turns and returns; and will, over and over again, as long as earth keeps returning to sunrise.

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Make friends again, Religio! with thy fair sister, Poesis; Theologia is too cunning a companion, Scientia too rude.

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I would not for the world live in London—or away from London. In the first case you are stifled and stunned, in the second you are stupified and stagnated. But it is best to be brought up in the country.

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It is not the dull people that are so troublesome, but the clever fools, and a fool may have any quantity of cleverness. This is the worst of London Society, if you go much into it; and of Current Literature if you read much of it.

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In highly cultured society nothing is allowed to interrupt conversation; in other society, anything and everything. This is a good test of the degree of general culture in any circle.

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Of two kinds of relation to society I have always had a dread—of being disreputable, and of being 'respectable.' They are equally against good taste, and equally inconvenient.

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Is the new Earl Stanhope going to signalise the beginning of his reign by closing that ancient field-path at Knockholt Beeches? One hopes not. Who does not love Field-paths? and England is still rich in them, but her natural wealth of this kind is steadily diminishing, taken away here by forms of law, there by direct robbery or theft. Private Property, already a monstrous overgrowth, is gradually sucking in whatever Public Rights lie within reach. It is vigilant, grasping, tenacious as a gigantic Octopus. As to resistance, it usually finds the saying true, 'What is everybody's business is nobody's business.'

There is a joy in trackless wandering: there is also a special pleasure in a Field-path. Besides the comfortable guarantee against obstruction or vague deviation, it has a human interest; others pass here, have past, will pass, and see the same glimpses through the trees, the same opening landscape, that ivied rock, this turn of the brooklet. One can make sure, too, of coming back to the same spot some other day. Many Field-paths are traditionary and venerable; outlast dwellings, woods, and highways. No engineer planned, no labour founded them; but the feet of humanity going from of old on its daily errands. The faint but unobliterated tracks, almost like natural features, run over meadow and mountain, from road to road, from farm to farm, to the town, to the church, to the well.

The right of way is in many, perhaps most, cases much older than the right of ownership in the land, and concerns not one person, or a few, but the whole nation, nay, the whole human race; and not the living only, but future generations. To plough or dig

over an established Field-path, as many farmers dare, is, in the first place, illegal, and, besides, unneighbourly and grossly selfish. I have seen poor women with burdens, and school children, forced to trudge day by day for weeks over loose and often muddy soil instead of the hard path to which they had a right, and which the farmer had torn up. To plan the closing-up for ever of a useful and beautiful Field-path—what words are fit to describe such an attempt? If Public Spirit be a noble thing, what is the nature of that Private Spirit which busies itself to such purpose?

There is a form of law for closing a path on proof that it is no longer needed. The proof accepted by the magisterial bench is often far from sufficient; but, without law and against law, many paths are closed by tricks and 'dodges,' sometimes by the occupiers of the land, oftenest by the squire. Here are some of the swindling tricks which I have seen put in practice in England. A certain old path, where it joined the high road near a cottage, was crossed by a swing gate. One day this is locked; it is locked day after day; 'Why?' you ask: 'To keep the cattle from straying.' 'But is it not a public path?' (No direct answer.) 'O, you want to get to the road? You can come round through our garden, then, and go through the little wicket.' The gate is usually kept locked. The chance is, nobody insists on its being opened; few even ask questions. Those who must pass, pass round by the wicket; strangers seldom make any attempt to pass. By degrees the locked gate becomes an established fact, the path grows unfrequented, and after a time can easily be closed as 'useless.'

Another trick is to make an avenue or carriage-drive close to the old path. In one instance which I have in my eye, the carriage-drive which could not conveniently follow the old path is nevertheless brought out on the road close to the same point, so that the large gate (which is obviously private) and the small gate (which is secretly public) appear equally to belong to the Squire's park; beside the small gate moreover is a board 'Whosoever is found trespassing on these grounds,' &c. In another case the drive swallows up the path and both run out together, and indistinguishable, to the high road through one gate—to which you and I (*if we know it*) are as free as Squire Dodger. But many do not know it. The rights of the public are carefully concealed from the public, and there is hope in Dodger's mind that here once more they may lapse and perish.

Third instance: a very ancient church way-path running through a park—park of some 200 years' standing, path of at least 800 years'. At a dip in the path a tree was blown down (or *supposed* to be blown down) and lay across it. Instead of being cleared away in the usual course, this particular tree was allowed to remain where it fell, branches and all. The ground was marshy just there, and the people going to the church and village (it was a most valuable short-cut) crept round the obstacle as they best could. A spell of wet weather made the place into a swamp, all but impassable, and for women and children entirely so. This was exactly what the Squire wished. No one could—at least no one did—venture to touch the tree without his leave. Most people in the neighbourhood are his tenants; the Vicar of the church to which the path has led from time immemorial, is the Squire's nominee and humble servant. So there I saw that big tree lie year after year. I was in no position to fight out the matter, but now and again I persisted in making my way, and I never struggled over the swamp without

an exclamation on the cursed selfishness of Dives, who had so prodigious a share of world's goods and power over other human beings, without doing or having done the very least thing to deserve them (nor, in this particular case, could any historical flattery find a trace of ancestral deserving), and who grudged his neighbours and fellow-countrymen and fellow-mortals their bare legal right of passing.

This same Squire (of whom I had some personal knowledge, confirming—if need were—his utter selfishness of nature) boldly put up a fence across another path in 'his' land without any notice or process of law whatever, trusting, and, as appeared, safely trusting, to his local importance. No one of those chiefly interested dared to oppose him.

But another great man (I speak in every case of things I *know*) was stoutly opposed in an attempt to close an ancient, useful, and beautiful pathway. It ran for perhaps half a mile through a copse, arched overhead with trees, and bordered with ferns and wild flowers. It saved a long sweep of dusty or muddy road, and gave an interval of delicious ease to the wayfarer in summer. His Lordship made a fence across the path. The people pulled it down. He made a stronger fence. The people pulled it down. Personal collisions, actions for assault followed; the question went from petty sessions to assizes. His Lordship was utterly defeated; the law pronounced this pathway to be public property. What did His Lordship do next, to atone for his wrongful, or at least very ill-advised attempt to injure the community to which he owed everything; to which he had never given anything? He sent a small army of labourers, and cut down every tree and bush of the coppice through which the hated pathway ran, tore away every fern-plume, primrose-tuft, and wild-hyacinth nook, and left all bare to sun and storm from one end to the other. Let the people take their 'right of way' if they must—but by G—— they shall have as little pleasure in it as possible. The man was there within his legal rights; but what an odious act!

In one case I had myself the satisfaction of keeping open a path (as long at least as I lived in the neighbourhood) by pulling down, time after time, a fence put up across it, and writing to the agent of the property that I had done this, having every reason to believe the path to be a public one, and was ready to answer for it by law. The agent replied argumentatively; I pointed out that his arguments were bad; he left the path open; and has very probably closed it since. I acted in a heat of public spirit to which I fear it would not be so easy to raise my pulse to-day; and ran thereby a risk of much trouble and loss. There is now a Society for the Preservation of Commons and Field-paths, to which I wish every success. But, surely, the public Field-paths of the United Kingdom ought to be defined, described, and registered, and also marked at certain fit points with posts or upright stones painted in a particular way? A general yearly survey might perhaps be entrusted to the parochial authorities, under higher supervision if found necessary. Further, to close or obstruct any public path without due legal process ought to be an indictable offence, and the prosecution done by a public officer.

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Selfishness mixed, modified, coloured, flavoured in a thousand different ways, comes into all human affairs; but wherever it is the governing motive, there you find vile work going forward.

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The unselfish activity implied in the phrase 'Public Spirit' wins the name of 'Patriotism' when it concerns itself with national interests. In both—as in that higher and wider idea which includes them both, Humanity—it is essential that the governing feelings and motives be unselfish. Whenever it is otherwise, we have a base counterfeit, in place of the true thing. True Patriotism consists in preferring the interests of your Country to your private interests; and this is noble and beneficent. But when 'Patriotism' is held to justify unfairness to other countries or men because they are 'foreign'—then 'Patriotism' is an iniquitous thing; essentially selfish; not true Patriotism at all, but a counterfeit. You ought to hold your own Country nearer and dearer to you than others. And you ought to especially cherish your own family, and think most of them; yet you are not at liberty to cheat even for them, much less rob and murder. Nothing which is a wrong to Humanity can be made right by calling it 'Patriotism.'

The chicane of Diplomatists is a base and a bad thing; its so-called 'Patriotism' mostly of the corrupt false kind, permeated with personal motives; and its effects, to turn honesty, reasonableness, and natural good feeling out of court just when they are most urgently wanted.

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The demeanour of many Englishmen at present to Russia seems to me a conspicuous example of False Patriotism. It is thoroughly and avowedly selfish. After long warning and many attempts at accommodation, Russia attacks Turkey, with so good a *casus belli* that it would be difficult to find a better in all history. A certain proportion of the statesmen, newspaper writers, and general public of England declare the attempts at accommodation insincere, and the alleged *casus belli* a pretext for conquest. Setting up their hypothesis as matter of fact, they go on to argue that Russia may, at some uncertain future time, think of attacking India or obstructing England's access to India, and that therefore Patriotism requires Englishmen to wish Russia to be weakened, to be beaten in any war she attempts, especially against the Turks; because let the Turks be what they may, they have been supposed to constitute one of the breakwaters and defences of 'British Interests.'

Characteristically, this regard for British Interests, calling itself 'Patriotism,' is at present found to be flourishing most luxuriantly in the unselfish soil of the Stock Exchange.

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A Nation at war, without its heart in the quarrel, is in wretched plight.

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Books?—well, here are three recent books on my table that strike me as noteworthy. *Life of the Prince Consort* promises to be unique in the history of mankind; full of familiar revelations, domestic, personal, and political, relating to Personages who have hitherto abode on the summit of Olympus, and only descended at rare intervals among men. The clouds are rent asunder, and these Great Ones and their confidential advisers and associates (themselves demigods) are transformed in a moment into inhabitants of the everyday world, chatting to the readers of Circulating Libraries and Daily Newspapers. No few living Personages and Persons will (perhaps with amazement) see themselves prematurely and familiarly reported here; and the historical student will eagerly seize so unwonted an opportunity of tracing the small and usually secret causes which help to produce great national events; for example, how much the astute public homage of Louis *soi-disant* Napoleon to Prince Albert (when such homage was scarce and

anxiously desired) may have had to do with subsequent and still subsisting intimacies between the Royal and so-called Imperial families; and with various European events of stupendous importance. Worshippers of rank and title, and loyal subjects of an ancient Throne, will find much to give them intense satisfaction in this work; and perhaps those of opposite leanings yet more.

The second book is in three handsome portly volumes, a *History of French Literature.* It begins at the beginning and comes down to the end of Louis Philippe's reign. I have formed and mean to express a very definite opinion, namely, that this is decidedly a poor book, and it is necessary to say so, because the subject is attractive and important, the publishers are in the front rank of the trade, and the work has been warmly praised in the *Daily News* and elsewhere. Monsieur Van Laun, who, I am told, is a native of the Netherlands, seems to have an imperfect knowledge both of English and French, and his intrusion into English literature on this and other occasions in the character of French Interpreter calls for an emphatic protest. He has been assisted here, he tells us, in some of his metrical versions by an English clergyman, but the radical defects of style which pervaded his translation of M. Taine's *English Literature* are abundantly present in this new book; and for the imbecility of its judgments it is needless to look farther than to the pages on Balzac and on Victor Hugo's dramas.

The other book I have to speak of is a novel, an attempt to revive the glories of the shilling number, which shone so brightly in the days of Dickens and Thackeray. It is the first volume (six numbers) of *A Modern Minister*, to be completed in another volume; but, when complete, to be only the first of a *series* of stories of modern life under the general title of *The Cheveley Novels.* The paper and printing are excellent; there are illustrations à la Dickens, and the cover and title-page bear the time-honoured imprint of William Blackwood and Sons, in itself no light guarantee to the public. I read an extract of eulogy from the *Saturday Review*, I read one of glorification from the *Scotsman*, I found in my *Times* one morning a solid column of praise erected to the new novelist; some other paper shrewdly remarked, 'If this be not George Eliot, we know not who it can be.' I began, therefore, not without expectancy. The first half-page changed this feeling into a sort of mental anxiety; soon followed by suspicion; on the heels of which anger rushed in. This lasted through number one, and then gradually melted away, leaving the rest of the journey to be pursued in a more equable, yet not entirely agreeable or wholesome mood,—a sense of absurdity that much oftener sank into contempt than rose to any kind of merriment. I do not intend, having read it, to waste more time in writing about *A Modern Minister*, save this (demanded by the incidental circumstances above alluded to) that it is a hotchpotch of imitations, or recollections, of the stories of George Eliot, Dickens, Victor Hugo, and a regiment of lesser novelists; and that, whereas it might, for all this, be amusing or at least readable, it is unspeakably and incredibly tiresome and foolish. Though the scene is laid in England, the writer is clearly no Englishman, probably an American. No Englishman (for one thing) would speak of London —the whole metropolis—as 'the City,' as it is repeatedly spoken of here. The illustrations are also wonderful in their way. I have cut out this *Times* review, and shall have it bound up with *A Modern Minister*,

for, worthless apart, they will form together a Curiosity of Literature.

The hurry and splutter we live in is telling with evil results on literature and on criticism. If what I have just said of these two Books be true (and I am willing to stake thereupon my Hermitship's whole character for literary judgment) it by no means follows that the newspapers above named are habitually silly; but it does follow that they occasionally become the vehicles of thoroughly incompetent and misleading criticism.

---

I like Essex, among other reasons, because of all the Home Counties it has least literature in the air. I doubt if I have a subscriber to a daily paper or Mudie within a radius of seven miles.

---

Endive, boiled like spinach, is one of the best vegetables at this season.

EASTERN HERMIT.

---

## 'SPIRITUALISM.'

THE INITIALS 'F.R.S.' were appended to Mr. Wallace's name at the head of the article on 'Psychological Curiosities of Scepticism' in our last number (p. 694), through a mistake, for which he was in no way responsible.

---

*To the Editor of 'Fraser's Magazine.'*

SIR,—It is not my intention to reply in your pages to Mr. Wallace's article in the last number of *Fraser*; but I would beg to be allowed to explain the reasons of my silence.

In the first place, the controversy has come to assume such a personal tone, that a continuance of it in the same tone is, on every account, to be deprecated. And as I intend to put forth all that I think needful in defence of my scientific positions in the forthcoming new edition of my Lectures, I would refer such of my readers as may care to pursue the subject, to the Addendum I shall make to them,—an expansion of one part of that defence, which requires much historical detail, having been already communicated to the *Athenæum* for December 22.

Secondly, it has now become obvious that there is such a fundamental difference between Mr. Wallace, on the one hand, and the world in general, on the other, as to the value of testimony in regard to the 'occult,' that there is no common basis for discussion.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

*December* 17, 1877.

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No. XCVIII.—NEW SERIES

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1878

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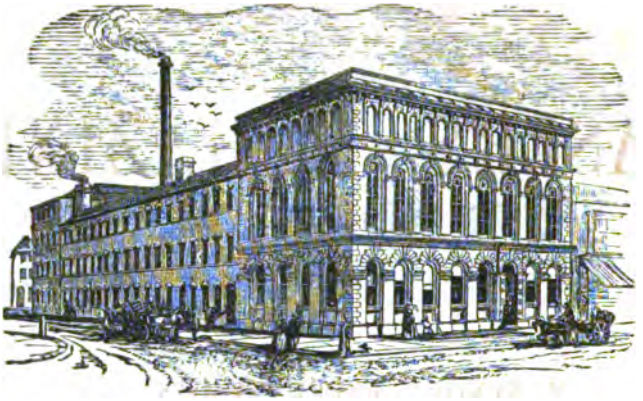

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*NEW SERIES.* *VOL. XVII.*

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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY 1878

CONTAINS

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THE GREAT FOURFOLD WATERFALL.

SPINOZISM: THE RELIGION OF GLADNESS.

THE CITY OF KIYÔTO.

THUROT.

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HOW TO INVEST MONEY WITH SAFETY.

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*Various MSS., each wanting either the address or the name and address of the author, are in our hands, and will be returned on proper application.*

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

## FEBRUARY 1878.

### THE POLICY OF LORD BEACONSFIELD'S GOVERNMENT.

IT is not improbable that those who have hoped to see peace of mind restored to the country through the early meeting of Parliament may be disappointed. The policy of the English Government has been so dubious and feeble that the difficulties surrounding any settlement of the Eastern Question have been increased rather than diminished at each fresh move it has made. These difficulties will not pass away merely because Parliament has met; and as they unfold, the differences in the Cabinet and in Parliament itself may force a dissolution in order to settle the question of peace or war. Were a dissolution the only event to be expected, people might, perhaps, rest tranquil. They would thus, at all events, have the power of ordering the foreign policy of the country in their own hands. But this is by no means all. In spite of the strong attitude taken up by the leaders of the Liberal party in the interests of peace, in spite of the energy shown in the provinces in the same direction, and of the general feeling and desire that no war should be entered upon on behalf of the Turk, it is quite conceivable that the present Cabinet may yet agree in carrying out the war policy of its chief, and of the Court party. Public opinion in this country is exceedingly fickle at all times, and especially so on questions of foreign policy, and nothing is more possible than that some *bravura* action of the war party in the Cabinet might change in a day the current of public feeling, and precipitate a conflict.

It must not be forgotten that hitherto the question of war or no war has turned almost entirely, in popular estimation, on whether we should help the Turk or not; and disgust at the conduct of the Turk has hitherto almost alone prevented the country from endorsing the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. A deep feeling of indignation pervades all classes of the community, except a portion of the clerical, and the bulk of the idling and fighting classes, against the pashas, and we have made up our minds that, befall them what may, we shall not lift a finger to help them; a most salutary resolution, and one that has done us great service at a most critical juncture in our history. But suppose the tactics altered, and 'British interests,' 'British dignity,' 'British courage,' harped upon day after day, this wise resolve may be suddenly swept away, and the cunning clamorous obtain their hearts' desire. It is evident, to those who study the warlike portion of the public press, that such a turn of the current of public feeling is still hoped for, and worked for, almost with the energy of despair, and equally evident that the Cabinet may any day give just that pretext which has hitherto been lacking to furnish the requirements of the war party with a show.

of reason and plausibility that may carry the multitude along. Nothing has filled the minds of the peace-loving among the community with more pain and humiliation than the conduct of the pro-Turkish press in London throughout this long period of anxiety. Day by day it has poured forth floods of sophistry, of rant, nay, of falsehood and cowardly abuse. But while it continued to comfort the pashas with a fulsome pretence of admiration, while it wrote pæans over the imaginary suicide of the stubborn Osman, and sang hymns of victory over the rash generalship of Mukhtar, the brutal folly of Suleiman, and the pig-headed 'caution' of the German renegade, Mehemet Ali; while it lauded the Sultan and all his ways to the skies, glorified the Turkish administration, shouted 'All's well,' 'Revenge is at hand,' after each fresh Turkish defeat; published concocted telegrams favourable to its heroes, and behaved itself generally in a way half blackleg half Bedlamite—while it behaved thus little or no harm was done. The English public knew enough of the facts to be able to discriminate; and no amount of gross lying, or of ridiculous flattery, or even of cunning misrepresentation of the truth, however plausible, could get people to say, 'We will not see the Turks hard pressed, we must help the weak.' The nation had made up its mind that the rule of the Turk was a disgrace to civilisation, a blot on humanity that ought to be removed, be the instrument what it might. So it let the pro-Turkish press fabricate, and howl and blaspheme, and went stolidly on its way.

About equally futile was the other line which that portion of the press took at the same time—the wholesale abuse of Russia. No sensible man supposed that Russia was immaculate or disinterested, that her Government was anything but semi-barbaric, or that, if she succeeded in beating Turkey, she would refrain from making Turkey pay the war bill. But the feeling of the country was strong that good was being done, whatever the character of the doer, and so it took all the abuse serenely. 'If others were not afraid of Russian progress, why should we be?' men said, and the curses vented on Russia passed as unheeded by the masses of the nation as the frantic blessings bestowed on the Turk.

Had this course been merely persevered in still by the warlike press, there might, perhaps, have been little to fear; but the divided Government we have the misfortune to live under at present has lately afforded them several chances of changing their tactics, of which they have not been slow to make use. In this change of tactics, there is an indication of the greatest possible danger. We no longer find the same stress laid on the iniquity of the Russians or on the beautiful heroism and gallant aristocratic qualities of the Turk. 'British interests,' 'British honour' have come to take the first place in the daily harangues; we are told that everything which England should guard with the most eager jealousy is in danger, and that the country must be up in arms to maintain existing treaty rights and to prevent insults from being heaped upon it. Having failed to excite sympathy for the Turk or hatred of the Russian, these have been in a measure dropped, except in so far as they can be used to illustrate the extreme liability of this country to receive 'insult' and 'loss of prestige,' and so forth. We may hope that this line of declamation will fall equally dead on common susceptibilities with the others; but we can be by no means so certain of it, for it is one by which public feeling is much more likely to be bewildered. The

English people is roused more easily to fighting humour by a notion that it has been 'insulted,' than by any other means; and there is, perhaps, no saying what a single blunder of the Government might do to turn the popular current of feeling in a day into a violent clamour for war.

The recent blunders of the Government afford us striking instances of what may be in store for us in this direction, and what has changed the tactics of the war press may any day alter the tone of the country. Certain men evidently expect that it may, and it is therefore the more necessary that every one should understand the situation on this side just as well as it is understood as between Russian and Turk. It is in a great measure going over old ground to review the question really at issue, but we believe this to be necessary, and request that our readers will be so good as to follow us. The policy of the Cabinet has been, it will certainly be found, an exceedingly tortuous one, owing in great measure to the fact that it has been notoriously divided within itself. We have had contradictory speeches without number, and, worse still, contradictory acts, by which the nation has been kept continually on the rack. Not only so. The speeches of the most peaceful members of the Cabinet have always been ambiguous on one most vital point. Probably with a view to maintain a show of unity when the substance was no longer there, the most emphatic declarations of neutrality have always been accompanied with the declaration that 'real British interests' must be respected, and have left on the minds of the listeners the feeling that there was a point at which British interference would decidedly become necessary. What that point is has never been exactly or authoritatively defined, and room has therefore been left for an unpleasant diversity of interpretation. Some insist that the advance of Russia to Constantinople would form a *casus belli*; others say that the opening of the Dardanelles to Russian ships of war would not be tolerated by 'British interests;' others assert that any attempt to conclude a peace without consulting England would lead to fighting.

Amid so much uncertainty, it is clear that there is scope for much pernicious agitation; and when it is suspected that there has been a long struggle within the Cabinet itself between those who wish for war now, those who may consent to it later on, and those, perhaps, who cannot make up their minds to this war on any ground, these ambiguous declarations of members of the Cabinet have done almost as much harm as the fustian of Lord Beaconsfield himself. This fact has, moreover, stood evident amid all ambiguities of speech, that nearly all the overt acts of the Government have been more in accordance with the views of the war party than in the interests of peace. Strong in the sympathy of the Queen and a Court party, certain West End clubs, and some country electioneering agents, the Premier has over and over again obliterated the good effects of a pacific speech made by some of his colleagues by a piece of audacious and intermeddling diplomacy such as has made people look for an immediate proclamation of war.

What, then, are the actual 'interests' we have at stake in this Eastern struggle? In some respects we believe they are momentous. But the argument of 'British interests' on which we are asked to fight is thoroughly sordid, base, and contemptible. We have a huge tributary empire in India, and a wide-spread commerce in China; we have colonies in Australasia, and trade interests more

or less valuable in the Levant. For the protection of these, and of our road to them, it has always been considered by our rulers that the Mediterranean should be kept in the position of an English lake. Long before the Suez Canal was opened, we were taught that it was of vital consequence to us that Turkey should be kept intact, because Turkey was weak, especially at sea, and could do nothing to endanger either our Eastern possessions or our way thither. Hence, 'British interests' led us into the Crimean war, and we are now asked to hinder the dismemberment of Turkey for the same purely selfish reason. No matter that the maintenance of the Sultan's army involves the misery of large populations, the devastation of some of the finest lands in the world, a constant horror in Europe, and a disgrace to humanity wherever a pasha sets his foot. 'British interests' demand that no strong hand should hold Stamboul, that no powerful fleet should cross our road eastward, and therefore the Turk ought to be maintained *because* he is a mere barbaric thief and oppressor, from whom we have nothing to fear. So strong is the hold which this dogma — revolting when stated nakedly—has upon public opinion, that even Mr. Gladstone in a measure upheld it in the early days of the agitation about Turkish atrocities. He declared that the Turkish empire must remain in a sense intact, even after the Turk had been expelled. Our 'interests' required the perpetuation of a sham under solemn guarantees after the pashas were gone. And there is a certain force in the argument by which this order of things is justified. It would be undoubtedly awkward for us were a strong and ambitious empire to be established on the Bosphorus. It might possibly put an end in time to our Eastern dominion, especially if we were guided as foolishly as we have lately been. But the argument has not in any case force enough to justify our deliberate maintenance of anarchy and misrule for the sake of our own pockets. That is precisely what it comes to. We are very rich; we have a very large stake in Asia and the Eastern seas, therefore the twenty odd millions of people subject to the Turkish pashas must pine in degradation and misery because we do not know what may happen to our interests if the Turkish empire be broken up. That is what upholding the Turk means for our war party: that is the one true interpretation of 'British interests,' and it must be borne in mind when the agitation for war brings us once more to the brink of a crisis. This dogma lay at the root of the hubbub raised about the Russian annexation of Armenia, and an adroit use of it may yet bring us into a disastrous war.

Granting that there is a certain force in the view that the English maritime supremacy may be lessened by the advent of a new power in the Mediterranean, and even that our Eastern empire and trade may be ultimately endangered, our clear policy was to have striven to our very utmost to have prevented the present war by fulfilling our duty to the subject populations of Turkey ourselves. There could be no doubt that they were oppressed, that they had no rights civil or social, that rapine and murder, extortion and cruelty, were familiar to them, and for the past twenty years the burden of their yoke had been of England's imposing. We had, to serve our own ends, prevented their deliverance by Russia before, and had thus left them for nigh a quarter of a century to their fate, content, so long as our power was not threatened, so long as we grew rich, it may be literally said at their expense, to see them groan, and de-

spair, and die, when the cry of their agony rose loud in the ears of all Europe. Therefore, instead of trying to drown that cry with tales of Russian intrigue, instead of stifling the voices of our consuls, and ordering them to speak well of the pashas, our bounden duty was to interfere for the oppressed. But unhappily we wasted our breath in complaints about the sinister designs of Russia. We now know not where to turn. In our bewilderment it is possible enough that, without wishing it, nay, against all our true mind, we shall fight.

Having done nothing to stop hostilities, and at the same time being deterred from again interfering in the pashas' interest by their own abominable conduct, there was but one other course open to us when war actually broke out—strict and absolute neutrality—a complete holding aloof. There might or might not be great interests at stake; time would show. But at all events the interests of humanity dictated non-interference on either side, most emphatically non-interference on behalf of the Turk. Here, however, the tortuous policy, or no policy, of the English Cabinet became conspicuous, and more than anything else has drifted us to the verge of war. When popular opinion pronounced so emphatically against the weak-kneed pro-Turkish policy of Sir Henry Elliot that he was recalled, the Government sent in his place a man tenfold worse than himself; a violent Russophobist, and a not very scrupulous advocate of active support to the pashas. This representative of the neutrality of England piled up stories of Russian atrocities, to all appearance deliberately with the view of influencing public opinion here against Russia to the war point, and helped to keep up the spirits of the Turkish ditch-fighting, women-and-wounded-destroying savages, so as to prolong a hideous struggle till we came to relieve them and die in their stead. Not content with thwarting public opinion in this fashion, the Cabinet has several times given orders about troops, and especially about the fleet, resembling those given before the Crimean war broke out. The Turks could only attribute these indications to a desire to help them. By these means the Turks were stimulated, the Russians were filled with a hatred for us which may bear most bitter fruit. A constant attitude of jealousy of Russia and friendship for Turkey has been maintained, but for which the war would have been over ere now—if it could ever have begun. We have also prevented Greece from reclaiming the provinces which should have been hers half a century ago; we have gagged Crete; we have mocked and abused Persia; we have suffered English officers to serve the Turks; and in all ways turned the neutrality which we professed into an interference which has done irreparable harm and will do more. If we were neutral, what business had we to meddle, thus incurring hatred and contempt from all parties, and making the name of England a by-word for bad faith and sinister designs? When the nation fully grasps the consequences of this policy, and is called upon to pronounce judgment on the Ministry which has followed it, as I hope it soon may be, it will surely make its condemnation so emphatic that there will be an end of such tortuosities in the critical time now at hand. We shall drift into war yet, if it does not.

The most striking recent example of this miserable sham neutrality is afforded by the peace negotiations, which were heralded by the announcement that the Sultan had begged the English Ministry to mediate with Russia. The motive for such a request, even had it been spontaneous,

which it was not, ought to have been patent to every person of any ordinary penetration. It was neither more nor less than one more cunning attempt on the part of the Turks to embroil us with Russia. Knowing as the pashas do our blind jealousy of that Power, and the superstitious dread of its advent on the Bosphorus, these wily gentlemen thought that if we could be got into an entanglement about the terms of peace, something might come out of it that would lead us to go to their help. Forgetting that we were neutral, and that the proper, the dignified, and the safe course therefore was to leave the Sultan entirely to his own devices, the Ministry at once tried to sound Russia; and when Russia quietly declined to be sounded, the pro-Turkish press howled, 'We are insulted! vengeance, vengeance! England must vindicate her honour!' with much disgusting rant of the same kind.

How eagerly the Turks sought, by means of this sham mediation, to inveigle us into their quarrel, is made evident by the correspondence laid before the House at the opening of Parliament. They even went so far as to try to make out that the Russians had broken faith in continuing hostilities in defiance of a promise given to Lord Derby. Yet we meddle still, and tamper with the centre of danger, taking no warning. If anything were needed finally to show us the utter want of discretion shown by the Cabinet, it is the now notorious paragraph in the Queen's Speech, where approaching difficulties are pointed to, and where it is hinted broadly that money may be needed to prepare for war. Once more Lord Beaconsfield may prove to have persuaded his unhappy Turkish clients to refuse terms and carry the ruinous game to still more disastrous issues.

Lord Beaconsfield complains of being misinterpreted; but who is there that can study and compare his utterances, or who can read calmly his speech in reply to Lord Granville, without feeling that here is a man whose sympathies are all Turkish, and who hardly disguises the hope that England may have to vindicate her 'interests' in the field after all? The contingency is one he dwells upon again and again. He keeps it before the eyes of the world all through his harangues; and for the senseless obstinacy and consequent severe punishment of the Turks (including, alas! the sufferings of many innocent creatures) there is certainly no man in England so deeply responsible as the present Prime Minister.

The attitude of the Cabinet has all through, in short, been one provocative of strife; the wrong side has been espoused in a great struggle. We have throttled the Greeks, heaped contumely on the Servians, mocked at Roumania, and abused the Bulgarians. The Turk has been backed by the English Government and the English ambassador instead of his down-trodden slaves; and be their deliverer a schemer or an honest man, he deserves, and not we, to reap the fruits of his endeavours.

Even supposing peace negotiations at last set on foot, what is more probable than that something may turn up in their course which will give the pro-Turkish Premier an opportunity to cry, 'Our interests are in danger! England is insulted! To arms!' The fickle portion of the nation, always the larger portion, may then take fire, and, ere the rest has time to speak, hurry on a crisis which may well prove to be a catastrophe.

So badly have we played our part that a hundred pretexts for fighting exist now which should never have been heard of. Our neutrality has not been real; our officials have been with the Turk, and the hatred of Russia against us

is almost at a white heat. Be the end what it may, this episode in our history is a disgraceful one; and if it leads to the weakening of English influence, the straining of English resources, the curtailment of our commerce, and the ultimate real danger of our Eastern possessions, we need not be very greatly surprised.

We must say plainly, for we thoroughly believe, that the Prime Minister is the man chiefly to blame for the perilous and undignified position in which we find ourselves.

We are no cowards,—'Nought shall make us rue,
If England to herself do but prove true:'
But think, speak, England! Dost thou, heart and soul,
Trust this man? and give him thy fate's control?

England does not trust Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield; his own party does not trust him; his own colleagues do not trust him. He has the opportunity, rare for a man in his position, of giving relief and satisfaction to all parties, both in Parliament and the country, by resigning.

# ORIGEN AND CELSUS.

By J. A. Froude.

When the seed of the forest tree begins to germinate, and the cotyledons burst their ligaments and lift themselves into light, the growing plant thenceforward gathers its nutriment out of the air. The massive trunk of the oak which has stood for a thousand years, is composed chiefly of vapours absorbed through the leaves and organised into fibre by the cunning chemistry of nature. Some few mineral substances enter into its composition, and are taken up out of the soil through the roots. But these grosser elements are slight in comparison with those of more ethereal origin; how slight, may be measured by the handful of dust which remains when the log has been consumed in the furnace, and the carbon and hydrogen have returned to the source from which they came. The animal is formed of the same materials, and is developed by analogous laws. A single cell with the force called life in it collects a congregation of gaseous atoms, and out of the atoms fashions a man. Men, again, are taken hold of by a further action of the living principle, and are formed into families and nations, societies and institutions; each held together by vital force, and dissolving when the force disappears; but all of them, individuals and nations alike, made out of atoms lent to them for a while out of the aerial envelope of the globe, to be reclaimed after a brief incarnation. The smallest urn suffices to preserve such remnants of a man as cannot be decomposed into vapour.

Spiritual organisations are the counterpart of the material. Intellect and imagination are for ever scattering in millions the seeds of aspirations or speculations. From time to time some one out of these millions is 'brought to bear,' and becomes a theory of politics, a system of philosophy, a tradition, a poem, or a creed. The idea is the life; the organised form is assimilated out of the opinions and desire already floating in the minds of mankind. Some root in fact there may be. But the facts which can be seen, and handled, and verified by experience, are infinitesimally small. Accidental incidents may be needed to quicken an idea into an active force. But when once the idea has begun to grow, and organic tissue to be formed, the sole source of nourishment is again the spiritual —air.

It was once supposed that man was made of clay; that all things which had visible form and bulk were formed out of elements possessing a property of solidity; that air could not become solid, nor solids become air; and much illusory physiology was based on this hypothesis. There has been similar waste of labour and ingenuity in looking for historical facts as the basis of national traditions. The facts which we discover will not account for the consequences which seemed to grow of them. The Romans traced their Romulus to the gods. The historian of the last century regarded Romulus as a robber shepherd, but he had still to explain whence the idea came which developed the shepherd's descendants into an imperial race; and when he looked for his reasons in the 'soil,' in the circumstances of their situation, he was like a man who would find the

secret of the tree in its ashes, or would explain the lifting of the Himalayas by a force which would not elevate a moleheap. The philosophy of history is gradually discerning that the amount of fact discoverable in early legends is extremely small, and that when discovered it is extremely unimportant. Legends are perceived to have risen out of the minds, and characters, and purposes of the people to whom they belong, and are interesting as they show what those minds, and characters, and purposes were. In like manner, theological critics are throwing away valuable effort over the facts supposed to underlie the origin of Christianity. They forget the simile of the grain of mustard seed to which the kingdom of heaven was compared by Christ himself; and they seek for the living in the dead. They sift the Gospel to separate the true from the false. They desire to ascertain precisely the events which occurred in Palestine eighteen or nineteen centuries ago; and such events as survive the process, and can be accepted after passing through the critical crucible, will be but ash or charred cinders. The truth, as it was, can never be discovered. The historical inquirer can look only through the eyes of the early Christian writers; and those writers neither saw as he sees, nor judged as he judges. The historical inquirer sees with the eye of reason; the early Christian saw with the eye of faith. The historical inquirer is impartial; the early Christian was enthusiastic and prepossessed. The historical inquirer demands evidence such as would satisfy a British jury in a criminal case; to the early Christian the life, and death, and resurrection of Christ were their own evidence, each detail of it the symbol of some spiritual reality, and every event of it intrinsically probable as it availed for the edification and elevation of the human soul. Thus the data do not exist to establish an evidential conclusion. The early Christians did not inquire, and therefore have left no record of inquiry. St. Paul was converted by a vision. The vision was sufficient for him, and he pointedly abstained from examining witnesses or strengthening his conviction by outward testimony. The ultimate fact is the existence of belief—belief created by such evidence as was convincing to the minds of the first converts. The evidence was sufficient for them, but they did not argue as we argue; their methods of inference were not our methods of inference; we can see only Christianity coming into existence as a living form: and, as of the oak tree, we do not ask, Is it true or is it false? we ask, Is it alive? so with Christianity, we see a spiritual germ, quickened suddenly into active being, which grew and took possession of the human race, overthrowing every other force with which it came into collision, and eventually revolutionising the entire character of human thought and energy. Life is not truth merely, but it is as Plato says, τὸ ἐπέκεινα τῆς ἀληθείας, something above truth and more than truth; not a passive proposition recognised by the intellect, but a force in operation which remains a mystery to the intellect; and it is immortal not as the properties of the circle are immortal, but as it propagates itself in eternal descent, body after body which it has animated successively perishing, but for ever reorganising itself anew in fresh and developed forms. The individual oak tree grows old. Its functions become torpid. Its boughs clothe themselves more scantily with leaves. It ceases to expand. At length it decays, and is resolved into the elements. But it has dropped its acorns from its branches,

and in the acorn it lives again, in a new body, the essential qualities unchanged, the unessential and accidental passing away into other combinations. The Christianity of the first century was, and yet was not, the Christianity of the fourth century. The Christianity of the fourth century was, and yet was not, the Christianity of feudal Europe. The Christianity of feudal Europe died at the Reformation, and was born again in Protestant Christianity. Even things which we call dead are still subject to the eternal laws of change. Magnetic forces are for ever at work, integrating and disintegrating the atoms of which the inorganic world is composed. Only in the intellectual abstractions of geometry, or in numbers which have no existence save in the conception of the intellect, do we find propositions of which we can predicate with certainty unalterable truth. Whatever has its being in time and space is under the conditions of transiency; but the transient is interpenetrated with life; every living thought which has quickened into mortal organisation, and has developed into flower and fruit, renews its energies while time endures; and, in the strictest sense of the words, the gates of death do not prevail against it.

Religion, as a rule of life, neither is, nor can be, a record of events which once occurred on a corner of this planet. It is the expression and statement of our duties to one another, and of our relations to the Sovereign Power which has called us into existence. And these duties and these relations are not conditions which once were or which will be hereafter. They are conditions of our present being, as much as what we call the laws of nature. For the laws of bodily health we are not dependent on the observations of Galen, or the history of the plague at Athens. We learn from present experience, as Galen himself learnt, and we refer to the records of the past only as a single chapter in the vast volume of our instructions. The evidence of the truth of religion is not the testimony of this or that person who saw, or thought he saw, long ago, something which seemed to him an indication of a supernatural presence. The evidence is the power which lies in a religion to cope with moral disease, to conquer and bind the brutal appetites and intellectual perversities of man, and to lift him out of grossness and self-indulgence into higher and nobler desires. This was what Christianity effected as no creed or system of philosophy ever did before or has done since, and Christianity was thus, as Goethe declares, beyond comparison the grandest work which was ever accomplished by humanity. It is a height, he says, from which, having once risen to it, mankind can never again descend; and thus of all studies the most interesting to us is that of the conditions under which so extraordinary a force developed itself.

Within historical times the earth has never seen—let us hope it may never see again—such a condition of human society as prevailed in the Roman Empire during the centuries which elapsed between the Crucifixion and the baptism of Constantine. When we look back over distant periods the landscape is foreshortened, and we discern but the elevated features of it. The long level intervals, where common life was the most busy, are lost to us almost entirely. We have the list of emperors, with their various achievements. The light falls into the palaces; we catch glimpses of questionable palace ladies, of intriguing favourites, and ambitious statesmen; we see the dagger, cord, or poison cup which removed prince after prince to make room for his successor with horrid uniformity.

We read of invasions by barbarians, of fierce battles on the Danube, on the Euphrates, and the frontier advancing or receding. The units which form the sum of mankind are of small significance save to themselves and their families. In hundreds of millions they play their little parts upon the stage, and pass away and are forgotten because no one cares to notice or speak of them. Yet it is of these multitudes that humanity consists, and by the thoughts obscurely working in the minds of them the destinies of humanity are eventually controlled. In the centuries of which I speak ten generations of men were born and lived and died. The Empire was sprinkled with cities, towns, villages, and farmsteads, all thronged like anthills, and in a fair state of outward civilisation. Political discontent was rare and easily suppressed. Order was moderately maintained, and was disturbed only by occasional bands of robbers. Men of fortune resided on their estates, shot and hunted, went to the watering-places in hot weather, and kept their yachts. Merchants and manufacturers made money; artisans and shopkeepers pursued their various trades. Peasants tilled their wheatfields or their vineyards. Schoolmasters, or family tutors, drilled the boys. State-paid professors taught in the universities. Philosophers wrangled. Priests presided in the shrines and temples, and held processions and celebrations on holydays. Peace, quiet, industry was everywhere, with an air of grace and harmonious culture; and below the surface was a condition of morality, at least among the educated classes, which words cannot describe or modern imagination realise. Moral good and moral evil were played with as fancies in the lecture rooms; but they were fancies merely, with no bearing on life. The one practical belief was that pleasure was pleasant. By pleasure was meant the indulgence of the senses; and the supremest enjoyment which art and philosophy combined to recommend, was the most loathsome and unmentionable of vices. The poor may have been protected from the worst contamination by the necessities of hard work, the ignorant by the simplicity of their understanding. But so far as culture 'cast its shadow,' the very memory disappeared that there was any evil except bodily pain, or any good save in sensuality. The supreme deity led the way in impurity. The inferior divinities followed the example, which descended from them into the palace of the emperors. Adrian and Antinous were but another, and alas! more real, Zeus and Ganymede. The Stoics preached austerity; the Academics, virtue; the Platonists, the aspiration after the ideal. Stoics, Academics, Platonists were as vicious in practice as the pampered legionary who scoffed at their speculations. In the schools of Athens, where the most gifted youths in the Empire came to be educated in the worship of the beautiful, the professors illustrated their lessons by the practical corruption of their pupils. Freely as Lucian scattered his sarcasms over all classes of society except the lowest, he reserves his choicest arrows for the philosophers. Of all kinds of men who had fallen under the range of Lucian's eye, the philosophers were the vilest and the worst. The nearest in infamy after them, and but a single degree better, were the priests and ministers of the established religion. Men of ability had long ceased to believe in the Olympian gods. Men of ability, Epicureans all or most of them, believed in nature and natural laws. They believed in experience, they believed in what their senses told them—what lay beyond they regarded as a dream. But religion was still a convenient instrument to preserve

the peace of the Empire. The majority of mankind were fools, and would continue fools. The belief in imaginary supernatural beings, who might reward or punish in another world, was a check on passion, and an assistance in bearing injustice patiently. Even if superstition was mischievous in itself it could not be eradicated. The accepted traditions therefore were preserved and treated with affected respect. The more outrageous features were softened into allegory. The new creeds and deities with which the spread of the Empire brought the Romans in contact were protected and patronised, and enthusiasm and religious excitement were allowed play within reasonable limits. The mysteries of Ceres and Dionysus superseded the old Temple worship. Serapis was admitted to equality with the Olympians. The Cæsars were taken into heaven and carried up their favourites with them. For the most part there was an outward show of decency, but the creed was a conscious imposture. The ceremonial became infected more and more with the general impurity, and the Mysteries, which perhaps originally rose from a desire for something purer and better, became a veil at last for the most detestable orgies. When Adrian's 'favourite' Antinous died, the Egyptians built a town and shrine in his honour, and Antinopolis became a scene of miracles as constant as those at Lourdes. At this point religion had perhaps reached its nadir—lower than this it has never descended upon earth. The degradation was now as complete as the genius of evil could make it. The shocked conscience of mankind, never wholly extinct, was already kindling into resentment; and as in political catastrophes revolution is nearest when tyranny is at its worst, so in moral putrefaction the germs are quickening of a new order of things. There is this difference only, that the overthrow of a government is swift and sudden; the regeneration of character is slow and deliberate. Political convictions disappoint expectation. The enthusiasm of revolt is a conflagration which expires when the fuel is consumed; a religious revolution advances steadily in the hearts of mankind, and each step that is gained is a conquest finally achieved. Lucian was able to see that some vast religious change was approaching; but Lucian could not discern the direction from which it was coming. Christianity was working in a sphere too low for him. Spiritual regeneration begins naturally among the poor and the humble, for it begins in the strata of society which are least corrupt. First individuals are found intent on reforming their own wretched lives, with no thought of converting the world. Individuals gather circles about them. The circles spread and lay down rules for themselves and simple formulas of doctrine. The material lies scattered everywhere ready to organise. The supreme idea which can assimilate it is found at last, but not immediately. There are false starts: spurious seed is sown with the good, and springs up as weeds. Tentatively, gradually, and after severe competition, the fittest survives.

From the moment of the final conquest of Asia by the Romans, when the Asiatic and European philosophies were brought in contact, an intellectual fermentation had been active. Theosophic theories were formed in infinite variety, some fanciful and withering in a season; some strong, like Manicheism, and protracting a vigorous existence for centuries. Enthusiasts, impostors, prophets started up, 'boasting themselves to be somebody.' Enchanters, magicians, necromancers, dealers with spirits, were everywhere making fame and

fortune out of sick souls pining for knowledge of the invisible world. The most illustrious of these Cagliostros of the old world, Apollonius of Tyana, and Alexander of Abonitichus, blazed into a splendour which shone over the whole Empire.

Into the midst of this strange scene of imposture, profligacy, enthusiasm, and craving for light, Christianity emerged out of Palestine with its message of lofty humility. The quack prophets claimed to be gods or sons of God. They carried their credentials with them, in the form of pomp and power. They worked miracles; they invited fools to worship them, and in return they promised the faithful infinite rewards of gold and pleasure. The teachers of Christianity called themselves also apostles of a Son of God; but their Son of God was a village carpenter, who had lived in sorrow and had died on the cross, and their message was a message never heard before on earth. It was to invite their fellow-men to lead new lives, to put away sin, to separate themselves from the abominations of the world, to care nothing for wealth and to be content with poverty, to aim only at overcoming, each for himself, his own sensuality and selfishness; to welcome pain, want, disease, everything which the world most shrank from, if it would assist him in self-conquest; and to expect no reward, at least in this life, save the peace which would arise from the consciousness that he was doing what God had commanded.

Such a message naturally found readiest acceptance among those whom ignorance had protected from philosophy; who had lived in hardship, and had been least enervated by what was called pleasure. Rich men could not easily abandon substantial enjoyments in pursuit of so imaginary an object as the elevation of their characters. Men of intellect had heard too much of sons of God, and had seen too many of them, to attach significance to the alleged appearance of another in Judæa.

The early Christian converts were those who had little to part with, whose experiences of life were hard already, and who found the hardness of their lot made more bearable by the knowledge that it was no evil, and might be a good to them. Intellectually they were called on to believe nothing which in itself was difficult. Such men knew nothing of science or of laws of nature. The world as they knew it was a world already full of signs and wonders. There was nothing wonderful in the coming to earth of a Son of God, for the Jews had been told to expect Him; and the Gentiles believed that He had come in the person of Augustus Cæsar. A miracle was as little improbable in itself as any other event. The heroes had risen from the dead, had ascended into heaven, and were seen as stars nightly in the sky. The only distinction between the wonders of Christianity and the wonders which they already believed, was that the spirits with whose operations they had been hitherto familiar, were evil or mischievous spirits, or spirits at best indifferent to good. In the new revelation the spirits of God were seen taking part in the direction of human affairs, and defeating the powers of darkness in their own world. Thus the doctrine announced was precisely of the kind which the hearers were prepared to receive; and it was preached in perfect good faith, because the teachers were on the same intellectual level with their audience. They were men of noble natural disposition, natural gifts, natural purity of mind, but they were unlearned. They knew nothing of science or art, and, with the exception of St. Paul, nothing of literature, nothing of politics, nothing of the world around them. St. Paul had been well educated, yet his scientific know-

ledge had been carried only far enough to betray him into error, when he illustrated the resurrection of the body from the growth of a grain of wheat, which he supposed to die and rise again. Contemporary naturalists were as well aware then as now, that if the grain was dead it would not rise again.

In its earliest stages the Church absorbed the common superstitions of its day; as converts multiplied, the circle of its horizon widened, and it gathered into itself and remodelled after its own likeness the prevailing speculations of the times and the prevailing practices. The birth of Christ was fixed at the winter solstice, when already a universal festival was held for the birth of the sun and the beginning of the new year. In place of the heathen mysteries there were the Christian mysteries of the Sacraments. Philosophers said that the root of evil lay in matter; that the appetites which led to sin were affections of the flesh, which lusted against the spirit. Christianity accepted the theory, explained the fact by Adam's fall, and found a remedy in the virgin-born body of Christ, which, being generated free from the effects of Adam's sin, resumed its purity, became the mystical body of the Church, and the food, through transubstantiation, of the believer. The Trinity was taken over from the Platonists, who had already shaped it into form. A strange and painful opinion had spread out of Phœnicia over the Greek and Roman world, that the gods required, as a condition of any special favour, the sacrifice of some pure and innocent human victim. This dark belief was the growth of comparatively recent centuries, but it was laying hold on the popular mind with increasing fascination. It was accepted and reconciled to the conscience in the doctrine of the Christian atonement. Every popular idea, every speculation floating in the spiritual sky, was thus successively laid hold of, and, like a cloud reversed, was transformed into an image of beauty. The chambers of the mind were not remodelled, but for each impure or frightful occupant, some new inmate, some pure and elevating spiritual symbol, was substituted, intellectually analogous, and every function of human nature—heart, conscience, reason, imagination—was gradually enlisted in the war against moral evil.

The ages differ one from another: the believing and the scientific eras succeed each other as systole and diastole in the progress of human development. In believing eras, nations form themselves on heroic traditions. Legends shape themselves into poetry, and aspirations after beauty and goodness bloom out into art and religion. Scientific eras bring us back to reality and careful knowledge of facts; but scepticism is fatal to the enthusiasm which produces saints, and poets, and heroes. There would have been no *Iliad* in an age which inquired into the evidence for the real existence of Priam or Achilles. There are two kinds of truth: there is the general truth, the truth of the idea, which forms the truth of poetry; there is the literal truth of fact, which is the truth of science and history. They correspond to the two phases of the mind, and never as yet have been found to thrive together.

Without inquiry, without hesitation, by force of natural affinity, Christianity grew and spread over the Empire, and as surely there went with it and flowed out of it a complete revolution in the relative estimate of the value of human things. To a Roman or a Greek the greatest of evils had been pain; to the Christian the greatest of evils was sin. The gods of Paganism were called blessed; but the blessedness of them lay in the

absence of restraint and the power to make their will their law. The God of Christianity was absolute perfection, and perfection meant perfect obedience to law. From the lowest fibre of its roots, the nature of a Christian—heart, intellect, imagination—underwent a complete transformation, a transformation which, if real, no intelligent person could deny to be a change from a worse condition to a better; and it might have been expected that the Roman emperors would have given a warm welcome to the power which was effecting such an alteration, if on no higher ground, yet as saving trouble to the policeman. Why did a government, usually so tolerant, make an exception of the best deserving of its subjects? Why, as was certainly the fact, was enmity to Christianity a characteristic of the best emperors, not of the worst? Why do we find the darkest persecution in the reign, not of a Domitian or a Commodus, but under the mild, just rule of a Trajan, a Marcus Aurelius, a Severus, or a Diocletian?

No more valuable addition could be made to theological history than an account of the impression made by Christianity on the minds of cultivated Romans of the highest order of ability, while its message was still new, before long acceptance had made its strangest features familiar, and before the powers which it eventually exerted commanded attention and respect. Few such men, unfortunately, condescended to examine its nature with serious care. Tacitus, Pliny, Lucian, glanced at the Christians with contemptuous pity, as victims of one more of the unaccountable illusions to which mankind were subject. They were confounded at first with the Jews; and the Jews, as the Romans had found to their cost, were troublesome fanatics whom it was equally difficult to govern or destroy. When the political constitution of a nation is abolished, its lands taken from it, and its people scattered, the atoms are usually absorbed into other combinations, and the nation ceases to exist. The Romans made an end of Jerusalem; levelled the Temple with the ground; so far as force could do it, annihilated the Jewish nationality. They were no nearer their end than when they began. The bond of coherence was not political but religious, and the Jewish communities dispersed throughout the Empire burst occasionally into furious insurrections, and were a constant subject of anxiety and alarm. The Jews proper, however, were relatively few; they made no proselytes, and could be controlled; but there had come out from them a sect which was spreading independent of local associations, making converts in every part of the world. If not Jews, they were wonderfully like Jews; a proselytising religion was a new phenomenon; and in an empire so little homogeneous as the Roman an independent organisation of any kind was an object of suspicion when it grew large enough to be observed. The Christians, too, were bad citizens, refusing public employment and avoiding service in the army; and while they claimed toleration for their own creed, they had no toleration for others; every god but their own they openly called a devil, and so long as religion was maintained by the State, and the Empire was administered with religious forms, direct insults to the gods could not readily be permitted. Their organisation was secret, and their allegiance ambiguous, since they refused to take the customary oaths; while doubtless to intelligent men, who were looking to the growth of accurate scientific knowledge for the amelioration of mankind, the appearance of a new and vigorous superstition was provoking and disappointing. All this we see, yet it still leaves

much unexplained. It fails to show us the motives which led Marcus Aurelius to persecute men whom his own principles must have compelled him to admire. Some further insight may be gained, however, from the fragments of a once celebrated work called *A True Story*, which have been preserved by Origen in his answer to it. The author of this work was a distinguished Roman named Celsus, Marcus Aurelius's contemporary. The book itself is lost. Nothing remains of it save the passages which Origen extracted that he might refute them; and thus we have no complete account of what Celsus said. We have, like the geologist, to restore an extinct organisation out of the fossils of an imperfect skeleton. But the attempt is worth making. The remains of this lost production exhibit most curiously the relations of the Christianity of the second century to the intellectual culture of the time, and the causes, neither few nor insignificant, which prevented men of high character and attainments from embracing or approving it.

Of Celsus personally not much is known. He was an Epicurean in opinion and belief; but the habits of men were not governed by their philosophy, nor did the name bear at that time the meaning which now attaches to it. The Epicurean under Marcus Aurelius was the man of science, and of Celsus we gather generally that he was a clear-sighted, honest, proud, and powerful-minded man, unlikely to concern himself with vice and folly. His method of thought was scientific in the strictest modern sense. He disbelieved evidently that the order of nature was ever interrupted by supernatural interference. He had assured himself that every phenomenon in the moral or material world was the sequel of a natural cause. Epicurus had taught him that constant unvarying laws, or groups of laws, prevailed throughout the universe, that what appeared to be chance was only the action of forces not yet known to us, and that every alleged miracle performed either by God, angel, devil, or art magic, was a false interpretation of some natural phenomenon, misinterpreted by ignorance or misrepresented by imposture. He considered that human affairs could be best ordered by attention and obedience to the teaching of observed facts, and that superstition, however accredited by honourable objects or apparent good effects, could only be mischievous in the long run. Sorcerers, charlatans, enthusiasts, were rising thick on all sides, pretending a mission from the invisible world. Of such men and such messages Celsus and his friends were stern and inexorable antagonists. The efforts of their lives were directed to saving mankind from becoming the victims of a new cycle of folly. He himself had written an elaborate treatise, which has been lost, like his other writings, against the Eastern magicians. Lucian dedicated to him his exposure of Alexander of Abonitichus, the most impudent and the most successful of the enchanters of the second century. 'This sketch,' says Lucian, in the closing lines, 'I have determined to address to you, my dear sir, both to give you pleasure as my comrade and friend—as a person whom I hold in especial honour for the wisdom, truthfulness, gentleness, justice, composure, and uprightness, which you have displayed in your general conduct, and, again, which I think will gratify you even more, in vindication of our master, Epicurus, who was a saint indeed; who was inspired in the highest sense; who alone combined, and taught others to combine, the good with the true, and was thus the deliverer and saviour of those who would consent to learn from him.'

In this spirit Celsus composed his ἀληθὴς λόγος, his *True Story*, against the Christians, in connection apparently, from the political character of its concluding passages, with the efforts of Marcus Aurelius to suppress them. The book was powerful and popular, and it proved a real obstacle to the spread of Christianity among the educated classes. Eighty years[1] at least after its publication the Church found it necessary to reply, and Origen, the most gifted and accomplished of the Christian fathers, was selected for the task. Origen's answer decided the controversy in the Church's favour; but in the reconsideration of the theological position which has been forced upon the modern world, what Celsus had to say has become of peculiar interest to us, and I have endeavoured to reconstruct, in outline, his principal positions. His arguments lie under every disadvantage; the order is disarranged; the objections are presented sometimes in his own words, sometimes in paraphrases and epitomes, and are brought forward in the attitude in which they could be most easily overthrown. His antagonist was totally without humour, and when Celsus was speaking in irony or condescending to prevailing weaknesses, Origen supposed him to be giving his serious opinion; and again, a mind intensely earnest and religious is unfitted by its very nature to comprehend scientific modes of thought. Yet Origen was too high a man to condescend to wilful misrepresentation, or to do less than his very best to exhibit faithfully the lines which he assailed. Notwithstanding these inevitable drawbacks, a fair conception can still be formed of the once celebrated *True Story*.

The writer of it commences, or seems to commence, by saying that he does not condemn the Christians for the secrecy of their rites or for their barbarous origin. Secrecy was forced on them by their position, and a foreign extraction was not in itself a crime. There was nothing censurable in their lives or habits, or in their refusal to worship statues made by human artists, or to believe the legends of the Grecian gods. Their fault was that they had erected a new superstition of their own, which they maintained by the arts of common charlatans. A belief, Celsus admitted, was not to be abandoned because the profession of it was dangerous. A man with a *soul* in him longed necessarily for truth, loved God above all things, and desired only to know what God was and what God willed. But he must take his intellect along with him, or he might fall into folly and extravagance. And Celsus complained that the Christians would neither reason nor listen to reason. 'Inquire nothing,' they said. 'Believe, and your faith will save you. The world's wisdom is evil, and the world's foolishness is insight.'

Their origin was tolerably well known. There were certain traditions common to all nations respecting the creation of the world. These traditions Moses became acquainted with in Egypt. Moses, who was probably a magician, introduced into them variations of his own. From Egypt he borrowed various religious rites. A number of shepherds took him for their leader, and, under his guidance, they professed a belief in one God, whom they called 'the Most High,' or Adonai, or God of Sabaoth, or of Heaven. By these names they meant the Universe, or what the Greeks called τὸν ἐπὶ πᾶσι Θέον, the God over all. Hence came the Jewish nation, and from

[1] That is, if the opinion generally received is correct that the Celsus who composed he ἀληθὴς λόγος was Lucian's friend. But the evidence is not conclusive.

among them, now in these late years, there had risen a second prophet, who was called 'the Son of God.'

The majority of the Jews themselves had not admitted the pretensions of the new claimant, and to explain the reason of their refusal Celsus introduces an orthodox Jew, whom he represents as thus addressing Christ.

'You were born in a small Jewish village. Your mother was a poor woman who earned her bread by spinning. Her husband divorced her for adultery. She went off to Egypt, where you were born, and were bred up among the Egyptian conjurers. The arts which you there learnt, you practised when you returned to your own people, and you thus persuaded them that you were God. It was given out that you were born of a virgin. Your real father was a soldier, named Panther.[2] The story of your Divine parentage is like the story of Danaë. You say that when you were baptised in Jordan a dove descended upon you, and that a voice was heard from heaven declaring that you were the Son of God. Who saw the dove? Who heard the voice, except you and another who suffered as you suffered? The prophets have foretold that a Son of God is to come. Granted. But how are we to know that they referred to you? They spoke of a glorious king who was to reign over the world. You we know only as wandering about with publicans and boatmen of abandoned character.[3] You tell us that the wise men of the East came at your birth to adore you;[4] that they gave notice to Herod, and that Herod killed all the children in Bethlehem, to prevent you from becoming king. You yourself escaped by going to Egypt. Is this story true? and if it be, could not the angels who had been busy about your birth have protected you at home? When you grew up, what did you accomplish remarkable? What did you say? We challenged you in the Temple to give us a sign as your credential. You had none to give. You cured diseases, it is said; you restored dead bodies to life; you fed multitudes with a few loaves. These are the common tricks of the Egyptian wizards, which you may see performed every day in our markets for a few halfpence. They too drive out devils, heal sicknesses, call up the souls of the dead, provide suppers and tables covered with dishes, and make things seem what they are not. We do not call these wizards sons of God, we call them rogues and vagabonds.'

The Jew then turns to his converted countrymen.

'What madness can have possessed you,' he says, 'to leave the law of your fathers? Can you conceive that we, who were looking for the coming of the Messiah, should not have recognised Him had this been He? His own followers even were not convinced, or they would not have betrayed and deserted him. If he could not persuade those who daily saw and spoke with him, shall he convince you now that he is gone? He suffered, you pretend, to destroy the power of evil. Have there been no other sufferers? Was he the only one? He worked miracles, you say, he healed the lame and the blind, he brought the dead to life. The daughter of the ruler of the

[2] Epiphanius says that Joseph's father was called Panther. John of Damascus says that Panther was Mary's grandfather. The Talmud says that he was Mary's husband.

[3] Origen thinks that Celsus must have gathered this from the Epistle of Barnabas, where the Apostles are spoken of as ὑπὲρ πάσαν ἁμαρτίαν ἀνομώτεροι.

[4] Origen says the wise men were magicians. Their power depended on the devil. It ceased suddenly when Christ was born, and they thus knew that something wonderful had happened.

synagogue was asleep, she was not dead. But, oh light and truth, did he not himself tell you, is it not written in your own books, that miracles could be worked by impostors? He calls Satan a master of such arts. Are you to argue from the same works that one man is God and another a servant of Satan? Why is one a servant of Satan more than the other? To what can you appeal? You say he prophesied that he would himself rise from the dead, and he did rise. The same is said of many besides him. Zamolxis told the Scythians that he had come back from the dead. So Pythagoras told the Italians. Rhampsinitus pretended to have played dice with Ceres in Hell, and he showed a golden handkerchief which Ceres had given to him. Orpheus, Protesilaus, Hercules, Theseus, all are said to have died and risen again. But did anyone ever really rise?—really?—in the body in which he had lived? Or shall we say that all these stories are fables, but that yours is true? Who saw your prophet after he rose? an hysterical woman or some of his own companions who dreamt of him or were deluded by their enthusiasm. All the world were witnesses of his death. Why were none but his friends witnesses of his resurrection? Had he desired to prove that he was God, he should have appeared to his accusers and his judge, or he should have vanished from the cross. You hope that you shall rise again in your bodies and have eternal life, that he will be a guide and example in the resurrection, and will prove that with God nothing is impossible.[5] Where is he now? that we may see and believe. Did he come among us that we might reject him? He was a man—such a man as truth shows him to have been and common sense declares.'

So far the Jew; but after all, says Celsus, now speaking in his own person, the controversy between Jews and Christians is but for the proverbial 'ass's shadow.' Both affirm that the human race is to be redeemed by a Saviour from heaven. The only question between them is about the person of this Saviour.

The Jews were a tribe of Egyptians who revolted from the established religion. The Christians have revolted in turn from them, and the cause in both cases has been the same—a seditious and revolutionary temper. So long as the Christians were few there was tolerable agreement among them. As their numbers extended the mutinous spirit displayed itself. Sect has formed after sect, each condemning the other, till they have little left but the name in common. Their faith rests on nothing but their hopes and fears. God forbid that they, or I, or any man, should cease to believe that wicked men will be punished hereafter and good men rewarded.[6] But the Christians have taken this ancient doctrine, and distorted its meaning, and now howl it out like the Corybantes, as if no one had ever heard of it before. Their creed preserves its original Egyptian stamp—grand and impressive without, and within ridiculous. The Greeks say that the heroes became gods. The Christians will not believe in the heroes, but insist that Christ was seen after death by his friends, and they are angry with us if we in turn decline to believe them. The evidence is as good for one as the other. Hundreds of Greeks are to

[5] Origen places these last words in the Jew's mouth as expressing his own conviction. But this is an obvious mistake, made perhaps by some transcriber.

[6] A very remarkable confession, considering who made it—so remarkable that it must be given in Celsus's own words. *μήτε τούτοις εἴη μήτ' ἐμοὶ μήτ' ἄλλῳ τινὶ ἀνθρώπων ἐπιθέσθαι τὸ περὶ τοῦ κολασθήσεσθαι τοὺς ἀδίκους καὶ γερῶν ἀξιωθήσεσθαι τοὺς δικαίους δόγμα* (Lib. iii. c. 16).

be found to this day who maintain that they have seen, and often see, Esculapius busy about sick beds. Aristeas of Proconnesus disappeared mysteriously again and again, and started up in all quarters of the world. Abaris travelled on an arrow. Hermotimus of Clazomenæ could leave his body and return to it. Cleomedes was locked into a box, and when the box was opened he was gone. Men once living and now deified have their temples everywhere. There are the Emperor Adrian's lovers. Antinous works miracles daily at Antinopolis. These we are to call fables; yet what we are told of Jesus we are expected to believe. Those only can believe it who have determined that it shall be regarded as true, and forbid inquiry and investigation. The Christian teachers have no power over men of education, men of knowledge and learning. They do not address themselves to intelligence, they call human wisdom folly. The qualifications for conversion are ignorance and childish timidity. Their orators gather crowds about them in the market places, but you see no sensible person there; you see only boys and slaves and the common materials of a city mob. Weavers or cobblers will make their way into private houses; so long as the heads of the family are present, they say nothing; when they have the field to themselves, they catch hold of the children and women, and then produce their marvels. Fathers and tutors are not listened to. Fathers and tutors, they say, are mad or blind, unable to understand or do any good thing, given over to vain imaginations. The weavers and cobblers only are wise, they only have the secret of life, they only can show the way to peace and happiness. If father and tutor come back and find them there, they cease their instructions. They whisper in the children's ears that till they are alone they can teach them no more. They slink away with them into the women's apartment, or bid them come and learn the ways of perfection in their own workshops.

I speak bitterly about this, says Celsus, because I feel bitterly. When we are invited to the Mysteries, the masters use another tone. They say, 'Come to us, ye who are of clean hands and pure speech, ye who are unstained by crime, ye who have a good conscience towards God, ye who have done justly and lived uprightly.' The Christians say, 'Come to us, ye who are sinners, ye who are fools or children, ye who are miserable, and ye shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.' The rogue, the thief, the burglar, the poisoner, the spoiler of temples and tombs, these are their proselytes. Christ, they say, was sent to save sinners; was he not sent to help those who have kept themselves free from sin? They pretend that God will save the unjust man if he repents and humbles himself. The just man, who has held steady from the cradle in the ways of virtue, He will not look upon. We are to confess ourselves to be sinners, and to pray and sob for pardon. The magistrate judges by the truth, he does not listen to tears and lamentations. Can God require such attitudes? Are we to think of God as a being who can be softened by appeals to His pity? Why are sinners to have the preference with Him? When persons with a proclivity of evil have formed evil habits, they are notoriously past cure; neither punishment nor tenderness will mend them. Surely those who are doing the best for themselves are those who best deserve help from above. It is pretended that well-conducted people are led astray by self-conceit, and will not listen to reproof. But the Christians do not address the well-conducted. They address the ignorance of the

multitude; they are like the drunkards who accuse the sober of being drunk, or the half blind who tell those with eyes that they cannot see. They are leading astray miserable men after visionary hopes, and turning them from the knowledge of all that is really good.

You say, Celsus goes on as if personally addressing the converts, that God must come down to earth to judge mankind. The Jews say, that He will come. The Christians, that He has come already. But why should God come down? To learn what mankind are doing? He already knows all things. Was it to set right what was amiss? The everlasting order of the universe does not need to be set right. No link of it is broken or can be broken. Or perhaps you think that He was without His due honour; that He desired to learn who there were that believed in Him; that He would have us know Him for our salvation, that those who would turn to Him might repent and be saved, and those who rejected Him might be convicted of an evil heart. Do you suppose that for all these ages God had left man alone, and only now at last has remembered and visited him? You tell us nothing of God with any savour of truth in it. You terrify fools by pictures of the horrors which await the impenitent, pictures like the spectres and phantasms which we are shown in the Mysteries.

You have gathered a doctrine out of the Greek legends which you have not understood about cataclysms and conflagrations. The Greeks discovered that elemental catastrophes might be looked for in recurring solar and sidereal cycles. The last deluge was Deucalion's: now you think that it is the turn of fire, and that God will come upon the earth as a consuming flame. God, my friends, is all-perfect and all-blessed. If He leaves His present state, and comes down as a man among men, He must pass from blessedness to unblessedness, from perfection to imperfection, from good to bad, and no such change is possible with Him. Change is the condition of mortality. The immortal remains the same for ever. He cannot change without ceasing to be Himself. He cannot seem to change while He remains unchanged, for then He is a deceiver. You Jews say, that when the world was full of vice and violence, God sent His angels and destroyed it in the first Deluge. You Christians say, that the Son of God was sent on account of the Jews' sins; that the Jews crucified Him, and incurred heavier wrath than before. You are like so many ants creeping out of their anthill, or frogs sitting round a pond, or a congregation of worms on a mud-heap, discussing among themselves which have sinned, and all claiming to have had the secrets of God revealed to them. For us, they say, He has left the circuit of the sky. Our interests only He considers, forgetting all other created things. To us He sends messenger after messenger, and thinks only how to attach us to Himself. We are God's children, and are made in His likeness. For us earth, water, air, and stars were created, to be our ministers. But some of us have sinned, and now God must come, or send His Son, to burn up the offenders, and give the rest of us eternal life. Such language would be less monstrous from the frogs than from those who now use it.

What are the Jews that they claim so lofty privileges? They were a colony of revolted Egyptian slaves who settled in a corner of Palestine. In their account of themselves they pretend that at the beginning God made a man with His hands, and breathed life into him. He then put him to sleep, took out one of his ribs, and of the

rib made a woman. Having thus created these two, He gave them certain orders, which the serpent tempted them to disobey, and thus crossed God's purpose and got the better of him. God having thus failed to make His creatures loyal to Himself, after a time proposed to destroy them. There was a Deluge, and a marvellous ark, in which all kinds of living things were inclosed, with a dove and a raven to act as messengers.[7] The history of the Patriarchs follows—children singularly born; brothers quarrelling; mothers plotting; a youth cheating his father-in-law; a story of Lot and his daughters worse than the banquet of Thyestes. One of the lads goes to Egypt, where he interprets a dream, and becomes ruler of the country. His family join him and settle there. The Jews and Christians explain these legends into allegory, but it is all illusion together. God makes nothing which is liable to death. The soul of man is God's work. The body of man is not His work. The human body differs nothing from the body of a bat or a worm. It is made of the same materials. It comes to the same end; all material things are mortal, and subject to decay. The evil which men speak of is a necessary condition of the universe. It is not in God. It is in matter; its energy lies in corruption; and life and death succeed each other with an unchanging law of uniform succession. The world was not made for man; each organised creature is born and perishes for the sake of the whole κόσμος. That which to you seems evil may not be evil in itself. To some other being, or to the universe, it may possibly be good. Man refers all things to himself and his own interests. The rain from heaven was no more sent for him than it was sent for the trees and herbs. The trees and herbs are of as much benefit to the animals as to man. The animals might even with better reason regard themselves as the special objects of God's care. Man seeks his food with pain and toil. The animals neither sow nor plough; the earth supplies them freely with all that they need. Euripides may say:

> The day and night are ministers of man.

Why more of man than of ants and gnats, to whom night brings sleep, and day the return of energy? Are we lords of the animals because we capture and devour them? Do not they equally chase and devour us? And we must use nets and weapons and hounds and huntsmen, while nature has given weapons to them sufficient with no such assistance. So far as nature goes it might be rather said that God had subjected man to beasts. Will a higher place be claimed for man because he lives in cities and rules himself by laws? So do ants and bees. They too have their chiefs, their wars, their victories, their captured enemies. They have their towns and suburbs, their division of labour, their punishment for drones. They have cemeteries for their dead. They converse and reason when they meet on the road. To one looking down from heaven no such mighty difference would appear between the doings of men and the doings of ants. The universe was no more made for man than for the lion, the eagle, or the dolphin. One created being is not better than another (save relatively to ourselves). All are but parts of one great and perfect whole,

[7] The difficulty of conceiving that such a multitude of creatures could have been preserved in a vessel of the dimensions usually assigned to the Ark, was a very old one. Origen gets over it by saying that the figures were wrongly given. The Ark, he says, was twenty-five miles long, and almost a mile wide.

and this whole is the constant care of the providence of God. He does not forget it and turn to it at intervals when it has become corrupt. He is not angry with it nor threatens to destroy it on man's account any more than on account of apes and flies. Each thing in its place fulfils its allotted work.

No God or Son of God has ever come down to this earth or will come. The Jews profess to venerate the heavens and the inhabitants of the heavens; but the grandest, the most sublime, of the wonders of those high regions they will not venerate. They adore the phantasms of the dark, the obscure visions of their sleep; but for those bright and shining harbingers of good, those ministers by whom the winter rains and the summer warmth, the clouds and the lightnings and the thunders, the fruits of the earth and all living things are generated and preserved, those beings in whom God reveals His presence to us, those fair celestial heralds, those angels which are angels indeed, for them they care not, they heed them not. They dream of a God who will burn all created things to cinders, and will raise up them to life again in their fleshly bodies. It is not to gratify such appetites of disordered minds that God presides in this universe. He rules in justice and uprightness. To the soul He may grant immortality. The flesh is but a perishing excrement which He neither will save nor, though you say that with Him nothing is impossible, is able to save, for He is Himself the reason of all things, and He cannot contradict His own nature.

The Jews as a separate nation have their own institutions and their own religion, and the Government does not interfere with them. Different peoples have each their special modes of thought and action, and it is good to preserve a community in the form in which it has grown. It may be too that the earth from the beginning has been partitioned into spiritual prefectures, each under a viceroy of its own, and that each province prospers best when left to its own ruler. National laws and customs are of infinite variety, and each nation prefers its own. If in this spirit the Jews are tenacious of their traditions, they are not to be blamed; but if they pretend to the possession of special secrets of knowledge, and refuse, as unclean, a communion with the rest of mankind, they must be taught that their own dogmas are not peculiar to them. They worship the God of heaven. The Persians sacrifice on the hill-tops to *Dis*, by whom they mean the circle of the sky. And it matters little whether we name this Being *Dis* or 'the Most High,' or 'Zeus,' or 'Adonai,' or 'Sabaoth,' or 'Ammon,' or with the Scythians 'Papa.' The Egyptians and the Colchi were circumcised before the Jews. The Egyptians do not eat swine's flesh, nor the flesh of many animals beside. The Pythagoreans touch none. As to outward signs that God has any special care for the Jews, what has become of them? Not knowing the truth and enchanted by vain illusions, they have been swept away out of their country and bear the penalty of their arrogance.

Allow that the Christians' master may have been some angel; was he the first or the only angel that has come into the world? The Christians themselves tell of many more who, they say, rebelled and are confined in chains in the hollow of the earth, and they say that the hot springs are their tears. Some of them imagine that the Demiurgus, or Creator, was not the Father of Christ, and that Christ came to bring men from the Demiurgus to his Father

There are the Simonians among them who worship Helen or her master Helenus. Others derive themselves from Marcellina, others from Salome, others from Mariamna, or from Martha. And there are, again, the Marcionites. Some prostrate themselves in darkness before imagined demons with rites more abominable than the orgies in the College of Antinous. These sects curse each other with horrid imprecations, and will yield no point for concord; yet, amidst their mutual reproaches, they all sing to the one note, 'The world is crucified to me, and I to the world;' 'If you will be saved, believe, or else depart from us.' Who is to decide among them? Are those who would be saved to throw dice to learn to whom to attach themselves? Again, there are the Ophiatæ, or serpent worshippers—a tree of knowledge, with the serpent for the good spirit, and with the Demiurgus for the evil spirit. There are the prophetic oracles, circles within circles, water flowing from the Church on earth, virtues distilled from the Prunic Virgin,[8] the soul living, or slain that it might live again, the earth stabbed with an altar knife, human beings sacrificed and restored, death ceasing out of the universe when sin shall die, the narrow road, the gates flying open of their own accord, everywhere the tree of life, and the resurrection of the flesh from off the tree—I suppose because their master was crucified, and was himself a worker in wood. Had he been thrown from a cliff, or into a pit, or been hanged; had he been a shoemaker, or a mason, or a smith, we should have had the rock of life, the gulf of resurrection, the rope of immortality, or the holy leather, or the blessed stone, or the steel of charity. What nurse would not be ashamed to tell such fables to a child?

Then there are those who practise incantation and exorcism with diagrams and mystic numbers. I have seen books with the names of spirits and formulas for spells in the hands of some of their priests. An Egyptian once told me that magic had power on fools and sensualists, but could touch no one who was sound in mind and body. The Christians dream of some antagonist to God—a devil, whom they call Satanas, who thwarted God when He wished to benefit mankind. The Son of God suffered death from Satanas, but they tell us still that we are to defy him, and to bear the worst that he can do; Satanas will come again and work miracles, and pretend to be God, but we are not to believe him. The Greeks tell of a war among the gods; army against army, one led by Saturn and one by Ophiucus; of challenges and battles; the vanquished falling into the ocean, the victors reigning in heaven. In the Mysteries we have the rebellion of the Titans, and the fables of Typhon, and Horus, and Osiris. The story of the devil plotting against man is stranger than either of these. The Son of God is injured by the devil, and charges us to fight against him at our peril. Why not punish the devil, instead of threatening poor wretches whom he deceives?

Christ must needs suffer, you say, because it was so foretold. The oracles under whose guidance so many colonies have been founded were nothing, but every word spoken in Judæa must be infallible. Prophets and diviners are to be found at the present day scattered everywhere. They are to be met with in temples, and camps, and cities, with crowds gathered about them. 'I am God,' they say, 'or the Son of God, or the Holy Spirit, and I have come be-

[8] The celestial mother of the Valentinians.

cause the world is to perish, and you, oh men, are like to perish, too, in your iniquities; but I will save you. Hereafter you will see me coming in the power of heaven. Blessed are those who believe in me now. The rest I will burn with everlasting fire. Repentance will then be in vain. Only those who now listen shall escape.' Then they utter some hysterical enigmas from which any rogue or blockhead can extract whatever meaning pleases him. I have myself spoken with some of these persons, who, when cross-questioned, have confessed that they were impostors. If prophets like these were to foretell that God was to fall sick and die, must God fall sick and die because they say so? What is incredible and unworthy may not be believed, though all mankind go mad and prophesy it. The Jewish prophets, inspired by God, you say, foretold that Christ would come to do this and that, and the prophets could not err. God through Moses promised the Israelites temporal prosperity and earthly dominion. He bade them destroy their enemies, sparing neither old nor young, and threatened them with destruction themselves unless they obeyed Him. The Son of God condemned riches, condemned ambition; men were to care no more for food or raiment than the ravens or the lilies; they were to offer the cheek to be smitten. Either Moses was wrong or Christ was wrong; or are we to suppose that God changed His own mind?

You dream, perhaps, of another and better world, another existence, as in some Elysian fields, where all riddles will be solved and all evil be put away. You say unless God can be seen in the form of a man, how are we to know Him? How can anything be known, except by the senses? You might see Him, if that was all, in the Greek temples. But your words are the words of flesh, not of reasonable men. Then only can you see God when you close the eyes of the body and open the eyes of the intellect, and if you need a guide upon the road avoid the quacks and conjurers who promise to show you ghosts. Put away your vain illusions, your marvellous formulas, your lion and your Amphibius, your God-Ass and your celestial door-keepers,[9] in whose names, poor wretches, you allow yourselves to be persecuted and impaled. Plato says that the Architect and Father of the Universe is not easily found out, and when found cannot be made known to common minds. Go learn of Plato how truth is sought for by those who are inspired indeed. Hard and narrow is the way that leads to light, and few can find it; but through the efforts of the wise we are not left wholly without some glimpse, without some conception, of that awful and eternal being. Lost in the flesh as you are and without pure vision, I know not if you can follow me. That which is, is perceived by the intellect. That which is subject to change is perceived by the senses. The spirit apprehends the things of the spirit, the eye apprehends the things of the eye; and as the sun in this visible universe is not the eye and is not sight, but is the power which enables the eye to see and enables all sensible things which are the object of vision to be seen, so God is not intellect, and is not spirit, and is not knowledge, but through Him the spirit perceives, the intellect knows; in Him all truth and all objects of knowledge have their being; and He Himself, by some ineffable agency, is seen above them all. I speak as to men of understanding. It will be well if you

[9] An allusion to some of the Gnostic heresies.

can follow me. The spirit you speak of, which you pretend comes down to you from God to teach His mysteries, will give you insight. If you cannot comprehend, I bid you be silent. Cover up your ignorance. Call not those blind whose eyes are open, nor those lame who run; and live as you will in your body, which is the dead part of you. If you must needs have some new doctrine, adopt some illustrious name, better suited to the legend of a divine nature. If Hercules and Esculapius do not please you, there was Orpheus. He too died by violence. If Orpheus has been taken by others, there was Anaxarchus, who was beaten to death and mocked at his executioners. 'Pound on,' he said, 'you can pound the sheath of Anaxarchus, himself you cannot pound.' The men of science, you may tell me, have appropriated Anaxarchus. Well, then, take Epictetus, who, when his master was wrenching his leg upon the rack, smiled, and said he would break it, and, when he did break it, said, 'I told you so.' Even the Sibyl, whose poems you interpolate with your own fables, you might have called a daughter of God with a sort of reason. Your own legendary heroes would have been more presentable than the one whom you have chosen: your Jonah who was in the whale's belly, or your Daniel in the lions' den.

You boast that you have no temples, no altars, no images. The absence of such things is not peculiar to you. The nomad Scythians and the Africans have none. The Persians have none. The Persians say the gods are not like men, and they will not represent them as men. Heraclitus says that prayer to an image is like prayer to a house-wall; but you, in condemning images, are inconsistent with yourselves, for you say that man was made in the image of God. The images in the temples you pretend are images of genii. If this be so, and if there be genii, why should not they be adored? Is not everything directed by God? Is not God's providence over all? Angels, genii, heroes, have they not each their own law prescribed by God? are they not ministering spirits set over their several provinces acording to their degree? and why, if we adore God, should we not adore those who bear rule under Him?

No man, you say, can serve many masters. This is the language of sedition—of men who would divide themselves from the society of their fellows, and would carry God along with them. A slave cannot serve a second master without wronging the first to whom he belongs. But God can suffer no wrong. God can lose nothing. The inferior spirits are not His rivals, that He can resent the respect which we pay to them. In them we worship only some attribute of Him from whom they hold authority, and in saying that one only is Lord you disobey and rebel against Him. Nor do you practise your own profession. You have a second Lord yourselves, a man who lived and died a few years ago; you pretend still that in God's Son you still worship but one God; but this is a subtle contrivance that you may give the greater glory to this Son. You say in your *Dialogus Cœlestis*, 'If the Son of Man is stronger than God and Lord of God, who else can be Lord of Him who is above God?'[10] You have a God above the heavens—Father of the son of man, whom you have chosen to worship. And to this son of man you give the glory of God by pretending that he is stronger than God. You have no outward services, because you prefer to be connected by a secret bond

[10] The *Dialogus Cœlestis* was perhaps a Marcionite book. Origen knew nothing of it, and declined to be responsible for it.

among yourselves. The true God is the common Father of us all. From us He needs nothing. He is good, and in Him is no jealousy or malice. What hurt can His most devoted servants fear from taking part in the public festivals? If the images presented there be idols, they are without power to injure. If they are spirits, they are spirits sent from God, and deserve the honour and service assigned to them by the laws. Your customs require you to abstain from the flesh of some of the animals which are offered in sacrifice. Be it so. Abstain if you will from the flesh of all animals. Pythagoras did the same. But if, as you pretend, you will not be partakers with genii, are the genii only present when the victims are slain? The corn and herbs which you eat, the wine you drink, the water, and the very air you breathe, are they not all created by the spirits that are set over them? Either you must not live in this world at all, or you must offer your thanksgivings and prayers to the beings from whom you receive all that you have. These supermundane and ethereal officials may be dangerous if they are neglected or insulted. You are only in danger from them, you say, if you call them by their barbarous names. You are safe if you keep to Latin and Greek equivalents. You may curse a Zeus or Apollo and strike him in the face and he takes no notice. Alas, my good people, we too can outlaw your spirit by sea and land; we can take you who are his images and chain you and kill you. And your Son of God, or whatever you please to call him, is no less indifferent. We do not learn that those who put him to death suffered anything extraordinary. What has befallen since his end to persuade us that your son of man was Son of God? He was sent into the world as God's ambassador. He was killed, and his message perished with him. Yet, after all these generations, he still sleeps. He suffered, you say, with his own consent. May not those whom you revile suffer also with their consent? It is well to compare like with like. Is there no evidence for the presence of God's Spirit in the established religion? Need I speak of the oracles? the prophecies announced from the shrines? the revelations in the auguries? the visions of divine beings actually seen? All the world is full of these things. How many cities have been founded at the bidding of an oracle? How many rescued from plague and famine? How many have perished miserably when the oracle's commands were neglected? Princes have flourished or fallen. Childless parents have obtained their wishes. The sick and maimed have recovered health and strength. Blasphemers have gone mad confessing their crimes. Others have killed themselves, or fallen into mortal illness; some have been slain on the spot by an awful sentence out of the shrine.

You tell of the eternal torments which await the wicked. You say no more than the interpreters of the Mysteries. But the penalties which you pronounce against them, the chiefs of the Mysteries pronounce against you. Why should you be more right than they? They and you are equally confident in their message; and they as well as you have their miracles and prophecies. For your message in itself (I do not speak to such of you as are troubled about a bodily resurrection; with them it is vain to reason), to those among you who believe that the soul or intellect is immortal (intellectual spirit, holy or blessed spirit, living spirit, effluence from incorporeal nature celestial and imperishable, name it as you please), to those who believe that the wicked will suffer everlastingly, and that the righteous will enjoy eternal happiness in the pre-

sence of God, I say that they believe truly and well. Let them hold to this doctrine. May it never be abandoned either by them or any man! Perhaps for all human beings some penal purgatory is necessary to purify the soul from the passions and pollutions by which it has been stained in its connection with the body. Mortals, Empedocles tells us, must wander apart from bliss in countless forms for 30,000 years, and are committed to the keepers of the prison-house. One, however, of two things: either you must recognise the usages of the commonwealth and respect its ministers, or the commonwealth cannot bear your presence. You must go from us and leave no seed behind you, that the trace of you may be blotted off the earth. If you choose to marry and rear children, and eat the fruit of the ground and share in the common interests of life, you must submit to the conditions, although they may not be wholly to your taste. All of us have to bear with things which we could wish otherwise. It is a law of nature, and there is no remedy. You must pay honour to those who are set over you. You must discharge the duties of this life until you are released from the bonds of it. You cannot have the benefits of society and refuse to share its obligations. In some places the religious customs may be extravagant and superstitious, and wise men use their judgment as to the credit which they attach to them. But if the Romans were to listen to you, to abolish all their laws and customs, and to worship only your Most High, or what you may please to call Him, you will not pretend that He will come and fight for them and defend them from their enemies. According to you, He promised the Jews more than this, yet He has done little either for them or for yourselves. The Jews were to have ruled the world, and they have not a yard of ground to call their own. You are only safe when you keep concealed. If you are found you are executed. God must never be forgotten either by day or night, either in public or private, either in speech or action. Whatever we do or leave undone, we should have God ever before our minds, but we must obey also the princes and rulers of this world, the powers, whatever they be, which have authority here. I do not say that obedience is without limit. If a servant of God be commanded to do some wrong act or speak an irreverent word, he is bound to disobey. He must bear all torture and all death sooner than say or do what God forbids; but if the order be to salute the Sun or sing a hymn to Athene, he does but glorify God the more when he praises God's ministers; nor is it unlawful to swear by the emperor, for to the emperor the world is given in charge, and under him you hold all that you have.

One is enthroned upon earth to whom God has committed the sceptre. Refuse to acknowledge him, refuse to serve under him in the state or the army, and he has no choice but to punish you, because if all were to act as you do he would be left alone and unsupported. The empire would be overrun by the barbarians, and all sound knowledge would be destroyed, your own superstition along with it. You have no fear, you say, you can face the prospect, you are content to see ruler after ruler perish if only he will listen to you. If the rulers have any prudence they will first make an end with you. Your notion that all the world can be brought to one mind in religion, Asiatic, European, African, Greek, and Barbarian, is the wildest of dreams. It cannot be. The very thought reveals your ignorance. Your duty is to stand by your sovereign, in the field, in the council chamber,

wherever he requires your service. Do justly in your place as citizens, and make yourselves worthy members of the commonwealth.[11]

Such is the general bearing of this memorable treatise. There must be large gaps in many parts where the connection is broken. The conclusion is abrupt. It was, perhaps, a further development of the political aspect of the question, which Origen thought it unnecessary to quote. In places he seems to have misunderstood Celsus, in places to have unconsciously done him injustice. Throughout we do not know where we have the words of Celsus himself, and where a paraphrase of what Origen thought him to mean. Occasionally where a paragraph appears to be quoted verbally, it is unintelligible from want of context, and we are driven to Origen's rejoinders to discover what Celsus is talking about. On the whole, however, the sketch which I have given does, I believe, represent faithfully in a generalised form the argument which obstructed for a century the progress of Christianity. The reply, which was long an arsenal for Christian advocates, is as beautiful as it is voluminous. It is the unfolding of the position of the Christian Church towards the surrounding world in all its simplicity, its innocence, and spiritual purity. Good men are not protected from intellectual errors. Their thoughts are occupied with higher subjects, and they attend, perhaps, less than others to merely secular learning. When he is off his own ground and attempts to answer Celsus on questions of fact, on science, on history, on statesmanship, Origen is a child contending with a giant. In the *True Story* we find the tone and almost the language of the calm, impartial, thoughtful modern European. We find the precise attitude in which a sensible man in our own time would place himself towards any new revelation which might present itself now, pretending to be supported by miracles and interfering with political obligations. Celsus was in advance of his age. He was on an elevation from which he could survey the past and current superstitions, and detect the origin of most of them in ignorance or credulity. Origen replies to him from the level of contemporary illusions, from which he was as little free as the least instructed of his catechumens. Celsus tells him that 'names' are not things, names are but signs, and different words in different languages mean the same object: that when religious Greeks speak of Zeus, and Latins of Jupiter, and Persians of Dis, and Jews of Jehovah, they all mean the common Father of mankind. Origen answers, that this cannot be, because if the formula of the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, was properly pronounced,

[11] Origen says on this very important point that Christians will only assist the Emperor with their own weapons. They will put on the armour of God. They will pray for the success of the Imperial armies when the cause is a just one. The priests of the temples were excused from shedding blood, and confined themselves to intercession. Christians abstained on the same ground to keep their hands pure. They would pray for the confusion of the enemies of justice, and by defeating the evil spirits who had caused a war they would benefit the Emperor far more than they could do by fighting with their hands. Serve under him as legionaries they would not, however he might try to force them.

The Fathers were divided on the matter. Tertullian wavers, but inclines to agree with Origen. Many Christians did as a fact serve in the Imperial army. The complaint of Celsus, and Origen's defiant language eighty years after, show that their rule was to abstain; and we need no further explanation of the 'persecutions.' Liability to military service is a universal condition of citizenship, and no nation modern or ancient would tolerate a refusal on the plea of conscience.

miracles were every day notoriously worked by it, while the names of the other gods had no power at all. So throughout his whole argument he assumed that the earth was full of demons; that the heathen gods were demons; that the oracles were inspired by demons; madness and disease were possession by demons. The conjurers, whom Celsus and Lucian knew to be charlatans and impostors, were to Origen enchanters who had made a compact with Satan or had gained a power over him by magical arts. Christianity was encountering the mystery of evil on its own supernatural platform, and putting to flight with supernatural weapons the legions of hell. Celsus had studied natural history accurately and intelligently. Origen was on the level of his contemporaries, and availed himself of popular errors to gain credibility for the Christian miracles. Thus he meets the objection to the virgin birth of Christ by alluding to parthenogenesis among animals, and by insisting that the vultures were a notorious instance of it. Celsus understood the generation of human legends, and knew their worth or worthlessness. Origen took what he found. He parallels the angel's visit to Joseph with the vision which forbade Ariston, Plato's father, to approach his wife till the first child was born. He thought the story worth producing, though he did not pledge himself to a belief that it was true. He did not see that the readiness of mankind to invent and receive such stories tended rather to suggest in all instances an analogous origin for them in human enthusiasm. To Origen the resurrection was not unexampled because 'Heras, the son of Arminius, had returned to life after being twelve days dead,' and 'many others were known to have risen out of their graves a day after they had been buried.' And when Celsus asks why Christ was seen only by His disciples after His resurrection, Origen answers that after He had spoiled principalities and powers, His body had peculiar properties and was only visible to those who were in a proper spiritual condition.

Most persons would now admit that Celsus spoke with wise diffidence when he hesitated at the assumption that the universe and all that it contained was created solely for the sake of man. Origen is perfectly certain that God had no other object. Sun, moon, and stars, and earth and everything living upon it, were subordinated to man. In man alone, or in reference to man, the creation had its purpose and meaning. As to Adam and the story of Paradise, it was an allegory. Adam was Adam, and he was also human nature. Allegory was always a resource when other arguments were wanting. The wholesale slaughter of the people of Canaan enjoined upon the Israelites seemed to Celsus inconsistent with the injunction to turn the cheek to the smiter. Origen boldly answers that by the Canaanites were meant the Israelites' own evil dispositions. The children of Babylon who were to be dashed against the stones, were their own wicked thoughts and inclinations, which they were ordered to tear out and fling from them. A yet bolder flight of his imagination was his escape from difficulties with the Ark. The dimensions, he said, were wrongly given. The Ark, which was a hundred years in building, was as large as an enormous city.

But these illustrations give no true conception of Origen's argument, and on the moral and spiritual side Origen was as completely victorious as Celsus was irresistible on the intellectual. Celsus insisted that Christianity was identical in character with a thousand other superstitions. Origen was able to

insist on the extraordinary difference, that neither the philosophy of the schools, nor the mysteries, the festivals, the rituals of the heathen gods availed to check the impurity of society, or to alleviate the miseries of mankind, and that vice and wretchedness disappeared in every house into which the Gospel found an entrance. This was true; and it was a truth which outweighed a million-fold the skilfullest cavils of the intellect. A new life had come into the world; it was growing like the grain of mustard seed by its own vital force, and the earth was growing green under its shadow. Such an argument was unanswerable. No other creed could be pointed to from which any stream was flowing of moral regeneration. Celsus taunted the Christians with addressing their message to the ignorant and the miserable. 'You cannot change the nature of fallen men,' he said. 'Help those who are helping themselves, and leave fools and sinners to gather as they sow.' Nature, it is true, is inexorable. Nature never pardons, and punishes mistake as harshly as she punishes crime. The law of nature is 'woe to the weak,' and human society follows nature's footsteps. Governed by a stern but wholesome instinct, society insists that each individual shall learn his duty for himself, and shall be made to feel by sharp penalties the consequences of his own transgressions. It is so, and it will be so. There is no danger that the world will ever become too merciful. But against this hard enactment there pleads in mitigation the still soft voice of humanity, which in Christianity for the first time became an effective power. The strong and successful are not always the good. The miserable are not always the wicked; and even for the wicked, pity claims to be heard in mitigation of punishment. They did not make the dispositions which they brought with them when they were born. They did not wholly make the circumstances in which those dispositions were fostered into habits. Compassion for the weak, the divinest attribute of God, now at length began to control and limit the cruelty of nature. Conscience, accepting another law for itself, has been compelled by Christianity to submit to a higher rule of obligation.

Christianity abolished the gladiator shows and the fights of men with wild beasts, which turned the spectators into savage beasts themselves. More slowly, but yet surely, Christianity has forbidden the strong to seize the helpless and make them slaves, or to expose children to die lest population should become redundant. The genius of Christianity has covered Europe with hospitals for the sick; has imposed on nations the duty of contending at their own cost against plagues and famine; has created a new virtue in 'charity,' which was unknown to Aristotle; and has assigned the highest place to it among human excellences. Even to the poor sinner, the abandoned profligate, given over as irredeemable by the man of the world, and left to perish, Christianity opened a window of hope. For the lost sinner, too, there was the possibility of return. Peace, happiness, redemption, recovered purity, were within his reach. The tyranny of evil might still be broken if he himself would turn from it. While the virtuous man, the man who with real success was endeavouring to live well, was not left without a message, as Celsus supposed. He was told to look into his own painted sepulchre of a heart, to compare himself at his best with what he knew that he ought to be, and to say if he dared that he, too, had no need of a merciful judgment. The address of the 'Evangel,' the 'good news' to the publican and sinner,

which called out the scorn of the cultivated Roman, has introduced a principle into human life which has revolutionised it from base to summit.

As it was with humanity, so it was with licentiousness. The 'resurrection of Christ' was a formula more powerful than the spell of an enchanter to cast out the devils of gluttony and bestiality. It was the eternal symbol of the death to sin and the living to righteousness. 'As Christ died in the body and rose again,' so Christians were bidden to put to death the lusts that were in their flesh, and rise again to purity. Philosophers might lecture in the schools in praise of temperance. Philosophy had become an intellectual plaything. It could not so much as expel the devil out of the philosophers themselves, who, if we can believe Lucian, were the foulest brutes within the circuit of the Empire. Nor had Lucian himself any power of exorcism, or Celsus, or Marcus Aurelius. These men had knowledge and integrity; they had large-minded statesmanship; they might lead pure lives themselves; and they had a healthy scorn for the degradation of most of their contemporaries. But they possessed no spell to cast out the vicious self-indulgence of their age. They could suggest no certain fears or hopes as a motive for a better life. They could not reach the enthusiasm of emotion, which would choose a better life for its own sake, independent of motive. The conscience of the ignorant masses in the Empire was rising in indignation against the depravity of the educated; and neither able nor much caring to examine the historical details of their belief, the disciples of Christianity accepted it in its spiritual completeness, and flung themselves with all their souls into the war with evil.

Their teachers were, like themselves, animated by the same emotions, and reasoning from the same principles. They did not parade the critical proofs of this or that fact mentioned in Scripture. They took the facts as they found them, and turned them to a spiritual purpose. The early Fathers were men often of the highest intellect; but intellect takes various forms. They had not studied either human history, or the world outside them, with the eyes of critics. Intellect with them had been poured into the imagination. They saw, as poets see, the spiritual truth underlying the actual, of which the actual is no more than a shell. It was not for them to oppress their hearers with laboured volumes of evidence. 'Believe,' they said; 'faith alone will save you.' And Origen justly defended the bold position. Antecedent belief is the only basis possible for action of any kind. If we wait till we have considered all possibilities, before and behind, till we have reflected on the fallibility of our faculties, and allowed for the effect of emotion or enthusiasm in biassing our judgment, life will be gone before we have begun to live. 'Believe,' in substance said Origen himself, 'that sin is death, that to forsake sin is the resurrection to life. For the rest, the world is full of evil spirits, trying everywhere to mislead or injure you. But if there are devils there are angels. If there are enchanters there are Christ and the saints.' Christianity took up freely into itself the popular theories, the popular modes of thought, and assimilated them to its own likeness, as the growing oak takes in carbon and oxygen through its leaves and converts them into fibre. It was not a new knowledge imparted authoritatively by men of science. It was the organic development of a new conviction which was taking hold of the hearts of mankind.

Have we, then, no security that the facts of Scripture history are

literally and precisely true? The question is less important than it seems. The story of Newton and the apple may be a legend. Yet none the less Newton discovered and revealed the true law of gravitation. A true religion, it cannot be too often repeated, is not a history, but a declaration of the present relation which exists at all times between God and man. So certainly the Fathers of the Church felt, or they would not have treated Scripture facts with the freedom of allegoric interpretation which we uniformly find in them. The *Iliad* is in form a history, the play of *Hamlet* is in form a history, and doubtless some historical facts lay at the basis of both one and the other. But the exact incidents which happened in the Troad or at Elsinore are irrelevant to the truth of the *Iliad* or the truth of *Hamlet*. History is true or false, as it corresponds, or does not correspond, to facts which occurred once, and never literally repeat themselves. A play or a poem is true if it contains a true picture of human nature; and it embodies not a single order of facts, or the inferences from a single order of facts, but the faithful observation of all human phenomena. Truth is thus of more kinds than one; and the truth which is of most importance to mankind is not the truth of a particular fact which occurred once in time, but the truth of the eternal facts of the constitution of the universe, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

## PROFESSOR BUCHANAN OF GLASGOW.

'AH, if I give you half-a-crown, it will be all right. Yes. Here it is.'

Such were the first words I heard uttered by that eminent Scotch Professor. They were said with a keen look, in a mild pursy voice, to a vulgar rough lad who had come to enter the Logic class on the last day of a departed October; and who had not sense enough to have the fee exactly right and ready to hand over, thus in so far as might be etherialising the pecuniary transaction. I see the snug little study, low-roofed, crowded with books, very academic in its air, with two little windows looking out on the Professors' court in the University of Glasgow. No pilgrim need think to visit that curious spot. The space is there, space being irremovable; but the University is gone. A railway station occupies the sacred ground. Stretching along the crowded High Street, there still abides the façade which has stood there for some centuries, very black of aspect. But when you pass under the low-browed archway, beneath which many generations of shivering students have passed at 7.25 A.M., through the dismal Glasgow winter, the venerable though shabby courts are not there. Overhead is a roof of iron girders: before you are the familiar arrangements of railway travel. There are those (the writer is one) who cannot suppress a keen sense of profanation. I have, in sober truth, known an old Glasgow student drop a tear. But on a western hill, amid pure air, in an uncrowded suburban region, a noble pile now stands, the result of the genius of Sir Gilbert Scott: and there the ancient University, newly-housed but still the same, welcomes its two thousand students to its crowded halls. The sentimental must yield. Sensible folk will not run the risk of typhoid fever for the sake of old associations. And the present beautiful buildings abundantly compensate the loss of a structure which was more rickety than venerable. They are anything but complete. The wealth and liberality of Glasgow may find scope there for centuries to come. Let it be hoped that they will.

But the old walls rise again, the shabby old courts surround us, recalling the great Professor of more than thirty years ago. It was the intellectual birth-time of many a Scotch lad, to pass through the class of fine old Professor Buchanan. It is curious that no memorial of his long life and work has appeared: Glasgow folk are too busy, and in Buchanan's days it was not the fashion to puff in print such work as his. One has, in recent years, seen a good deal of puffery of work not a tenth-part as thorough and influential. For nearly forty years he was Professor of Logic. In the second year of their University course all Scotch students must attend that class. And in the writer's year the class numbered just two hundred. At half-past eight each morning the Professor lectured for an hour, reading the same lectures year after year: and at eleven o'clock the class re-assembled for examination on the lectures, conducted *vivâ voce*, and for the reading of essays. Six mornings in the week did the class meet: and five forenoons, from the 1st of November to the 1st of May. There was a very brief intermission at Christmas. The course of Lectures began with a very thorough discussion of the Intellectual Powers: the Professor being in the main a

disciple of the Scotch school of Reid and Dugald Stewart: then came a minute explanation of the Aristotelian Logic: next, some account of the Logic of Induction: and finally a few lectures on literary Æsthetics, the chair taking in Rhetoric as well as Logic.

I see again the old Professor as he fished the half-crown out of his pocket, and with a frank calculation handed it to the rough student, who was attired in the regulation red-frieze gown. A young lad going to enter an unknown class in an unknown College is nervous: but I remember vividly wondering when the rough student had last brushed his huge mop of hair. He went: and the Professor's regards were turned upon the writer. Though Professor Buchanan was a clergyman of the Scotch Church, and had long been incumbent of the little Tweedside town of Peebles (the same of which a local magistrate said, after a first visit to the Continent, 'Paris is grand, but Peebles for pleesure'), he had discarded all clerical attire, and would never proceed beyond the degree of M.A. In a blue frock-coat, a yellow waistcoat and gray trowsers he stood by a tall desk, at which he wrote standing. He had a lofty forehead, bald: regular features, with a good deal of fresh colour, smooth and unwrinkled. But though his expression was mild, there was that about him, specially in the sharp small eyes, which made it absolutely certain that no student should ever presume upon him. Those two hundred lads, varying in age from sixteen to five-and-twenty, listened in dead silence to the low voice of the Professor reading his lectures quietly and beautifully: sat, in like order, through the examination-hour. It is a great gift when a Professor, without demonstration, can maintain such a state of things. Just across the court where Buchanan lectured, one of the greatest scholars of the age kept most imperfect order by frequent wrathful objurgations: Buchanan never raised his voice. But the roughest student felt it would not do to take liberties. It is a question of the nature of the animal.

The greatest of Scotch Hebrew scholars, the late Professor Macgill of St. Andrews, was accustomed to relate the legend of the single occasion on which any interruption arose in Buchanan's class. One morning the Professor was reading his lecture in his low musical voice, and the students generally were eagerly taking notes of it (many students formed a shorthand of their own in which they could take down the lectures nearly verbatim), when a tittering sound was heard from the middle of the lecture-room. The benches rose gradually and were arranged in a semi-circular fashion. The Professor stopped, and with eagle eye regarded that part of the chamber. There he perceived a student, with exceptive powers of pulling horrible faces, dreadfully distorting his features, to the audible amusement of those around. With the mildest voice, with the benignant smile, but with the warning eye, the Professor addressed the student. 'Mr. Smith, I cordially sympathise with you in your desire to improve the expression of your countenance. But let me assure you, as a friend, that those distortions are not improvements.' The class roared. And poor Smith never made faces in the Logic class any more.

Such was Professor Buchanan, whom the more irreverent ventured to call *Logic Bob*. It was a singularly inappropriate name. He was Professor of Logic, and his name was Robert: but anything less like the similitude conveyed by the familiar monosyllable could not be. No student could ever be quite at his ease in that man's presence:

there were none of the weaknesses about him which young lads are so sharp to see in those placed over them. There was not a loophole in his shining mail. He never sank beneath the highest level of his students' respect. But nobody liked him. You did not quite fear him, but you felt uncomfortable with him. And I think he felt uncomfortable with you. Any interview was brief, and it was cut short with mutual relief. But among a host of eminent scholars and teachers, forming [in those days the staff of that great University, Buchanan was the best teacher. He made his students work, wonderfully: he opened and formed their minds. No doubt, he was placed at an advantage. There was something wonderfully fresh and cheering to students with some small measure of brains, in getting away from the wearisome iteration of perpetual Latin and Greek, to a subject in which their reasoning powers were called upon. Here was something new, and delightful: and many clever lads, who had found themselves at a hopeless disadvantage in Classics through being placed alongside others who had been infinitely better grounded, felt as if they had for the first time a fair start. All were equally ignorant to begin: and not information so much as sharpness and readiness availed one here. A thoughtful youth from the plough, or from the parish school, could here hold his own with the Archbishop of Canterbury, coming to these benches from being head-boy of the Edinburgh Academy; or with the present Scottish Chief Justice, the Follett of the North, the Lord-President Inglis. But indeed this was not so only in the Philosophy classes. The Professor of Greek of departed years, the renowned Sandford (who died the day he was forty), used to point out a pale lad, the son of a small butcher in the Salt-market (honoured and unforgotten be the name of JAMES HALLEY), as 'the man who beat Tait.' Yet Tait, beaten at Glasgow, has done fairly elsewhere.

Professor Buchanan was one of seven brothers, of whom six were clergymen of the Scotch Church, all beneficed. The seventh brother was an *Elder*: and it is on record that in one year all the seven were members of the General Assembly of the Kirk. He was a native of Callander in Perthshire, a village well known to many a Saxon tourist, the capital of the country of the *Lady of the Lake*. He never married: and no man was ever more essentially an old bachelor. The exquisite primness of his house would have been impossible had its doors been slammed and its carpets befouled by half-a-dozen noisy children: and though the Glasgow Professorships of the ancient foundation are by far the most valuable preferments of the Scotch Universities, yet the ample income which placed Buchanan in affluence, and which added to the quaint old house in the Professors' Court the charming little domain of Ardfillayne on the Argyleshire side of the Frith of Clyde, would have been a very different thing if it had had to bear the charges of a family; and an entire freedom from all pecuniary care was a vital element in the Professor's character and life. It was one of the sights of the old College to glance, in passing, through a window which lighted his lobby, and to behold the solitary tall hat with its broad brim hung upon an unvarying peg, and the one umbrella, consummate in neatness, tightly folded up below.

Professor Buchanan was a punster. Let not the reader fear that I am about to relate specimens of his jocular vein. For puns, speaking generally, can be classed only as Bad, Worse, and Worst. And a pun, if enjoyed at all, must (like gooseberries) be enjoyed where it

came into being. Every one knows the sadness of a string of recorded jests: how flat such fall when detached from the surroundings of their origin: when there is no longer the look of production upon the instant whence comes the 'sudden glory:' when the jest is not floated out by the flow of animal spirits in the joker which launches it triumphantly. Just one of the Professor's puns shall abide on this page, which possibly looks the brighter because I heard of it yesterday for the first time.

The Duke of Montrose, Chancellor of the University of Glasgow was accustomed occasionally to entertain the Professors at his house on Loch Lomond. One day a number of these learned men formed a party and drove to Buchanan House in a large omnibus. A squally wind sprang up during the lengthy drive, and the question arose from what point of the compass it blew. But so fitful was the wind, that great diversity of opinion was expressed: and, each man sticking to his own idea, the controversy grew angry. Then the Professor intervened, and cast oil upon the waters. 'It is plain, gentlemen,' he said, 'that in this case the axiom holds good, *De gustibus non est disputandum.*'

The writer possesses two volumes, very rarely opened, of closely-written notes of Professor Buchanan's Lectures. One took notes in pencil: and then, with the lecture fresh in one's memory, wrote them fully out at home. I have just read over the memorial of the Introductory Lecture: and the old time comes very clearly back. There is the square lecture-room, rather low-roofed: the crowded benches: the Professor seated in a little pulpit, with a blazing fire hard by: and in a lesser box, on his right, the *censor* of the week, a student told-off to call over the names of the class and ascertain who were present and absent. The names were called in Latin: and (as with Colonel Newcome) the answer was *Adsum.* A warm glow of scarlet pervades the benches from the students' gowns, pleasant in the cold winter day. That opening lecture was given at eleven o'clock. The quiet voice in one's ears: 'What is Logic? What is the subject matter about which it is conversant? What end has it in view?' The discourse was very clear: very full in its information: it was expressed with beautiful neatness of style; but the style was never more than exquisitely neat: there never came the bursts of pathetic, if somewhat tawdry eloquence which in the Moral Philosophy class-room, just across the quadrangle, sometimes made the students drop their pencils and stare at the Professor, open-mouthed. Passages of the opening Logic lecture recur verbatim. 'To think, judge, and reason: are these useful? To be able to do these at all, distinguishes the man from the brute: to be able to do these well distinguishes the man from the child, the civilised man from the savage, Newton from the clown.' The tradition went, that years before it had been 'Socrates from the savage.' A full account was given of the order of the course of instruction. The use of a logical training to all sorts of men was pointed out. Then came the little conclusion:

'Difficulties will vanish on a nearer view; we shall see the beautiful simplicity of the primary laws which direct us. On the nearest view Philosophy looks her best: then we feel that the words are true of the greatest logician among the poets, and the greatest poet among the logicians, that Philosophy is

Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.'

The Introductory Lecture was not a display of fireworks, as some such lectures are; but really a business-like setting to work. Then came the shortening days, the slushy streets, the dismal mornings when in darkness and utter misery the students in several large classes had to be in their lecture-room by half-past seven in the morning. It was a dreary time. Yet, strange to say, by degrees hard-working students came to like those early hours. There was first, the sense that you were practising self-denial, and taking a great deal out of yourself: enduring tribulation: which to young fellows, determined that life shall be earnest and noble, is a very fascinating thing. And further, certain hours were turned to account which would otherwise have been spent in bed, and hours at a later part of the day were thus set free. Still, as these present December mornings, inexpressible in their dreariness, pass over one, the old time comes over us, and we mourn for our poor over-worked selves of many years ago. All Glasgow students have gone through a good deal. Whether it was worth while to go through as much for all that one has made of it, may sometimes present itself as a question in later years.

Looking back, one sees Professor Buchanan, two minutes before the appointed hour daily, walking through the crowded quadrangle towards his class-room door, with a large portfolio under his arm containing his lecture, looking neither to right nor left. He wears his gown, but the decorous square cap of the present time at Glasgow was as yet unknown; and the incongruous combination of gown and hat was yet to be seen. It looked very bad, to eyes trained to other things. A miserable tinkling is presently heard, from a wretched bell in a lofty but ugly tower: on the warmest spring day that sound made one shiver, so associated was it with winter darkness and general misery. As the sound ceased, the Professor arose and said 'Let us pray.' The little prayers which began the day's work were very felicitous. Buchanan was among the first in Scotland who began to carefully compose public prayers. Better days have come; and *that* is the rule now with all Scotch clergymen on whose ministrations educated folk could be supposed to attend. But, even as a young lad, one could not but think how different Buchanan's quiet beautiful prayers were from the rude sprawling extemporaneous effusions common: wholly devoid of devotional character, and which could only be said to be expressed in the English language in the sense that they were not expressed in any other. The sharp distinctions of the early lectures were at first somewhat hard: but the tough work came after Christmas with the Moods and Figures of the Aristotelian logic. One had to make believe pretty strenuously, then, to regard *that* as 'a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets.' However, it was got through: and probably the students were permanently bettered for the stern exercise of such minds as they had. It was made plain, by the examinations, that almost every one intelligently followed the lectures. The Scotch mind has a real affinity to that kind of thing. It was not, here, as in another class, appointed to hear the lectures of a famous teacher of physical science. The report was that there, out of a hundred and twenty students, two understood the lectures: a third understood bits here and there: and a hundred and seventeen understood nothing.

At the forenoon hour, several students were called on, one after another, for *vivâ voce* examination on the lectures. The Professor was an admirable examiner. The questions thoroughly tested the stu-

dents' attention and intelligence. They gradually became very difficult. If the man under examination could not answer, the question was put to his bench: then to other benches, by their number. Thus students had the chance of distinguishing themselves. Subjects were prescribed for essays: and students were called to read portions of these. I do not know how they might strike one, now, but they appeared for the most part remarkably good. Indeed, in those days one made sure that some of one's fellow-students would make a far greater figure in after-life than in fact they have done. Narrow circumstances and heavy cares have, I am still persuaded, abated great makings, and quenched true fires. And almost all Scotch students were poor when at college, and never know easy circumstances at any period of life. Late in the session, each student was called to write what was called a *Descriptive Exercise*: that is, a tale, or poem; selecting his own subject. These were given in to the Professor, who privately read them, and then called each young author to read before the class a part of his production. It used to be said that in some cases the old gentleman took pleasure in selecting the most absurd passage. And I have heard very absurd passages. I could quote some, word for word, but it shall not be done. It was just the brightest and cleverest lads who effloresced into these extravagances. A lad who is terribly sensible at nineteen, and writes in accurate taste, will be very dreary at forty. The hopeful youth is the one who has a good deal of juvenile eloquence to prune off. He will work through his grand things and crudities, and yet retain some liveliness and fire. At the end of the session, the prizes for general eminence in the class work are decided by the votes of the students: almost invariably with great fairness.

The vacation at Glasgow begins on the first of May, and lasts without a break (except in the case of some of the medical chairs) till the beginning of November. Here is the fact which makes a Scotch Chair, with its moderate income, be regarded as a prize by men of high eminence. For the pleasanter half of the year, a Professor of Classics, or Philosophy, or Divinity, is free to go where he pleases and do what he pleases. He has opportunity for travel, or for literary work, such as falls to the lot of hardly any other professional man, living by his labour. Professor Buchanan formed for himself a rural retreat, far from the noise of Glasgow, where he spent his vacations in lettered ease. A space of some eight or ten acres, which was gradually increased to a considerable domain, was made as much of as Shenstone made of the Leasowes. The ground reaches along the Frith of Clyde, near Dunoon, in Argyleshire, looking across to Ayrshire. The soil is genial, the climate mild, the prospects wide and beautiful. A graceful Gothic dwelling formed the philosopher's cell: and no more enthusiastic landscape gardener ever set himself to the cheerful task of making the most of kindly nature. Here shrubs, which elsewhere require the shelter of a greenhouse, grow into considerable trees: the gleam of the sea is everywhere, and the horizon of hills, purple or blue. Not in Europe will you find scenery that surpasses that of the homely Clyde: and though no man can say which is the loveliest spot of that lovely Frith, it may be said that Buchanan had found as fair a spot as any. Here, it is recorded, a strong-minded lady thought to share the Professor's solitude. With that view she called for him, and informed him with much significance, that all the neighbours were saying that he and she were about to be married. 'Ah,' said the Professor, with his wariest

look, 'then we'll cheat them!' And beyond his devotion to his beloved trees and flowers, here he cultivated the muses. About the end of 1859, Professor Buchanan surprised his friends by sending them a thin quarto volume, of only seventy-two pages, bearing the title *Fragments of the Table Round*: a series of Arthurian Ballads written many years before. They are graceful in versification: but, truth to say, there is a somewhat disagreeable taint about them: and those who looked up with reverence to their old Professor, and thought that everything he did was better than any other man could do, felt that he had stept down somewhat from the pedestal on which they had set him up, when he published the little volume. It was anonymous: but the copy now before me bears the inscription, 'With kind regards from the author,' in a handwriting not to be forgotten: and when the present writer, on the selfsame day the book reached him, met his revered instructor on an Edinburgh street, and thanked him for his gift, though Professor Buchanan's first exclamation was 'Thou canst not say I did it!' yet he at once acknowledged the authorship: saying that these trifles had been lying about for thirty years, and he thought he might as well print them and be done with them.

I think it was in 1865 that Buchanan resigned his chair, and retreated to his beloved Ardfillayne. He was not a man to take almost any mortal into his confidence: but certain *Lines written on destroying by fire a large mass of Manuscript Papers* seem to convey that those memorable Lectures, written on folio pages, which had formed the mind of many Scotchmen and Englishmen, had perished. It was a tradition that on being appointed to his chair his sermons met a like fate: and it is certain that though exemplary in his attendance at church, he never entered a pulpit in the last forty years of his life. He had been a specially attractive preacher: but he preached no more. It was vain for Buchanan to burn his lectures: Fifty living men could re-produce them nearly word for word. But at least the details of the way he did his work went; which was something to a secretive man. I have just caught glimpses of the faded pages, with fresh bits of paper pasted in here and there. *Vidi tantum*: and I do not believe any one else ever saw more. The lines begin:

That puny pile upon my blackened hearth
So airy light it seems imponderable,
In bulk so small, but scant a shovel's full.—
In that poor heap of unsubstantial dust
Do I behold the labour of long years
Concentred, and consigned to nothingness?

Even so.—The plaything of the flame,
I've seen
Ere one short hour had made its dial mark,
Of two-score years the purchase and the
pains
Dissolved to ashes, or dispersed in air.

It was a remarkable list of old students, headed by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, that presented Buchanan with an address of grateful farewell, when he left the chair he had filled with such mastery of his work through those long years. And now it was that in his leisure he began to arrange and put forth much verse, written many years before. Several little volumes, of somewhat shabby appearance, were published anonymously: and finally in 1868 two handsome and substantial tomes appeared, entitled *Tragic Dramas from History: with Legendary and other Poems. By Robert Buchanan, M.A., Late Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow.* The first play is *Wallace, A Tragedy*: the second *James the First of Scotland, A Tragedy*: the next *The British Brothers, A Drama.* No one can say but that these plays are excellent specimens of accurate academic writing:

Look into them anywhere, and you find graceful verses and poetic thought. But they are not so supremely good as in any way to please the old Glasgow students who had looked up with a singular shrinking reverence to their Professor. They do not carry the reader on: it is a task to get through them. It was when Buchanan was a man of eighty that he published poems which he had held back during his prime and maturity. Some *Verses Introductory* set out by stating what indeed was true:

The grandsire doteth on the darling boy
The father doth but love. Perchance even so
'Tis but the grandsire at my heart that dotes,
And in these younglings of the brain discerns
Beauty their sire with manhood's eye undazed
Saw not, or saw but coldly qualified.

Let it be confessed, the *Miscellaneous Poems* which fill half of the second volume are the more attractive. One discerns in them a great deal more of the heart, and inner life, of the old Professor, than he would have readily confided to any actual friend. One sees the delight he took in the beautiful landscape he had created round his seaside home: his ever-fresh interest in all the work daily doing there; and rather sadly too that he grew old unwillingly, and did not like the thought of leaving his darling trees to the vague somebody who might buy his property when he was gone. One thinks, looking at these verses, of a Scotch bumpkin's remark, quoted in this Magazine many years ago, but which may be quoted again: 'Our minister aye preaches aboot going to Heaven, but he'll never go to Heaven as long as he can get stoppin' at Drumsleekie.'

And here, exhausted his tumultuous roll
Where the Atlantic in our quiet creeks
Serenes his weary waves, and Age has found
Hearth and a halting-place, amused with toys:
Playing the poet in my poor domain,
Though small, yet fair as youth's fond dream designed,
To lap my life's decline—with axe or saw,
Or spade or mattock, amid copse and cliff,
Shaping or changing, but with reverent hand,
Nature's fair forms to fairer, glen and grove,
And vaulted grot and vaulting waterfall,
And fountain bubbles in its rocky cave:—
Here, too, mine age-mate neighbours one by one,
And year by year, they drop, till scarce I scan
In the thronged pew when Sabbath-morn comes round,
One old familiar face!

And so, amid the beauties he had created, and so long enjoyed, the great Glasgow Professor faded out of this life. I know how vainly I have sought to convey to such as did not know him what he was. Only by personal knowledge of his work, day by day, could you take in what he was. Only his students knew him; and his chief favourites among them were held at far more than arm's length. There is nothing so borne in upon one, as years pass away, as the tremendous truth of the old commonplaces which one heard and said as a boy and a youth, but did not in the least believe. The chiefest of these, it seems to the writer, is that time goes on; and that all interests, all careers, all things here, begin and wax and wane and end. 'The things which are seen are temporal.' It is this one feels most deeply, looking back on one's old Professor, and one's old student days: so influential then, so real and hard then: so shadowy now.

A. K. H. B.

## THE CAPTURE AND SHOOTING OF WILD-FOWL.

IN winter-time the crack of the wild-fowl shooter's gun by day is one of the most familiar noises which falls upon the ear in the country; while on some favoured spots round the coast every now and then during a moonlight night the sullen discharge of a heavier piece of ordnance tells that the punt-shooter is pursuing his adventurous calling. A great number and variety of water-fowl annually visit our shores and ponds, driven by severe weather from their northern haunts. Multitudes find their way across also from Holland; but owing to much persecution, perhaps to inherited caution, it requires a severe winter for the sportsman to secure many of them. 1874-75 will long be remembered as a red-letter winter to gunners. 1860-61, and especially 1854, were also good seasons for wild-fowl. In the latter year we saw, while skating up the frozen Isis, a flock of twelve wild swans hovering over its reed-beds—a most unusual locality for these birds, but one to which they were driven by stress of weather. During winter wild-fowl may be studied at almost all times in the country. A ramble down the nearest brook puts up snipe. Advance to the morass, with its thick fastnesses of sedges, the abode of coots and water-hens at all periods of the year, but now the chosen haunt of widgeon and mallards, and many kinds of birds may be seen feeding and preening their plumage. Does a small river find its way from these marshes? Sandpipers and plover probably frequent its banks. Pass down it to the sea, and a row of ducks, like fishermen's corks, may be observed floating outside the breakers. Is the night dark, so dark that the eye cannot pierce the gloom with any precision? Still the belated traveller will hear the rush of many pinions overhead, the whistle of curlew and plover, the cries of numberless birds seeking food and changing their locality. Unless he be an ornithologist, weird horrors are apt to seize him when he reflects on what folk-lore has said of these nocturnal cries. If the student of our native wild-fowl be a citizen, and especially should he live in London, he can find all the ordinary varieties, and frequently some of the scarcer kinds, at the poulterers' shops, and sometimes secure rare specimens of which the ordinary purchaser is wholly ignorant. Their shop-fronts contain in the winter months ducks, plover, snipe, knot, dunlin, &c., hanging between festoons of the larger species of sea-gulls. These latter birds are slain in order that their large span of wing may be effective as an advertisement; people hardly ever care to eat them, though Colonel Hawker, a name so justly venerated by our fathers, asserts that the most fishy of wild-fowl can at once be relieved of its strong smell by skinning it. Most of these wild ducks are sent to London from the Holland decoys, and are not shot in this country. Drainage has to a great extent banished them from our shores. In 1875 the value of poultry and game, alive and dead, imported into England was 328,034*l.*

Should the reader desire particulars of the desultory methods of shooting wild-fowl which may be practised on every muddy foreshore and tidal inlet of our island, where birds of all sizes, from a dunlin to a heron, may be obtained, he may be recommended to 'Wild-fowler's' two series of *Shooting, Yachting, and Sea-fishing Trips* (Chapman and Hall, 1876-7). These volumes wax enthusiastic on

the charms of shivering amid mud and sleet for the chance of a shot at an occasional duck, and a tolerable list of localities for such sport on the south coast is given. No bird seems to have come amiss to the author, and at the end of several hundred pages his eagerness to wing a plover or stint is as perfect as when his adventures commence. For hap-hazard shooting we feel, on closing his books, that nothing remains to be said. The knowledge of an ornithologist, however, and the kindliness and patient observation of the naturalist, are sadly lacking. Each trip consists of a list of miseries inflicted by wind and weather, and a record of the bag obtained. These books may suit the sportsman of moderate means who cares to know no more of our shore birds than how to steal upon and shoot them, but philosophic and observant lovers of bird-life will speedily seek more attractive pages. To learn the curious habits and varied instincts of bird and beast, by watching the creatures in their native haunts, constitutes, in the eyes of the true sportsman, one of the greatest charms, if not the main charm, of his pursuit. He turns most frequently to those books which set forth, not merely the incidents of shooting, but also the collateral pleasures of observation and reasoning on the faculties and habits of his quarry.

Since Colonel Hawker's days many books have been written containing sketches of wild-fowl shooting, and notices of the different species usually obtained round our shores; but for completeness and extent of information on every point which the wild-fowl shooter can desire, and especially on decoys, no better book has fallen under our observation than *The Wildfowler*, by H. C. Folkard (London: Longmans, second edition, 1864). Its arrangement, however, is rather confusing, so that, in endeavouring to describe its contents, we will adopt a division of the subject which will enable us to describe the various means, in the first place, which the sportsman generally employs for the capture of wild-fowl; and, secondly, to point out the expedients to which the regular gunner who sends the birds to market has recourse. The former of these shoots for pleasure and exercise; the other uses nets, as well as firearms, in order to swell his profits, and regards the capture of wild-fowl as a mere commercial speculation. Sometimes the two divisions cross, as in a seaside parish with which we are acquainted, where several labourers manage to support themselves and their families by shooting larks and wild-fowl in the winter when the farmers can dispense with their help. These men have generally a strong native bias for sport, and are thus enabled, almost literally, to kill two birds with one stone—to sport and to sell.

Perhaps the pleasures of winter-shooting are never more felt than when the sportsman rises long before dawn and breaks the ice, it may be, in his bath. Soon he slips down into the silent house to make himself a cup of coffee, and then, taking his gun, fares forth to the stream. Over crackling crusts of snow, he makes his way to find the river running black between the snow heaped up by its banks, and the pale light of dawn irradiating a very dreary landscape as the stars fade out. Up flies, all at once, a 'company' of widgeon; one or two are brought down, and the sportsman passes on to secure a mallard, perchance, at the little plantation. Then he deviates to a pond amongst marsh ground and rushes, and obtains, it may be, a brace of teal from it with right and left shots. These birds generally prefer such a situation to running water. It is now broad daylight, and, the advantage of darkness being lost, the sportsman returns home with a

good appetite for breakfast, picking up a snipe or two, and, it may be, a hare, on the way. Few kinds of shooting possess the charm of liberty and variety more strongly than this early morning shooting. It is possible, however, to steal upon little parties of duck by day, if they have been marked down, or seen at a bend of a river; else the chances of a bag by daylight shooting are precarious. In severe weather ducks lie closer than at other times; still, so wary are most wild-fowl, that as a rule it is only by accident that they are obtained by day. Manifold also are the delights of shooting them by moonlight. The sudden determination after dinner to go out, the speedy carrying out of the plan, and the abrupt transition from warmth and light to dim moonlight, lying in cream-coloured patches on the arctic landscape by the river, where jagged pieces of ice are hurriedly swept down by the inky streams—this, together with the intense silence prevailing, only broken at times by the cries of the birds passing overhead, forms a very seductive kind of shooting to some minds. In hard weather wild-fowl fly inland to feed, and are common in the large 'drains' and 'cuts' of East Anglia, where their progenitors used to rise in clouds sufficient to fill the sky, if we may believe the old chroniclers. And now, let the reader imagine himself nearing a bend in the stream, where the wind has whirled the snow into fantastic folds, and several ash-trees fling their gaunt arms into the frozen air. We must not mind slipping into ditches through the treacherous snow-crusts, provided no noise is made. Perhaps we obtain a sheldrake, which drops a trout of respectable size from its mouth as it lies winged on the bank. Or, it may be, cautiously nearing the stream, the crackling of the frozen snow betrays us, and three pochard scuttle away on the water, and finally rise in front of us, while the wind bears them slightly to our right. Now is the time to catch them against the sky. The two barrels are discharged; one bird comes down with that 'thud' which is so pleasant a sound to the sportsman, while the other, falling winged, requires a good chase before it can be secured. Farther on, a wild duck is stopped, and, may be, is lost in the gloom, as it falls near a hedgerow. It will form a pleasant breakfast for a fox. Then another mallard is bagged, and so on, till in the early hours of morning we return home with a load of wild-fowl which feels heavy enough considering the snow under foot.

Occasionally wild-fowl are shot from holes scooped in the mudbanks of our large estuaries or on the seashore. In these a couple of sportsmen station themselves an hour or so before dusk, squatting on straw or dried grass and matting. Here, a hundred yards or so from each other, they have leisure to light pipes and watch the flights of knot up and down the foreshore, the gray plovers stalking about in the mud, the long line of breakers advancing before their eyes from the mists which half hide a gloomy sea, the many eerie sights and sounds which in such a position intensify the cold and solitude of November. It is all a chance, too, whether the birds will come at all, or, if they do come, whether they will fly over those lying in ambush. Night slowly falls, and with limbs stiffened and chilled one bethinks himself of the snug fireside, and is about to emerge from the hole, when two barrels fired by his comrade put him on the alert. Soon there is a rush of many wings over him, a flash and ringing report as he, too, fires and then leaps out to secure a couple of mallards. Returning to his hole, a fortunate man may, after waiting several hours, bag in this manner six or seven birds; but it is poor sport after all, owing to the

cramped position and forced inactivity, to say nothing of its dependence upon chance, while there is always a tolerable certainty of contracting rheumatism. Waiting for wild-fowl, therefore, is at best a doubtful and tiresome method of securing them. Professional gunners require some mode which is at once sure and which will provide them with a large number of victims. To this end many schemes have been devised. We shall describe four plans, which are, or have been, popular in the southern and eastern counties of England. Those were the palmy days for wild-fowl capturers which Drayton has described in verse when treating of the Fen country, and Camden in prose, when vast flights of water-fowl darkened the heavens as they flew.

In the flooded lowlands and rushy meres of East Anglia in those days wild ducks, widgeon, scaup-ducks, pochards, tufted ducks, teal, pintails, golden eyes, five or six species of goose, snipe, plover, woodcock, and a number of wading birds, found congenial haunts. Few people shot or disturbed them; they went and came to their feeding-grounds for the most part without let or hindrance. The decoy was the chief method of thinning those flocks; but decoys have become all but extinct with the departure of these vast bodies of wild-fowl, as their rushes and bogs have gradually been converted into cornfields. Mr. Folkard says that two yet exist, at Purdies Hall, Nacton, and on the banks of the Orwell. In 1830 three decoys were in use near the Great Bedford Level. Ray in 1678 attributed the invention of the system to the Dutch. In Holland and France decoys were common in old days. With us in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, the Norfolk Broads, Cambridge, and Somerset, they were much used. Pennant says that ten decoys near Wainfleet took in one season 31,200 ducks. In 1799, 10,000 head of ducks and wild-fowl were taken by one decoy in Essex. A decoy, now disused in that county, twenty or thirty years ago, yielded 800*l.* for one year's profits; in fact, the handsome profit (for those days) of 200*l.* to 500*l.* was the average annual return of a decoy. So late as 1854–55 several large flights were taken in English decoys. The essentials of this device are a pond, pipe and tunnel, a dog and decoy ducks. The capture of fowl always takes place in daylight, as with twilight most of the birds leave the waters for fens and meadows, which form their feeding-grounds.

Although it is somewhat difficult to describe a decoy without diagrams, we will do our best. First the pond must be shallow and retired; no shooting is to be permitted near it; trees and copses must be planted round it, and it should be from two to three acres in extent. Four covered 'pipes' or water-channels run from its corners to the four points of the compass, as the birds have always to be decoyed towards the wind. Only a fringe of brushwood must be allowed near them; trees would intercept the wind. Banks are left near the pipes on which the fowl may sun themselves; small islands, too, and tufts of reeds, should dot the pond. For a year or two the fowl must be suffered to remain in undisturbed possession of the locality, in order to give them confidence. The 'pipes,' to describe them in greater detail, are shallow covered ditches of six or seven inches in depth, leading some seventy or eighty yards into the plantation-grounds. They must be of a curved form, with the bend rather sharp, spanned with netting spread on curved bars of iron tapering to the 'tunnel.' This is a collapsible net from six to ten feet long, spread out from the end of the 'pipe.' The decoy ducks are of a peculiar breed, about three parts of which is of the wild duck; from twelve to fifty of them are employed

on each pond. Supposing all these engines to be in readiness, and the pond well filled with wild-fowl, the fowler in concealment whistles for his decoys to approach the pipe into which he wishes them to lure their victims. As he has scattered corn for them at the entrance, they soon swim up to it, thus inducing the wild birds to follow their example. It is a mistake to suppose that they are privy to their master's designs, as tame elephants manœuvre to entice their wild brethren into the kraal: they simply come for the corn. Nothing more is done that day; the corn is picked up by the ducks, and the wild ones, as usual, fly off at twilight to feed elsewhere. Next day the same process is gone through, but now the dog, or 'piper,' as he is termed, comes into play. He is well trained to his work, of no peculiar breed, but very vivacious and sportive, and he ought to resemble a fox as much as possible in size and colour. Again the fowler lures the birds with corn (of course keeping out of sight), and again the decoy ducks seduce their wild kindred to the mouth of the 'pipe.' On the convex side of this 'pipe' are screens of grass or reeds behind which lurks the fowler. As the ducks swim up towards the throat of the 'pipe,' they now see a little red dog gamboling up and down between them and the 'pipe.' The fowler by signs directs his movements and those of the decoy ducks without being observed by the others. Led by a fatal curiosity these soon swim into the 'pipe;' onwards the dog gambols farther up the pipe on the outside, farther and still more inward swim the ducks. An assistant then shows himself near the throat of the 'pipe,' and the terrified ducks scuttle onwards into the tunnel or purse. All is now over: the fowler unhooks the tunnel and despatches the ducks crowded therein, 'inclusos carcere nassæ,' at his leisure; the decoy ducks having either taken care to remain behind or being spared if they, too, have flown into the tunnel. It is obvious that this ingenious method of taking wild-fowl is both complicated and expensive, yet our ancestors used to take large numbers of birds with it from the end of October till February, spite of foxes stealing the decoy birds and frightening the wild-fowl, and pike devouring them. Mallards, teal, and widgeon were the chief species captured. Pochards and coots, it was found, were too cunning to fly up the 'pipe,' and generally escaped by doubling back and diving.

The most careful accounts were kept of the fowl taken in the Ashby decoy, Lincolnshire, by Mr. H. Healey, from 1833 to 1868, a period of thirty-five winters. We find from these that during this time a grand total of 96,036 birds was captured; all, save an occasional gadwall, pintail, or shoveller, being mallards, teal, and widgeon. 6,357 wild-fowl were the most taken in any one year (1834–35); and 936 the smallest number, in 1865–66. During the severe winter of 1852–53, 6,059 head were captured. In contradistinction with these large figures may be placed the information given us last year by the present owner of the Friskney decoy, also in Lincolnshire. He tells us that the value of his decoy has fallen off, owing to drainage, cultivation, slight winters, and more houses having been built in the fen. The average yearly number of fowl that he takes is 150. The greatest number he has procured in any one year was about 1,000. The greatest number he has captured at one time was 85. Ducks and teal form the staple of his captures; a wet open season he thinks the best time for decoy operations, and his dog, he says, is of no special breed.

Pochards, on account of their extreme wariness, cannot, as a rule, be captured in a decoy, but were

taken by our ancestors in what they knew as a 'flight-pond.' One of these was in operation at Mersea in Essex, and another at Brantham, Suffolk, but both have been ruined by the construction of a railway. Their plan is barely intelligible without the aid of a diagram. It may be briefly described, however, as consisting of a good-sized pond in a lonely neighbourhood frequented by pochards. Four large nets were suspended round its sides, each of them fifty yards long by eighteen deep. On the birds being flushed by an assistant, the fowler on a sudden elevated the net before them, as they rose, by means of cords, &c.; they flew into it in their confusion, and dropped into pens or bins placed underneath, when they were at once secured before they could again rise on the wing. Many hundreds were by this means in old days caught at a time, while multitudes of those which fell into the bins were smothered by their fellows falling upon them. These two devices—the decoy and the flight-pond—were the usual English modes of taking wild-fowl. There are very few places where they can at present be seen in operation.

The two methods for procuring wild-fowl for the market now most popular amongst us are the gunning-punt and the sledge. In the former case the wild-fowl shooter lies at the bottom of a long low punt, expressly built for this kind of shooting, and fitted at the prow with a fixed swivel gun of great size and power. Full directions for constructing it, together with plates, dimensions, &c., may be found in Hawker. Occasionally the punt is used in the daytime with success upon wild-fowl; during a snow-storm, for instance, when they are huddled together in masses before the piteous breeze, but far more commonly at night. The gunner chooses a moonlit night, loads his huge gun, lies down in the punt, and endeavours by the aid of two small paddles partly to drift down upon, partly to urge himself towards his prey, which we may suppose feeding in companies on the shallow waters of some estuary. The sportsman must be prepared to rough it, as the exposure to cold and wind is very serious; many dangers, too, have to be faced, such as being drifted on a sandbank and ignominiously left there high and dry, being upset by the incoming tide, or shot by some rival punter who cannot discern his neighbour's position in the gloom; but the charms and excitement of the sport counterbalance these perils. And now the gunner, we will suppose, has drifted within easy range of the birds, and dare not use his paddles further. Moreover, the birds are beginning to look suspiciously at the dark drifting object, and to draw together as a preliminary to rising in alarm. Now is the sportsman's time! He promptly elevates the gun by means of a swivel, and draws the trigger as the frightened flock takes wing. Out roars the heavy charge of duck-shot, and in a moment the sea is covered with dead, winged, and dying water-fowl. Then ensues the further excitement of the cripple-chase, the wounded birds swimming to the sedges, or diving and dashing out to sea. To reclaim these winged birds in such a clumsy craft and faint light is often no easy task. At Poole and Lymington large numbers are frequently procured by the punt-gun. Mr. Knox[1] gives a most interesting account of the sport in Pagham Harbour, which may be confidently recommended to the novice at gunning. From one discharge he saw six wild swans, several brent geese, and nearly twenty ducks of various kinds, knocked down. Besides these species, pintails, shovellers, plovers, divers

[1] *Game-birds and Wild-fowl*, p. 63.

curlews, and others are shot with the punt-gun. Sometimes the swivel-gun is mounted on a small yacht, which is steered close to the flocks of sea-fowl, while the sportsmen keep themselves as much as possible out of sight. In a favourable season, until the birds become wary, much execution may thus be done.

The indefatigable gunners of Lymington frequently employ a fourth mode of taking wild-fowl, namely, the sledge. This, which is also known as the 'launching-punt,' resembles a gunning-punt with the stern sawn off, but it is smaller and lighter. The sportsman, dressed in flannel and waterproof, lies down behind this engine and pushes it slowly before him over the long mud flats, at low water, towards any companies of birds which he may notice. This kind of punt is also armed with a huge duck-gun at the prow, the trigger of which is pulled by means of a string attached to it. Amateurs would not admire the 'launching-punt,' as it involves much labour and exposure, to say nothing of the cold and slimy flats over which the gunner must crawl. Mr. Folkard goes so far as to term this plan of wild-fowl shooting 'most unsportsmanlike and contemptible.' The enthusiast in wild-fowl shooting may be confidently referred to his pages. Equipment, game, guns, dogs, punts, and hiding-places are exhaustively treated in them. If a man be a good shot, and can find any wild-fowl in his neighbourhood, he cannot well fail in procuring them under such a Mentor. We do not, however, notice in his book a singular mode of taking ducks practised in the large shallow tanks or *jheels* of India. The native fowler wades in with a calabash over his head, round which are placed a few rushes and long grasses. Gradually, and without making any commotion, he draws near the unsuspecting fowl, seizes their legs from below, and draws them one by one under the water, to be killed and fastened to his waistbelt.

There is a very good chapter on wild-fowl shooting, both from the hut (as the French *chasseurs* of the Somme are wont to do), and with the punt-gun, in the late Major Leveson's (the 'Old Shikarry') *Sport in Many Lands.*[1] After spending his life in pursuing larger game in India and Africa, it is not wonderful that this kind of shooting strikes a man as somewhat tame. Consequently, 'the Old Shikarry,' while conscientiously describing the sportsman's outfit, and the several methods of following wild-fowl, delivers himself of a few depreciatory remarks:

> He must be an enthusiastic sportsman indeed who systematically pursues wild-fowl shooting at night as a diversion, as there is no sport so uncertain, or more calculated to try his endurance, his patience, and his constitution. His pursuit is not only carried on in the coldest part of the year, but also during those hours when others are enjoying the comforts of a blazing fire or nestling snugly in their beds. No cheerful conversation of companions enlivens his dull, dreary waiting hours, no merry cry of his dogs excites his interest by their instinctive sagacity. With him all must be stillness; even his dog couches silently by his side as he stands, sits, nay sometimes lies on the frozen ground, listening for the coming flights that in the darker hours are somewhat less wary than in the daylight. Even supposing the fowl to have arrived and alighted, they may have settled down far out of range, and the wild-fowler then has but the choice of two proceedings: to wait freezing in the hope of their approaching within shot, or to wade perhaps thigh-deep in ice-cold water until he can get near them; but this must be done with no little caution—any unusual noise in the water, even the splashing made by his dog, if he is not perfectly steady and under command, may cause his ears to be saluted with the 'quack, quack' of alarm, and he has the mortification of seeing the whole flock moving off to some distant part, or hearing the flutter of their wings as they betake themselves to a more secure locality. Thus his hopes as regards that flight are over, and he has only to chew the cud of disappointment

[1] Chapman and Hall, 1877. Vol. i., p. 64.

and wait in silence for the chance arrival of another. At times small flights will arrive and depart in quick succession, and the fowler may perhaps kill a duck or two from each, if he has luck; again, he may keep a watchful vigil the night through, and return home without having seen or heard a pinion.

Perhaps this is somewhat too dark a view to take of wild-fowl shooting; the delights of obtaining exercise in severe frost and snow, conquering cold and that liking for comfort which besets all men in wintry weather, and, above all, the pleasure of outwitting the craftiest of wild-fowl in craft and perseverance, must be weighed against these drawbacks. Probably with most who are fond of an active life the decision, in spite of its numerous discomforts and disappointments, will be on the side of the sport. Major Leveson illustrates shooting wild-fowl from behind a horse, trained to stand fire, as a stalking-horse. An imitation horse was frequently used in England in the days when wild-fowl were more numerous, and it was worth while to resort to such a device.

A stalking-horse (says quaint Gervase Markham[1]) may be some old jade train'd up for that purpose, who will gently, and as you will, walk along with you, but for want of such a live horse you may cut out the resemblance of one in canvas or match-paper, pasted together, a sufficient breadth and length, with ears, legs, and tail, and all the parts proportionable, which you must paint to the lively colour of a horse, and something at his nose like grass, and his head stooping as if he were grazing.

At the present day, not only is patience to use such an engine lacking amongst our sportsmen, but the birds themselves would probably be found inaccessible by the device. Just as fishermen affirm that trout are now too well 'educated' to be caught by badly-tied, indifferent flies, so wild-fowl, from constant persecution, appear to have developed increased watchfulness. Mr. Darwin might well add these two instances to his lists of acquired faculties.

Another book which may be recommended to the shooter of wild-fowl along our estuaries and foreshores, as written by an ornithologist as well as a sportsman, is *Hints on Shore Shooting*.[2] Entering more fully into details than does 'Wildfowler,' Mr. Harting possesses an immense advantage over him in being familiarly acquainted with wild birds from a scientific point of view. Copious directions are also given in this book (which, in every sense of the word, is a manual for the wild-fowl shooter), not merely how to approach, but also how to skin and preserve the birds after bagging them. The votaries of shore-shooting, indeed, cannot complain of any deficiencies in the literature of their favourite sport. Their difficulty rather is where to find birds to shoot; and, considering how numerous these sportsmen are becoming in an age devoted to wild sports, in consequence of most accessible shooting-grounds rising higher in rental year by year, they certainly possess a grievance when the free shootings along the coast are gradually absorbed into the neighbouring squires' shooting. We had always considered that the right of shooting between high and low water-marks, especially on the long, low banks of mud and shingle occasionally exposed at different parts of our coasts, belonged to all her Majesty's lieges. At all events, this right is exercised on almost all our foreshores. As we write, however, a smart controversy on the point is proceeding week by week in the *Field* paper, in consequence of some eligible shooting-grounds on the estuary of the Thames, where London

[1] *The Young Sportsman's Instructor*, no date (? 1652), p. 114.
[2] By J. E. Harting. London, 1871.

sportsmen had for years been wont to shoot, having lately been claimed by the adjoining territorial magnates. Every lover of sport must be aggrieved to find mud-flats, which for years had practically been open to the poorest wild-fowl shooter, and which are easily accessible from crowded London, being withdrawn from the list of free shootings. Some sporting Mr. De Morgan is required as the champion of oppressed wild-fowl shooters, who should annually visit these 'muds,' and, spite of notice-boards and keepers, persist in shooting a duck in order to vindicate the sovereign right of the people to its coast shootings. He might reckon on the powerful aid of Mr. Bright, fresh from denouncing the Game Laws as a blot on our modern civilisation. Mr. Peter Taylor, too, would probably help him, from his regard for the food supplies of the country. We have not forgotten how the honourable member asserted in the House that a man might as well keep Bengal tigers as hares and rabbits on his property. Nay, the one, he said, would do less injury, on the whole, than the other; for while the one might eat a few Christians, the others would certainly consume the food of a great many.

We may be quite sure that Christopher North, in his sporting jacket,[1] has not forgotten the delights of shooting duck, teal, and widgeon. How could he lose any memories of lovely moorland lochs, and arms of the sea shut in by savage rocks, of the rivers and coasts of his beloved Scotland teeming during frost with birds rivalling those Homer paints by the Cayster's marshes?

Apart from the poetry of wild-fowl shooting, however, it is to another Scottish sportsman that intending wild-fowl shooters will turn with most advantage. Mr. C. St. John united to the loving eye of the poet the keen insight and well-stored information of an accomplished naturalist, as well as the steady aim and perseverance of a skilled sportsman. His writings have served more than any other books to render wild shooting in Scotland popular with the present generation. As boys, we read his *Highland Sports* with ardent enthusiasm for the lonely corries, bare headlands, and widespread plains, purple with heather over which he ledour eager feet. We learnt under his guidance to recognise the peregrine's lordly sweep, and the wild circles described on high by the golden eagle. As for the 'muckle hart of Benmore,' its chase and shooting carried us into an enchanted world of adventure lying at our very doors. Nor is the author's knowledge of wild-fowl less than his acquaintance with the creatures of moor and mountain. In mature life, we recur again and again to his delightful books, and in each of them a fund of sober and well-digested experience is to be found about approaching and shooting wild-fowl.

He is much to be envied who first makes Mr. St. John's acquaintance, if he possesses any taste for natural history and the pleasures of rustic life. And as we think of this true sportsman's untimely death, it is hard to repress a sigh over the copious out-door lore and loving knowledge of our native beasts and birds irretrievably lost to the world. Amongst all who can appreciate the free wild life of the Scottish shooting-lodge, the name of Charles St. John will long be held in honour. They will apostrophise his memory as Virgil addresses his Daphnis—

> Fluvios dum piscis amabit,
> Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,
> Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

M. G. Watkins.

[1] *Recreations.* Vol. i., p. 39 (Ed. 1865).

# COUNT CAVOUR.

OF the four men who made a United Italy, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, one only is now left. To distinguish their several parts in the great work will be the task of future historians; meanwhile, we have now the opportunity of studying the life and character of the statesman whose aid was indispensable to it, in two recent biographies, both French.[1]

We turn from the glowing pages of M. de la Rive to the cold unimpassioned ones of M. de Mazade, and feel that, after all, the portrait which they both attempt to draw is but little affected by varying methods of treatment. The lines of the man's individuality are so strongly marked, his career was so exceptional, its arena so majestic, its results are so great, the forces he had to contend with became so pliant to his hand, that if his story is related with any measure of truth, it can hardly fail to possess the interest of a romance, or to exhibit him with the attractions of a hero. There is no veil that friendship need throw over his conduct, or that criticism need seek to tear away.

Camille Benso, Count de Cavour, born at Turin, August 1, 1810, and named after his sponsor, Prince Camille de Borghese, was the second son of Marquis Michele Benso de Cavour. The family of Bensi was of Saxon origin, the founder of its Italian branch having entered Italy in the twelfth century, as a follower of Frederick Barbarossa (with whom he fought against the Lega Lombarda), and, after a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, married Donna Bentia, heiress of the Chieri family, and, with other fiefs, obtained the estate of Santena. Gradually attaching themselves more and more to the Dukes of Savoy, as the dominion of those princes became more settled, and the Bensi grew more disposed to regard the foster-land of their family as its home, the sons of the house were found from time to time engaged in important contests, and often taking a conspicuous place in the court, the council, or the camp, long ere the genius and courage of their race attained its point of culmination in Camille. The title of Cavour, to which he has given such undying fame, is derived from a ruined castle on an immense rock, rising from a level plain in the province of Pignerol, with a village at its foot, and was conferred, with the fief annexed to it, as an extinct marquisate, on one of the lords of Santena in the middle of the last century, by Charles Emmanuel the Third, second king of Sardinia. All these particulars have probably more interest for the world in general than they had for Cavour, who, as M. de Mazade tells us in a note, was wont to be both indifferent and sceptical about traditions concerning the antiquity or origin of his family, whose greatest glory was yet to be reflected from himself.

In his earliest years there was little that calls for remark, if we except 'an ardent desire to please' and the faculty of pleasing—neither very uncommon qualities in themselves, but not very commonly combined with the severe truthfulness and uncompromising indepen-

[1] English translations of both have lately been published.

dence of character which distinguished Camille. He loved romping and disliked study as most healthy and many intelligent children do, and both for the same reason—from the superfluity rather than the lack of energy. No man ever displayed more zeal for knowledge or more steadfast application in its acquirement than did Cavour in after life, when conscious of a defective education, and anxious to repair its omissions. But the education must have been liberal indeed that could then have seemed sufficient to his eager and capacious mind; and though it is easy to understand his regret for the narrowness and too special nature of his studies at the Military School, they perhaps did as much for him in training and invigorating his intellect as might have been effected in the way of widening it by more general pursuits. The education of an ordinary man is of immeasurable importance, that of an extraordinary one matters far less. With the former everything depends upon it, for it moulds him; with the latter it is but a portion of the 'environment' whose disadvantages he surmounts. One characteristic little anecdote deserves to be recorded of the six-year-old Camille. On arriving at the house of a friend after a long journey, he complained bitterly of the bad horses supplied to his party on the way, and declared that the man who was to blame for them ought to be dismissed. 'Then you must apply to the Syndic,' he was told; and, nothing daunted, he did so in person next day, returning with the full assurance that his demand would be complied with. At ten years of age he entered the Military Academy, and was soon afterwards appointed page to the Prince de Carignan, an honour reserved for the sons of noble families, and much coveted, as a rule, on account of the privileges it entailed. But so irksome to him were its restraints, so openly did he chafe under them, that he was speedily degraded from the position, and expressed more than satisfaction in the loss of a dignity that he despised. He won worthier honours as a student, closing his school life at sixteen with such brilliant success in the examination, that, at the urgent request of one of the Professors, the rule which deferred an officer's commission till he was twenty was set aside in his favour, and he left the Academy as sub-lieutenant of engineers. Led by his duty to service in various garrisons, he conceived an early and lasting preference for Genoa, always leaving with reluctance and revisiting with delight a sphere where the fuller life and ease of society seemed doubly charming in contrast with the head-quarters of routine and prejudice at Turin. To a youth so gifted, lively, and fascinating withal, every door stood open. At Genoa he was surrounded by friends, and by many opportunities for improvement, of which he eagerly availed himself. It was a bright phase of existence which in 1830 came to an unexpected end. The Paris Revolution of that year struck the liberal chords of his nature; he took no pains to conceal his interest in the event; his unguarded expressions of sympathy for the French recalled but too vividly to Charles Albert's mind the memory of his former restive page, and Cavour was in disgrace again. He was punished by being sent to superintend the repairs of the fortress at Bard, without any companion of his own rank, or any occupation for his mental powers. After six months of this lonely banishment—all but 'solitary confinement' as it was for him—he sent in his resignation. It was accepted without demur, and his brief career as a soldier terminated.

His choice of another was strange (so, at least, it appears, unless we

accept the fact that, as affairs then stood in Piedmont, there was little choice in the matter); he became a farmer! No previous task or pursuit had prepared the way for this, and when he began his apprenticeship on one of the family estates (at Grenzano, in the province of Alba), he hardly knew, it is said, a cabbage from a turnip! Two years later he undertook the management of Léri, a large neglected estate then recently purchased by his relatives. There, in a flat country, surrounded by rice-fields (scenes for ever endeared to him), he led for fifteen years the simple life of an agriculturist, apparently happy and content, so far, at any rate, as his own lot was concerned. But Cavour, in his retired homestead, was no mere plodding farmer, busied in his private interests alone; he was already a patriot, intent on the interests of agriculture and of his country at large. Neither was he the man to run on in the established grooves of farming more than of anything else, unless there were some excellent reason for doing so; and this was little likely to be the case where science was dreaded and enterprise unknown. His aim was to develop the resources of the soil; where it failed in produce, to find and remedy the reasons of its failure; where it yielded well to make it yield still better. He turned every improvement in tillage, every discovery in agricultural chemistry, to account; one undertaking gave rise to another; steamboats on the Lago Maggiore; a railway company; steam-mills; manufactories for manure; and a bank at Turin; all owed their existence to his exertions at this time, and every new project seemed to engross his full attention.

Consistently adhering to his plan, M. de Mazade passes rapidly over the earlier and obscurer portion of his hero's story, hardly even pausing on the fifteen years of his retirement at Léri. Yet the importance of those years in the life of such a man, and at such a period of his life, can scarcely be rated too high. Grant that they were inevitable, that at the best there was nothing for him but the sorry choice between inaction and an uncongenial pursuit, still, looked at in any way, their significance is great—equally so, indeed, whether we consider them in relation to their cause or their result. Occurring, as they did, at that period which in the lives of most men is replete with turmoil and excitement, with the rise and fall of many hopes, the weaving of many schemes, the fading of many visions, and covering one of the most momentous transitions of existence—that from youth to manhood—what strength of character do they imply! how, beyond measure, must they have reinforced it! Compare them, too—these fifteen years at Léri—with those that preceded them, and with the fifteen years that followed. Consider the youth who entered on them, full of life and fire, sensible of all the charms of brilliant society, of social and intellectual success; the man who emerged from them, clear-sighted, daring, calm, ripe for the highest cares of State, what volumes do they speak of the self-discipline brought to them, of that which they matured!

Meanwhile events were converging to a climax in other parts of Europe, and the 'obscure citizen of Piedmont' (so he designated himself), cognisant of all around him on his visits to Paris and Geneva, and to England in 1835 and 1843, did not fail to note their tendency. While apparently immersed in the gaieties of the French capital, this many-sided being was keenly observant of its political divisions, was predicting, as an aristocrat, the fall of his own order, and speculat-

ing, without an accent of regret, on the good or evil that the advent of Democracy would bring. In England, he studied our political and social institutions, our various branches of industry, especially agriculture, our national conduct and character. For all these, we may remark, in passing, his admiration, though very warm, was neither unbounded nor blind. The Englishman always seemed to Cavour too much of a machine, and there was a certain indescribable something which he found in Parisian *salons* and missed in English society. More than this, he confessed himself unable to believe in our political honesty. Be these things as they might, however, his first step, on his return to Turin in 1835, was to remedy evils similar to those which, in England, our new Poor Law was then trying to meet; and, in connection with other influential men, he founded infant asylums in Piedmont. But his zeal in this work, which was very dear to him, drew so much attention, that the Sardinian Government took umbrage, and ere long he perceived that he could only secure the welfare of the undertaking by withdrawing, sorely against his will, from active participation in it. Full of thoughts and anxieties, after his second visit to England, he sought relief in his pen, and published two political essays, one on Ireland (containing some keen-sighted prophecies which were accurately fulfilled), and one on the abolition of duties on corn in England. We need not turn to the 'Italy' of that time—crushed, dismembered, and effete, a 'kingdom' only on the map—in order to understand how precious must have been to Cavour the refreshment of 'a salubrious intellectual atmosphere,' which, from 1835 to 1848, he annually enjoyed at Geneva. A glance at the condition of thought—religious, political and scientific—in his own Sardinia, will suffice. We cannot better realise this than by picturing to ourselves what it would be in Great Britain if the narrowest ecclesiastics, the most ignorant opponents of science, the most bigoted Tories—in short, the fiercest enemies of every kind of progress, were permitted to have all their own way. The influence of the Jesuits was predominant; the system and spirit of Jesuitism—intolerance, *espionnage*, distrust—prevailed. No wonder that Cavour described Turin as 'an intellectual hell,' where science and intelligence were regarded as 'inventions of the devil.' Even for an agricultural society the royal sanction, in 1841, was with difficulty obtained; and still more objection was made to the formation of a whist club, set on foot by Cavour, after the fashion of London and Paris. It was enough that the minds of men, drawn, under any pretext, together, might act like flint and steel. In the light struck out by their contact things might assume a new aspect, custom might cease to appear an all-sufficient reason for their continuance as they were. That Cavour, faithful to the *juste milieu* which, when only twenty-five, he had put before him as his aim, and a Conservative in his relation to revolutionists, should be a Liberal in relation to such a *régime* as this, was a matter of course. That under this *régime* he, courageous and enthusiastic, still preserved that *juste milieu* must always redound to his honour.

But in vain was every door to public life held closed against him. Surely, though quietly, the future statesman was coming to the front, his arena all but ready for him. Perhaps it was some dim foreboding of this that caused Charles Albert to declare him the most dangerous man in his dominions, and the Austrian Government to keep a strict *surveillance* over him when

he made a tour through Northern Italy so early as 1836. In December 1847, Cavour, with a few others, started, at Turin, a newspaper, the *Risorgimento*, of which he became the editor. At the moment of its appearance, the Liberal reforms of Pio Nono were exciting increased hatred of the Jesuits, and the Genoese were petitioning the King to expel them. In a meeting of men of all shades of opinion at Turin, the proposal that this petition should be supported there in its original form found general approval, but was opposed by Cavour, on the ground that it was useless to ask for reforms which led to nothing, and, granted or not, only disturbed the Government, which could not possibly go on as it was. Let them instead, he urged, demand a Constitution, in accordance with the progress of the times, and that before it was too late. This was too bold and unexpected a measure to be adopted at once, even had there been no secret jealousy of Cavour, or no suspicion of his Anglo-mania. It was resisted by the extreme Liberals, and lost. Covered with calumny, and defeated as he was, its author nevertheless beheld, two months later, the concession of all he had desired, when on February 8, 1848, the King, warned by the current of events, granted the *Statuto*, the charter of Italian liberty. Cavour was appointed a member of the commission for drawing up an electoral law, which was framed exactly on the suggestions of his own articles in the *Risorgimento*; but the temperate tone of that journal had rendered him unacceptable, as usual, to the extreme parties on both sides, and it was not till he had presented himself a second time as a candidate for election that he was returned as member for Turin. His political career thus at length initiated, his first object was to aid the consolidation and development of the new institutions. The calm which he saw to be needful for this end was broken by the revolution at Milan; he was among the foremost to call Sardinia to arms against Austria by means of the *Risorgimento*, and subsequently enrolled himself among the volunteers. Hardly, indeed, had the *Statuto Fondamentale* been signed by Charles Albert, ere half Europe was in a blaze of insurrections. Austria, enfeebled by revolution at Vienna, seemed for a short while likely to yield before Piedmont, victorious at Peschiera and Goito. But the political vane shifted; the little Sardinian kingdom found itself bereft of European support, anarchy within it and around; the Pope in flight from Rome, the Grand-Duke from Florence, and a strong democratic party hampering the action of Government at Turin. The armistice at Milan only complicated matters by bringing peace to a people defeated and depressed, and consequently less inclined than ever to trust the moderate measures which alone could place their liberties on a firm and lasting basis. The King was in despair, but Cavour was not. To the new Ministry, under his friend Alfieri, he gave his cordial support. Insulted in the Chamber, and attacked by the press, he still held his ground against the 'revolutionary measures' which he deemed contrary to the *Statuto*; and so early as November 16, 1848, he foretold, in the columns of the *Risorgimento*, that the revolutionary spirit of Europe would result in the elevation of Louis Napoleon to the throne of France! Throughout, Cavour was opposed alike to the people and the King (whose weakness led him to prefer extremes), and in the general election of 1849 his unpopularity was proved by his rejection. Backed now by a revolutionary majority, the new minister Gioberti discarded the principles

for which Cavour had contended, soon to adopt them, however; and then Cavour eagerly defended with his pen the man who had done his utmost to deprive him of all other means of influence. Gioberti fell (and with him Cavour), to be succeeded for a brief and calamitous period by Rattazzi. To restore the Pope to Rome, and to Florence her Grand-Duke, was, in Gioberti's opinion, the first duty to be performed; war with Austria for independence, the next. The democratic party, averse to all intervention, impatient only *to break the armistice* and plunge immediately into war, had now the reins of power. The King yielded to its pressure, and staked and lost all in one last throw on the fatal field of Novara, March 23, 1849. His army fought bravely; but, formed in great measure of raw recruits, and without sufficient confidence in its cause, or at any rate in the motives that had hurried it to the field, it was easily panic-stricken, and beyond the power of its gallant officers to hold together. A crisis of tremendous import ensued. Genoa rose in revolution; Turin rang with cries of 'treason,' and with denunciations of a new armistice; but, with Austria on the Sesia, threatening Piedmont with actual invasion, or the alternative of a peace whose conditions were unknown, an armistice was indispensable. Charles Albert was in exile, and Victor Emmanuel, at the end of March 1849, found himself King of Sardinia with everything to begin again. Should he sign the *Statuto*, and be a 'constitutional' monarch? retain the tricolour and the scheme of independence? — or not? He made his choice for freedom, swore fidelity to the *Statuto*, and with his noble minister, Massimo d'Azeglio ('the Knight of Italy,' as M. de Mazade gracefully terms him), the young sovereign devoted himself to the salvation of his country. Twice did D'Azeglio (always upheld by the *Risorgimento*) dissolve the Chamber, ere he secured a majority on the Right, with Cavour, once more as representative of Turin, at its head. But there were smouldering discords in the section, and these became open and irreconcilable when, in March 1850, D'Azeglio, advised by Cavour, moved for the suppression of ecclesiastical tribunals and other privileges of the clergy. The motion was carried after a very effective speech from Cavour, who argued that the Church cannot in a free State expect to retain all the privileges it possessed when 'privilege constituted law.' The principle of 'a free Church in a free State,' which it was henceforth Cavour's avowed aim to carry out, may be variously appreciated according to the side from which it is regarded; but in any case it must be admitted that the abolition of abuses should be the first condition of freedom, and from this point at least neither the above step with regard to the *foro*, nor even the 'Rattazzi Law' of 1855, can be viewed as an infringement of it. It may be well to pause here for a moment, though at the cost of anticipating some portions of our narrative, in order to understand clearly the meaning of those now far-famed words, 'Libera Chiesa in Libero Stato,' as reiterated by Cavour. With him they signified neither more nor less than the entire separation of the temporal and spiritual powers; the Pope was to have no jurisdiction over the State affairs of Piedmont (or of Italy, as it afterwards stood); the State no jurisdiction over the affairs of the Church. There was no bitterness in Cavour's relations with the ecclesiastical power; even no opposition to it, so long as it confined itself to the regulation of religious matters, and in dealing with these did not interfere with political matters, nor with social rights and justice. He considered the temporal power of the Papacy injurious alike to the

interests of religion and of Italian nationality. As the whole problem of the mutual independence of Church and State was before his mind from the first, so it was always contemplated by him with the same characteristic temperance and breadth, the same clear view of what would constitute freedom for them both. When, in 1860-61, the time for its solution came, complicated as it was by the invasion of the Marches, and the necessity which he foresaw of consummating Italian independence by fixing the seat of government at Rome, he still aimed at making the Church appear to Europe and the Catholic world what she really appeared to himself—the gainer rather than the loser in a transaction which left the Popedom inviolate as a spiritual power, with full enjoyment of all ecclesiastical rights and honours, a large estate in the kingdom, and absolute possession of the Vatican; a transaction, in short, which, in Cavour's opinion, would 'establish the liberty of the Church on the broadest foundations.' That Catholicism should be deemed incompatible with liberty seemed to him an injustice; possibly it seemed more desirable to him than to the Church herself that this fallacy—if it was one—should be practically and irrevocably swept away. In all this he showed the habitual largeness of mind with which Rome could neither sympathise nor cope; and it was but natural that Cardinal Antonelli, when at the moment of the crisis he detected in the temper of Europe a loophole for escape, should resist him by all the means within his reach, and endeavour to hold back the Pope, more than half reconciled to his fate. The Church, Cavour believed, would benefit by her emancipation from the burden of the temporal power, and feel new life in tasting the reviving cup of liberty. The King must ultimately be enthroned at Rome, but neither Italy nor Europe must see in his advent there an indication of the Pope's subjection to the State, or of interference with his spiritual rule; rather they must hail it as evidence of the total independence of both Church and State—'Libera Chiesa in Libero Stato.' This was the keynote of his policy, and it expressed exactly what he meant.

To return from our digression to the events of 1850 once more:—A few months after D'Azeglio's measure concerning the *foro*, Santa Rosa, a favourite member of the Cabinet, was deprived of the last sacraments of the Church because he refused to disavow on his deathbed the part he had taken in that matter. A strong reaction against the clergy ensued; the popular voice, gladly obeyed by the Premier, demanded Cavour, who, as the successor of Santa Rosa, at once became Minister of Agriculture, of the Navy, and of Commerce, to the amusement of the King, who prophesied that he would presently have every office in his hands, and proved right respecting all save one (that of Justice).

Cavour had once declared at Paris that if ever he were a minister he 'would make his principles triumph or resign,' and he religiously kept his word. To extend the commerce of his country, and to secure it by commercial treaties with other countries of Europe, even Austria not excluded; to give, by means of free trade, a fresh impetus to industry in every department, and especially in that of agriculture; in a word, to call into play all the resources of Piedmont, was now his incessant care; a mission which he steadfastly pursued in spite of calumny and opposition, and of all the distrust which lesser minds evince towards the genius and honesty which they cannot comprehend, the prescience and intuitions which they cannot gauge. With unflinching spirit

and consummate tact he brought about reforms which had seemed unpalatable at first; himself attending to all the details of business, and doing an amount of work with an amount of zeal which would have been almost incredible in any other man. When he became Minister of the Navy he knew about as little of it as he had known of agriculture when he became a farmer; but speedily mastering the knowledge necessary for its administration, he resolved on making it efficient. But other cares, beside those of his own multifarious offices, devolved upon him. Brilliant as D'Azeglio was, he had not the force of Cavour, and the latter was soon, in everything but the name, the real leader of the Cabinet, consequently ever engaged with it in the attempt to reconcile the claims of the Church with the provisions of the *Statuto*; and in vain, for Rome pertinaciously refused to yield a step. Shortly after the *coup d'état* at Paris had produced a reactionary effect at Turin, Cavour, by his defence of a new law in favour of the press, offended the Right Centre, and propitiated the Left, whose leader, Rattazzi, proposed and supported by him, was appointed to the vacant Presidency of the Chamber. On this course, for which some of the Cabinet (though not D'Azeglio himself) severely blamed Cavour, a dissolution of Government followed, and he declined to join the new one. On his return from three months' absence in London and Paris, he found D'Azeglio on the point of retiring, and was commissioned by the King to form a Ministry himself. But the old difficulty with Rome stood for the moment in the way. The Pope had intimated that Balbo was the man who would be acceptable to him (Balbo had voted against D'Azeglio in the matter of the *foro*); and Cavour told the King that he must either appoint Balbo or break with Rome. Balbo failed, however, both Count Revel and Alfieri refusing to take office with him: the King again sent for Cavour, empowered him to break with Rome, and bade him form a Cabinet. This was very soon done, chiefly from members of D'Azeglio's, to whom, when a vacancy occurred, Rattazzi was added, as Minister of Justice, and proved a most valuable ally.

'In the dreams of my youth,' Cavour had written to a lady friend at Geneva, 'I already saw myself Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Italy.' That kingdom did not yet exist, save in the ambitious visions of Cavour, but its creation was assured by his accession to power. With this event a new spirit was once more infused into every part of the administration. Treaties of commerce were completed, friendly relations were established with England and with France. For Austria the sword of Piedmont was still sheathed, but her hand was ever on its hilt. With Rome the old hostility endured, and became a fertile source of trial to Cavour. The Senate and the Vatican mutually supported each other, and unless he would violate constitutional principles or yield, his only resource was to dissolve the Chamber. An appeal to the country gave him a majority, not an hour too soon. Abroad were 'rumours of wars;' famine and cholera, discontent, impatience, and vague fears at home. Cavour himself was cruelly calumniated, and his house, which had been open to all sufferers during the scarcity, was besieged by an angry mob. A yet severer conflict awaited him when it became a question whether Sardinia should take part in the Crimean War. Even Rattazzi and La Marmora threatened to resign, but the influence of England prevailed, and in the winter of 1854–5,

an alliance, offensive and defensive, was concluded between Sardinia, England, and France, on the expressed condition that Sardinia should immediately send an army to the Crimea. In this step Cavour and his sovereign stood alone, opposed by the whole Cabinet and both sides of the Chamber. By the world at large it was looked upon as at best but a Quixotic adventure, while at Turin much harder names were bestowed upon it by the Left. Save the wild hope of 'wiping out the disgrace of Novara,' there seemed indeed to be every reason against the treaty; and though Cavour had gone too far in the preliminaries for its ratification to be refused without risk of offence to the greater contracting Powers, it was openly said in the debates that there would be 'an end of Piedmont and of Italy.' To Cavour personally, occupying for the moment almost the position of Dictator to the Senate, and perhaps alone able to discern the exigencies of the crisis, Europe in general imputed every motive that was base, while he dared not avow his true one—the assertion, viz. of that very 'Italy,' whose existence, if Sardinia were left out of the alliance, would really be imperilled. Without a share in the Crimean struggle, the small State of Piedmont could have had no representative at the Congress of Paris, Italy none to speak a word in her behalf. Neither France nor Austria mistook the meaning of his course, and the event completely justified Cavour; but a single hint of his object at this juncture would have roused alarm and ruined all. Critical, even abnormal for a Constitutional minister, as his situation was, there is perhaps no epoch in his history when he appears more truly great, holding, as it were, the destiny of his country in the hollow of his hand, and staking everything he valued on one mighty throw, of which none could calculate the import but himself. Scarcely had he won this point when, by the introduction of what has ever since been known as the *Rattazzi Law*, he was plunged into one of the fiercest trials of his whole career. Mindful of the principle of 'a free Church in a free State,' Cavour would no more sanction the alienation of Church property than he would permit the illegal use or abuse of Church privileges; and the purpose of the new law, viz. to suppress some religious communities, and to apply their revenues to raising the incomes of the inferior secular clergy, was in full accordance with that ruling idea. But the measure raised a storm which very nearly overturned the Government; the ministers were accused of sacrilege, the people incensed against them; deaths in the Royal Family occurring at the time were declared by the priests to be a sign of the vengeance of Heaven; the Court itself was full of intrigues. The King and Cavour stood firm throughout, but it was at the cost of some precious friendships for the latter. Nevertheless, he remained more than ever the defender of true 'religious liberty,' whether on behalf of the poor *curés* in his own communion, or of a few scattered Protestants in Savoy, for whom he was careful to secure freedom of worship in their own way.

Meanwhile Sardinia had mourned the unhonoured sacrifice of many a gallant son smitten down by disease in the Crimea, ere at length her hour of triumph came. Her brave little army, only 15,000 strong, was animated by one great idea;[2] and on the lines of the Tchernaya, August 16, 1855, it proved itself worthy, under La Marmora's guidance, of its place beside the forces of the Allies; it

[2] 'Never mind,' said a young officer to a private soldier, who was struggling through deep mud in the trenches; 'it is with this mud that Italy is to be made!'

was victorious on the field of battle. Once again did Sardinia believe in Cavour, and when he visited Paris and London at the close of the year, he had good reason to know that Piedmont had not fought in vain; her name was held in honour, her sovereign welcomed as a Constitutional monarch, who had made his country a small England in Italy. If Louis Napoleon, in one of the many interviews between Cavour and himself at the Tuileries, meant little or nothing by the words 'What can be done for Italy?' he should not have addressed them to the man whose soul was all on fire with that question, and who was never likely to forget that it had once been mooted thus. That Sardinia should be represented in the Congress of Paris, 1856, was, however, *de rigueur*. But what position was she to occupy? Here was a crucial point. Austria did her utmost to prevent her being represented at all, but none of the other Great Powers would coincide with this, and finally the envoy of Piedmont was admitted on the same footing as the rest. Once there, moreover, the presence of Cavour could not fail to make itself felt. But with Austria in the Council, how could the matter of Italian nationality be discussed? The days wore away, and its champion knew that the silence under which he chafed was inevitable; but meanwhile he had not been idle, either in or out of Congress. Every syllable he uttered when called on for his opinion had carried weight with it; his broad vision, his temperance, his clear insight, had done good service at the sittings; Russia was grateful for his attitude towards herself; France interested; England, if she could have forgiven the courtesy to Russia, might have been sympathetic. At last, April 8, his hour came. To the French plenipotentiary, Count Walewski, was committed the task of suggesting on that day 'an interchange of ideas' on various points 'waiting to be settled;' and he enumerated among them the occupation of Rome by the French troops, of the Legations by the Austrians, the situation of the kingdom of Naples, &c., &c. There was no mistaking the real question at issue, nor did the Austrian envoy (Count Buol) pretend to misunderstand it. He at once declined all discussion on Italian affairs, protesting the incompetency of the Congress for it. Walewski pointed out the 'abnormal' condition of Rome and the Papal States, living under foreign protection; Lord Clarendon that the Pontifical was the worst of all governments, and the urgent need of liberal reforms in accordance with the spirit of the age. Then it was Cavour's turn, and ably did he use it. Not only, he said, was the position of Rome and Naples 'abnormal'—that of the whole peninsula was so too: Austria, extending her power from the Ticino to Venice, with Ferrara, Bologna, Piacenza, and Parma in her grasp, 'destroyed the equilibrium of Italy,' and was a permanent danger to Piedmont; and, facing Count Buol, he declared that the envoys of Sardinia thought it their duty to call attention to such abnormal conditions as resulted from 'an indefinite occupation of a great portion of Italy by Austrian troops.' Thus pleaded, in that august assembly, the name of Italy could no longer be unrecognised, nor her cause forgotten. To the representatives of France and England, Cavour, a few days later, expressed his conviction that the state of Piedmont was 'becoming insupportable;' and that, if nothing were done for her, she would be driven to take arms against Austria. Lord Clarendon, in a private conversation, told him that, whenever this occurred, he would see 'how energetically England would hasten to their aid!' But

in reality Cavour was not popular in England at this period; he had been too suave to Russia in the matter of the Danubian Principalities; and for the first time, on visiting London after the Congress with the King, he was coldly received by the English. At Turin, on the contrary, for a brief while, his fame was at its zenith: *Cavour*, it was playfully said, was the name of Government, Constitution, and Chambers. Yet there, too, fresh troubles were in store, another reaction had set in. The new elections were unpropitious for the Ministry; an outbreak at Genoa under Mazzini led, at the end of 1857, to the retirement of Rattazzi (then Home Minister) from the Cabinet. Cavour, however, soon regained a majority in the Chamber, and henceforward became by degrees virtually sole ruler of affairs. Well was it for Italy at this juncture that his hand, and his only, lay upon her helm, for she was passing through one of those momentous crises when weak or divided counsels may be fatal. Already her people were looking to Turin for their union; but ere this could be accomplished, war with Austria was inevitable; and by extensive preparations, both military and naval, Cavour was leading his countrymen to desire it. They were indeed two busy years that intervened between 1856 and 1858. The fortification of Alessandria, the creation of a great arsenal at Spezzia, the boring of the Mont Cenis Tunnel —these were no despicable undertakings. In this last achievement he took intense interest, both on account of the science it required (for of science he was extremely fond) and because by its means he looked forward, as he said, to bringing down the Alps.

The decisive struggle for consolidation and independence was only, as Cavour well knew, delayed; and meanwhile he was carefully strengthening his alliances. Between Russia and Piedmont their common hatred of Austria was a powerful bond, and in 1857, at the risk of offending England, Cavour cemented it still further by conceding to Russia the right of anchorage at Villafranca. To the Emperor Napoleon the idea of a free and united Italy was not new; he was secretly in favour of it, but his ministers seemed inclined to regard it differently. England was quite ready to give advice all round, but she would give nothing else, and particularly disliked the notion of France having anything to do with Italian affairs. There was not a little meaning in Lord Palmerston's sarcastic remark: 'Really, I did not expect Count Cavour to become Russian.' 'Tell Lord Palmerston,' was the pithy response, 'that I am Liberal enough not to be Russian, and too much so to be Austrian.' Cavour's position was in truth very difficult, but as usual he rose to the occasion. 'Diplomacy,' said Prince Metternich, 'is dying out; there is only one diplomatist in Europe, and, unfortunately, he is against us. I mean Count Cavour.' It was Cavour's own laughing boast that he had found out the art of deceiving diplomatists. 'I speak the truth,' he declared, 'and I am certain they will not believe me!' In January 1858, the perplexities of the moment were increased by Orsini's attempt on the life of the French Emperor and Empress. 'If only,' cried Cavour, 'the assassin be not Italian!' But Orsini was a Roman revolutionist, escaped from his Austrian prison, and his crime was accredited to the principles disseminated by Cavour. The Papal Nuncio plainly told Napoleon that 'these were the results of the revolutionary passions fostered by Cavour.' France clamoured for the abolition of the freedom of the press, and for general acts of protection and repression

at Rome, Turin, and elsewhere. The Emperor even hinted that if his demands were not complied with he should be 'constrained to lean upon Austria,' and in that case to abandon the dearest wish of his heart—the independence of Italy. By mingled dignity and cordiality on the part of the Sardinian King and Government the crisis was safely passed. Louis Napoleon resumed a calmer tone, and was contented with a law that did not interfere with liberties guaranteed by the *Statuto*—a law, nevertheless, not carried by Cavour without strenuous opposition.

How much the ill-advised attempt of Orsini had really to do with the events that followed, it is difficult, as in most instances of the kind, to know. Suffice it to say, that from his dungeon, face to face with death, he implored the Emperor to deliver his country, and weighted his prayer with the warning that the peace of Europe and of France 'was a chimera until Italy was free.' All Orsini's documents were transmitted by the French Emperor to Turin; and it was not long ere, from another source, which proved to be authentic, Cavour heard the proposals for a marriage between Prince Napoleon and the daughter of Victor Emmanuel; not long, either, before Dr. Conneau (doubtless on a pleasure excursion through Italy!) visited Cavour, and arranged for an interview between him and the Emperor at Plombières. Thither in the summer, ostensibly travelling for relaxation, Cavour, by way of Switzerland, repaired; and it was on this journey, famous for so many other reasons, that he carried away from the De la Rives at Pressinge the volume of Buckle's *History of Civilisation* which made such a profound impression on him. It denoted, he thought, an evolution in the English mind, remarkable in itself, and sure to entail remarkable results. 'If I were not a Prime Minister,' he said, 'I would write an article on that book.'

The meeting at Plombières was cordial and decisive. The Emperor only reserved it for himself to give the signal which should fire the train. In the reception at the Tuileries on New Year's Day, 1859, the gauntlet was accordingly thrown to Austria by means of a few pregnant words to her ambassador, but it was not to be taken up until Europe in alarm had vainly tried to avert the threatened war. A congress was to be convened on Italian affairs, and 'Preliminary Disarmament' was the watchword of the hour. April 23 brought Austria's *ultimatum*. Piedmont must disarm or—fight. 'We have made some history,' said Cavour exultingly, when three days later he had handed in his answer to Vienna; and speedily came the promise of the 'fullest aid from France.' On April 30 the French vanguard arrived in Turin; the first battle was fought at Montebello on May 20; that of Magenta quickly followed, and on June 24 the third and last at Solferino. On July 11 the war was terminated by the Treaty of Villafranca, whereby 'Lombardy was ceded to France, and then transferred to Piedmont.' Concluded without Cavour, the news of it fell on him like a thunderbolt. It was a bitter moment both for his sovereign and himself when they met in the royal head-quarters at Pozzolengo. Victor Emmanuel had signed the peace with the strange reservation, 'as far as I am concerned,' and Cavour knew that no alternative had been left to him. But the minister's grief was terrible on thus finding himself suddenly arrested in mid-career to his goal. He declined all responsibility in the matter, and, as soon as affairs were settled, sent in his resignation. The peace was unpopular, and no act could have done him better service with the

people, for it at once identified him in their eyes with the national cause, as he was truly identified with it in feeling and in fact. The hearts of all Italy went with him into his brief seclusion among the De la Rives. Only a few months elapsed before he was recalled to Turin; a little while longer, and he returned to office and to the completion of his great designs.

If there are still some to whom the course he now pursued does not seem wholly blameless, its vast difficulties must be taken into the account. Sorely disappointed in his ally, Cavour was never embittered against him. Neither could he be insensible to the fact that Northern Italy, freed from foreign soldiers, owed that freedom to France; while, by her non-fulfilment of the stipulations of the Treaty of Villafranca, she had failed in the recognition of her debt. To break with the French Emperor, or to lose his sympathy at this epoch, would be ruin. The cession of Nice and Savoy, as a compensation to France, was inevitable, even had no geographical features pointed that way; and Cavour was equally well aware of the value to be attached to its results. 'Now,' said he to the French plenipotentiaries, when the deed of annexation had been signed, 'Now you are our accomplices!' True patriot as he was, it is not to be supposed that he resigned those fair possessions without a pang; but their bitterest cost to himself was the hostility their cession raised against him, and the alienation of Garibaldi from his side. From his own point of view, Garibaldi had certainly a grievance. In his graphic language, the loss of Nice, his native city, had 'made him a stranger in his country;' he regarded the whole thing as nothing less than an act of treachery towards Sardinia and her King; and when he left Genoa, in May, 1860, to join the Sicilian insurrection, it was with the cry of 'Italy and Victor Emmanuel!' that he rallied the southern kingdoms to revolt. Nevertheless, Cavour was secretly wishing his adventure to succeed, at the same time that he trembled for his rashness, and could not openly avow the anxious interest that he felt. His reticence, however, was of little use. The Cabinet of Turin was assailed with remonstrances from nearly all the Courts of Europe. As far as possible, Cavour evaded all discussion of the matter. To ward off interference by the Northern Powers on the one hand, to keep the popular hero from ruining the popular cause on the other—in short, to let the struggle apparently shape out naturally the issues desired for Italy, was in reality his aim. But 'revolutionary Piedmont' had become a by-word. 'Sardinia alone,' said the Emperor of the French to the Neapolitan king, 'can check the revolution.' Thus appealed to, Cavour could not remain quiescent; but he contrived to steer clear of anything that would put a stumbling-block in the way of the cherished union that he foresaw. The situation was delicate and difficult almost to the last degree; but it was to become yet more so, if possible, when Garibaldi entered Naples as a conqueror, and, master of the Two Sicilies, proposed to march to Rome, and to proclaim the independence of Italy from the Capitol. In fact, the 'Liberator' seemed beside himself, and could no longer be held within bounds. He demanded Cavour's dismissal from the King, and promised to be answerable for everything. The consequence of all this, as Cavour well knew, would infallibly be French intervention. Unless he would have all his projects overthrown, there was not a moment to lose in foiling Garibaldi. The troops which Rome had been preparing since the early part of the

year, and the request of Umbria and the Marches for protection against the invaders, supplied him with a pretext which he did not fail to seize. On September 7th he summoned the Papal Government to disarm the corps whose existence was 'a continual menace to Italian tranquillity,' threatening warlike measures immediately in case of non-compliance. The Pope's refusal was decisive, and by a consummate stroke of policy Cavour compelled his now dangerous rival to be his coadjutor once more. Throwing an overwhelming force into the Ecclesiastical States, while the King of Naples was retiring before Garibaldi, in the space of a few days he ruined the Papal army. The Piedmontese pressed on to complete the conquest of Naples, and Garibaldi withdrew to Caprera, after arranging for the annexation of the Two Sicilies, by 'universal suffrage,' to Piedmont, whose sovereign, thanks to the foresight of Cavour, had been duly empowered by the Chamber to accept any unconditional allegiance that the neighbouring provinces should offer. Pending these events, and the tumult and tension they involved, with Austria hovering on the Mincio, the question of Venice unsettled, Rome still unreached, and Garibaldi, from his retreat at Caprera, insulting the Government, and clamorous for a general arming, it was natural that the advantages of having a despotic ruler, at least for the time being, should be somewhat keenly desired, and Cavour received many a suggestion that he would do well to assume the Dictatorship. But this, as he justly perceived, was not the *rôle* for him, involving, as it must, nothing short of disloyalty to the principles from which he had never swerved.

In the spring of the following year, 1861, the first National Parliament assembled at Turin, and proclaimed Victor Emmanuel 'King of Italy.' Everything was referred to the Senate; and, after a stormy scene in the Chamber with Garibaldi, on April 18 Cavour obtained the sanction of a majority, and the King, at a private meeting of the Minister and the 'Liberator' in his own palace, contrived to heal the breach between them, though not to renew their friendship.

The dream of Cavour's youth was fulfilled: Italy a kingdom, and he its Premier! True, his goal was not quite attained till Rome became the seat of government, but the keystone of his work was for other hands to place. On June 6, after little more than a week's illness, he died of fever, no doubt induced by his late extraordinary efforts of body and of mind, and as certainly rendered fatal by the unenlightened method of Italian physicians, who literally bled the exhausted hero to death. Six years previously (during the struggle for the Rattazzi Law), he had procured from his confessor, Father Giacomo, the promise of the last sacraments, and it was to him that he turned with the final words: 'Frate, frate, Libera Chiesa in Libero Stato!' Surely they were the noblest eulogium that could be uttered on himself! Amid the tears of Italy he was laid to rest at Santena.

The more unparalleled a man is the more it seems that we strive to find his parallel. M. de Mazade draws a comparison between Cavour and Charles Fox. Cavour, he says, 'had the ardent temperament of the great Whig leader—the power of mind, the charm of manner, and the irony without bitterness. He had yet more than Charles Fox—the instinct and the natural genius of the man born to govern, and in his dreams of ambition he did not content himself with the part of chief of the Opposition;' &c., &c., a comment which in its last clause falls very far below a due appreciation of

Cavour's utter indifference to all party aims, as such. On the other hand, the terms in which Cavour writes to the younger Pitt appear almost to describe himself: 'He was no friend of despotism nor a champion of intolerance. This vast and able mind loved power as a means, not as an end. . . . . Devoid of prejudices. he was animated only by the love of his country and of glory.' Here, again, we demur to the application of the closing words: glory, for its own sake, had certainly no place among the aspirations of Cavour. In the preface, as also in the concluding lines of his book, M. de Mazade contrasts him with Bismarck, and, naturally enough in a Frenchman, though by no means unfairly, to the advantage of the Italian, whom he ranks, both in aim and conduct, far above the German. But, calm and temperate as his narrative is—even colourless, as it has been styled—we must own that, equally with that of M. de la Rive, it forces on us the conviction that modern history offers no true counterpart of Camille de Cavour. To our mind, the portrait that most faithfully represents him is the ideal one of 'The Happy Warrior.' There is hardly a line in that beautiful poem of Wordsworth's that might not be applied to Cavour. In character as in genius, as a politician and as a man, he was simply and essentially great. Broad of vision, yet in action prompt; sensitive, yet just; though prudent, fearless; and though ardent, firm; truthful to the core; independent to a fault; generous, unprejudiced, patient, self-forgetting; a reformer, but no revolutionist; a strong champion, but never a partizan; enthusiastic, but with abounding common sense; ambitious for Italy alone;—his story, in its dramatic completeness, rings out from the annals of our age like a grand harmonious strain. No doubt M. de Mazade is right in attributing much of his influence to the attractive originality of his marvellously well-balanced nature. *Ennui* and rancour, with him were alike unknown. Nothing need ever be wearisome, he said. 'That man,' exclaimed Archbishop Darboy, 'was indeed of a rare sort! He had not the slightest sentiment of hatred in his heart.' Single in motive and in aim, he could neither resent an injury nor bear a grudge. It was declared that Marshal Haynau was the only object of his cordial dislike. 'He despised,' says his latest biographer, 'neither men nor things.' 'Many card-players,' he used to affirm, 'only lose because they have no regard for the small cards.' As a speaker he had difficulties to contend with: an unmusical voice, a slight cough (which, however, he could turn to account when he chose), and the necessity of learning to express himself in Italian. Nevertheless, Cavour, as might be expected, became one of the best debaters in the Chamber. His speeches, never written down, but delivered after a few hours' reflection, were telling, clear, remarkable for their comprehensive grasp of thought, and brilliant with repartee. In private life he was charming; among children, a child; tenderly affectionate, and tenderly beloved.

Such was the statesman who in twelve brief years did for his nation what it has elsewhere taken centuries to achieve—raised her from a grave, and placed her on a throne! It may be said, 'The time was ripe.' Undoubtedly; but without its hero it would have been ripe in vain. And his work endures; but even had it collapsed on his death, its memory would have lived as a monument to the power and integrity of Cavour.

S. S.

## MAY'S *DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.*

WE believe it was Schiller who said, 'the history of the world is the Doomsday of the world,' a dread tribunal, before which each nation must appear to answer for its virtues or its crimes, and be judged accordingly. But there is this difference between a nation and an individual—that the first is capable of committing great crimes at various periods of its development, while at the same time it is animated by the noblest spirit; whereas the last becomes brutified by a continual career of crime, and at last meets the just reward of his misdeeds. In this sense there is ultimate repentance for a nation, but not for a man. So it is, then, that though some of the most enlightened nations of ancient as well as modern times have exhibited wild outbursts of popular fury, and have committed such atrocities as would send any unfortunate individual offender a thousand times to the gallows or the block, they have not only been acquitted by the historical judge, but even recommended as examples to all nations in all times, because of the general spirit with which their annals have been animated. It comes, therefore, to this, that with nations, even more than with individual men, 'the spirit giveth life,' or, as philosophers have put it, 'the spirit rules the world.' A spirit, that is to say, of freedom, fruitful in civilisation and moral cultivation, by which nation after nation, after it has run its race of progress, has handed down the lamp of liberty and enlightenment to its successors as the most precious treasure which it could transmit to after ages.

Such a spirit it is which Sir Erskine May has chosen to consider in his *History of Democracy in Europe*; and he treats of it in its widest sense as the history of liberty in Europe in all its phases and developments, whether bad or good. For there are democracies and democracies; that fact can scarcely escape the observation of critics of the meanest capacity. In its best sense a history of Democracy is the story of the rise and progress of that instinct for freedom which springs up in the minds of races as they emerge from barbarism; until, after many centuries, it is matured into that conscious and reasonable liberty which is the crown and glory of nations such as England. Less inspiriting, but not less instructive, is the history of nations which, having been checked in their constitutional development, though they have attained democratic institutions, have fallen short of liberty. Such a nation is France. Other communities there are that, so to speak, never more than chipped the egg of freedom, and only fluttered out a feeble existence till their liberties were extinguished by tyrants. But all these as well as the perfect type find their place in a history of Democracy, for the story of the spirit of liberty is animating and ennobling even in its abortions. Those nations which Providence has placed in a position where the configuration of the country, its climate and natural resources, its hardy and thrifty and persevering population, not to speak of other happy accidents, or of that luck and chance which in politics, no less than in war, at once render all those natural advantages available to the race which knows how to turn them to the best account—these favoured nations, we say, while they revel in

their free institutions, and in that liberty which has become a part of their daily life, will do well to remember their early struggles, and the hairbreadth escapes which at various epochs of their national existence they have had of falling into that tyranny and absolutism which have hindered people more highly gifted than themselves from running their natural course of constitutional liberty, and at last rendered revolution necessary, where in their own case reform was the easy remedy for social and political ailments. Happy England! whose one Revolution in 1688, politically speaking, led to nothing more terrible than reform; and whose one Rebellion—in which it committed the great mistake, afterwards repeated by the terrorists in France, of hurling the head of a king in the face of affrighted Europe—instead of establishing a Republic, only led to a restoration of the Monarchy during the reigns of two ignominious sovereigns, who each in his own way worked for the cause of liberty by disgusting the nation with such base rulers, and so prepared the way for the constitutional form of government introduced by William III.

But to return more particularly to Sir Erskine May's book and to its line of argument. Before tracing the history of Democracy, that is, of free institutions in their various forms in Europe, our author shows how it is that the East has ever been averse from such institutions. With an ancient and widespread civilisation, that portion of the globe has never been free. The wise men, indeed, came from the East, and it was the abode of sages and philosophers, but their teaching, rather religious than political, aimed at theocracy and tyranny as its ideal form of government; and in all time we know that where priests and tyrants are absolute there is little room for free institutions. No doubt those primitive village communities in India, of which Sir Henry Maine has treated, contained a germ of self-government, and were thus a type of institutions, which, as Sir Erskine May well says, were developed in more favoured realms, far from the pernicious influences of the East, into the town communities of ancient Greece and Italy, and the commune and parish of modern Europe; but for all the purposes of national progress they were powerless to modify the merciless laws of the Hindoo code. 'Whatever measure of liberty these small societies enjoy, they form oases in the political desert of India. Around them there is no vestige of freedom; but kings, chiefs, and priests have held the minds of millions of human beings in pitiless subjection.'

And here other phenomena connected with the East remain to be considered. Sir Erskine May is too philosophic a writer to fall into the fancy that nature and climate are all-powerful in their influence on the institutions of men. In this very work he insists on the fact that freedom is proud of her children in every climate and in every configuration of country in Western Europe. The sandy flats of Holland and the low marshes of Flanders and Friesland have been the abode of liberty equally with the slopes and spurs and valleys which lie beneath the peaks of the Alps. Within such limits, and within such geographical and geological configurations and formations, man has been everywhere able to achieve his political independence, for the breath of liberty is alike warm and genial on hill and plain in temperate Europe. But it is different with men in other less favoured regions, and especially in that stagnant East, where a tropical sun, while it supplies man's wants with little or no exertion on his part, dries up the marrow of his mind,

and makes him bow down to the powers of nature as before an irresistible fate. Nature, in fact, is on too grand a scale for the comprehension of the Asiatic. The gigantic peaks which crown the great girdle of mountains which shut in the peninsula of Hindostan on the north, are too sublime, too insurmountable, and too unapproachable to be ought else than objects of awe. To the ryot, as he gazes on them at vast distances from the plains, they are the abode of gods and demons, terrible divinities, hardly to be propitiated by prayer. The rivers are too broad and deep, too sacred and awful, for any feeling but oppression; while the forests are too full of dangerous shapes of animal life to be entered except with a vague apprehension of possible calamity. Very different was the feeling with which 'the greenwood tree' was regarded in mediæval Europe, as the playground of sturdy yeomen and the home of noble outlaws. When such a torrid clime, with such hills, rivers, and forests, is visited by famines, floods, and tornados, to which all Western experience is mere child's play, it can easily be conceived how all these natural influences, coupled with a system of rule which enforces blind obedience to authority, may have done much to reduce the Asiatic, even in the earliest ages, to the political nonentity which he still continues. Life, except in his own little way, is too terrible a thing for him to comprehend or to meddle with; and thus he leads the life of a panic-stricken child, from age to age, when in other lands, where the manifestations of nature are not so overwhelming and terrible, man has risen to feel himself master of the natural powers, and to assert his independence of mind and spirit, even in regions where mountain peaks tower over him and avalanches rush down into the valleys.

And this truth contains the answer to those captious critics who, as they read Sir Erskine May's well-weighed sentences on the effect of climate and nature on the Asiatic, turn to that eloquent chapter on the effects of the same influences on the character of the Swiss, and try to convict him of a contradiction. But, in truth, both the nature of the Swiss and of their country is very different from that of the Asiatic and his surroundings. As Sir Erskine May well observes, the general aspects of nature are cheering and encouraging in Switzerland, while in the East they are disheartening and oppressive. The very names of the distant mountains are unknown to the Hindoo; but the Swiss who lives at the very foot of the Matterhorn, Mont Blanc, or Monte Rosa, sees in those majestic peaks no obstacles but such as the courage, skill, and ingenuity of man can overcome. He lives, in fact, on familiar terms with the mountains of his native land; they belong to him, and are a part of his being. Very different in tongue and race from the timid and helpless Hindoo, he looks on a mountain not as an object to be adored and propitiated, but a summit to be scaled and surmounted, and made his own by conquest.

Thus it has happened that the history of liberty and the history of Democracy has been bound up with those branches of the great Aryan race which in ancient times were seated round the basin of the Mediterranean, and in modern times have risen to power and influence as the nations of Western Europe. There, whether in ancient or modern times, are the true limits of Sir Erskine May's philosophic inquiry. That great Democracy which exists across the Atlantic lies altogether beyond the province of his speculations. 'Sufficient unto the day is the labour thereof,' and Democracy in Europe might well surpass the day's work of a giant without

extending that toil to the United States; not to mention the fact, that Democracy in America has already found its own eloquent exponent in De Tocqueville's brilliant essay. That Sir Erskine May should have included the democracies of the ancient world in the range of his observation will surprise no one who recognises the fact that both the Greeks and Romans have been the patterns of modern times in the theory and practice of liberty, or who feels how instructive are the lessons which the history of both those nations affords to the statesmen and politicians of later ages. Greece, as it emerges from the rule of its tyrants, and adopts, especially at Athens, the form of a Democracy, presents one of the most interesting subjects for the study of the rise, triumph, and degeneracy of free institutions. A short bursting into bloom of freedom, doomed to speedy extinction at the hands of a foreign conqueror, after Attica had shown the world what liberty and licence could be, and left it a model in this respect as she has also bequeathed to after generations the most glorious masterpieces in literature and the arts. Very refreshing, in the lightness and tenderness with which he treats the democracies of the ancient world, are Sir Erskine May's chapters on Greece and Rome; and very impartial is the justice which he renders in them to the surpassing genius of the Greeks, while he points out their inferiority in moral force and dignity to the resolute, steadfast, and earnest Roman. The political and social institutions of the one were brilliant conceptions, 'bright bubbles blown by clever children,' which sparkled for a moment, and were then extinguished, while those of the others have left their mark on all time, and must be everlasting so long as law and the science of government continue in the world. When the fabric of Roman rule fell before the barbarians by the degeneracy and tyranny of the later Roman Emperors, the Christian Church, the way for which had been prepared by the universal Empire of Rome, became the treasury in which the germs of civilisation and culture were deposited and preserved until the various States of Europe, into which the several barbarian races had developed themselves, slowly emerged from the political chaos which is called the Dark Ages.

If even the Devil is not really so black as he is painted, the barbarians were certainly not so barbarous as it is the fashion of some to fancy. They had a liberty of their own, the liberty of each individual unit in the tribe; or rather they had rights clear and well defined in their ancient haunts, but which grew to be inconvenient and absurd when the tribe had developed itself into a nation of conquerors. In that new state of things the king, before only *primus inter pares*, grew to be absolute, and, claiming to be lord of the soil, parcelled it out among his followers, now no longer freemen, but vassals. That condition of things was the Feudal System, a condition which, as the only possible form of government, was generally adopted or accepted by the nations of Europe in the Middle Ages. Of the old freeman and his rights little remained but that instinct of liberty which is inherent in the mind of man, and which lay dormant for a while, but which, beginning from that small germ, like a little morsel of leaven, has at last leavened the whole body politic of Europe. It is scarcely worth while to discuss the question whether the modern world was indebted for these first inklings of liberty to Roman traditions, lingering, like the ghost of the old Latin rule, in the great towns of France and Italy; or whether the barbarians brought their liberty with them, and that their first steps

to freedom were taught by no foreign tutors. No race or people has the prerogative of freedom. It belongs alike to all nations as their natural birthright, and the voice of liberty made itself heard at the appointed time as well in great cities with their municipal traditions, as in the castle of the Norman baron, surrounded by his retainers and feudal vassals. That voice has ever been one, though those who uttered in their need were of various rank and origin. So it was that in some countries the burgesses of the towns slowly conquered their independence from the counts and lords who oppressed them; in others, it was the king who was too powerful, and against him we find, as in England in the time of John, the great feudal lords combining, not only amongst themselves, but as the representatives of all classes of the community, to extort the redress of grievances from the sovereign who claimed to be absolute. In this case, as in that of all human institutions, no sooner was a system established than it began to change, until, to take England as an example, the feudal system of the Conqueror had changed in the reign of Richard the Second into a Constitutional form of government in which the King, Lords, and Commons were each represented as great powers in the State, and in which Parliament was so conscious of its duties as well as its rights that it solemnly deposed Richard the Second from the throne 'for his notorious demerits.'

While England was thus being matured into a Constitutional government, the great cities in Italy and the Low Countries had not slumbered over their rights. Having triumphed over their first feudal lords, great Republics, like Pisa, Genoa, Florence, and Venice, arose in Italy, noble communities, if their liberty had not been sadly marred by the quarrels and wars of one Republic with another, and by their disgraceful ingratitude to their noblest citizens. The end of their turbulent existence was to fall into the hands of domestic tyrants, often splendid examples, as in the case of Lorenzo de' Medici, of cultivated rulers, but still tyrants. The great towns of the Low Countries escaped the domestic tyranny which overtook their Italian sisters, but they had all fallen, by the middle of the sixteenth century, under the absolute power of the King of Spain, who would have stifled all their liberties, like those of Ghent and Bruges, had not William of Nassau, after years of internecine war, snatched a portion of the Low Countries from the foreign tyrant's grasp, and established it firmly as the Republic of Holland. That Holland has since passed into a Constitutional kingdom is due to the fact that the Republic ruled by the Princes of the House of Orange was never really Republican at heart. It assumed that form of government as a protest against the absolutism of Spain, and, having secured its freedom, passed ultimately into a limited Monarchy, existing at this day side by side with Belgium, which has won its way to civil, though not perhaps to religious freedom, under a King whose crown dates from the Revolution of 1830.

On Switzerland, the Republic seated among the Alps, which has withstood so many aggressions in early times from the houses of Hapsburgh and Burgundy, Sir Erskine May dwells with great delight. She alone, of all the European Republics of the Middle Ages, has known how to preserve her freedom, while so many mushroom Republics have sprung up only to pass away. Her natural position, no less than the valour of her sons, has secured her this advantage; and though, as Sir Erskine May admits, she has committed

many faults during her free career, she has on the whole been true to the principles of civil and religious liberty, and has won for herself a worthy place in the annals of democratic progress.

But the onward march of Democracy in Europe, while it may boast of many triumphs over tyrannical abuses and pretensions, is not without its lesson and its moral. Fair and impartial as Sir Erskine May's History is, its very truth and justice compel it to point out the errors and crimes which have been committed in some countries by the abuse of the democratic principle when it possesses and infuriates an ignorant people. While England, inhabited by a mixed race of steadfast and enduring nature, and favoured by natural position and a climate which, if never very good, is, at any rate, very seldom so bad as to mock at the labours of the husbandman—while England from early times has been the home of a reasonable and constitutional liberty, never seriously threatened by royal absolutism—except during a comparatively short period in the times of the Tudors and Stuarts, and then only to be roused by the threatening to assert its ancient rights even at the cost of a king's head, France has run a very different course. In the one country, the necessary political changes and adjustments were effected rather by reform than by revolution; in the other, revolution after revolution produces no reform, and, instead of democratic progress, we behold the strange spectacle of a nation running round and round from Republic to Empire, from Empire to Monarchy, from Monarchy to Republic, from Republic to Empire again, and from Empire, barely escaping the red spectre of Communism, to a Republic at last. This has been the political history of France for nearly a hundred years, and who shall say that the round of revolution is yet complete? That France, with a finer climate, a more central position in Europe, than England, with a more fruitful soil, and a people far more cultivated and intelligent, so far as the masses are concerned, than the English, should exhibit such fantastic freaks of political folly, and by her mockery of liberty disgust the world with liberty itself, is due to the hard fate which, under that absolutism from which England herself so happily escaped, repressed all political progress, and at the same time fostered the most oppressive class interests, and kept the great majority of the nation in serfdom and ignorance, while it squandered on idle priests, degenerate nobles, and shameless mistresses the resources of the country. At last the day of reckoning came, and it is well known how a maddened and infuriated populace called the king, the nobles, and the clergy to account in the Reign of Terror. Then were fulfilled the prophetic words of the great Epicurean poet—

Ergo regibus occisis subversa jacebat
Pristina majestas soliorum et sceptra superba,
Et capitis summi præclarum insigne cruentum
Sub pedibus vulgi magnum lugebat honorem;
Nam cupide conculcatur nimis ante metutum.

That Reign of Terror was not without its apostles and its political and social doctrines—Voltaire, the clever, carping unbeliever, and Rousseau, who believed firmly in his own imaginary state of liberty, in which all men had once been and were still to be, as soon as the new gospel was preached to the world, free, equal, and fraternal. How France adopted this new gospel, and sought to convert the world to her new creed, and signally failed, is matter of history, and we need not dwell on the miserable failure. She passed from the Reign of Terror

and the Republic to the tyranny of Napoleon, whether as Consul or Emperor, from the First Empire to a Constitutional Monarchy, then again to a Republic, a second Empire, and a new Republic, but throughout these many changes, though Frenchmen have been often equal as slaves of a tyranny, they have never been either free or fraternal. One alone of Rousseau's principles has been carried into effect, and that not at all in the sense which he predicted in his insane forecasting of the future.

That Sir Erskine May, while rendering full justice to the great claims which France has on the admiration of the world, as one of the foremost champions of civilisation, should still regard her rather with pity and apprehension, when he considers her lamentable shortcomings as an exponent of those Constitutional principles and that mature and regulated liberty which he holds so dear, is both natural and inevitable. On the one hand, he beholds, in the Government of England, one of the 'rarest ideals of a Democracy' to be met with in the history of the world, for it is a Government directed by the intelligent judgment of the whole people. On the other, in France he discerns all the evils which a degenerate Democracy or tyranny of the people can produce. There the excesses of an ill-regulated Democracy have led to usurpations and imperial tyrannies ending in fearful domestic troubles, which, while they have checked her material prosperity, have demoralised her society and arrested the intellectual growth of her gifted people. Bitterest of all it must be to her to feel that, while she has 'advanced the liberties of other States, she has not secured her own.' France, the great mistress of Europe in the laws of democratic progress, has been utterly incapable of applying those laws to her own political development without provoking such internal conflicts as have twice rendered a tyranny more tolerable to her than democratic liberty. With these two diametrically different examples of adoption of democratic principles before his eyes, who shall quarrel with Sir Erskine May for deliberately preferring, in this very excellent work, the rational Democracy of England, as it grows in strength and dignity, from age to age, to that parody of freedom which goes by the name of Democracy in France?

D.

# EDUCATIONAL MISSIONS IN INDIA.

By P. Hordern
(Director of Public Instruction in British Burmah).

In a late article[1] on the Imperial policy of England, Sir John Lubbock has expressed a view of the relation which this country bears to its many colonies and dependencies, which is so uncommon in England and yet so manifestly true that it deserves to be supported by the testimony of all who are acquainted with and interested in the subject.

One is weary of hearing on every side from one's own countrymen of the decline of English greatness, of the insignificance of our handful of soldiers among the armed nations of the Continent, and of the impotence of the voice of England in the councils of Europe; weary of the endless regrets for the past and discontent with the present, and of the dark forebodings with which the wealth and luxury of modern England fill the minds of English pessimists; and it is refreshing to find a competent judge capable of forming a less desponding estimate of our national character, and taking a more hopeful prospect of the future of the English people. In the paper referred to, Sir John Lubbock has shown by a few simple figures how truly England has earned the title of the mother-country in respect of her vast foreign territories, whether holding towards her a more or less dependent position, and has drawn a contrast which must strike the most superficial observer, between the treatment accorded by England to such a country as India and that administered to the ancient colonies of Greece and Rome.

As regards India, many are too profoundly impressed with a sense of its vulnerability, and of the tax which its possession imposes on the national strength, to be able to contemplate its future without deep misgivings. But it is too late now to wish that we had at each step held in leash the spirit of enterprise which has placed us at the head of a great Oriental empire; we have enough to do to solve the practical problems of the hour, and upon the solutions we find will assuredly depend the strength of our tenure. How, then, do we set ourselves to solve them? We are often taunted with the profession that we 'govern India for India's good,' yet it is far from being an idle boast. The truth is, that the spectacle at this day presented by the Indian Empire is one so wholly without parallel and so baffling to the reader of history that it is hard, especially for Englishmen themselves, to contemplate it in its true proportions. That we do rule India for her own good—that is to say, that while we mean to hold firmly to the possessions which have been gradually and often against our will thrown upon our hands, and whatever may be the defects of our administration, our single aim in their government is the material prosperity of the people—is a fact which is admitted frankly, if not always gratefully, by every thoughtful native of the country, and which does not need the testimony at this moment afforded by the ready hand held out to India in her distress; and it seems strange that a phenomenon so noble and on so gigantic a scale should produce in England so little of the feeling of national pride, that to this day the discussion of questions of

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, March 1877.

vital import to India is the signal for emptying the House of Commons.

But if there are those who in the new and wonderful scene presented by modern India can see nothing but the evil fruits of a thirst for conquest, nothing but the failures which could not but attend the first tentative efforts to rule and to weld into one empire territories so widely differing from one another as the Punjab from Burmah, or Bengal from Southern India, yet it is surprising that even they should be blind to the most striking feature of the English administration of India, the system of public education.

Of the many reproaches cast upon the Indian Government and the blundering honesty of its 'good intentions,' none is more common or less deserved than that of being a 'Godless' government as proved by the principle under which its educational system is organised. Not among missionaries only, but among persons of all classes, the reproach has long been heard that a Christian government is so ashamed of its faith, that it prohibits the teaching in its State schools of the sacred Scriptures in which it professes to believe.

And many zealous people are at this time much exercised by doubts whether even the missionaries have hitherto rightly fulfilled their trust —whether the mission schools which throughout India have for years been the main object of labour and expenditure, have really effected anything for the great cause in hand, or whether they have not even acted in a contrary direction and served only to swell the hosts of educated unbelievers who are a credit neither to their teachers nor their native country. Some light may be thrown upon this interesting question by considering the actual circumstances of one representative member of the group of provinces which compose the Indian Empire.

By noting in a single province the foundation upon which the educational systems both of the State and the missionary societies have been built, the aspect presented by existing schools, the attitude taken by the Government in the matter of education, and the actual results already apparent, it may be possible to reach some conclusions which will facilitate a just appreciation of the work done in the past, and of the prospect held out for the future, especially as regards the ultimate acceptance of the Christian faith by the peoples of India.

Attention has already been drawn in the pages of this Magazine to the peculiar interest attaching to the subject of native education in the province of British Burmah, and the same province will serve as well as another to illustrate the present theme.

In order to realise the position of either teacher or preacher in a foreign country, it is necessary in the first place to have some acquaintance with the antecedents of the people among whom he is placed, and especially with the nature of the social and religious beliefs and associations upon which it is proposed to engraft the exotic growths of Christianity or Western science. In Burmah it is in the system of Budhism that we find the expression at once of the national religious sentiment and of the social theories with which it is intimately interwoven. Some notion must therefore at the outset be formed of the character of this, one of the most remarkable and most widely accepted among the religions of the world. Notice has elsewhere been taken of the striking phenomenon presented by the Budhist monastic order, which to this day, as the outward and working representative of the national religion, holds in Burmah the

same honourable position as two thousand years ago, and of the singular liberality which the order has shown in these latter days in the welcome given in its religious seminaries to a system of public education initiated by a foreign Government. It need not, however, be supposed for a moment that this liberality betokens a symptom of wavering in adherence to the Budhist faith, rather it is the unshaken confidence in the creed of its great founder which disarms the fears with which a less certain conviction might regard the preachers of a new science and a new religion. It is indeed in this brave confidence and the fearless liberality which it engenders that the missionary of Christianity finds his most formidable opposition, and from which he may himself learn a courage which is far too rare in the champions of modern Christendom. In the minds of most of those pious English men and women who year by year through a long useful life devote a solid part of their wealth to the support of missionary societies, Budhism is only one among a thousand forms of fatal error into which the temptation of our mother Eve has plunged countless generations of heathen. Budhism is to them neither above nor below Brahminism, nor is either better or worse than Mahometanism, or 'fire worship,' or any other religious belief outside the Christian fold; and many would probably sympathise with the Yorkshireman who, when asked to subscribe to a society for the conversion of the Jews, exclaimed in surprise. 'What, don't they believe *yet*?' But a curiosity which should lead even to a cursory inquiry into the history of Budhist countries, and an imagination capable of realising for a moment the position taken by the pious follower of Budha in face of the Christian missionary, would make such people less ready than they are to wonder at this apparent hardness of heart. It seems wonderful that even at this day it should be necessary, as in truth it is, to remind educated people that Budhism is not a senseless worship of idols of wood and stone, nor the bigoted following of hereditary doctrines of which the plain reasoning of an intelligent Englishman could at once demonstrate the hollowness.

The truth is—and it is one which should be remembered by those who wonder at the small success recorded by missionaries in Budhist countries—that, overlaid and intermixed as it is with much that is to the modern European mind childish and which cannot bear the light of modern knowledge, the Budhist religion is based on so firm a foundation and contains such a core of genuine truth, that its overthrow by Christianity would be the greatest miracle which the world has ever seen. The march to the capital of Budhism is no holiday promenade, and the Christian missionary has nowhere met a more unyielding resistance than in the passive attitude of the simple-minded ascetic who in Burmah represents the creed of Budhism.

A very brief examination will show something of the strength of the Budhist position, and of the force which it opposes to the advances of Christianity.

Of the main historical facts of the life of Budha, called by the Burmese Gaudama, there is probably no more doubt than of those of the life of Christ or of Mohammed; and the researches of modern scholars have already thrown much light upon the doctrines which he taught, and the whole history of the religion of which he was the founder. In the country here referred to the pious emissary of an English missionary college will find, perhaps to his surprise, that the poor heathen whom

he goes forth to enlighten is guided in his daily life by precepts older and not less noble than those of Christianity. He will learn that centuries before the birth of Christ men were taught by the life and doctrine of one of the greatest men who ever lived lessons of the purest morality; the child was taught to obey his parents, and to be tender to all animal life; the man to love his neighbour as himself, to be true and just in all his dealings, and to look beyond the vain shows of the world for true happiness. 'Every shade of vice,' we are told, 'was guarded by special precepts;' love in its widest sense of universal charity was declared to be the mother of all the virtues, and even the peculiarly Christian precepts of the forgiveness of injuries and the meek acceptance of insult were already taught in the farthest East. In a word, 'the moral code of Budhism,' to quote Professor Max Müller, 'is one of the most perfect which the world has ever known.' Nor was this beautiful morality contained only in a series of dry maxims and precepts hard to follow. Its author left to his followers the example of one of the holiest lives ever lived on earth, practising as he did throughout a simple, self-denying career, the virtues which he preached, and spending long years in the enthusiastic and successful effort to impart to others the treasure he himself had found.

Born a prince, Budha was early impressed with the vanity of worldly things; and, enamoured as he was of truth and virtue, felt embodied in himself the longings of a people enslaved by the formalities of Brahminism, the most formal and artificial religion in the world. Thus inspired, he voluntarily exchanged his palace for a hermit's cell, and a life of luxury for that of a beggar. By simple force of truth and honesty he was enabled to break through the mighty chains of caste which had bound generations of his countrymen, and at the head of a great popular movement to found a social and religious organisation, which time has shown—notwithstanding the corruptions of after years—to be adapted to the satisfaction in millions of minds of those unspoken and ever unexplained aspirations which are inseparable from humanity. It is true that the defects, which are glaring enough, in this system need no demonstration to the cultured Western mind; but it must be remembered that those very defects may often be the features which appeal most powerfully to the Oriental, and constitute the most binding links of his religion.

And apart from the genuine purity of the faith itself, and the fund of universal truth which it contains, the religion of Budha has the strongest hold upon its professors in its intimate bearing on the whole social life of the community. It has often been shown that its rapid success as a rival to Brahminism was due less to its intrinsic merits as a religion than to the fact that it involved a vast social revolution and a popular rebellion against the intolerable yoke of caste; and to the same fact is doubtless still largely due the firm hold which it retains to this day over its votaries.

The whole every-day life of the Burmese Budhist is coloured by religion, and the fearless simplicity of the popular religious feeling probably outdoes that of any Christian country. Englishmen see with wonder the devout Catholic on the Continent of Europe kneeling in his dim cathedrals in private devotion; but throughout Burmah it is a daily sight to see men, women, and children kneel and pray by the roadside, their hands clasped and their faces turned devoutly to a distant pagoda, while at the weekly festi-

vals or the full moons the devotion of the mass of the population is among the most interesting spectacles in the whole East. Every boy in the country is taught from infancy in the monastery school by the mendicant Budhist monk, and his first-text books are the Budhist scriptures. Throughout his youth he follows in the train of his religious teacher to do him service, and even himself submits for a time to the rule and discipline of the Order. Daily every house is visited by the same holy men, and contributes its best food for their support. And every public and private act of the Burman is more or less influenced by the religious faith thus imbibed with his earliest breath, and interwoven with the routine of his every-day existence. Finally, a life so shadowed by religion is followed by funeral ceremonies which, in appearance at least, contrast favourably with the gloomy pageant universal in Christian countries. The Burmese coffin is gaily decorated with brilliant colours, and borne aloft under a gilded and painted canopy of fanciful device, and the release of the spirit from the prison of the body is celebrated by music and processions, associated in the mind of the European rather with marriage than with death.

Such in rough outline is the religion of the Budhist, a religion inherited from a past earlier than that of Christianity, and one of which the brightest light of modern research only serves to illustrate the singular purity. It is indeed, in its essential purity, and in the substantial truth which it contains, that the secret lies of the invincible front which Budhism seems to present to the assaults of Christianity.

It needs no argument to show that he who would prove to the deeply religious and essentially conservative mind of the Oriental that such a faith is a delusion, or at least that it owes its acknowledged beauty to a source of which he has never heard, undertakes a gigantic task, for the success of which it is the first requirement that he should be able to detach himself from the associations which may have become almost part of his own nature and assume in imagination those of his antagonist.

It is easy to esteem lightly the religious beliefs of a far-off Oriental nation, but it is not by such means that we can hope for that triumph of a better faith for which we profess to look. The first steps to such success must rather be by the most careful examination of the beliefs we have to encounter, by a deep sympathy with the strange peoples to whom such beliefs have long served for a light in the darkness, by an imagination capable of entering into their feelings and seeing with their eyes, by an intimate knowledge of their languages, traditions, social and religious customs, public and private life and character. Through such a training must the missionary pass who would prevail with the professors of a religion so ancient, so widespread, so in harmony with national character, and above all so pure in its essential characteristics as that of Budhism. Nor, as experience shows, need even such a man, or a succession of such men, look for any success in so heroic an enterprise, without a patience which has no limits, and is based on an enthusiasm unquenchable as that of Budha himself.

With this preface, it may be instructive to contemplate the actual state of the educational foundations, both public and private, which at the present time absorb so much of the energy and wealth both of the Government and of missionary societies.

The town of Rangoon, the capital of the Burmese province and the head-quarters alike of the public

administration and of missions of all denominations, will furnish representative examples of the condition and prospects of both mission and Government schools, and in a morning's drive within the compass of a few miles some practical notion may be gained of the outward aspect of school education in India.

Taking, in the first place, the principal institution of the Church of England, the Propagation Society's school dignified with the name of St. John's College, the visitor alights at the porch of a handsome and spacious semi-Gothic building, constructed of timber throughout and in the ornamental style most suitable to the country. A large and lofty central hall, flanked on either side by class-rooms, occupies the ground floor. Above are dormitories for boarders, and a chapel furnished with all the accessories of a modern church. The school is superintended by a clerical principal or warden, and managed by an English head master, supported by a staff of some ten junior masters, of various nationalities, European, Eurasian, Burmese, or natives of India. The discipline, equipment, and management of the classes are entirely those of an English school.

The instruction is partly in English and partly in Burmese, and the course, while including special lessons in the Christian Scriptures, is adapted to the standards required by the Government Department of Education, in which the English and Burmese languages, arithmetic, geometry, history and geography, are promiment subjects. The school is as full as its accommodation will allow: the order and discipline are excellent, and the efficiency of the teaching is only checked by the difficulty of providing adequate teaching power for the crowd of eager learners. From two to three hundred pupils are assembled of every race, creed, and colour, the majority being Burmese, and the day's work is opened with prayers in English and Burmese, in which a small minority join throughout. Of the mass of pupils it is only a small minority who profess to be Christians, the great majority attending solely for the secular teaching which may fit them to earn a livelihood, and being withdrawn as soon as they have learned enough of the English language to qualify them for the work of copying clerks in a mercantile or public office. Visitors are gladly welcomed and introduced to the working of the school, which is among the most flourishing in the province.

Passing next to the principal boys' school of the Roman Catholic Mission, the stranger will find here too the order and method of the West; the same handsome, well-ordered buildings, the same prosperous institution, the same crowd of learners, the same mixture of creeds and races, the same general course of teaching, the differences only being such as distinguish similar schools in Europe. Here the superintendent is a Frenchman, Bishop *in partibus* and Vicar Apostolic, a missionary of long experience, who besides being a devout Catholic is a distinguished Oriental scholar and deeply read in the lore and history of Budhism. The managers of the school are members of the fraternity of the Christian Brothers, nearly all European by birth, and all conspicuous in the uniform black cassock and white bands of the brotherhood. Among them are some excellent teachers, and all alike work in the depressing climate with untiring devotion. The system of teaching and examination here is in great part modelled on the French, each half-year ending with a public oral examination and a somewhat wearisome didactic stage-play. The standard of instruction

is regulated by that laid down by Government, and the teaching is thorough and practical. Here a larger number of the pupils are of European descent, and the Christian element is proportionately stronger, though all are under the same rules and taught the principles of Christianity. The main attraction to all alike is, however, the intellectual training which will lead to lucrative employment.

Under the same authority and at a short distance is situated a newly built and handsome convent, conducted by the Sisterhood of the Sacred Heart. Dressed in the well-known conventual garb and moving among their scholars with the gentle, absent expression, characteristic of the feminine recluse, a staff of ladies, mostly European, devote themselves to the charge of schools and orphanage, numbering together some hundreds of pupils, and adapted to the wants of girls of every class, from the richer European and Eurasian to the orphans and destitute rescued from the streets. In the several departments of this large and orderly institution the languages and subjects taught, as well as the fees charged, vary with the *status* of the children, but all alike of whatever race or creed receive a strict and careful training, of which the popularity is proved by the largeness of the attendance.

Under less conventional management, a no less useful institution, and one in some ways resting on a more promising foundation, is seen in the immediate suburbs of the town in an admirably managed school for Burmese girls—the women of Burmah being happily free from all such restraints as are found in the zenanas of Hindu countries. Here the instruction, under two or three ladies of the American Baptist Mission, is almost exclusively in the Burmese language, through the medium of which a thoroughly good and useful education is given to from seventy to a hundred girls; and every pupil being under agreement to remain at school for a term of years, the training here given both moral and intellectual promises to be of the utmost value to future generations of the Burmese.

Distant not a mile from the last noticed school is one of a wholly different character from the rest, though equally well attended, and offering not less educational advantages. This school, under the care of the same American Mission—a mission to which the country is perhaps more largely indebted than to any other—is almost exclusively for children of the indigenous tribe of the Karens, a mild and simple people, whose villages are scattered through the entire country, but who live altogether apart from the Burmese, sharing neither their social nor religious characteristics, very rarely intermarrying with their families, and holding towards them the hereditary position of an inferior and subject race. Among the various tribes of this strange people Christian missions, especially that of the American Baptists, have met with a most remarkable success, the converts being numbered by thousands and whole villages having long been Christian.

A brief digression must be here made to notice the contrast between the reception simultaneously given to Christianity by these two separate nationalities inhabiting the same country, indicating as the contrast perhaps does the causes of the failure among the Burmese and the only course likely to be successful. Unlike their Budhist fellow countrymen, the Karens, of a naturally simple and credulous disposition, and without any inheritance of a dominating national religion, were found by the Christian missionary ready for the reception of a faith which appeals to every people, every climate, and every age. Here were no barriers of long association to be

broken down, no kindred moral code to be absorbed, no interweaving for centuries of the social and religious life of a nation. Here, therefore, the citadel was from the first open to the invader, and willing homage was done by an unresisting people. No wonder that the task in this case proved infinitely easier than in that of the more civilised Burmese intrenched behind the outworks of an ancient and honourable religion.

To return to the Karen school: the method, discipline, and standard of teaching are fairly on a level with those of the other schools already noticed, and its classes, which are open to girls as well as boys, are continually recruited from the small elementary schools founded by the Mission in their Christian villages. Here, in marked contrast to the rest, the majority of the pupils are Christian and the children of native Christian parents.

In the midst of the flourishing schools thus established by various missionary bodies stands the principal representative of the State system of public education in the Government High School, which, as the central school of the province, serves in its several departments as the model for the subordinate Government institutions in the outlying districts. The buildings assigned to this institution, standing on a commanding site, are among the finest which adorn the capital of the province. Entirely maintained at the public expense, the school possesses a well-paid and efficient staff of masters. The mixed elements of which the population is composed is illustrated by the variety of the races and creeds here represented. Among nearly five hundred pupils in daily attendance are found not only Burmese but Chinese, Shans, Karens, Bengalees, Madrasees, Sooratees, and Jews, as well as a considerable proportion of Europeans and Eurasians. Here, as in all Government schools, the course of instruction is exclusively secular, and though there is no bigoted proscription in the text-books of subjects bearing upon religion or inculcating the lessons of Christianity, religious instruction forms no part of the curriculum. It need hardly be added that under the trained English masters in charge of the several departments a careful moral training and discipline are maintained. The school is admirably equipped, most efficiently conducted, and deservedly popular. The highest standard of instruction at present aimed at is the matriculation standard of the University of Calcutta.

From this necessarily brief review of the *status* of the principal schools in the chief town of the province, one or two general conclusions may be drawn. It has been seen that the universal desire of the natives to obtain an English education for their children—a desire prompted solely by the market value of such an education—is met in a very similar way by the Government and by missionary societies. While the avowed object of the mission school is to win converts to Christianity, that of the Government school is to train good citizens and competent officers for the public service. The general course of teaching is, however, the same in both; the pupils of both are drawn from all classes of the population, and the same motives attract the majority in either case, no regard whatever being had by parent or pupil to the difference of the aim with which each has been established. Backed by the resources of the State, the Government schools have naturally some material advantages. There are no fears of financial embarrassment, and in the prospects of advancement offered by the public service the Government school has a more certain command of the services of an efficient teaching staff. At the same time paid service may

be less faithfully performed than duties voluntarily undertaken in a sacred cause, and in fact a Government school is often left behind in efficiency by private schools which are less specially favoured. Thus the two classes of schools work usefully side by side, the one as the complement of the other; and while both the machinery and the outturn seem at first sight to be in both cases exclusively in accord with the aims of the Government, and not with those of the missionary societies, the religious teaching of the mission school is not without its special influence, the full force of which it is impossible to estimate. If they could not point to a single convert, the mission schools would not have ill spent their resources in the special training given by them and by no other institution to the youth of India. But it is not for those who look forward with confidence to the universal acceptance of Christianity to doubt that they have done and are doing much more than this: that it was true wisdom which prompted the establishment of educational missions, and that in the offer of an avowedly religious liberal education they have supplied an acknowledged but unavoidable deficiency in the educational system of the State, and, whatever may be the ultimate result of their operation, have laid the surest foundation for the establishment of the truths which it is their primary object to disseminate.

The next point for consideration is, the attitude taken, especially towards mission schools, by the Government, which meets with the constant reproach of being ashamed of the Christian faith. In the province now under notice it has been seen that the mass of the population professes a religion more ancient than Christianity and holding a place perhaps only second among the religions of the world. Among this people are settled active and earnest representatives of the various rival sects into which Christians are divided, all alike eager to gain converts to their own faith and to their own form of its profession. All equally recognise the importance of securing the affections of the young, and contend for the privilege of guiding the youth of the country during their tender years. And thus, while from time immemorial a wide-spread system of elementary education has been indigenous to the country and inseparable from its whole social and religious organisation, the emissaries of Christianity have in late years founded efficient schools conducted on a Western method, and offering in addition to religious instruction a secular education specially adapted to render the rising generation useful subjects of the reigning Power.

In these circumstances what has been the educational policy of the Government? It is perhaps not generally known in England that upon this so-called Godless Government largely depends the efficiency, if not the very existence, of a majority of mission schools throughout the country; that of the cost of the fine school buildings—some of them of noble proportions—devoted to the labours of the missionaries of every sect, half has not uncommonly been borne by the same Government; that among the main supports of the mission schools, whether Roman Catholic, Protestant, or Baptist, are yearly grants from the public revenue, the withdrawal of which would probably in many cases involve the closing of the school; that even in this, one of the minor provinces of India, from four to five thousand pounds a year of public money are expended in the direct support of mission schools, while a similar sum is devoted to improving the *status* and raising the standard of the indigenous

primary schools scattered throughout the country. For the schools so aided the same much-abused Government provides from public funds an efficient staff of inspectors, and in addition to the liberal aid thus given to the cause of religious schools (none the less substantial though given only in consideration of the secular teaching) the Government itself provides at every large centre of population schools open freely to all classes, in which at a trifling cost a liberal education is given by a staff of Masters appointed, paid, and controlled by the State. To the classes of these latter schools are admitted children of every one of the races which make up the motley population of the Province, each race and tribe and sect having its own individual birthright of religious belief.

Looking on this picture, which is at once faithful and representative, the neutral policy of the Government of India, which in its State schools abstains from throwing the weight of political authority into the scale even of the Christian religion, seems less that of a narrow self-interest, fearing to declare itself on the side of right, than of a liberal statesmanship which, in the government of alien races, confines itself to the social well-being of the subject, and in the matter of religion leaves perfect freedom to all, trusting, with a courage greater than that of its most zealous opponents, to the broad light of intellectual knowledge to carry ultimate conviction of the truth. That this is the true position which the Government assumes in regard to this most difficult and most important matter is abundantly proved by the substantial aid given, as has been shown, to the missionaries; and if it cannot be denied that this policy originated in the first instance in considerations of political expediency, and was in early years pushed to a reprehensible extreme, it is not on that account in its present aspect the less sound or less statesmanlike.

It remains to consider what are the practical results already apparent of the general work of education in India, and what its prospects for the future.

Upon this point the inquirer will naturally meet with many conflicting opinions. Even in old and settled countries it is a task of supreme difficulty to read rightly the signs of the times, and to foresee even the immediate future; and in an empire like that of modern India, the difficulty is in truth insurmountable. Nothing in any way really corresponding to this vast empire has ever been seen on the stage of the world; past history, therefore, affords no signs by which its position may be judged or its future foretold. In the present fruits of education in India, whether imparted in Government or mission schools, many see nothing hopeful, but rather the reverse. Hundreds of quick-witted natives, they say, are yearly turned out from the English colleges and schools with a superficial education, which serves only to render them restless and discontented, to unfit them for their proper station in life, and prepare them for one which they cannot obtain; robbing them at the same time of their old religion, and putting nothing in its place. A petty clerkship on thirty pounds a year is competed for by bachelors and masters of arts of Indian universities, and for every one who finds even such employment hundreds go away disappointed, and turn their education to account by writing ignorant and seditious newspaper articles, or in other ways injurious to themselves and the community. The *Babu* educated in English schools is, they say, the most vain, useless, and offensive of men; yet the mill works on, and turns out more of the same pattern by thousands every year.

It is of course impossible to deny the existence of manifold evils consequent on the abrupt contact between the civilisations of the Eastern and Western worlds; and the more active the part taken by the Government in education, the more conspicuous will be the fruits of this contact, whether good or evil. Yet the keenest observer may find himself at fault who should venture to pronounce any sweeping judgment in the case. Nor probably would the most dissatisfied, in view of the evils noticed above, go so far as to urge either the Government or private societies to withdraw (were such a course possible) from the task they have undertaken, and, at this still early stage, pronounce the experiment of English education in India a failure. The most commonplace prudence would rather point to the need of a watchful policy, ever ready to accommodate itself to present wants, to modify its system by the results of daily experience, to add to and perfect to the utmost the existing means of education rather than withdraw those already provided.

And this is, in fact, the policy at this moment pursued in India. The Indian Universities—to which Government and mission schools are alike affiliated—are keenly alive to the points where their system fails, and quick to profit by the results of past experiment. Each year sees some new effort to adapt the system of examination to the needs of the country, to meet the defects which time has brought to light, and to render the whole educational system at once harmonious and suited to the races for whose benefit it is intended.

Impossible as it is to forecast the future, or even accurately to judge the present, the position thus actually taken seems indeed the only rational one; and when all has been said of the ill effects of English education upon the character of the youth of modern India, there remain substantial proofs of a better influence sufficient to satisfy those who have the interests of India at heart. In law, in medicine, in education, in every section of official life, of trade and manufacture, even of scholarship and literature, there may be found at this moment examples of the wide benefits conferred by the schools and colleges of India, and a leaven may be discerned which, it may be reasonably hoped, needs only the lapse of time to influence for permanent good the whole social fabric of the Empire.

It is conceivable, indeed, that in an Oriental country, and in an age of startling surprises, a sudden social or political revolution might for a time check the advance of material prosperity, and undo much of the work of the past century—the most wonderful in the history of the East—but no revolution will ever again so turn back the tide of Western civilisation, that Asia should become as it was before the days of steamship and telegraph. Whether for good or evil, the East has been roughly but effectually awakened from the sleep of centuries, and for ever vanquished by the West. Nor is the triumph only that of physical force; victories, which can never be reversed, are recorded in the fields of science, of art, and of literature, and their consequences must inevitably tend more and more to assimilate the East to the West.

In the same way it may be reasonably urged that if Christianity is ever to become the dominant religion of India it will be borne on the stream of the civilisation with which it is so closely associated: it will be, that is, through the widest possible diffusion of the means of learning; by courting rather than discouraging the spirit of inquiry; not by introducing new sacerdotal pretensions into a land sick with those of

the past, but by a spirit which has the courage to cry, 'If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Budha, then follow him; or if Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, then follow them.'

It is perhaps not more possible now than a hundred years ago to foresee for Christianity a permanent triumph over the older religions of the East; and a residence in India tends, it is to be feared, to crush the hopes of all but the most hopeful; on the other hand, it needs no unreasoning enthusiasm to regard such a consummation as possible and even natural: only it seems certain that an intellectual revolution must first take place, and its influence permeate Eastern society, before a change so marvellous can come over these ancient lands. That such a revolution has begun and already deeply and permanently affected the most influential strata of native society is a patent fact, and if, in looking into the future, it is safe to expect that truth will ultimately prevail, it is not difficult to see in the Government school with its purely secular teaching as much a missionary institution as in the avowedly religious school by its side. None would do otherwise than honour the work of the devoted missionaries of India, yet their position would be strengthened rather than weakened by recognising that in the State system of secular education they have, instead of an irreligious antagonist, the most powerful of auxiliaries. Those who have seen much of native Christians will be ready to admit that it is those—few though they may be as yet—whose conviction is the result of a thorough course of English education, rather than those who have ignorantly yielded to the moral power of the preacher, upon whom reliance may best be placed for the exercise of any permanent influence.

From this point of view it is impossible to concur with those who at the present time cry out impatiently that all the money and labour expended on mission schools is wasted so far as the object in view is concerned. It is no doubt true that the vast majority of the pupils in such schools attend with the avowed object of acquiring a secular education and solely as the preparation for secular employment—that the attraction in the mission school is not the beauty of Christian teaching, but the prospect of earning a livelihood—that the majority carry away no convictions whatever of the superiority of Christianity over the religion of their homes and their childhood—and that in numberless instances a mere smattering of learning serves only to aggravate the inborn conceit of a naturally vain mind. Nevertheless to those who are without misgivings in their allegiance to Christianity it would seem a short-sighted conclusion to infer, because the number of converts is still miserably small, and even theirs perhaps in very many cases only a half-hearted adherence, that therefore no material advantage has been gained, and no advance made in the slow campaign against Budhism or Brahminism by the training given to the past and present generations. A more fearless conviction of the universal adaptability of the Christian faith, or at least a more liberal regard for the sincerity of those to whom it is preached, might see in the thirst of our Eastern fellow-subjects for the knowledge which the West has to give, abundant promise for the ultimate triumph of the cause which must be assumed to be common to the mission school and to the secular foundations of the State—the cause of Truth.

It is not possible, indeed, to dogmatise upon a matter which at every turn opens such wide issues. While, therefore, I have ventured in the foregoing pages to hazard some expressions of individual

opinion, it is rather by representing for the consideration of others the present position and aspect of mission schools in a Budhist country that I have hoped to contribute something to the treatment of a subject of immense interest. In the country of which I have written, Christian missionaries of many denominations, confronted by a primitive religion powerful at once by its antiquity and its intrinsic purity, have united to devote their energies almost exclusively to education, and it cannot be denied that the visible fruits of their labours for the conversion of Budhists are singularly meagre down to the present day, nor do there seem to be any reasons for anticipating a more rapid success in the immediate future. On the other hand, the process of transforming the religious belief of a nation may, like some vast geological change, be not the less certain though the steps are almost imperceptible. At all events, it is an intelligible theory that in order to achieve the astounding results aimed at by the Christian missionary, in countries already rich in moral and religious traditions of vast antiquity, bound up with social traditions not less ancient, and adapted to the conditions of the climate under which they were originated, the first approaches must be by a general raising of the national standard of intellectual culture.

In this work the State shares from a different motive, and although a more rapid apparent success might be achieved by the active propagation of Christianity by the governing power, the neutral position taken in India by the State, which neither gives nor withholds its aid on account of any form of religious teaching, may prove more directly conducive to the interests of Christianity than would be an exclusive favour shown to its teachers.

From such considerations as these one seems led to the conclusion, not that the Indian mission school is an institution which has been tried and found wanting, but that to pronounce judgment in the present day upon its merits as an agency for the spread of Christianity is still premature, while there are sufficient grounds for regarding it as the most rational and the most hopeful means which, under the given conditions, could be employed for the end in view.

# THE HOSPITAL OF S. MARIA DELLA SCALA AT SIENA.

OPPOSITE the stately northern front of the great cathedral of Siena a long two-storeyed building fills the side of the piazza, and spreads at either angle a wing. Gothic doorways and windows, and walls barred in black and yellow stripes, scarcely relieve the simplicity of the design. On this side the elevation appears insignificant; but descend the steep steps on the right, and pass beneath the building, and you shall see how the great walls rear themselves above trees and gardens, above churches and houses, and at their feet fortress-like flanks and tier above tier of massive masonry. So imposing is the scale, so venerable the appearance of the structure, that viewing it for the first time, you might be excused for asking if this were the citadel of Siena, or some great fortified palace from the days of the 'tyrants,' built for pride and oppression, and holding within those thick walls dungeons and *oubliettes*. Yet is this huge pile no stronghold of tyranny, but a house of mercy; it is the famous Hospital of Santa Maria della Scala, known far and wide for its ancient foundation, for its wealth, and its great charities over a period of eight or nine centuries.

Tradition places the origin of the hospital in the charitable works of a certain 'Beato Soror,' towards the close of the ninth century. After founding the pious house, and edifying all men by an example of illustrious virtues, this *eroe del Paradiso* died on the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 888. His memory has been preserved by the pencils of artists who adorned the walls of the hospital with frescoes. Faluschi, in his *Breve Relazione delle cose notabili*, speaks of a statue of the founder, robed in the Augustine garb, which was graven with the inscription: 'B. Soror Sen. hujus almi xenodochij Institutor in honorem gloriosæ Virginis Mariæ, natus anno Domini DCCCXXXII, obijt anno DCCCLXXVIII.' Sooth to say, however, the 'Beato Soror' seems a somewhat mythical personage, and hence the legend which clings about the name of the hospital 'della Scala' incurs the doubts of the incredulous. A vision vouchsafed ere his birth to the mother of the 'Beato' of a ladder which reached from heaven to earth, significant of the good works by which he should hereafter attain celestial ascendance, is said to have originated the dedication of the hospital to Saint Mary of the Ladder.

In fact sceptical writers cast aside both vision and saint. The name, some say, first belonged to the cathedral, when it was known as 'della Scala,' from the long flight of steps that led down into its famous confessional, above which, on the altar, lay the bones of Saint Severus, brought from Cologne in 770 by the German Randulph, Bishop of Siena. The affix was transferred to the hospital because often named in ancient deeds as the Spedale 'before the steps of the church.' In the document whereby Pope Urban III. confirmed to the canons of the cathedral all the property then possessed by them, special mention is made of the place wherein are situated the church and the hospital—*ante gradus majores ecclesiæ*, an expression used some time previously by Bishop Buonfigli, in some legal instrument. Recent writers, on the authority of the archives, assign to the canons of the cathedral the foundation of

the hospital itself about the commencement of the twelfth century, and a like period is given rather vaguely by Malavolti, whose book on the *Fatti e Guerre de' Sanese* came out at Venice in 1599. The great hospital, he says, was established about the time when Siena was governed by the nobles under the successors of Charlemagne; for grandeur and wealth, for charities and good government, it became famous throughout Italy, so that other cities and townships were moved to found similar establishments, which they placed under the direction of the Rector of S. Maria della Scala. Malavolti names many of these subsidiary hospitals, such as those of Fiorenza, also called 'della Scala,' the Spedali at San Giungnano, Acquapendente, Ruti, Todi, S. Miniato al Tedesco, Poggibonsi, Del Monte Savio, Barberino, and others which he declares to be 'still' governed by the Rector of the Siena hospital. No institution has had a more stormy history, none has known more remarkable changes of success and failure, round none have stranger contrasts gathered of war and peace. The grasping hand of avarice and the mild touch of mercy have left their impress on its records; its outer walls are scarred with wear of time and violence, while within its spacious chambers may be traced the rise and fall of a school of painters and sculptors, who once made Siena glad with their works of beauty.

Important as must have been the part played by the great hospital in the general vicissitudes of the city, it is strange that historians make little especial mention of it. You may search volume after volume in vain for the graphic touches from which to conjure up the old pile as a background for picturesque incidents. It is only by implication from the books of the institution, and the history written on its walls, that we realise how strange and various must have been the dramas enacted within its bounds. The private records of the foundling hospital, which from the first was an important feature in the charitable scheme, would tell many a story in which the patricians of Siena are implicated, little to their credit. The books of the Infirmary, too, might reveal strange things. Here inconvenient members of rich families were left year after year to live on the charities of the State, till death removed the burden, then a grand funeral *cortége* for the corpse paid the debts long owed to the living. The administration of this great hospital, with its numerous dependencies, has been a complicated and difficult matter from the very first, and the abuses which from time to time have marred its benefits offer bitter matter for comment. So early as the twelfth century we find the then rector, Incontrato of the Tolomei family, obtaining with difficulty the independent government of the hospital, and the right use of the funds from the canons of the cathedral, who expended them on their own institution. Both parties supplicated Pope Celestin III., and the matter ended in the administration of the property being left in the hands of the canons, while Incontrato remained hospitarius under the supreme jurisdiction of the archbishop. The canons retained possession until 1404, when the Republican Government took the reins out of their hands. The internal organisation of the hospital in these early days was admirable; the rules had been modelled by the Blessed Agostino Novello of Palermo, and exhibited the good working of a semi-monastic, semi-secular body. The government of the hospital resided in one secular order of Augustines—brothers and sisters, non-celibates, called *offerti* and *offerte*. The form was collegiate.

The brothers constituted a chapter, and elected a rector, chose and dismissed the officials. Some of the property of the institution could be alienated without the consent of the rector, the chapter, and the brothers. The details of administration were simple and excellent. Little by little, however, the hospital was deprived of its independent government, but continued for a long period to increase in wealth, privileges, and fame. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, through various causes, such as abuses in the administration, help given to the finances of the Republic, the burdens of war, which entailed the building of fortresses and maintenance of soldiers, the possessions of the hospital began to dwindle, while the expenses continually increased. Under the Medici, there was a great organisation of the establishment, and a great code of rules, which was printed. Still expenditure mounted and contributions from without fell; bad management lessened the income from farms; the number of children thrown on the foundling hospital, legitimate as well as illegitimate, became enormous; the hospital at Grasseto taxed greatly the resources; things went from bad to worse.

In 1724 the income of several suppressed hospitals was decreed to bolster up the failing means of S. Maria della Scala, but still the balance fell on the wrong side. The Grand-Duke Leopold, in 1775, instituted a special commission for the sale of its possessions. In 1783 well-meant but unwise regulations were issued, which required an immense outlay on the official staff necessary to carry them out. Subsequently an attempt was made to lessen the official salaries, and the obligation on the hospital of receiving patients suffering under certain diseases was removed. Still matters mended not. At the commencement of the present century, the Government proposed the sale of the treasury, reliquaries, and other valuables, and the Grand-Duke Ferdinand appropriated to the use of the establishment the proceeds arising from the suppression of various religious bodies. A deputation of inquiry, which, among other innovations, had decreed the division of the hospital into paying and non-paying wards, was dissolved in 1833, and the administration passed directly into the hands of the Government, who opened the institution to general admission, without right of priority or privilege to the members of the community, 'a step opposed to the practice of all countries,' comments the narrator, whose account we follow. The consequence of this measure was an enormous *rush* on the hospital. The people came to regard it as their own property; the idle came in, the sick came in and stayed on after they were cured; unreasonable demands were made and granted, and the expenditure rose frightfully. A compromise had to be entered into with creditors, but from 1841 to 1865 the outgoings were steadily in excess of the income.

An awkward episode falls within these latter times. Rumours crept about of ill-treatment of the sick folk, and insufficient food. The poor dreaded to be sent to the hospital, it was said. The populace began to mutter, and the Press took the matter up, and made it worse, inflaming the public mind, till things looked really formidable. In November 1860 Professore Pietro Betti was appointed to inquire, and all might have gone well if his report, which demonstrated the falsity or exaggeration of the reported abuses, had only been published. But unfortunately the Government thought fit to withhold the publication, and the popular fury increased tenfold under the

sense of mystery. The fact was that the internal organisation was in a state of rottenness. The sisterhood of St. Vincent, who, after having been chased away by the populace in 1848, had returned in 1851 to be petted and privileged, had by degrees virtually slipped into the government of the hospital. But the discontent of the servants under this *régime* broke out at last, in 1859, into open rebellion, and even reached the point of imprisoning the sisters in their own infirmary. The patients, too, turned refractory, and refused to obey orders, and if threatened, declared they would write to the *giornali*! A commission of inquiry naturally reported the establishment in a state of 'profound demoralisation;' and the next few years present the spectacle of deputation after deputation attempting in vain to bring order out of chaos, and to establish a new administration upon a firm footing. The Avvocato Evandro Caravaggio, as commissioner extraordinary, struggled with the difficulties of the case from 1865 to 1868, when he left; putting on record in the lucid account from which our narration has been chiefly gathered, the fact that the work of reorganisation was beyond his powers. He spoke bitterly of the pernicious system of the turn-table at the foundling hospital, and of the indiscriminate admission of patients to the infirmary.

Both these abuses, despite of honest effort to abolish them, still existed when we visited the hospital recently; and the courteous rector who showed us over confirmed, regretfully, the account of Signor Caravaggio. People who could afford to keep their sick at home threw them on the hospital; the vicious, when inclined for rest and food, or when suffering from the effects of dissipation, claimed the right to come in and recruit strength, to be spent in fresh vice. On occasion of a public *festa* there is a general exodus; but no sooner is the holiday over, than men and women pour into the wards again, on excuse of ailments induced by excess. Moreover, in spite of the utmost care, the benefits of the foundling hospital continue to be much abused. But setting aside these evils, the administration of the hospital has settled down into comparative order; and from personal inspection we can testify to the admirable internal arrangements, to the cleanliness, quiet, good ventilation, and good food; while the learning of the professorial and medical staff has worthily obtained abundant recognition beyond the bounds of Siena.

The present government of the hospital and its subsidiaries, known now as the Spedali Riuniti di Siena, is vested in a commission of four members, elected every four years by the Provincial and Communal Council of Siena, and eligible for re-election, under a president who is nominated by the prefect, and who remains also four years in office. The president is represented by the rector, under whom are a secretary, an archivrat, a sanitary director and sub-director, the latter being specially entrusted with the affairs of the foundling hospital. Both directors must have matriculated in medicine and surgery. Under them are two physicians of the first class, and two of the second, one surgeon of the first class and one of the second, besides physicians 'extraordinary' in equal numbers; one professor of obstetrics, two assistant practitioners, a midwife (*maestra levatrice*, who must have matriculated and been approved on obstetrics, and had at least four years' experience), and two assistant pupils. The director of the anatomical classes is the professor at the university for the time being. The clinical doctor and surgeon are consulting first physician and surgeon of the hospital.

The administration, it may be inferred, is still somewhat overweighted, even taking into account the scale of the institution. The admissions into the infirmary are both gratuitous and by payment, the latter being in the proportion of about two to three. The rate of payment averages from two to three francs a day, while the cost of the gratuitous beds is about one to two francs, or more according to the case. The hospital makes up 296 beds in the men's division, and 226 in the women's, the total in twenty-six rooms. Want of space is certainly not the fault of the hospital, yet it is to be regretted that the noble central hall, called Il Pellegrinajo, cannot be kept altogether for convalescents. As it is, beds fill about two-thirds of the space; the remaining third, where the great north window opens upon one of the finest views to be seen in all Tuscany, and the sweet air blows in fresh and pure, is left for recreation.

There is a certain reciprocity of working between the foundling establishment (*Casa degli Esposti*) and the general hospital, the children of the former, as they grow up, being constantly drafted off as servants into the latter. The *esposti* are a great source of expenditure; the numbers thrown upon the administration may be judged by the figures standing on the books on January 1, 1873, namely, 1,926, to which number 406 were added through the wheel window during the year, making a total of 2,332. The *esposti* are located in a building on the slope of the hill below S. Maria della Scala, a sufficiently airy but not over commodious house, and, so far as it is possible for a visitor to judge, are well looked after and cared for. The infants and the delicate are sent into the country to be nursed; as they grow up, they learn a trade or are placed out at service. The boys are apprenticed at thirteen, the girls receive a dower on marriage. Altogether an *esposto* has every opportunity of becoming a useful member of the community. Still this establishment, so long as the pernicious system of the *ruota* exists, burdens out of all fair proportion the heavily taxed resources of the hospital, especially among a people whose *morale* is at low ebb, and who have to re-learn, after centuries of misgovernment, the responsibilities of citizenship.

The topography of the great hospital must exercise the full force of a good 'bump of locality,' so astounding are its varieties of level, so intricate its succession of chambers, chapels, and passages. Between the airy amplitude of the Hall of the Pilgrim you may peep through every degree of scale and of light, down to the little chapel of S. Caterina della Notte, where at midnight the Confraternità della SS. Trinità lay the dead and celebrate their service, while the flame of torches flickers on their strange scarlet garments, and lights up the blind walls. In descending to the official rooms of the rector you may be startled by the apparition of a sturdy pair of white oxen, who have just dragged their load of corn into the granary of the hospital hereabouts.

It may be supposed that from time to time alterations and additions have complicated the plan of the building, while utilitarian necessities have meddled with architectural features, and brought the brush of the whitewasher to obliterate the work of the artist. As recently as 1720 was demolished a long roof which the brothers Pietro and Ambrogio Lorenzetti caused to be erected in 1335 over their external frescoes from the life of the Blessed Virgin to preserve them from the weather. No trace is now left of these frescoes, which were, as Della Valle says, 'un

giocondo spettacolo per chi passava per la Piazza del Duomo.' The school of painters which had sprung up under the leadership of Duccio, Simone Martini, and Mino will ever be associated with the great hospital on whose walls they exercised their powers and matured their fame. Already in 1358 the Guild of Science Painters determined to hold the festival of their patron, Saint Luke, henceforth in the church of the hospital, and later on we find the cunning goldsmith and artist Lorenzo di Pietro, called Vechietta, making for the Capella de' Pittori Sanesi nello Spedale Grande an image of Christ, 'nudo, che tiene la croce in mano.' The grand bronze ciborium, since 1506 standing on the high altar of the cathedral whence it ousted Duccio's famous altar-piece, was worked by Vechietta for the 'new church' of the hospital in 1465. The account book of the hospital of 1472 assigns him 1,150 florins of 4 lire per florin for his labour, and he used 2,240 pounds of metal therein. He received also the use of a house for his life near the bishop's palace. He painted in the vestibule of the hospital a crude Virgin and Child, with SS. Peter and Paul, changing the hammer for the brush with the versatility of the artists of those days. He prided himself on his painting, and signed his metal work with the affix *pictor*. The hospital must have swarmed with artists, while he held his way, a 'sad and solitary man, always buried in deep thought,' for a continual succession of painters had been busy on the walls since the time of the Lorenzetti, from whose family Vechietta himself sprang. In 1440 the decoration of the great central Hall of the Pilgrim, Il Pellegrinajo, was commenced. Here worked principally Domenico di Bartolo, whose father, Bartolo da Fredi, had painted a Crucifixion in the hospital chancellery, also Vechietta, Giovanni and Priamo Pucci, and Luciano da Velletri. Also, according to some, Sano di Pietro. Later on, in 1577, an addition to the hall was painted by Giovanni di Raffaello Navesi. The series of frescoes illustrating the acts of mercy, and the investiture of the rector by Pope Celestin III. with the privileges of the hospital, are Domenico's work, also a vision of children ascending a ladder to the Madonna's throne, painted on the wall outside the entry. The remaining subjects illustrate the life of the 'Beato Agostino Novello,' together with single figures of prophets and patriarchs. The chronological succession of artists passes onward through the work of Razzi and his pupil Beccafumi on the principal entrance, down to the fresco by the Neapolitan Conca in the church, or the work of Giuseppe Nasini, 1728. Over four centuries the rise and fall of the Sienese school may be followed. In the little chapter room of the Confraternità della Madonna dello Spedale are gathered some few of the gift pictures and tabernacles still remaining of the treasures once possessed by the hospital; here is a circular Madonna and Child painted and given by Sano di Pietro, a curious semicircular panel, commemorating the return of Pope Gregory from Avignon to Rome, by Matteo di Giovanni, a fine triptych of the enthroned Madonna, with attendant saints and angels, and SS. Peter and Paul on the leaves, carefully and well restored, and so on through small tabernacles and altar pictures of the school, down to gifts from the modern painters Maccari, the copyist of the cathedral pavement, and Cassioli, one of the most promising and individual of the men of to-day.

Of the once rich treasury of gold and silver work, enamelled and jewelled vessels, nothing remains since the dispersion at the beginning of the cen-

tury. Even the manuscripts of the Order and the choral books, which employed illuminators and miniaturists, both within and without the brotherhood of the hospital, are no longer to be seen. In the record of chamberlains, Fra Raffaello Floriani, dating from 1468 to 1474, are entries in abundance as to commissions given to artists and others for the painting, binding, and clasping of such books. Fra Matteo commenced in 1469 five books for the Sacristy, and the *fabbro*, Dionision, is required to supply the '*fornimenti*,' i.e. clasps, nails, rivets, also tools for future bookbinding. In 1470 a certain Frate Alessandro of the Servi is to *fiorire* seventy-three letters, and to 'fill in' forty-two, which Donicolo Dosegli, 'nostro salariato,' has failed to finish. In the books of the convent of S. Marta may be found entries of the work done for the Hospital in writing and rubricating books. In our British Museum we hold a precious memorial of the confraternity of the Hospital in a MS., 'Ordo ad communicandum infirmum,' being the rules of the order of the Hermits of S. Augustine, with the hymns and the prayers to be by them recited. The psalms are musically notated in old style, and the MSS., written on vellum in mediæval Latin, abound in beautiful illuminated capitals. It is a significant token of the fall of the great hospital to find this book of its ancient order in an English museum.

The halo of art may have waned, the prestige of possessions and power passed, yet S. Maria della Scala remains one of the most impressive monuments of splendid charity anywhere to be seen. When the summer sun draws rainbow hues over the pale billowy land around Siena, gold and rose of ripening crops, emerald of vine and pearl of olive, celestial blue and stormy purple, and shifting radiance of opal on the distant mountain ranges; when the city of tortuous streets and frowning palaces, crowning her rocky bastions with tier on tier of roof and tower, is glad for the plash of water in her cool cisterns, it is well to climb up through the stately steps of the Baptistry of S. Giovanni, and through the wondrous archway into the Piazza del Duomo, and so pass across the pavement into the great hospital, whose doorway stands ever open for the sweet airs to enter. Coolness and shadow and silence fill the place. Solemn faces look dimly down from wall and arch; a long-gowned servitor leaves his slumbers in a corner to know your pleasure. In the long Hall of the Pilgrim, the sick lie on their couches, beneath the time-darkened frescoes of the noble Sienese painters, and gaze listlessly at the pictures which the visitors from far-off England are come to see.

Perhaps for the first time they connect their comfort and good tending with the stories pictured on the walls; there are sick folk fed and clothed by brothers in dark robes, there are the girls from the foundling hard by dowered and married, there are the children being nursed or playing about, as they will. 'Why, we know all these things in the pictures, and see them any day in our Siena; here we are lying like those ailing folk on the walls. Santissima Vergine! how wonderful, we never thought of this before!' But in comes a sister of S. Vincent, in the blue gown and flapping white cap, with a tray, and the invalids turn from their artistic studies to the more familiar and practical business of eating. A few convalescents are lounging idly about the farther end, where who shall say how fair a sight is open for their gazing? From the wide window we look down upon the heads of the trees in the gardens below, so steeply falls the ground to the base of the building. Far down

is a little church, designed by Baldassari Peruzzi, now in process of temporary disfigurement for a *festa* with mock flowers and finery; close by stands on the edge of a second descent the Casa degli Esposti; on the left a steep road winds up to the level of the cathedral piazza from which we entered, and along it passes a file of the brothers of the Misericordia, with their red hoods and black hats. But out over roof and wall and gabled point of church façades we can look straight away to the Roman frontier, and sweeps of hill and folds of champaign land, all bathed in calm southern glow, till the mountains merge their heads in the motionless recesses of slumbrous cloud on the horizon. The air meets us with the delicate rareness so delicious on these heights of Siena, even on hottest days, and floats down the long hall to sweeten the wards opening on either side. The thought crosses our minds, Could we but send a breath of this sweet healing breeze into the close wards of many a London hospital, what an angel of refreshment would it be!

Going one day from room to room, we came into the ward of S. Pietro, where the feverish sick men stretched their gaunt arms over the beds and looked at us with hollow eyes, while one broke into delirious exclamations. Old, earnest faces and figures, from which the whitewash had been scraped, looked down from the walls, and at the end of the room shutters were unfastened for us to see Domenico Bartolo's dignified and gracious Madonna, covering with her blue mantle the kneeling citizens of Siena. At the unlocking of the doors the sick folk stretched their heads forward to see too; one young man, whose bed stood just behind the shutters, was so eager that he got out to look. The friends of the patients (for this was visitors' day) clustered around, and some dropped on their knees before Our Lady of Consolation. In another moment the shutters were closed, the people returned to their watching at the beds, and the sick fell wearily back on their pillows, refreshed and happier for the sight. 'Vita brevis, ars longa.' Strange power, indeed, of Art to bridge over time. Four stormy centuries have passed over the great hospital since Domenico painted that solemn Madonna. Yet still she smiles serenely from the wall, and lifts awhile the hearts of men above their sordid cares, and even their sufferings, signifying to them in her benignant aspect and the outspreading of her blue mantle the comfort and shelter of a spiritual presence.

AGNES D. ATKINSON.

# A VISIT TO DR. SCHLIEMANN'S TROY.[1]

By William C. Borlase.

'To glean the relics of exhausted Troy'—such, in the words of Pope, was the object we had in view when, on August 8, 1875, the Austrian Lloyd's steamer *Achille* stopped to land passengers, and myself and a friend amongst the number, opposite the bright line of consular mansions which forms the sea-face of the town of the Dardanelles. I say 'bright,' for, in addition to its whiteness, the day was fine, and it was Sunday, and every flag of every nation there represented was fluttering gaily in the breeze. Stepping on shore, however, the pretty illusion was at once dispelled, and we saw that the fair front only hid from view the usual medley of shipping agencies, restaurants, and thievish-looking dens which constitute a seaport town of Asia Minor. Nevertheless—leaving out of the question that the Hellespont Hotel has infinitely more inhabitants in its upper stories than is reconcilable with the fastidious ideal of a good night's rest—the Dardanelles seems really a cleanlier little town than many others on that coast, and the numerous shops for jugs of a peculiar green glaze give it an air of industry, if not of art, unusual at least in a Græco-Turkish town. Going at once to the house of our consul, Mr. Malins, whose kind attention to travellers smoothes for them the way over the few difficulties to be encountered at the Dardanelles, we informed him of our intention of riding next morning to 'Troy.' With much courtesy, he at once obtained for us the necessary 'firman,' and also a 'cavash,' or escort, in the shape of a military policeman. At first sight, the idea of having an escort appeared highly agreeable, if not complimentary on the part of the authorities, and we ventured to ask whether there were brigands in the foot-hills of Ida, or whether it was to the gratitude and respect felt by the Turk towards a British subject that we must attribute this little attention. We were informed in reply that, from the Turkish point of view, the possible tendencies to brigandage lay in ourselves; and that, so far from his presence being intended as a delicate compliment, to watch over the personal safety of the tourist, this armed and mounted officer accompanied him—more especially if ruins were the object of his visit—to protect the country against any disposition he might have to an aristocratic form of larceny not unknown amongst ourselves at home.

Even the country people, jealous enough of foreign intrusion before, had been aroused to aid the Government in preventing strangers without passports from approaching Hissarlik, and, shortly before our arrival, a yachting party, who had landed at Besika Bay with the innocent object of 'doing Troy,' had been compelled by villagers to return to their boat. But what, it will be asked, is the reason of all this suspicion and strict *surveillance*? Unfortunately, as it seems, for future explorers, recent experience has indelibly impressed on the minds of

[1] The substance of this paper was read by the author before the Royal Institution at Cornwall, of which he is the President, at the Annual Meeting of the Society, November 19, 1877.

the Turkish authorities — prone enough to suspicion already, the notion that the *savants* of civilised Christendom have a way of removing surreptitiously such articles of value as they may be lucky enough to unearth, without much regard to Mahommedan superstitions on the subject of 'treasure trove.' The question which lies under this, namely, the alleged deportation of 'Priam's Treasure' to Athens contrary to the terms of an agreement entered into by Herr Schliemann with the Minister of Public Instruction at the Porte, was brought before the English public three years ago in a letter to the *Athenæum*[2] from the pen of a certain M. Comnos. In justice to this gentleman, whose letter was characterised by the editor of *Troy and its Remains* as 'an effusion of spite from a Greek who envies a German his discoveries on Greek ground,' I am bound to state that the account of these proceedings, as narrated to me by several independent parties in Asia Minor, was substantially the same as that told by him. As M. Comnos quotes chapter and verse of the transaction, and mentions the names of all parties concerned, it will be well for those who take an interest in each step of the process by which 'Troy was found' to read his letter for themselves. It is, however, in order to call attention to Herr Schliemann's answer to that letter that I am making this seeming digression. It was contained in the *Academy*,[3] and was couched in terms which, if ever they reached the ears of the Turkish authorities, were amply sufficient to make them redouble the vigilance of their *espionnage*, and increase their mistrust in the case of every European archæologist who may in future visit their shores. As a plea to justify the practice of breaking agreements and carrying off 'the lion's share,' Herr Schliemann urges that he is only copying the example set him by 'all the great English, French, German, and American archæologists who have ever made archæological researches in Turkey,' and he goes on boldly to aver that although each and all of them, in order to obtain their 'firman,' have signed an agreement to give up one half of what they may discover, '*none of them have ever thought of fulfilling this convention.*'[4] Had this extraordinary statement indeed been true, had the name of archæology in Europe been capable of being compromised by such an estimate of its honour as this, such facts would have been more than enough to justify a Government less susceptible than the Turkish, not only in sending police to guard its property, but in barring every means of ingress to its ancient cities. Happily, however, for the good name of those who have been and still are labouring in the extensive field of Turkish territory—amongst whom I can number friends not a few—such a charge bears on its face its own denial, and the Turks themselves, in their regard for truth, would not have ventured for one moment to make it. The reason they assigned for the measures of strict precaution adopted at Hissarlik when I was there in 1875 was the suspicion with which they, rightly or wrongly, regarded the conduct of Herr Schliemann himself, conduct which he himself attempts to justify by compromising the reputation of every archæologist who has ever worked on Turkish soil. So much for our finding ourselves under police supervision.

By seven o'clock on the morning after our arrival at the Dardanelles, we were already in our saddles and riding westwards, or rather, south-

[2] August 8, 1874.

[3] November 7, 1874.

[4] The *italics* are mine.

westward, along the level shore, with the white cliffs of Europe glittering in the morning sun on the opposite side of the narrow strait. Before us rode the 'cavash' in charge of our little party, equipped in European military style, with only the addition of a Turk's cap. Then came we, and lastly the horse-boy, singing, holloaing, or cracking his thong at intervals. Our horses were worse than indifferent, and we agreed that the approach to the *arx alta* was, perhaps, effected quite as comfortably *inside* the wooden beast, as of old, as outside the living one of to-day. For the first few miles we passed over an uneven sandy tract, with melons trailing here and there, and sloes, veronicas, and junipers as we neared the hills. Every now and then eagles, vultures, and ravens—preserved, as in American forests, as scavengers of the country round—rose close beside us, and swooped away towards the higher ground. The only man we met upon the road, besides some drovers with their tinkling camel trains, was the stout burly Greek who was to act as our guide—none other than Herr Schliemann's foreman of the works—'his constant attendant,' as he calls him, 'cook and paymaster,'[5] the faithful Nicholas Zaphyros, of Renkoi, whose honesty has gained him special mention in his master's work. As he rode towards us down the bank of a rivulet, this fellow was quite a picture in himself. His bulky form poised jauntily on a pile of rugs and skins on the back of a pony, whose poor knees trembled as it jogged along, his honest and intelligent face, his slouched hat, open tunic, and crimson waistband, and lastly, his knife at his belt, and his rusty pistols at his saddle-bow, all proclaimed him the very type of a well-to-do lazy Trojan of the year of grace 1875. The services of this indispensable gentleman being secured, and his person added to our party, we continued our march, passing the picturesque English hospital of the old Crimean war time, and ascending a thickly-wooded hill, from which we gained a fine view seawards, down a valley of brushwood of Imbros and 'high Samothraki.' On the hillside close at hand lay the village of Renkoi, a group of quaint square houses, which we presently entered down an avenue of oaks. Here we stopped to breakfast, that meal consisting of eggs, melons, and native wine, taken at what, in countries farther east, we should have called the 'rest-house' of the place. Hither the village doctor came—a Greek from Corfu, who, having lived under the British flag, thought it his duty to pay us his respects, to help us with our bottle, treat us to a second, and last, but not least, to hear the latest news. Putting nationalities aside, thought we, how like was this little scene to those we picture at the wayside inns of England centuries ago. I remember being frequently struck with the same thought when in the interior of Japan. English travellers, I suppose, in semi-civilised lands, can never fail to be reminded of the ideals they have formed of their own middle ages. The doctor, too, was a local antiquary, and showed us a coin from his collection, found, he said, at Alexandria Troas, and by which he set great store.

As we left the village, and crossed the brow of the hill on which it stands, the object of our morning's ride first opened on our view. Before us lay the veritable 'Plain of Troy;' and, passing down its centre, like a spur of the distant mountain range behind, we could plainly see the limestone ridge on whose western extremity, or 'boss,' lies Hissarlik—the Ilium Novum of the

[5] *Troy and its Remains*, p. 357.

Grecian colonists, and the reputed site of that ancient town—no matter how insignificant it may have been, which the poet chose to immortalise.

If our conception of 'a plain' lies somewhere between Salisbury Plain and the plains of North-Western America, then certainly the 'Plain of Troy' will scarcely come under that denomination at all. On the north and west it is bounded respectively by the Hellespont and the Ægean; on the south by the mountain spurs, much more lofty than Hissarlik, amongst which lies the old reputed site of the city of Bunarbăshi; and on the east by two fertile valleys, full of corn and vines, which, watered respectively by the Dombrek and the Mendere, run up into the hills from either side of the ridge of Hissarlik, till they are lost at last in the foot-hills of the distant range to the south of which lies 'many-fountained Ida.' A narrow strip of slightly elevated ground, on which are several tumuli, running along the western shore from the Bay of Besika to Sigeum, separates the marshy flats in front of Hissarlik from the sea. Through these flats the Mendere takes a devious course, and this portion of the map seems to represent, more correctly speaking, the *actual* 'Plain of Troy.' On looking down from the hills above Renkoi over the scenery we have here described, one thing seems to strike the traveller at once, and that is, that '*if this be indeed the Plain of Troy at all, Troy must have been situated at the summit of Hissarlik.*'

Such was the opinion of Maclaren, and Eckenbrecker, as also of Mr. Frank Calvert, whose relatives are part owners of the site. It was at the instance of the latter that Herr Schliemann was induced to adopt this view, and, as he tells us, to set about 'digging away a hill at his own cost.'[6]

A nicely wooded road soon brought us down into the valley of Dombrek, which, if Hissarlik be Troy, and if Homer troubled himself at all about geographical correctness, must be identified with the Simois. It was harvest-time, and we had opportunities of noticing the native methods of saving the grain; and, amongst others, the mode of threshing, with boards stuck full of flints on the under side, and drawn along the ground in a circular area by oxen—the driver, the while, standing on the upper side of the frame to guide his team, and give weight to the machine. Similar implements were noticed by Sir John Lubbock several years ago, and one of them was brought home and deposited by him in the Christy Museum. On approaching the hill, the most prominent object (since it stands on the very top) is the house of Herr Schliemann; and on climbing up to it the prospect well repays the trouble. On the one hand, it overlooks every part of the excavations, and on the other it commands a truly beautiful panoramic view of the whole district, literally bristling with objects of the deepest interest. To the east, the mountains; to the south, Bunarbăshi, and the surrounding hills; to the west, Alexandria Troas, Sigeum, and many a barrow, or 'tepé,' bearing some old heroic name from the days of Patroclus to those of St. Demetrius; to the north, Rhetæum, and the fabled site of the Grecian camp; over the line of blue water, Gallipoli, Imbros, and Ida in Samothraki; westward again Tenedos; while the whole plain beneath is strewn with groups of ruins—each

[6] Since Herr Schliemann has denied that it was Mr. Calvert who indicated to him Hissarlik as the site of Troy, the reader is referred to a communication made by Mr. Calvert to the *Levant Herald*, Sept. 8, 1875, wherein Herr Schliemann's own letters are brought forward as convincing proofs that it was so.

one marking the site of some ancient Troad town.

Turning our eyes inwards from the lovely distant prospect, and looking down into the cutting containing the dwellings and walls which Herr Schliemann has succeeded in denuding of their envelop of primeval rubbish, my friend and I have, since reading his article, been fully able to enter into Mr. Simpson's feelings, expressed in the July number of *Fraser*,[7] when he speaks of an irresistible inclination to regard the whole thing as a joke. The feelings with which we regard any object or locality of which we have previously raised up an ideal in our own minds, must necessarily be damped or warmed in proportion as that object exceeds or falls short of that ideal standard. The different impressions made on the minds of travellers by their first sight of Jerusalem may instance what I mean. For myself, on beholding for the first time objects which I had read of in Herr Schliemann's book, as 'Ilium's Great Tower,' 'Priam's Palace,' 'the grandest building in Troy,' 'splendid ruins' &c., &c., I did not precisely feel disappointed; I felt (what travellers so often feel that the feeling becomes normal with them) that I had been taken in—taken in this time by the natural interpretation which I had put, and which all Europe naturally has put, upon the words and phrases used by the excavator to describe what he has done.

My own old ideal was, after all, not upset. I had never for an instant dreamed that Troy had ever existed anywhere in all the size and splendour of the poet's rich fancy any more than I had supposed that Arthur's Camelot was all that it has been described to be. A small walled town—it mattered not how primitive its construction; a brave little army well officered—it mattered not its numerical strength; an equally gallant force to attack it; an amount of patience almost superhuman, and a woman at the bottom of the mischief; such simple facts as these were quite enough, in my view, to form the basis of the Iliad. Given the rich pure light of a genius like Homer; given also the magnifying glass by which the forefathers of a race are seen as giants, or heroes, or gods, and a very small historic basis is ground enough to work on. The less he describes of realities present before him, the greater is the honour due to that imaginative faculty which goes so far to make the poet. Such, then, was my own idea of Homer, and I give it merely because it accounts for my lack of disappointment at the absence of lofty towers and halls of polished stone in Troy. Not that, with my present knowledge, I am here prepared to contend, from a comparison of the Iliad with the great Indian epics, the Râmâyana, or the Mahâbhârata, that the scene of action must be sought for far back in the cradle-land of that mythology which Greece, in common with India, derived in virtue of her Aryan descent. Sufficient it would be for me to accept the tradition that the Troad was indeed the battle ground, and that Ilium Novum stood on the real site of the ancient fortress of Priam.

Now, in spite of all the gilding with which Herr Schliemann, in the exuberance of his almost poetic imagination, has overlaid his discoveries, the fact is still clear and unquestioned that at the depth of two strata, some forty feet perhaps, under the ruins of the Ilium Novum of the time of Lysimachus, he has unearthed upon the hill of Hissarlik a portion of the wall, or rampart, of an exceedingly primitive fort, more ancient, it may well be, than anything yet brought to light in the

[7] *Fraser*, July 1877.

Troad. For this we owe him a debt of gratitude. It is of excessively mean construction, and differs (as Mr. Simpson has truly pointed out) in essential details from that kind of masonry known to antiquaries in Greece as 'cyclopean.' Still, for all that, it might have been the very wall defended by Priam. If so, the king of men at Mycenæ had the advantage of better masons; for the walling which Herr Schliemann has since discovered there, and has attributed to Agamemnon, is reported by those who have visited it to be of undoubtedly true 'cyclopean' structure. All that I can say on this point, then, is, that at the depth of some sixty feet below the surface of the hill at Hissarlik a primitive fort has been discovered, and that that fort is on the site which the most ancient histories and traditions have agreed in assigning to Troy.

We will now proceed to examine the ruins in detail. Our guide, Nicholas, first of all conducted us to a plateau—apparently artificially levelled—on the eastern side of the ridge, or knoll, on the summit of which stood the city of Ilium Novum. Here we tethered our horses, and began our descent by the main passage into the heart of the excavations. Grouped together at the entrance stood several sections of the fluted white marble columns of a temple disinterred from the uppermost stratum, or that of the Grecian colony of the time of Lysimachus. We were informed by several persons, including Nicholas, that so intent was the explorer on finding the older Troy, and that alone, that he did not care to find columns, such as these, or even bas-reliefs, but had many of them buried under the mounds of rubbish, and others knocked to pieces. A few of the more intrinsically valuable ones at last he saved, and fortunately amongst them the splendid bas-relief of the chariot of Phœbus. Some portions, too, of the closely-fitting masonry of the walls of Ilium Novum are spared—from all which discoveries it may be judged to have been a town of considerable wealth and no little artistic beauty. The prodigious amount of *débris* which Herr Schliemann has succeeded in displacing during the course of his work, goes to form terraces or embankments round the sides of the hill, and the cost of labour to the employer must have been great. Passing down the trench, we made directly for the lowest portion of the ruins, which consists of the rampart or wall I have already mentioned. This rests—externally at least—upon the natural soil. Where it has been excavated, it averages some fifteen to twenty feet in height, and is thirty feet broad at the top. For a considerable distance along the south-west side of the main excavation it has been uncovered to its base, and is seen to be composed of uncemented limestones, neither remarkable for size nor closely fitted. The outer face has a slight batter, the lower layers of stone protruding beyond the upper, in the fashion of little ledges or steps, an inch or two in width. On the top, at the broadest point, is a long depression, ten feet in width, which would seem to have been a chamber of some sort not yet fully explored.[8] There is no appearance of the wall having been higher here than at any other point—indeed, I think there are indications that the present surface represents the original top of

[8] This depression Herr Schliemann calls in his plan, and perhaps rightly, 'trenches for the protection of archers.' This view is only reconcilable with the fact that the wall was a rampart no higher than it is at present, and not a tower at this point—'a ramp,' in fact, as Mr. Simpson calls it.

the rampart—nor, in my opinion, could the masonry of this portion have ever admitted of a weighty superstructure. Yet this is the place which Herr Schliemann has arbitrarily styled 'the Great Tower of Ilium.' The representation of it in *Troy and its Remains*[9] gives it the appearance of at least three times its real height, besides being otherwise incorrect.

Following the wall northwards from this point, we came to what had clearly been the entrance to this primitive fortress, consisting of a passage eighteen feet wide, in which lie numerous flagstones, which, from their position, were once part of a pavement or steps. Four buttresses, two on either side, project into this passage, and the side walls are about three feet and a half in height. The structure of this gateway is a little more massive than the rest of the wall, and reminded me somewhat of the rude masonry known to us as 'Ancient British,' such as I have on several occasions exhumed in connection with the 'castles,' and 'hut-clusters' found on Cornish moors. This, then, Herr Schliemann marks in his plan as *αἱ Σκαιαὶ πύλαι*, 'the Scæan gate.' Passing up through it, we found our progress blocked by the continuous side wall of a line of miserable hovels drawn at right angles across our path. The only picture in *Troy and its Remains* which gives at all an adequate idea of the relative position of the Scæan gate to these 'hovels', is that which fronts p. 321, and in this their front is correctly shown to be an unbroken wall. They—that is, the 'hovels'—clearly belong to a period altogether later than the wall or rampart and its gate. Apart from the fact that dwellings of similar construction were removed from the top of the wall itself, there was at least one such dwelling when we were there, on the further side of the spot, called the 'Tower of Ilium,' actually standing *in situ* upon it. These structures belong to what I have ventured to term, in speaking of the place, 'the hovel period of Hissarlik,' represented by a stratum intermediate between the ruins of Ilium Novum and the lowest wall. As they present no signs of doors or windows, they were entered, perhaps, like those of the Moquis Indians of Arizona—from the top. Their walls, constructed in the rudest possible manner, of dried mud, shells, and small stones, with slightly larger stones as a basement,[10] are from eighteen inches to two feet thick, and their interiors are mostly divided into two or three compartments, each compartment about nine feet long by six feet broad. Yet such we are to believe were the chambers of the sons and daughters of Priam! The height of culture attained by their inhabitants is attested by the stone implements, mullars, bones, and pebbles which are found in the stratum in which they occur. It is not impossible that in these traces of a wave of barbarism overspreading this part of Asia Minor at a very early period, we may have evidence of the temporary settlement in the Troad of some hovel-

[9] Plate viii. p. 200.

[10] If I understand aright, Herr Schliemann's answer to Mr. Simpson, which was contained in a singular letter to the *Times*, he would have us believe that this basement (only some two feet high), represents the ruins of Priam's Palace, and that the superstructure is later. Two facts, however, make this theory as untenable as the other. First, in common with the upper portion of the structures, this basement is continuous across the 'Scæan gate;' second, if a previous building had been raised on this base, it would have been of equally narrow proportions with those subsequently raised on it. The fact seems to be clear that a stone foundation was laid for the mud-brick walls to rest on.

building Scythian tribe, carried southwards during an invasion, such as that mentioned by Herodotus,[11] as having occurred in the sixth or seventh century B.C. That this 'hut town' was not a small one appears from the fact that in other parts of the hill, where the excavations have reached a sufficient depth, similar structures have been brought to light. Yet that portion of these wretched hovels, which, as I have described, block up the 'Scæan gate,' that is, the entrance to Priam's city, are, we are informed by the excavator, with an *ipse dixit* quite inadmissible in any scientific research, neither more nor less than the veritable palace of Priam himself. It appears, moreover, that he has actually applied the term 'splendid' to the ruins of these holes, which a Digger Indian in the Californian mountains could scarcely be induced to inhabit. It must here be noticed that, in his plan, Herr Schliemann places a partition open at each end, which in reality is barely three feet wide, between two of the hovels. While, however, he tacitly presumes that his readers will be satisfied that such was the approach to Troy—his Homeric Troy, that is—with all its beautiful palaces and lofty towers,—he does not anywhere give the respective levels of the floor of that would-be passage, and of the pavement of the gateway, nor does he insert in his plan the fact that the side wall of the hovels is continuous from its very foundation[12] upwards across, not only the outer gateway, but the mouth of this partition itself,[13] both which facts are fatal to the supposition that this was ever the means of ingress from the broad gateway without to the 'hovel town' with its 'Trojan houses,' as he calls them, within. The most casual observer can see for himself at a glance that such an entrance could not have served the purposes of the meanest village.

About twenty yards N.W. of the Scæan gate is the point where the so-called treasure of Priam was found, but the details of that discovery, as related by Nicholas Zaphyros, were so utterly different to Herr Schliemann's own account, that I find any attempt to reconcile them out of the question. To take an instance of discrepancy, in which I am able to verify the truth of Nicholas's account, Herr Schliemann states that, upon making the discovery, he sent all his workmen to dinner, and dug out the articles himself; adding, 'It would have been impossible for me to have removed the treasure without the help of my dear wife, who stood by me ready to pack the things which I cut out in her shawl, and carry them away.' Nicholas, on the other hand, told me that he had assisted in digging out the things, and in taking them to the house. On my asking what part Madame Schliemann took, he replied, '*She* was not here; she was at Athens at the time;' and on subsequent inquiry this was confirmed at the Dardanelles. I should still have thought there must have been some mistake, were it not that I know on the best authority that Herr Schliemann has himself owned in conversation with a gentleman holding a high and responsible position in European archæological circles, and who permits me, if necessary, to use his name, that his wife was not really there, but that he brought in her name to give her a zest for archæ-

[11] Bk. i. ch. 104.

[12] This is a very important fact, since it shows, as before stated, that not even the basement of the hovels can have been contemporaneous with the Gate. See Herr Schliemann's answer to Mr. Simpson in the *Times*.

[13] See the picture fronting p. 321 in *Troy and its Remains*, where no break in the wall is to be seen.

ology. This little piece of embellishment is in every way unlucky, since Madame Schliemann was held to be a most important witness of the great discovery—in fact, her presence was the only corroboration of it until Nicholas Zaphyros affirmed to me that *he was there*. He, Nicholas, remembered that there was a large quantity of bronze articles, but his memory was hazy as to the rest of the treasure. He persisted in stating that it lay not '*on*,' as stated by Herr Schliemann,[14] but *close to* the outer side of the wall; that there were no signs whatever of its having been compacted into a chest, but, on the contrary, that it was contained in a little place built round with stones, and having flat stones to cover it; and lastly, that the key, reported as found[15] 'close by the side of the articles,' came from the stratum of the time of Lysimachus (to which it much more properly belongs), at a distance of some 200 yards from the spot. The man's statements on these points were direct and graphic, and I think it is right to record them.

The evidence of conflagration, especially near the spot where the treasure is said to have been found, was very marked, and a stratum of burnt earth and ashes forms a distinct band throughout the trench. Of the ruins of the Grecian colony, I have already spoken. A great part of it has been destroyed in digging the present cuttings. Portions of well-fitted walls, columns of a fine temple of Apollo or Minerva, bas-reliefs and inscriptions —identifying the site with that of Ilium Novum—such have been the objects which have rewarded the labours of Mr. Frank Calvert and Herr Schliemann in passing through them. Still the object of their researches (as of our visit) was with Homer's Troy—if indeed it was there—and Homer's Troy alone. 'To glean its relics' has fallen to the lot of an enthusiast, who admits that his enthusiasm 'borders on fanaticism.' It is unfortunate for the interests of archæology that it has been so. Possessed with the one predetermined notion that Troy was there, and that find it he must,[16] we have only to read his book to see that every fresh turn of the shovel sent new theories rushing through his brain: contradictions have had to be reconciled no matter at what expense.[17] Priam has to be housed in a dark and dingy hovel, with a gate to his city which he position of his own habitation rendered it impossible for the citizens to make use of; and finally the symbol of the goddess Athena has been discovered in the rude imitation of two eyes and a nose, with, often, a still ruder mouth, on pottery, which deserves rather to be regarded by students of Aryan mythology as the ancestor of our 'Toby Fillpot' mugs. These are 'certainly not owls', but rude human faces, as any visitor to the South Kensington Museum may see.

Although, as I have said before, we could not but feel convinced that if Troy was to be looked for at all in the Troad, Hissarlik must have been its site, we determined to devote a day to the examination of the other reputed site, Bunarbăshi. It is situated some five miles or so, as the crow flies, south of Hissarlik, and the ride thither, and the view from its summit—apart from the antiquarian interest of the place—amply repaid us for our second day's work. On our way down to the banks of the Scamander (*i.e.* if Hissarlik be Troy) we passed through fields of vines, and sugar,

[14] *Troy and its Remains*, p. 332.
[15] *Ib.* p. 333.
[16] See Mr. Calvert's letter to the *Athenæum*, Nov. 7, 1874.
[17] See Mr. Calvert's letter to the *Athenæum*, Nov. 7 and 14, 1874.

and tobacco—the latter apparently grown in considerable quantity. Herds of cattle and horses grazing on the uplands, flocks of sheep and goats, women singing at their harvest work, quaint old-world waggons, whose creaking could be heard afar, such were the sights and sounds which added life to a scene of rural beauty such as, once seen, can never be forgotten. From the appearance of the river-bed, when we reached it, it is plain that the Mendere, or Scamander, often shifts its course. Just then it was low, and tortoises were basking on the gravelly strand.

Near the farm of Thymbria we passed one of those 'tepés,' or tumuli, so common in the Troad. It rises to a height of forty or fifty feet from the level of the plain below, and has been opened by Mr. Frank Calvert, to whom, more than to any other resident in the district, the thanks of antiquaries are due for the light which his researches have thrown on the whereabouts of the ancient towns, and the structure and contents of the tumuli. At the depth of about ten feet he discovered the natural soil, showing that the mound, in this instance, had been heaped up on a previously existing knoll. In the centre, as usual, a large deposit of ashes and burnt bones was brought to light, together with shells and flints such as those from the 'hovel' stratum at Hissarlik. In 'tepés' of this kind, a circle of stones generally incloses the deposit of ashes. Riding hence to the top of Mount Dedéh, we noticed two oval, or rather oblong, stone inclosures, the object of which we could not divine. We now began the ascent of Bunarbăshi—rough, stony, and steep towards the plain, but absolutely precipitous on the farther side, where it descends sheer down to the river, which winds round its base, some hundreds of feet below, in the form of a horse-shoe. The position is undoubtedly a fine and a strong one, and so high that, as seen from its summit, the hill of Hissarlik seems dwarfed into the plain. On arriving at the edge of the first and largest plateau of the hill, a large stone cairn strikes the eye, placed like a distant outpost to the fortified citadel above.

Farther on is a second barrow, formed of stones and earth, which, like the former, has been opened without success. Five or six hundred yards beyond this second mound, two lines of stones may be observed crossing the neck of the promontory in the manner of 'the cliff castles' known to British archæologists. Inside these lines, the land rises rapidly to the base of a high mound, 130 paces in length, likewise stretching across the hill, its western extremity being sufficiently protected by its proximity to the edge of a steep declivity, and its eastern end curving round so as to inclose the *arx alta* which lies within. On excavation by Herr Schliemann, Mr. Calvert, and others, this mound has been found to contain a well-built city wall. The greater portion of it is as late as the age of the Grecian colonists; but at the western extremity I noticed a piece of corner-work, more massive than the rest, which might veritably pass for cyclopean, and (as if all styles of building were here to be represented) a third piece again which bore great resemblance to the mode of building *by receding layers* noticeable in the lowest wall at Hissarlik. The wall is built in zigzag fashion with frequent angles, and immediately inside it, near the centre, are the remains of a few dwellings of the Greek period built with strong cement. The principal entrance was to the westward of the centre, but a little narrow arched gateway, now fallen in, was also pointed out to us at a point farther east. So

precipitous are the cliffs to the southward that no wall is there necessary. The length of the interior of the citadel from the wall to the cliff is 120 paces, and the breadth about the same. There are no mounds within the inclosure, as at Hissarlik, and the foundations of the walls and houses rest on the natural soil, thus precluding all hope of further discovery. This is, indeed, one of the principal reasons for abandoning all idea of Bunarbăshi having been Troy, added to which, from the discovery of numerous coins at this site, and for other reasons, Mr. Frank Calvert considers that it may be identified with the site of Gergis. The view from the citadel is one of surpassing grandeur. The barren mountain-sides to the southward, sparsely mottled with the olive green of a dwarf species of oak; the clear dark river far below winding past a bright oasis snugly sheltered in a little creek or bight, then lost behind the next protruding hill—such is the contrast to the plain we had just left which the short ride to the heights of Bunarbăshi affords.

Our ride back to the Dardanelles was without incident, and the next morning found us on board the Messageries steamer *Copernic*, bound for Constantinople, with leisure to think over what we had seen and heard during the few last days. We were returning to Europe from a long tour, made, as far as I was concerned, in great measure, with the object of visiting places of archæological importance. Fresh from the mound-builders' works in Ohio, and the temples of Nikko in Japan; from the Budhist monasteries of China, and the holy cities of Ceylon; not forgetting Egypt on our way, and about to run through Turkey and Russia on our homeward track, I had reserved for myself the pleasurable task of examining those 'splendid ruins,' the account of which I had seen before leaving England. The fascination to visit them was enhanced, if anything, by the disjointed fashion in which the explorations had been narrated, and I was prepared to recognise in the author not only the most successful explorer the world has ever seen, but the most painstaking and accurate reporter of each new fact as the spade revealed it.

I left the shores of the Troad oppressed with the painful conviction that the public had not been put into possession of the real state of things. Call it enthusiasm—call it exaggeration—call it what we will—the published works and letters of Herr Schliemann are calculated to convey an impression totally out of accordance with what any person of ordinary intelligence can see for himself by the most cursory inspection. Had it been a matter of slight moment to the historian, or to the student of comparative mythology, I would fain have let the subject rest. But it is not. Never since the study of archæology had its birth in the mind of old Herodotus has a question of such vital importance come before the public as that which was raised on the day when the *Allgemeine Zeitung* contained the announcement that Herr Schliemann had found the Palace of Priam. What he *then* called the 'Palace of Priam' is not the same as that which he calls the 'Palace of Priam' *now*.[18] It proved to be a building of too late a date; so he went back to find another structure that might better serve his purpose, and he found it. Will this second discovery share a like fate with the first? Most assuredly it will, as soon as ever it falls under the eye of fair modern criticism.

[18] See *Athenæum*, Nov. 7, 1874.

Let me add, however, that whoever wishes to see the ruins as they are, should lose no time about it. The material of the 'hovel' walls is such that, year by year, as winter rains wash into them, they will grow less and less; the stones of the Scæan gate may be removed for building purposes; the mounds of *débris*, with their perpendicular sides, may even fall and cover the whole, and then the 'confusion' of the subject will become 'worse confounded.' It was for this reason that—following as I did so closely in the wake of the explorer—I made it my business to inspect these ruins *with all the care I could*, and to gather up every tittle of evidence from the mouths of those in whose memory the work was still fresh, or who had actually assisted in it, little expecting to find so much that was perplexing and contradictory.

It is now more than two years since I was at Hissarlik, and during the time which has elapsed since then I have only noticed one account by an intelligent observer of a visit to that place. I refer to that given by Mr. Simpson in the July number of *Fraser*, whose impression, it appears, of the 'hovels,' or 'Priam's pigsties,' as he irreverently terms them, and their relation to the lowest wall, is perfectly in accordance with mine. Although I have hitherto refrained from making my notes more public than by writing a letter to a local paper, I feel it my duty to come forward and add my confirmation to the words of those who, like Mr. Simpson, by simply stating what they have seen, are doing their best, in the interests of archæology, to prevent the over-credulous English public from accepting, without further question, statements which demand a most searching investigation.

In the present state of doubt and difficulty in which many now feel this whole question to be involved, would it not be well that a committee should be formed of European archæologists, under the auspices, say, of the Pre-historic Congress, to proceed to Hissarlik, and then and there to draw up a full and careful report of what has been already done, and, further, to estimate the probable advantages which might be gained by opening up what yet remains of the town or fortress enclosed by the lowest wall? Those who possess authority in any department of scientific research should guard its interests and its good name with a jealous care.

## THE PAST AND FUTURE OF THE HIGH CHURCH PARTY.

FEW episodes of modern Church history would be so interesting, if well written, as the history of the Oxford Tract movement. The singular beauty and holiness of the characters of its first promoters, the wonderful way in which the movement leavened with spiritual life a whole generation of Oxford men, the power over men's minds which was wielded by one man, of lonely life and ascetic habits, a power such as has seldom been wielded anywhere since the great teachers of the Middle Ages, and the bewilderment which seized on his followers when the teacher withdrew first into entire isolation and then into secession, and lastly the break-up of that band of disciples when the master's spell was taken off them, and their singularly diverse after-courses, some following him to Rome, some remaining perplexed and doubting where he left them, some falling back into a more or less routine Anglicanism, while some wandered away into what he would have considered the outer darkness of Liberalism and free thought—all this would present a picture of enthusiastic hopes, of blank disappointment, of noble ideals fading into poor realities, of much heroism mingled with much weakness and some absurdity, such as in these unheroic days might be worth dwelling on.

But there seems little hope of such a history ever being written. For the historian must be one who had himself lived in the scenes which he would have to describe—a requirement which limits our choice to Oxford men over fifty-five years of age; he must have had and must still retain some sympathy for the movement, which limits us still further by excluding those who have gone over to Rome or to the liberalism of modern Oxford; and he must be a man capable of seeing the errors as well as the excellences of the movement, which excludes many of the rank and file who still survive. It is a subject worthy of the pen of the Dean of Westminster; and yet he even in his younger days never entered sufficiently into the charmed circle of Dr. Newman's influence to be able to do it full justice.

Two remarkable writings there are indeed, not professing to be histories of the movement, which yet throw a wonderful light upon it from quite opposite sides, the *Apologia* (or as he has since called it *The History of my Religious Opinions*) by Dr. Newman, and a striking article on *Keble and The Christian Year*, republished both in a separate form and also with other literary criticisms, by Professor Shairp. Of all autobiographies, there is none so pathetic, none so self-revealing and yet so delicately self-respecting, as Dr. Newman's: purporting to be simply a vindication of himself and his creed from an aspersion of Canon Kingsley's, it rises into a history of a great movement, and incidentally and unintentionally discloses to us in the author a character most loveable and most Christian. To those who never fell under Dr. Newman's influence it explains the strong fascination which he exercised on minds most diverse from each other, a fascination of which Professor Shairp's little book presents a striking instance. Coming up to Oxford from Scotland in the height of the movement, he, evidently a Scot to the backbone, a Presbyterian of the Presbyterians, brought up in an element utterly alien from the Oxford Theology, was by Newman not indeed cured of

his Presbyterianism and turned into a High Churchman, but attracted, influenced, interested while remaining unshaken in his principles, apparently with the same personal interest and attraction which held the hearts of his most obedient disciples.

It was indeed a remarkable, almost a singular, influence that Newman possessed in Oxford. It was, in Professor Shairp's words, 'altogether unlike anything else in our times. A mysterious veneration had by degrees gathered round him, till now it was almost as though some Ambrose or Augustine of elder ages had reappeared.' There was much indeed outwardly that favoured such a power: the mediæval tone still lingering in the Oxford of forty years ago; the stirring of new intellectual life which sought a channel to flow in and a leader to direct it; his position as a Fellow of the most distinguished Society in Oxford, the happy accident of his fellowship giving him in the parochial pulpit of St. Mary's a quasi-academical standing point from which he could week by week address professedly indeed his own handful of parishioners, but practically half the rising generation of Englishmen—all these things favoured him; but the real secret of his power was the single-mindedness, the ascetic self-concentration, and the absolute belief in his first principles, in which he contrasted so remarkably with the intellectual dissipation and spiritual wavering so common in our time.

It is a fact which has been often overlooked, that the Oxford movement traced its descent directly from the two great historic sections of the English Church. John Henry Newman was brought up, as he himself tells us, in the Evangelical school, and bore the traces of it for years after he had begun to diverge from it: indeed, the great doctor and authority of his early days, of whom in his *Apologia* he continues to speak with the utmost reverence was, strange to say, Thomas Scott the Commentator. But there was another, who though far less prominent and in some respects less gifted than Newman, was yet according to Newman's own testimony the true originator of the movement, who owed his religious training not to the Evangelicals, but to that calm and stately yet deep and genuine form of spiritual religion, the school of Laud and Andrewes and Beveridge, the Old High Church School. This section of the Church had indeed, as we have shown in a previous article, largely degenerated into routine, port wine, and pluralities, but still here and there in secluded country parsonages the fire of the ancient piety was kept alive, ready to burn up anew when it should find fresh fuel.

Thus the Oxford movement had in its veins the blood of both the leading sections of the English Church. And that it drew its recruits from both sections, no one will deny who is familiar with the names of its disciples. Nor did its earliest and greatest teachers fail to reproduce in their teaching in various proportions and under various forms, the characteristics of both. In the writings of Dr. Pusey, of Dr. Newman, of Keble, and of Archdeacon (now Cardinal) Manning, we recognise along with the reverence for tradition and antiquity, the sense of corporate unity in the Church, and the somewhat ascetic tone of piety, which characterise one school; the deep spirituality, the earnest personal religion, and the reverence for the letter of Scripture, which mark the other. And it is curious further to note that the Oxford movement received its first impulse from the same great wave of Liberalism which produced the Reform Bill. When the Reform Ministry in 1833 introduced a Bill dealing with the revenues of the Irish Church and reducing the number of Bishoprics from

twenty-six to fourteen—a measure which to us after our more recent experience looks mild enough—they little thought that they were giving the first start to a movement which would make itself felt in every parish in England, which would multiply the English Episcopate in every quarter of the globe, which would raise everywhere the standard of pastoral duty and of ritual observance, and which would affect for good or for evil the whole after-history of the English Church. Yet so it has been. It is no doubt true that even without this measure the movement would have taken place in some form or other: the electricity was in the air, and the storm was bound to gather and break, but none the less the Irish Church Bill was the occasion which precipitated and consolidated the various forces which issued in the great High Church revival. How entirely the movement was a genuine product of the times is evident from its whole history. It sprang and grew up, men knew not how; there was no propaganda, no noise, no advertising and blowing of trumpets: for years, few persons not connected with Oxford were aware of anything important going on within her cloisters: a few solitary students, high thinkers and plain livers, yearning, in Dr. Newman's words, for 'something deeper and truer than satisfied the last century,' determined to call the attention of their fellow-Churchmen to dangers which seemed to them to threaten the Church, and to principles which appeared to them to be forgotten; the stream gathered force by being pent for a time within narrow banks, but in a few years it 'overbore its continents,' and the men who had promoted it found themselves forced into a position of party leaders for which they had neither inclination nor qualifications. That Newman was the true leader, in the sense that men looked to him for guidance, there can be no doubt, although Dr. Pusey's name[1] has been popularly attached to it; and yet, in a letter written after his secession, Dr. Newman speaks of himself as having been magnified into the leader of a party without his wishing it or acting as such. In truth, notwithstanding his unrivalled power of influencing men, he had not the gift of leading them: how indeed could he lead who was himself but feeling his way step by step? Hence it resulted that a certain want of discipline soon made itself apparent in the party; hence too, when Dr. Newman first retired into lay communion and then seceded altogether, the party in Oxford became disorganised, and its headquarters were to be found rather in London than in the University.

Of the fortunes of the party since Dr. Newman's secession in 1845 it is not within our scope at present to speak, nor need we notice now at any length the remarkable offshoot which it has thrown off within the last twenty years in the Ritualistic party: our purpose is rather to ask, What upon the whole has been the success of the Oxford movement, and what are its future prospects?

If a devout member of the Church of England had left this country forty years ago and were to return to it now, the change which he would observe in all the externals of the Church would seem to him nothing short of a revolution. The cathedrals, which he had left mere interesting relics of antiquity, many of them hastening to decay, he would find not only restored and

[1] The name of 'Puseyite' came to be applied to the party from the fact that just at the time when its corporate existence became apparent to the public at large, and when therefore a name was wanted, Dr. Pusey put forth a defence of its doctrines and (then incipient) practices in a letter to Bishop Blomfield. The title of 'The New-mania' and 'Newmaniacs' was tried by the Protestant press, but it never took.

embellished at vast expense, but alive and showing their vitality in ways then undreamt of: where he left old mouldering churches blocked up with pews, he would find buildings restored to an almost painful condition of newness, bright with stained glass and seated with democratic-looking open benches: everywhere in town and country he would notice new churches thick as mushrooms in autumn, of more or less correct Gothic architecture and giving evidence of unstinted expenditure; attached to these he would find school buildings, of a type which forty years ago would have been condemned as utterly extravagant and inconsistent with their purpose; elsewhere he would find training colleges, middle-class schools, sisterhoods, houses of mercy, all of a more or less ecclesiastical character, and all maintained at a vast annual outlay. If he entered the churches on Sunday, in place of the old humdrum service with little life or brightness, he would almost everywhere find attractive services, with fairly good music, and in many places musical services of a high degree of excellence. When he took out his Prayer-book prepared to sing four verses from Tate and Brady, he would find that remarkable production improved off the face of the Church, and replaced by collections nearly all containing a fair proportion of really excellent hymns. Instead of the bassoon and fiddle in the gallery, he would see an imposing organ in a chamber of its own, or in very poor churches at least a harmonium: and in a large proportion of important churches he would see surpliced choirs, and all the accessories of worship on an imposing scale. And if he went on to investigate the work of the clergy, he would find that the standard of duty had risen along with that of worship: that parishes were better served; that the clergy, with a lower average of professional income, spent more on their work; that hunting parsons were a race almost extinct; that in short the parochial clergy as a body were doing their work if not always wisely yet well and heartily. He would find that the infection of energy was not confined to the lower clergy, but had made havoc of the Episcopal order; that a Bishop had ceased to possess either ease or dignity, that he was expected to be here, there, and everywhere in his diocese, preaching, confirming, consecrating, church opening, conference holding, instituting, speech making; and that Mr. Grenville's [2] distinction of bishoprics (the busy and the easy) had long been a thing of the past. He would find that the amount of money offerings freely given for Church purposes was what forty years ago would have been thought fabulous; that the loss of Church rates had been more than made up by free-will offerings; and that there were churches not in very rich neighbourhoods where the annual amount of the offertory was reckoned not by hundreds but by thousands. In short, he would find that the Church of England, which he had left but half roused from her sleep, had become not only awake but active to an extent that she had never been before.

How much of this new life is to be set down to the account of the Oxford movement? It is difficult, nay, impossible, to adjudicate between the claims of the High Church and the Low Church party.

[2] 'Mr. Grenville said that he considered bishoprics of two kinds—bishoprics of business, for men of ability and learning; and bishoprics of ease, for men of families and fashion. Of the former sort he considered Canterbury, and York, and London, and Ely on account of its connection with Cambridge. Of the latter sort, Durham, and Winchester, and Salisbury, and Worcester.' (*Life of Newton*, p. 154, quoted in Milman's *St. Paul's*, p. 470.)

The latter, as we saw in a recent article,[3] were the first to bestir themselves: to them is due the great awakening of the latter part of the last century; but theirs was an almost exclusively spiritual work: of the Church as a living body, and of what is now called Church work, they had, as we have seen, hardly any conception. Some churches they built, and would doubtless have built more had not the vexatious impediments raised by the law at that time compelled them in many cases to build Nonconformist chapels instead: but church restoration, school building, and improvement of ritual were not in their line. Speaking as impartial observers, we may safely say that by far the greater part of the work which we have alluded to as carried out in the last forty years is due to the High Church party, either directly, or indirectly by provoking their rivals to jealousy.

In literature, too, the High Church movement has left its mark. Not to speak of Newman's sermons —'high poems,' Professor Shairp calls them, 'as of an inspired singer, or the outpourings as of a prophet rapt yet self-possessed'—not to speak of these, nor of the Anglican sermons of Cardinal Manning, there are books of erudition and research, as the Commentaries of Dr. Pusey and Bishop Wordsworth; there are devotional works, such as those of Dr. Hook and Canon Carter; there are novels and tales of every degree of merit short of the highest, from the works of Miss Yonge and Miss Sewell and Mr. Gresley, down to a depth of silliness inconceivable and indescribable; there are hymns in great number, some of a very high degree of excellence, which have taken their place along with Charles Wesley's and Isaac Watts' and Dr. Doddridge's and Dean Alford's and Dean Milman's in the common storehouse of the Church; above all there is John Keble's *Christian Year*, which has almost won for itself a place among the formularies of the Anglican Church, and which has added a new College to Oxford.

After such a list—and that after all a brief and imperfect one—of works achieved within forty years, we may surely pronounce a verdict of 'successful' in reply to the question with which we started. And yet, if Dr. Newman could be called to give evidence, if the whole present facts of the case could be laid before him, and he could be asked, If you had known all this beforehand when the movement was at its height and before any doubts as to your own position had made themselves felt, would you have greeted this beforehand as victory or mourned over it by anticipation as defeat, what may we suppose would be his reply? 'True,' he might say, 'a very great and a very salutary change has been wrought in the external aspect of the Church of England; the fabrics of the churches have been restored; the services have been improved and multiplied, the clergy are more reverent and more zealous; much which in years gone by we dared not attempt is now universally accepted and approved, but what we set about to do in the first place was to leaven the Church of England with Catholic principles, to raise the standard of dogmatic belief; to bring back to England the ages of faith. We cared nothing for churches without belief in the Church: nothing for frequent and reverent communions without faith in the Real Presence: nothing for surpliced choirs without the priesthood: nothing for multiplied Bishoprics without belief in the Apostolic Succession. It is no new thing to build the tombs of prophets whom the builders' fathers killed.'

It is a fact of great significance

[3] See 'The Position of the Evangelical Party,' *Fraser*, January 1878.

that Professor Shairp records with reference to St. Mary's, Oxford, when Newman was vicar. 'The service was very simple, no pomp, no ritualism; for it was characteristic of the leading men of the movement that they left these things to the weaker brethren. Their thoughts, at all events, were set on great questions which touched the heart of unseen things.' It is true that the survivors of the movement have identified themselves with the Ritualist movement, from a chivalrous feeling of unwillingness to desert men who were carrying out their own principles; but it is equally true that they have never themselves been ritualists. And therefore we are justified in measuring the success of the movement not by outward improvements, not by building of churches and expenditure of money, but by the inward effect produced on the mind and faith of Englishmen. And tried by this test it is impossible to assert that the Oxford movement has succeeded.

The corner-stone of the movement was doubtless the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession. Grant this, and the rest follows: deny this, and all else becomes to the High Churchman valueless, and to the Low Churchman innocuous. The tendency of the Liberal statesmen of the day to treat the Church simply as an establishment, as the Department of Public Worship, or, if they recognised any spiritual character in it, to regard it at the utmost as merely a sect among sects, drove men to look for some basis on which they could logically maintain the supremacy of the Church of England over other religious bodies apart from the uncertain ground of State Establishment. This basis they found in the doctrine that the Founder of Christianity had committed the government of His Church to the Apostles, to be by them handed on to their successors, the Bishops, through whom the sacred succession was to be transmitted by imposition of hands through all ages to the end of time. From this it followed, that so-called churches which did not possess Bishops rightly consecrated and deriving their office from the Apostles were not churches at all; and as no churches even professed to have this succession except the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican, these were the only true and lawful churches, and Scotch Presbyterians,[4] established though they were, were no better than Dissenters, and could only be by a stretch of Christian charity likened to schismatical Samaria. By this doctrine the Nonconformists were at once placed outside the pale of the Church, and the Church was set on an unassailable vantage-ground; so that State Establishment and recognition became a mere accident, and if these were withdrawn or transferred to-morrow, the Episcopal communion was still the Catholic Church, and all others were schismatics, whose sacraments were nonentities, whose ministers were mere laymen, and whose worship no Churchman might join without sin.

This, then, we may take as a crucial and critical doctrine, and we may

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[4] 'Thou art the Church of Scotland
Till Scotland melt in flame,'
sings an American bishop to the Scottish Episcopal Church.

'Oh, rail not on our brethren of the North,
Albeit Samaria finds her likeness there;
A self-formed Priesthood, and the Church cast forth
To the chill mountain air.
What though their fathers sinned, and lost the grace
Which seals the Holy Apostolic line?'
So Dr. Newman, in the *Lyra Apostolica*, sings of the Presbyterian Church.

ask, Has the Oxford movement succeeded in instilling it into the minds of Englishmen or of English Churchmen? To this question but one answer can be given. The clergy indeed have largely accepted a doctrine which appeals not only to the love of authority, inherent even in the clerical nature, but also to their loyalty to the Church; upon the laity it has fallen dead. No doubt the laity have a decided, sometimes an enthusiastic, preference for the Church over other bodies; they are attached to her Liturgy, they value her sober tone of piety, and they respect her because, like the Monarchy and the House of Lords, she retains in this vulgar bustling age something of the ancient stateliness and calm which befits the institutions of a great nation. But to suppose that they regard her as the only true Christian Church in the realm, and Dissenters as schismatics; to suppose that they regard Bishops as more than important and dignified Church officers, as the only authorised channels of Divine grace; this would be entirely to mistake their attitude with reference to her. For the most part they are willing to accept the Church of England[5] as they find her, without troubling themselves much about theological dogmas, and to accept Bishops as part of her system; but they are, as a body, very strongly and decidedly Protestant, and any dogma which would range them with the Church of Rome on one side and the non-Episcopal Protestants on the other they would simply disregard. It is true that in rural neighbourhoods the old social prejudice against Dissenters has not yet entirely disappeared, but it is yielding gradually to a better understanding, and to higher education and wider culture on either side; and any strong theological antipathy is altogether a thing of the past. Few laymen would have any scruple in following the example of their Sovereign, and attending Presbyterian worship and even receiving the communion in Presbyterian churches, while in Scotland; nor would their conscience forbid them, however they might think it inexpedient, to attend a Nonconformist chapel south of the Tweed. In short, a layman (and we may hope many a clergyman too) regards Episcopacy exactly as he regards Monarchy, as a form of government which comes to us with the recommendation of antiquity and prescription, as a valuable link with past history, but not by any means as possessing any exclusive Divine sanction. The belief in the Divine right of Bishops has outlived that in the Divine right of Kings, but it is going the same road, nor has the Oxford movement done more than slightly to prolong its life.

Nor can it be said that the so-called sacramental system—which is a kind of corollary of the Apostolical Succession—has laid any real hold on the mind of the Church laity. It is true, and we rejoice to record it, that a far more frequent and far more reverent attendance at the highest office of religion has become almost universal; but this is a part of the general awakening of Church life, which may have sprung out of the High Church movement, but which is entirely independent of it, and which indeed extends to the Nonconformists. Many practices which thirty or forty years ago were proscribed as High Church, such as surpliced choirs, choral services, weekly communion, and the rest, have now become common, but it is by ceasing

[5] It is probable that a considerable proportion of hereditary English Roman Catholics not of course the converts from Anglicanism) accept their Church in the same way, without desiring to commit themselves very definitely to details.

to be distinctively High Church; indeed instances are not rare in which Broad Church clergymen have introduced such things with general approval because in their case they were known to be innocuous, while their High Church neighbours feared to propose them.

We are brought therefore to the conclusion that the High Church movement which began at Oxford about the year 1834, and which received its chief impulse from the personal influence of Dr. Newman over the young Oxford men of his day, although it has produced great and lasting and in many respects beneficial results, has yet not been successful in leavening the Church with the principles which it was intended to promote. It has had the advantage of conspicuous intellectual ability and great saintliness of life among its promoters and adherents; it has had the command of the press and of the pulpit; it has not shrunk from publicity, but has striven and cried and let its voice be heard in the streets; and yet it has made no real impression upon the lay mind of England. How are we to account for this? There can be but one reason. The cause of its failure is the cause of the failure of Archbishop Laud, of King James II., of the Nonjurors—the invincible Protestantism of the religious mind of England. That Protestantism has often been very absurd, very wrong-headed, very fanatical: it has protested against chanting the Psalms, against preaching in the surplice, against the abolition of pews, against painted windows; but it has done so because it believed that these things were part of a system of sacerdotalism to which it was irreconcilably hostile.

In saying so much, we have by anticipation answered the second question which we proposed to discuss: the future prospects of the High Church party. Superficially, these prospects may seem fair enough. The English laity have pretty well got over the Protestant panic, which caused them to smell 'Puseyism' in every proposal for the restoration or embellishment of a church, for the introduction of an improved hymnal, or for a more æsthetic form of service. Indeed, we are not sure that a moderate High Churchman is not on the whole more acceptable in most parishes than an Evangelical. So that, if the High Church party are content to be the party of Culture, of Æsthetics, of the Refined and Beautiful, in other words to sink the principles for which their founders would have died, and to confine themselves to things which their founders passed by as trivial, they may have a considerable career before them. But if they wish to do more than this—if their object is to persuade English people to accept what are technically known as 'Catholic' or 'Church' principles, and to bring back the ages of faith *minus* the corruptions of Rome, they will find that they have to deal with a somewhat stiff-necked generation, and that their breath would be more usefully employed in cooling their porridge than in trying to blow up the flame of Catholic zeal in the green and hissing wood of English Protestantism. There are, it is true, conspicuous instances of pronounced High Churchmen whose preaching is among the intellectual and spiritual influences of the day; but if we mistake not, they would themselves acknowledge that their power lies rather in the application of Christian principles to the great social questions of the day, than in the exhibition of a dogmatic or ecclesiastical system. There are, and probably will be, influential and popular High Churchmen; but it is improbable that the High Church party will become either influential or popular.

In truth, the strength and the weakness of the High Church party have lain in its culture and its freedom from vulgarity. Its early motto, 'In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength,' is no unfair description of its character and method. Like a house of business which refuses to advertise and puff, it has always had a respectable connection, and has never used popular arts. And the consequence is that it has succeeded with the classes that like old-established shops, and failed with the classes that prefer advertising houses. You may find in its ranks some wealthy merchants and bankers; you will find few retail traders. Professor Shairp remarks of Newman's preaching, 'There was no vehemence, no declamation, no show of elaborated argument. . . . Indeed, we believe that if he had preached one of his St. Mary's sermons before a Scotch town congregation, they would have thought the preacher a "silly body."' And in the services of the earlier High Churchmen there was, along with a very deep reverence, a severity and self-repression which contrasts singularly with the modern ritualistic development, and which in itself was sufficient to repel persons accustomed to the florid 'impressiveness' of the Evangelical school whether within or without the Established Church. And it is probably owing in a great measure to the sense of this deficiency in the old High Churchmen, that the modern Ritualist school have cultivated so sensational a style both of service and of preaching. The old style was too decorous, too respectable: it did not draw. And so, even as an old-fashioned tradesman who finds that the steady humdrum business does not pay, will sometimes put in a new shop front, bright with gilding and gas, and spend a few hundreds in advertising, to attract the public attention, so the new school of High Churchmen, copying the example of the children of this world, adapted themselves to the requirements of a sensational age, and competed for public favour with Cardinal Manning and Mr. Spurgeon. That there have been other and worthier influences at work we do not for a moment deny; no one who knows anything of the Ritualist leaders will doubt their earnestness and sincerity of purpose; but neither can anyone doubt their inferiority to the old High Church leaders, of whom Dr. Pusey is almost the only survivor and Dr. Liddon almost the only successor, in mental calibre, in sobriety, in loyalty and submission to lawful authority. Dr. Newman, in the full swing of the movement, was ready at any moment to stop the issue of the *Tracts for the Times* at the mere bidding of his Bishop: Mr. Tooth, when his Bishop had licensed another clergyman to officiate in his stead, being unable to enter by the door into the sheepfold, climbs up some other way and celebrates the highest mysteries of religion by the aid of the cracksman's tools. Ritualism, if it represents the old High Churchmen, does so no otherwise than as a foolish son represents his grave and reverend father.

It will appear from what has been said that we do not estimate very highly the future prospects of High Church principles. Sacerdotalism in truth has never stood much chance with the sturdy and somewhat defiant independence of the English character. Yet it seems not improbable that the High Church party may still have an important part to play in the future. We pointed out in a previous article[6] the tendency of the Evangelical party to sink its

[6] See *Fraser*, January 1878, p. 29.

differences and make common cause with its old adversary: and we suggested that this might be in part at least attributable to an instinctive consciousness of its need of an ally in the presence of a common danger. The Christendom of the future will, according to all appearances, be ranged in (it may be) its final divisions, the party of Authority and that of Free Inquiry and Criticism. And if so, it is certain that in the former party will be found the High Church, the Low Church, and the Roman Catholics, merging their differences in the preparation for the final struggle. Little as either party may be inclined to acknowledge it, it is yet certain that the difference between those who build their faith on an infallible and unquestionable authority, whether that authority be a man, a church, or a book, is in principle insignificant when compared with the difference between any religion of authority and the religion based on scientific inquiry. What form the faith of the future will take—what elements of our present religion will survive the fire, and which will be burnt up—which party is destined finally to prevail; these are questions which lie outside our present discussion. It is enough to indicate our belief that of the parties which now divide the Church, two are likely in future to be more and more drawn together in defence of old tradition against modern thought, and that the High Church and Low Church parties, retaining, no doubt, for a long time much of their separate individuality, will more and more coalesce into a single army against that Liberal movement which, as Dr. Newman foresaw more than forty years ago, is the dividing principle of the present and the coming age.

R. E. B.

# THE KAFFIR WAR.

By an English Officer in South Africa.

An important step in the consolidation of our South African possessions received lately a brief description in the pages of this Magazine. We refer to a paper on the Annexation of the Transvaal.[1] It was there pointed out that this event was but one stage in a process which must result in the confederation of all South Africa under the British flag. But, as is frequently observed in similar cases, the first step taken, others follow with unexpected rapidity; and such has been the case here. The close of 1877 has witnessed the absorption of yet another slice of territory into the area of British dominion.

It may be safely assumed that civilisation and barbarism, in close juxtaposition, are incompatible. The savage must accept civilisation or disappear before it. The history, both past and recent, of South Africa proves the truth of this proposition. But before proceeding further with our narrative, we shall attempt a brief sketch of the Kaffir races which inhabit the region between the frontiers of the Cape Colony and Natal; the numerous and martial race of Zulu Kaffirs, dwelling to the north of the latter colony, having been alluded to in the former paper.

Independent Kaffraria, as it is somewhat incorrectly styled in contradistinction to British Kaffraria, is comprised between the rivers Kei and Umzimkulu, and is composed of various Kaffir tribes, all in different degrees subject or tributary to the British Crown. Foremost amongst them are the Amaxosa, these and the Zulus forming the two great sections into which the Kaffir nation is divided. Again, the Xosa branch (*ama* is a prefix, denoting the plural) is divided into three principal tribes: Gaikas, Tembus or Tambookies, and Galekas. The Gaikas, a warlike race, dwell within the precincts of the colony in the vicinity of King William's Town. The Tambookies' territory was annexed in 1875. The Galekas, the paramount tribe of the Amaxosa, under their chief Kreli, occupied till recently the beautiful strip of country which extends from the mouth of the Kei to that of the Bashee river. It was against these that the recent hostilities were directed. Farther on, beyond the Umtala river, and extending up to Natal, dwell the Pondo Kaffirs and the Basutos.

The Fingoes, as an important factor in the war, next deserve notice. They are located, under their headman, Veldman, chiefly due north of the country of the Galekas, but are found in various other parts of the colony. They are descendants of the ancient inhabitants of Natal, a few of whom escaped southwards after the devastation, in the early years of this century, of their country by the armies of the Zulu conqueror, Tchaka. On arrival in the country of the Xosa Kaffirs they were enslaved by them, and thus they remained until liberated by the English Government. Great antipathy naturally exists between these liberated bondsmen and their former ancestors; the one, confident in the protection and support of the English, doubtless repay with insult the contempt of the other. The close proximity of these combustible

[1] *Fraser*, August 1877.

materials, separated by no great natural obstacle as a boundary, promised to be fruitful of discord. Such has been the result. Twenty years ago Kreli and his tribe were driven out of the territory we have described to the farther side of the Bashee, but were restored to their former homes seven years later, through the mistaken clemency of Sir Philip Wodehouse.

If we seek the causes of Kaffir wars, we shall find them chiefly attributable to increase of population, and consequent deficiency of land. The people are pastoral and require a much greater quantity of land for their support than is necessary for a nation which has betaken itself to agricultural pursuits. Again, population rapidly increases owing to the comparative law and order which reign under the shadow of British rule. There is no land for the rising generation, consequently no oxen, and further, no wives, as every wife is bought with a certain number of cattle. Discontent grows apace amongst the youths, and war is the natural outlet for the surplus population in a country where epidemics are almost unknown. The ladies, if they are not belied, add to the difficulties of the situation by taunting their amorous swains with their inexperience of war. In Zululand, it is asserted, a still more terrible state of things exists. The young girls are handed over as wives to the aged veterans cunning in the art of war, whilst the youths are left in unmarried misery. This state of things leads to frequent elopements to Natal of dusky beauties, blighted in their affections; but we are informed that, usually, a short experience of life in that colony leads to a return to domestic bliss and their aged admirers. The witch doctors, too, have a powerful influence over the minds of the chiefs. These impostors, often women, profess to foretell the future, make rain, heal wounds and diseases; and before commencing war, every Kaffir is doctored for it by them. This operation is performed by painting the forehead with a mixture of all sorts of abominations, to which, it has been asserted, the flesh of dead human bodies is sometimes added. In 1857 Kreli and his tribe were persuaded by one of these prophetesses to destroy their cattle and attack the English. She promised, in case of his acquiescence, conquest and the subsequent resurrection of his slain cattle. Her instructions were obeyed, and these infatuated wretches would have been starved to a man had it not been for the timely assistance of the British Government. Thus much for the causes which operate in producing a desire for war on the part of the Kaffirs. Hostilities are generally ushered in by much cattle-lifting, when the border farmers suffer greatly, their cattle and sheep being swept off in hundreds. Cattle is, be it understoood, the great objective in Kaffir warfare, and has as much importance as the capital of an enemy's country in a European campaign. The Kaffir adores his cattle with a fervour that can hardly be pictured by ourselves. It is his all. He would sooner lose his wife than his cow; this, perhaps, because with cows he can purchase another partner of his affections. He will fight bravely for his cattle, and many think that to attack them is the only way of forcing him into action. Thus a campaign against our dusky neighbours begins and ends with the word 'cattle.' Indeed, their war-cry is 'cattle.' This is their method of carrying on war, but whether we are right in following their example so closely is another question. We have, in past years, incurred at least one defeat through a too great eagerness for the living spoil.

The present disturbances origin-

ated in a beer-drinking party in the Transkei in the early days of last August. The Kaffirs make beer, not unlike the Russian *kwas*, from the grains of a species of millet, termed by the colonists Kaffir corn. Its intoxicating qualities prove as fertile of evil here as similar things elsewhere. This 'big drink' took place near the frontier which divides Fingo from Galeka. The hosts were Fingoes, who invited some Galeka men to cross and join the festive throng, but they committed the error of consuming the liquor before the arrival of their guests. This unpardonable behaviour resulted in a free fight, during which sundry injuries were inflicted. Then followed raids into each other's territory, cattle-lifting, destruction and thefts of property, &c. This unsettled state of things went on with scarce an intermission from the beginning of August till the latter days of September. Then, on the 26th of that month, something much more serious occurred—the collision of the frontier armed and mounted police with a large force of Galekas on the Guadana, otherwise named Mount Wodehouse. Sir Philip Wodehouse restored the country to the Galekas, and, as if in mockery of the transaction, the first collision of the insurgents with our people took place on the hill which bears his name. On this day a troop of police, whilst on patrol, accompanied by a seven-pounder mountain gun and a body of Fingoes, attacked a large force of the enemy on a spur of the above mountain. The result was not satisfactory. The trail of the gun-carriage broke after several discharges, and the piece itself had to be taken at speed out of action to avoid capture. The Fingoes, seeing this, took to flight. The police, or a portion of them, were extended in skirmishing order, dismounted, their horses being held by their comrades in rear. Insensibly the enemy crept round the flanks of this small force, which did not exceed sixty men. When their danger was discovered, a swift rush was made for the horses. But the animals and those who held them had become startled and disordered by the sudden sweep of the retreating Fingoes. Many broke away. The retreating skirmishers had to mount any horse which came to hand, and what in modern phrase is termed 'a strategic movement to the rear' took place. Seven members of that corps, amongst whom was Inspector Hohenein, lost their lives on this occasion. This was certainly not an auspicious commencement of a war when first movements must involve to such an extent the prestige of the British power. The small post at Ibika, composed of police, supported by Veldman's Fingoes, was now felt to be in imminent danger, and in fact, on September 29, it was attacked in force by the Galeka army, in strength about 8,000 men.

A short description of the physical configuration of Galekaland may now properly be given. It extends from the Kei to the Bashee, is in length about eighty miles, and stretches inland to a depth of about thirty-five miles. Along the northern boundary line stretches the watershed of the minor streams, such as the Qora, though the larger ones, such as the Kei and Bashee, draw their waters from more distant sources of supply. These minor streams run in parallel beds to the sea. Their courses are deep ravines, clothed with bush, which become more and more impracticable the nearer they approach the sea. The main tracks of communication run along the intervening ridges, which are bare and practicable for guns and wheeled transport. Lateral communication is rare and difficult. It occurs chiefly near the source,

before the stream has assumed formidable dimensions, and at the mouth, where the ocean throws up a bar of sand which, in some cases, entirely closes the mouth of the river. The writer saw the entire field force cross dry-shod the mouth of the Kolona river; but in others, such as the Qora, the stream cuts a channel through the bar, and must therefore be forded. The coast scenery is of extreme beauty, vegetation reaching nearly to the edge of the ocean, where the blue transparent billows are rolled headlong into a sea of foam. The river-mouths, too, strike the eye. Cliffs and rocks broken into every fantastic shape, and often of brilliant colouring, are overshadowed by rich dark green brushwood, whilst in the moist hollows, facing south, turned away from the sun, nestle the more imposing trees of forest growth. A pure sky of the deepest blue and floods of sunlight complete a landscape not often seen in South Africa.

Ibika, a small trading station, occupies the junction of several ridges, and consequently of as many roads, or, more properly speaking, tracks. It is situated at the sources of the Qora river. It has a fine commanding position, destitute of the thick brushwood which flourishes nearer the sea, but is commanded at the distance of about 800 yards by an eminence on the left. The clump of gum trees which encircle the trader's house and store are a very prominent landmark, owing to the bareness of the country and their elevated situation. This position, we said, was attacked at about 3 P.M. in the afternoon of September 29 by the Galeka forces. They attacked in three columns, with a certain attempt at tactical formation which excited no little surprise amongst their opponents. One column advanced against the centre, whilst the remaining two attempted to turn either flank of our position. But they were soon thrown into disorder by the police artillery, under the direction of Captain Robinson, R.A., and being attacked by the Fingo levies, who were led on most gallantly by Mr. McClean, of the Mounted Police, were compelled to retire with considerable loss by sundown. A famous witch doctress, who had promised, it is reported, to catch the English bullets in her mouth, was slain whilst heading their left column. Next morning a further attempt was made to turn the left flank of the position by the eminence of which we spoke above. But a few well-directed shells immediately dispersed the assailants.

There can be no doubt, in reviewing these occurrences, that they constituted a crisis which, had it taken a turn unfavournble to ourselves, might have involved the colony in a general war, entailing great loss of life, and a vast sacrifice of property. Had the Galeka army succeeded in forcing this weakly occupied position, the entire Kaffir nation would, in all probability have risen as one man against us. Nay, there is evidence that Cetywayo, the Zulu king, was but waiting for Kreli's success to attack Natal. But the defence of the Ibika position arrested the tide of invasion, and afforded the colony time to collect its forces for the struggle, and concoct means for entirely localising and suppressing the rebellion. Commandant Griffith and his police, therefore, deserved on this day the unqualified gratitude of all colonists. The breathing-time his success procured was utilised without delay.

It was a fortunate though a fortuitous occurrence that Sir Bartle Frere was at the moment in King William's Town, near the seat of disturbance. Sir Arthur Cunninghame, commanding her Majesty's troops in the colony, was also in the neighbourhood, returning from

a tour of inspection in the Transvaal. Not a moment was therefore lost in taking adequate measures to meet the emergency. We may add, too, that the colonial volunteers nobly responded to the call of duty and patriotism. We regret to say that the Dutch did not follow their example. There was only one of them in the Transkei force. But English and Germans maintained the ancient renown of the Teutonic race, and a respectable force of volunteers and burghers were soon sent to the front. These, with the additional police which had been hurried up to reinforce Mr. Griffith at Ibika, constituted about the middle of October a force of 800 Europeans, with about 5,000 Fingoes. Meantime the Tambookies had been called out to assist Government, and took up their station at Idutywa, some sixteen miles to the left of Ibika, under their chief, Ganga Lizwe, and magistrate Major Elliott. They were supported by a troop of police and the Queen's Town volunteers, and numbered about 2,000 men. On the right of Ibika, near the Kei, another force had been assembled for the invasion of the enemy's country at a place called the 'Springs,' where, on October 9, a skirmish took place with the Kaffrarian volunteers under Commandant Gray. The volunteers showed much spirit in this little affair, and had two of their number wounded. October 18 was the date fixed for the commencement of offensive operations.

Before proceeding farther it is proper to explain the disposition and employment of her Majesty's troops in this colony. There are altogether 4 entire regiments of infantry composing its garrison and the head-quarters, and 5 companies of another, whose remaining 3 are in the mountains. A company has likewise to be furnished for the garrison of St. Helena. Of these, roughly speaking, 4½ battalions—1 occupies the Transvaal; 1½ Natal; 2 Cape Colony (1 company at St. Helena). At the outbreak of war the 1st battalion 24th Regiment was quartered in King William's Town; and immediately affairs assumed a threatening aspect, as many of the 88th Regiment as could possibly be spared from Cape Town (which, amongst other things, has to furnish the garrison of our naval station at Simon's Bay), were ordered up to the eastern frontier by the General commanding. He at first intended to despatch a force of her Majesty's troops across the Kei, but this project was abandoned after mature consideration, and the military force at his disposal was distributed at various points along the Kei to protect the colony from attack, whilst the rebellion in Galekaland was being stamped out by the colonial forces. Two important considerations prompted this wise policy. The first of these was, that in and around King William's Town dwell the Gaika tribe of the Amaxosa Kaffirs, reputed the most formidable and warlike of all the branches of this race. A forward movement of her Majesty's troops would, therefore, have exposed not only the base of supply, but also placed the property and lives of the colonists in jeopardy. This was the chief consideration which suggested retaining her Majesty's troops within the limits of the colony. A second but altogether auxiliary advantage was the following:—That in case of success on the part of the colonial forces, it might be asserted that a local conflict with a single tribe was not a sufficiently serious affair to call for interference on the part of her Majesty's troops. Thus much explanation is due of what at first glance might appear unaccountable—that the active campaign was waged by the colonial rather than the Imperial forces.

Let us now proceed to a brief sketch of the movements which resulted in the complete evacuation of Galekaland by the enemy.

On October 18, the columns advanced simultaneously. Of these there were from the extreme right, starting from the Springs, under Inspector Chalmers, of the Police, the two centre ones, the headquarter column under Commandant Griffith, and the other under Inspector Hook, starting from Ibika; and that on the left, Tambookies under Major Elliott, with about 200 volunteers and mounted police, advanced from Idutywa.

Let the reader suppose the theatre of war Galekaland, the country between the Kei and Bashee rivers, divided into two sections by the river Qora, a stream running in a deep rugged bushy valley, quite impracticable for troops except at its mouth and high up near its sources. It may here be remarked, that these Kaffrarian river-beds have a character peculiar to themselves. Not being a geologist, I am unable to account for their origin, but they appear to have been burrowed out of a table, and worn by the action of water for ages. The river-sides are similarly scored, and usually covered with brush, most favourable for the species of warfare to which the Kaffirs are addicted. But to return. In the middle of October the main body of Kreli's forces, repulsed at the battle of Ibika, on September 29, now lay in the western section of his country, *i.e.* between the Kei and the Qora rivers. Many were reported in the rough country bordering the Kei; large bodies of them on the banks of the Qora and in the neighbourhood of the Manubi Forest. Into this latter it was always predicted that they would retreat before our forces. So, to clear the frontiers of the colony by extruding the enemy from his fastnesses about the Kei, the Commandant resolved on executing a concentric movement from Ibika on the mountain Centani with his own column and that of Chalmers from the Springs; whilst, to cover his flank movement, and at the same time threaten the retreat of the enemy into the Manubi Forest, he detached Hook's column with a nine-pounder gun to occupy the Nxalaxa Mountain.[1] On the 21st inst. a smart action took place here. The enemy attacked Hook's camp, but was repulsed with heavy loss. This action was remarkable as establishing the superiority of the Fingoes over their former ancestors. The European forces did not draw a trigger, being held in reserve the whole time. Two Englishmen, officers of the Fingo levies, however, perished. The circumstance was tragic, as they were brothers, and left large families to mourn their loss.

Some retreating Galekas had ensconced themselves in a hollow stony dell, the bed of a stream, most densely crammed with trees and brushwood—a kloof, to use the local term. One of these brothers, Goss by name, boldly, but rashly, led his Fingoes into the skloof. The exit was barred on the far side by a cliff, so that the retreat of the foe was cut off, and they were taken 'like rats in a trap.' Goss was shot dead, and his brother rushing in to his assistance, a bullet laid him dead by his side. Eighteen Fingoes were shot ere the fastness was taken. The garrison consisted but of seven Kaffirs, all of whom were slain. The writer entered this slaughter-house a few hours after the occurrence, with the Commandant. The Kaffirs had concealed themselves in the stony bed of the stream, where they were now lying dead, and so thick was the vegeta-

[1] The writer apologises for introducing these unpronounceable names. Were the reader to hear them enunciated, however, his astonishment would be increased tenfold.

tion that the slain had been shot at the distance of a yard or two. An officer of police had, too, a narrow escape, being fired at at so short a range that the sparks from the discharge flew into his face; but, fortunately for him, the bullet found its billet in the cranium of a Fingo standing beside him.

Upon Hook's force, as a pivot, the Commandant swept round, bringing his right shoulder forward and clearing the whole country near the Kei and the seashore. The enemy, after their attempt on the 21st, swiftly retreated across the Qora. Even the Manubi was penetrated, and found to be deserted by the enemy. During these movements the Fingoes performed the duties of light troops very efficiently. The pace at which they move, and the thorough way in which they explore every nook and crevice, in search of a lurking enemy, is truly admirable. Blazing huts, as far as the eye can reach, proclaim their destructive activity. The amount of life which is saved by using them as auxiliaries is great. Europeans generally find the bush-fighting the most bloody and hopeless work in Kaffir wars. But at this the natives are quite at home; in fact, far more so than fighting in the open. They are sent into the bush to ferret out the enemy, whilst the Europeans stand outside and forbid all exit. This is but one more example of the principle of division of labour.

Arrived in the vicinity of the Qora, the force was delayed by a week of bad weather. The prolonged drought had at last broken up, heaven's flood-gates were opened, and the country was deluged with an uninterrupted fall of rain for three days and nights. During one of these a false alarm added to the ordinary miseries of camp life under similar conditions. About 10 P.M. the whole force was routed out by an alarm that the Kaffirs were advancing to the attack. Standing two or three hours in the drenching rain was the result. A party marauding for horses, which are frequently left to run loose (knee haltered, or their head collars attached, in a stooping position, to a band above the knee) had probably been mistaken for the advance-guard of the Kaffirs in motion to attack us. Some were disposed to consider a night attack on the part of the enemy probable, since he had everything to gain by the same. He could approach the camp unmolested by the guns and arms of precision; and, once at close quarters, his superior numbers and skill in the use of the assequi would lend him considerable advantages. But the fact is that great courage, exact discipline, and special training are indispensable for troops employed in this description of service. If these be not present, hesitation, confusion, and disaster inevitably ensue. In the present instance, the writer did not believe in the reality of the supposed attack, for, had the Kaffirs been advancing, the violent storm of rain and wind would have dashed straight in their faces. This, it is well known, they cannot stand. Their ammunition also becomes damp, and unserviceable under these circumstances. Nevertheless, spies had reported that night attacks were much talked of in the camp of the enemy. This was, no doubt, the case; but when the time came for the execution of these designs, they fell through owing to lack of discipline.

The line of the Qora was forced, or rather turned, by the river mouth, and high up at Ibika in the early part of November, whilst Elliott's column, which had previously been somewhat refused, lest it should be overwhelmed by the superior force of the retiring Galekas, was now let loose upon their flank. The result of these

combined movements was that Kreli and his army fled across the Bashee river, driving immense herds of cattle before them into the country of the Bomvanas, a tribe owing allegiance to Kreli as paramount chief.[2] Thither they were immediately pursued by Commandant Griffiths. Many thousand cattle were captured by him, but great confusion arose in this respect, owing to the cattle of the Galekas having become mixed up (designedly, no doubt, in many cases) with those of the friendly Bomvanas. The army of Kreli dispersed in all directions, though, as is the case with all savage troops, the fact of their dispersion affords no guarantee against a rapid reunion of their forces. The highly organised machine of a civilised army, when once thoroughly broken, cannot be reconstructed without ample means and leisure, undisturbed by hostile approach. But it is far otherwise with savages. They frequently scatter only in the sense in which a swarm of flies disappear when disturbed, viz. to settle once more on the coveted object when the momentary alarm has passed away. Let us hope it will not be so in this case.

In reviewing the events of the past campaign, it is impossible to avoid regretting that a more severe measure of retribution was not dealt out to this offending tribe, which had defied unprovoked the authority of the Government. And this the more so, that the native mind is agitated throughout the length and breadth of the colony, signs not having been wanting of a combination, not only of the different tribes of Xosa Kaffirs, but even of the distant Zulus. A salutary but severe lesson should not have been spared them. That this was feasible, and only depended on rapidity of movement, must be plain to any soldier who applies his mind to the study of the movements which took place from October 18 till November 10. The situation was as follows:—The enemy found himself hemmed in, in front by the forces lining the frontier of the colony, on his left by the sea, on his right by the colonial forces stationed in a succession of positions, an advance from any of which would have cut perpendicularly his line of retreat. Only a retreat across the Bashee could save him from complete envelopment. Making every allowance for detention resulting from inclement weather, the verdict cannot be avoided that time and opportunity were lost. The various columns should have been let loose on the flank of the enemy—soon enough to cut his line of retreat, but late enough to obviate the danger of each being attacked in detail and destroyed.

Nevertheless, the operations were for the time successful, and attained the objects they professed to compass—the occupation of Kreli's country and his expulsion therefrom. If we took the greatest measure of possible success as our standard by which to gauge military capacity, there might be few commanders who would entirely escape censure. If a modicum of success is attained and disaster avoided, we have no right to complain, though we may regret, after the event, that a more rigorous course of action had not been adopted.

In conclusion, the question arises in the mind, What may we not have to chronicle regarding South Africa during the ensuing twelve months? The present hostile attitude of the Gaikas, the exasperation

[2] The word Bomvana, derived from bomvu, 'red,' seems applied to these Kaffirs owing to their lighter complexion. The legend runs that they have white blood in their veins. Ships have been wrecked in days past on the coast of Kaffraria, and a cross of white blood introduced. *Apropos* of this subject, there are many painful stories current.

of the frontier farmers against them, occasioned by cattle and sheep, stealing on a wholesale and unprecedented scale, cause grave anxieties in the minds of all when coupled with the attitude of Kaffir tribes in more distant parts of these lands. The Galekas are not destroyed; the disposition of the Pondos is doubtful; whilst news arrives from Natal that Sir Theophilus Shepstone has had a highly unsatisfactory interview with the emissaries of the Zulu king touching the border question, and considers the state of affairs unpromising. In short, the native mind is in a ferment. A supreme effort seems probable on their part to overcome the white man, and finally thrust him into the ocean from which he sprang. As to the Zulu question, no rational being believes in the struggle with that military nation being postponed much longer. A potentate who keeps 50,000 trained warriors within striking distance of the capital of Natal must eventually be disposed of, or he must dispose of us. The troops and guns which are now on the way, are certainly not in excess of the requirements of the case.

This is emphatically a 'question,' and one that can only be settled by force of arms; the rational plan being, having collected a force amply sufficient for the purpose, to attack and overthrow the barbarous Power which weighs so heavily on the prosperity of the youthful colony. This is said in no spirit of cruelty, and the process would in no way be applicable to the Xosa Kaffirs of the Cape Colony, whose barbarism is, let us hope, gradually yielding to the efforts and teaching of civilised men sent amongst them. But between the native ignorance and savagery of the Amaxosa and their neighbours, and the bloody fabric of military tyranny which is organised in Zululand, there is a vast difference. The one may yield to the soft and gradual pressure of moral and material progress, but the latter must be struck down with an iron hand. The interests of the unhappy subjects of Cetyway demand this no less than those of the colonists of Natal. The interests of the civilised world demand it.

H. S.

# IVY-LEAVES.

## FROM THE HERMITAGE, EPPING FOREST.

AT this bare time, the fringes of ivy-leaves at my window are a real enrichment of life. After breakfast on the first day of the year, I made a little drawing of one of the sprays, and thought the while of fair Esther from Massachusetts, and how she rejoiced in ivy on her first visit to the 'Old Country' (she had one precious slip in her greenhouse at home), and how she stood fixed before a wall or a cottage gable clouded with its dark abundant foliage—I had the good luck to companion her in that first walk in English fields—scarce believing that ivy could be so common. Aladdin was no more enraptured with the jewel-bearing trees; and Esther wreathed herself with sprays like a Bacchante. Daisies, too, and skylarks, were wonderful and delightful beyond words, and robin redbreast outwent all possible flamingoes and cassowaries in interest. For English poetry and literature is full of ivy and daisies, robins and skylarks, and to the New Englander these are familiar things in literature and foreign things in life. How odd must our talk of the Seasons sound to an Anglo-Australian; and still more odd to his children. Geography *versus* Language insists that these outlying English should by degrees cultivate a more intimate home-poetry, the free growth of their own gardens and fields. A man may relish Harvey Sauce at the antipodes, and Burton ale, but how sing heartily of the yule-log, with the thermometer at 90°, or quote 'then came hot July,' in biting weather? The American writers, indeed, are already turning the tables on us with their sumach and hickory, blue-birds and bobolinks.

We are luckily at one with the old Greek and Roman poets in the possession of ivy and the love of it, though it seems their favourite ivy was a kind with rich yellow berries, not our stygian green. Ivy was put in the chaplets of Bacchanals, and of poets, because these, too, are rapt, inspired, or else because good poetry is evergreen. Of ivy-wood drinking cups were made, and often decorated with carven leaves of the plant. Theocritus's goatherd promises to a singer:

> A goblet deep of ivy-wood,
> Two-handled, rubb'd with fragrant wax,
> Fresh from the carving-tool; nor lacks
> Around its border ivy-twine
> Mingling with amber-flow'r'd woodbine.
> (*Id.* i. 27.)

Another goatherd tells his Amaryllis:

> Ah, cruel! you will make me tear
> This ivy-garland in despair,
> Woven for you, with flow'rs betwixt,
> And fragrant parsley intermixt.
> (iii. 21.)

I wonder if the Sicilian ivy has the same acrid untameable odour as ours. The ancients held ivy to be an antidote to drunkenness—whence, perhaps, its special dedication to Bacchus, the vine and ivy representing not antagonistic but counterbalancing natural powers. But the picturesqueness of ivy as a head-garland, or thyrsus-wreath, or adornment of sculpture-work, was probably its first and main recommendation.

For whatever reason, ivy was often, if not always, the inviting 'bush' which good wine did not need, but would not reject. How singeth Maistre Jean le Houx (who hath come rather tardily into his property of fame):

> Je ne voy si volontiers
> Les boutiques des grossieres,

Comme j'ayme en chaque rue
Les bouchons des taverniers.
Belle hyerre, que je fuis
Joyeux, quand ma veue
Regarde en tant de logis
Ta branche pendue!
L'hyerre, c'est en tous lieux
L'arbrisseau que j'ayme mieux:
Il m'enseigne ou je doy boire,
Quand j'ay argent, si je veux.
Il faut l'argent; car credit
On ne trouve guere,
Si on n'est bien favorit
De la taverniere.

What think you of these old verses? Do they not hang light and graceful, easily picturesque, accidentally artistic, like the ivy-spray itself?

The same day I walked some miles on an errand, along a dull road, and back the same way; and as I walked, a poem shaped itself vaguely in the air, and floated along awhile, a dithyrambic on Ivy—the worship of Bacchus, Mœnads, Greek Art: adornment of churches at Christmas: Gothic Art: ruins ivy-clad: natural beauty: Ivy in the midst of London: Ivy-less America has a nature and a future of her own. The poem rose and soared away, a beautiful cloud-like form, then melted, and only a few showery drops remained. As when in a dream, one suspects that one is dreaming, I felt all the while that this was not a true 'inspiration'—an imaginative intuition—a heavenly conception, but a growth of Fancy the Artificer, working cleverly and more or less consciously—weaving mesh after mesh of association; and that it was not worth while making the least attempt to fix it. Embodied to perfection, it could never be of any true value, never more than a toy. That is Fancy's trade—*Toymaker;* while Imagination is *Artist* in the highest sense of the word.

The road was dull, and the day dull, but as I drew near home the sky of dull dingy cloud grew lighter in the west, and at last bright, and evening sunshine spread across the quiet fields. I trust it may be thus sometimes with a life.

On my table was one letter. I do not want letters, but this one was brief and pleasant—a common daisy, 'crimson-tipped,' and a friend's initials. It is a pretty little custom in some parts, this of giving a daisy on New Year's Day.

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Now that the chance of War seems lessened, we are beginning to hear the Advocates of Peace blamed for needless fussiness. 'There is no War Party—never was a War Party;' and if all ends well (which Heaven grant!) it will inevitably be declared that nothing could be more ridiculous than the panic which suggested all those meetings, orations, associations, appeals to the public, pressures upon the Ministry, with the object of avoiding an unjust War.

This reminds me of a real incident which happened to a friend of mine, then and still resident at Wandsworth. When the Cholera was last on its march towards London, the lady I speak of joined several other benevolent persons to visit the poorer dwellings in their locality, and do their best, by help of advice, argument, and money, to have walls whitened, bedclothes washed, drains cleansed out, ventilation improved, and so forth. The cholera came to London in due course, took its victims, and passed away again. After which the lady met one of her clients, an Irishwoman, whose husband worked in the market-gardens, and who possessed the usual large small family crowded into a back slum. Mary curtsied, and said, They were all well, thank God—'and shure it's your ladyship's honour tuk a dale o' throuble, *and all to no purpose*, for the cholery niver come nigh us at all at all!'

It is, in truth, one of the most difficult problems in life-wisdom to give due place in our experience to *dangers which we have escaped.*

But not so fast! Lord Beaconsfield is still at Downing Street.

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Surely all writing is frivolous that does not rest on or spring out of a man's experience. By this I do not exclude works of history and imagination. History, if not written by a witness, is valuable so far as the author has anything in himself to fit into and explain other men and times, and has diligently applied the same. Without this, cleverness and good style are but snares. As to things of the imagination, or even of the fancy, they come to a man as naturally as any other part of his life, and he that is rich in them and reports them truly is a poet. He is ingenuous, not ingenious; his lightest fancies are blossoms of life and experience. The would-be poet offers us what is forced, got-up, and, however like life, a mere clock-work movement.

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That poetry ought to be musical, *i.e.* delightful to the ear, is 'an opinion that fire cannot burn out of me'—an axiom, indeed; though a much neglected one. And this sweetness ought also to be fit and expressive in relation to the subject matter. But sense must in no least degree be sacrificed to sound: they should enhance each other. A true poem is its own *raison d'être* as much as a flower is, or a beautiful tune.

True, there will be poems with more and poems with less of melodious quality; and a given poem may have more of it in one part than in another; but the quality is *sine quâ non.*

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The odours of lemon, nutmeg, new hay, and woodruff dried (which is like it), clovepink, gillyflower (almost too luscious), wallflower tempered with its wholesome bitter, above all the Rose, and above all roses the loose-petalled, dainty-complexioned 'Monthly Rose,' are especially friendly to me. All the lily-smells, and those like them, as jonquil and hyacinth, have a morbid and unwholesome sweetness. The lines about 'Lilies and languors of virtue,' and 'Roses and raptures of vice,' have no imaginative nor even fanciful truth, but commend themselves through the ear by a verbal trick merely, 'alliteration's artful aid.' Veracity (often subtle, often profound, always springing out of healthy insight) is another essential quality of all true Poetry.

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Any clever man who chooses to be odd or extravagant may become wonderful to many, for the moment. But (as Johnson wisely said) 'nothing odd will do for long.' All the real treasures of Literature have come from men of strong sound sense, not from Fantasts, how clever so ever.

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Moralists—the religious moralists—tell us we cannot aim too high, and this may be true for individuals and yet disheartening and practically unfit doctrine for mankind in general, who are fencing and fighting with the instant necessities and troubles of life, and who feel withal, vaguely or distinctly, that the respective claims of 'body and spirit,' and the distinction between lawful and unlawful in many things, are far from being absolutely determined.

I respect, for example, the motives and the practice of teetotalers, but when they become intolerant missionaries of their system, I cannot help thinking they are probably helping to keep up the worst features of intemperance. To abolish the pleasurable use of stimulants in this world seems to me *primâ facie* and for ever impossible; to regulate and minimise it, to fight actively against adulteration in the selling and excess in the using, would be practicable to a degree not

hitherto attempted, but all attempts in that direction teetotalers scorn and despise.

As to sexual relations, again, we combine the sternest total prohibition, in theory, with the vilest laxity in practice, and stop our ears (in public) at the whisper of any mediary and modifying suggestions.

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Each of us thinks, or pretends to think, that his neighbour would break out into some enormity if he (the neighbour) did not believe, or pretend to believe, something which we for our part do *not* believe.

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Best rulers, best laws, best creeds, are founded on best thoughts of the best men. Hard to find the best men; and hard to get at their best thoughts! Too often what they give is by themselves diluted and distorted; and what they do give pure, others insist on adulterating.

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The deep secret longing of the civilised world at this moment, under all its falsities and follies, is for *Religion without Dogmatism.* Dogmatism is no longer trusted; without Religion civilised society cannot stand. Religion and Dogmatism have long been closely connected. The partnership (now a thing partly of usage, partly of compulsion) must be dissolved. It cannot and must not, continue. Catholicism once represented European Civilisation. Protestantism in its inception was a bold and noble step in the direction of light and liberty. So far as Catholicism is synonymous with obsolete dogmatism, I detest it, and would give my life against it. So far as the same description is applicable to Protestantism, so far my abhorrence of that is equally real, and, moreover, mixed with contempt. But Protestantism, on the whole, is on the side of liberty. It will soon be destroyed as a theology, and only survive as a moral and political system. Means must be found to keep it alive in that form; for the Pope is by no means so infirm a giant, even in our day, as Bunyan pictured him.

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I do not see that 'Scientism' is likely to do any direct harm to Romanism, whose authority claims to be miraculous, and whose miracles cannot be made more incredible than they are, and have long been. The attitude of mind generated by Scientism may tell in the long run, but it will be a very long run before wonder, awe, veneration, superstition, and the longing to rest on authority and be comforted by ceremony and consociation, will cease to work with power on the majority of minds.

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Skeptics are often Radicals. Unbelievers are always Conservatives. If superstitious forms have a chance to continue in modern society, it will be by the cold steady help of powerful men who despise them.

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I have been reading Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Last Essays on Church and Religion*, and think most readers will agree in finding satisfaction in the first word of the title. A writer who, by cultivating his sympathies and weeding out his *autopathies*, and by giving his whole time to his work, as the Frenchman did, might have perhaps grown into a sort of English Saint-Beuve, has taken the pains to write a large quantity of theologico-literary matter, which, in spite of picked phrase and dainty accent, is incurably wearisome and essentially worthless. In this volume Mr. Arnold takes up that sad fact of our times, the decay of belief in Christianity, and even of belief in Deity, and steps forward with a modest confidence to reassure us.

'I believe then that the real God, the real Jesus, will continue to

command allegiance, because we do, in fact, "belong to them." I believe that Christianity will survive because of its natural truth. Those who fancied they had done with it . . will have to return to it again, and to learn it better.' Roman Catholics will have to acquaint themselves with the Bible, 'that fundamental document of Christianity;' and on the other hand Roman Catholic forms of worship will survive 'as poetry,' and may, and ought, to give that Church 'a future' of a most wonderful and valuable kind. 'Christianity, however, will find ways for its own future. What is certain is that it will not disappear' (p. xix). We are asked, 'What did Jesus do?' and informed that 'He connected this profound fact of experience [*i.e.* the higher and lower self in man] with that attractive poetry of hopes and imaginings which possessed the minds of His countrymen. Eternal life? Yes, the life in the higher and undying self of man. Judgment? Yes, the trying, in conscience, of the claims and instigations of the two lives, and the decision between them. Resurrection? Yes, the rising from bondage and transience in the lower life to victory and permanence in the higher. The kingdom of God? Yes, the reign amongst mankind of the higher life. The Christ the Son of God? Yes, the bringer-in and founder of this reign of the higher life, the true kingdom of God.' Farther on we are called on to remember 'how admirably fitted are Jesus Christ and His precepts to serve as mankind's standing reminder as to conduct—to serve as man's religion.'

So *this* is the meaning, and the whole meaning, of Resurrection, and Judgment, and Eternal Life: all that Christ really meant was that good conduct is better than bad conduct. If Mr. Arnold is not quietly laughing at his readers all the time, the question why he should publish such things, reiterated in half a dozen volumes, is a riddle which we must give up. If 'God' be considered as 'a tendency outside of us, making for goodness,' 'the kingdom of God' as good conduct, 'Christ' as a Jewish moralist, the best instiller of good conduct, 'resurrection' as the shaking off our lower propensities, well and good; but this certainly is not what any Christian Church or clergy ever taught as Religion; this is to deny, reject, and abjure whatsoever is distinctive in Christianity as declared by the whole body of its authoritative expounders, however these may differ from one another in minor particulars. The Pagan gods are only recognised now as solar and weather myths—a kind of Romance of the Almanac. Christianity, it seems, is to survive as a superior collection of Moral Fables, embellished with a portrait—fancy portrait—of the Author.

Mr. Arnold calls the Church of England, in italics, '*a great national society for the promotion of goodness.*' All the theology connected with it (one may reasonably imply) is but more or less necessary incumbrance. This way of supporting the present Church and Christianity is one of the many things we meet with now-a-days which would be amazing if one's capacity of amazement were not already exhausted, but which, as it is, only strikes us as very whimsical and rather foolish.

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There are many who having clothed themselves with a careful form of religion (without the spirit), cast away as vain toys the simple kindness, tolerance, honour and honesty, which prevail more or less with common men. Setting up in phrases the highest standard, they disdain all inferior heights. Virtue, morality, honour, benevolence, sincerity, bravery, generosity, good-feeling, are profane, almost sinful

words; abstruse Divine mysteries the only bread of the soul. Thus religion is kept as far from life as possible. Just or unjust, it is undoubtedly a general belief that 'Methodists' are mean and untrustworthy in daily business. They are thought to fix their eyes on the sky and walk through puddles. This, as far as it is true, is not usually from hypocrisy, but because they make Religion a thing of words, not of life, and are self-deceived. Word-religion is in truth a school of insincerity and self-deceit.

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The kernel of Christianity is belief in the Divine nature of man.

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A merely 'practical' manner of viewing life and dealing with it always becomes *cruel.*

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There are no words or acts so eminently practical as those which tend to keep alive ideals.

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Is it not a rather odd custom, when one considers it, this of one periodical publication criticising another, not merely the opinions, but the style, the choice of matter, the editing, and general management? One newspaper, whether daily or weekly, does not usually handle other newspapers in this fashion, even its opponents or its rivals; but both dailies and weeklies feel themselves perfectly free and easy in speaking their minds about monthlies. It is hard to see why an established monthly magazine of literature, politics, &c., should be supposed to stand in need of constant advice from its contemporaries of the press, revolving in shorter periods, or why it should be thought decent to give offhand judgment of the bluntest and sometimes the rudest kind on writings which are presumably prepared and published with more thought and care than the swifter journalist can afford to his work. It is not that the newspaper critic does the magazine the honour to treat it as a Book. His treatment of books is often shabby enough, Heaven knows; but the magazine is plainly a thing to be dealt with *de haut en bas*, and after a dip here and a sip there Mr. Jerkey or Mr. Wigblock scribbles with flying pen his verdict on the various articles, often adding a general judgment on the number or perhaps on the periodical. The absurdity is the greater when, as often happens, Jerkey and Wigblock are themselves full of ambition (perhaps disappointed ambition) to 'contribute' to the higher magazines, and thus rise to at least the chance of doing some literary work other than talking of what others do, and less hopelessly ephemeral than the journalistic analogues of the roll, the crumpet and the Sunday pudding. I omit to touch at present on cases, which I have heard sometimes exist, of critical gentlemen writing notices of periodicals with which they *are* already connected, as well as those with which they are not, to the advantage of the one, and the disadvantage of the other.

Suppose for a moment a Monthly 'organ' applying itself to habitually criticising its Weekly contemporaries. Let us imagine it tried. The *Spectator*, for example, costs monthly about the same as *Fraser*, and the four numbers put together form something as much like a miscellaneous magazine as like a newspaper. Suppose you were to review it monthly, and say the *Spectator* is heavy—the *Spectator* is trivial—has too many articles—too few articles—is too political—too literary—too theological—always too this, or not enough that; and whenever you found anything to praise, do it grudgingly and uncivilly. Suppose you remarked—'These snipt paragraphs which occupy the first pages of the *Spectator* hold out to the eye

a promise of brevity, pregnant or pointed, but are in reality only discontinuous dullness, small-beer served in liqueur glasses.' Or 'the *Spectator* of the past month contains a rather interesting letter on the Colorado Beetle, the usual amount of theology, and has discovered three new poets of extraordinary genius.' Of course *Fraser* is not going to do anything of the sort; the game would decidedly not be worth the candle; but I wish to point out that there is no earthly reason why a weekly miscellany should undertake to sit habitually in judgment on a monthly miscellany. That it should find some grist there for its weekly mill is natural and proper; but one would say that civility at least, if not politeness, ought to be the habitual demeanour in such cases. The discussion of *opinions* is, of course, a compliment, —good manners always understood.

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I have spent too much of my time looking over newspapers, and the habit sticks to me; but I can get over a good deal of ground now in a short time. So can the Newspaper Critic. I will note two curious little examples of his care and penetration. Just three years ago, appeared in *Fraser* the first of several articles written by the most famous of living Men of Letters, and written in his most distinctive style, but published anonymously. Not one single London critic, as far as I know, discovered the authorship, save the little *Literary World* (which, by-the-bye, goes on the good plan of leaving you to judge books very much for yourself by means of copious extracts). Second example of the cleverness of the Newspaper Critic: In December and January, the *Cornhill* presented a story by a well-known novelist, a charming specimen of a style which is peculiarly her own, her name written large, as it were, across every page. The London Critics duly talked about the new story, never suspected whose it was, and what is more, never perceived that it was *finished* in the second part!

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The always popular 'Clown'—a mixture of clumsiness and agility, cleverness and absurdity, audacity and cowardice, who has many humiliating experiences, but on the whole gets the better of everybody—in the mad world of Pantomime is the ideal representative of the People itself. A low ideal, truly; but the People unfortunately, as a class, has little self-respect.

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A 'Dramatic Reform Association' has been set on foot at Manchester, to discourage immoral plays and elevate public taste, and has issued the first number of a Monthly Circular, containing a dozen or so 'Opinions on Stage Reform,' mostly extracts from letters. The Bishop of Manchester and Monsignor Capel agree in thinking that, if a reform could be managed, it would be a very good thing. Mrs. Bateman of the Lyceum Theatre holds that the reform must begin with public taste, which is now depraved by French novels and the personal scandal in the newspapers; the moral feeling of an audience is only to be found in the pit and gallery. Mr. E. L. Blanchard of the *Daily Telegraph* also declares that 'it is the audience that perverts the theatre,' and that 'the young men in the stalls' have 'sneered down sentiment' and insisted on burlesque. Mr. Charles Calvert suggests systematic and impartial criticism of the theatres, perhaps in a special weekly periodical. Canon Toole, D.D., contributes the following curious remark: 'Perhaps the present time may be well chosen for such an effort, as I understand from those who sometimes visit theatres that the British stage has been for some years improving in

its moral tone.' But by far the most notable delivery is that of Mr. Charles Reade. He counsels 'shutting the door on dead small authors and their pictures of ages,' and 'offering a good market to good authors with pictures of this great age and country.' 'The highest talent always follows the highest market. The French theatre secures the greatest geniuses in the country by this simple method; and there is no other.' Of course Mr. Reade is also for having good actors and actresses, and he makes various sensible remarks about shortening the performances, &c. His final paragraph must be read in full: 'The great errors you have to avoid are the childish notions that ours is a small age, or an unpoetical age, or an unpictorial age, or an age not rich in dramas: and that the Western man will ever be reduced to the intellectual level of the East, and content himself with eternal representations of Shakespeare—which representations are the worst possible school of acting. They are in blank verse—which is unnatural—and lead nine actors out of ten into mouthing and brainless monotony: whereas if you nurse them on the plain English of the day, there is some chance of correcting their tendency to be false and artificial.'

Now, even if we allow that Shakespeare ought to be regarded as a dead author who wrote in a small age, would it not be unbusiness-like to 'shut the door' on him, before making sure of those great living geniuses and their pictures of this great age and country? If representations of Shakespeare are the worst possible school for acting, where are we at present to look for something more satisfactory? Mr. Charles Reade has given the stage several of his own novels (generally with the help of somebody who understands dramatic construction), but it seems probable, however sad, that *Hamlet* and *As You Like It* will survive these productions of our 'great age.' Shakespeare unfortunately wrote in blank verse, 'which is unnatural;' let us have 'the plain English of the day.' And pray what else are we having from our most successful dramatic writers? What did the late Tom Robertson give us? What does the extant Henry Byron? The author of *Our Boys* would surely be ungrateful to complain of the want of 'a good market' for his ware.

But enough in this vein. If your Hermit may venture to add his unbidden Opinion to the rest, it is that the pursuit of *Vulgar Realism* in conception, dialogue, acting, and scenery, is precisely one of the radical mistakes of the modern drama; moreover, that Shakespeare's blank verse is truly and exquisitely natural language in the world of the stage, while the plain English of the day, with its shooting coat and cigar business, is, very usually nauseous. Nor can I, for one, ever take very seriously to heart the affairs of a hero in white gloves, with his hair plastered on his forehead in two flat curls, and a heroine who, in the most painful situations, is still obliged to attend to her train, and give it a would-be surreptitious kick at every agonised turn she takes, both of them speaking the fashionable sloppy and slangy plain English of the day,—even when piece and acting are both as neat as the French can teach us to make them. Careful but superficial Realism is the sure and sufficient sign of degradation in every art. In dramatic art, the more you insist on such realism the more conspicuous you make the inevitable conventionalities and artificialities of the Stage; the more you prove that its true aim is not disjointed mimicry, but harmonious

and ideal picturing (whether tragic or comic) of real life.

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A book has just appeared which is certain to receive a good deal of attention—Mr. Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* I was somewhat alarmed by the two thick volumes, and still more to find that they are only volumes first and second, leaving more to come. Moreover, though I am a great admirer of the Style Magisterial proper to historians, and its power of dignifying the commonest things (as when Bancroft remarks: 'It was then the passion for cards first raged in the groves of the South'), yet I admire with a kind of awe and a lurking desire to run away—'prove micher and eat blackberries.' I found, however, this stout instalment of Mr. Lecky's *History* (its grand style notwithstanding) to prove much easier reading than I had feared. You can take up the various sections separately (that on Ireland for example, which affords the best view I have yet seen of the time it covers), and you will find abundance of interesting and accurate detail along with breadth of survey, dignity of stand-point, and a thorough impartiality of judgment. I am glad to find this writer disallowing the excessive importance given to *Race* in discussing the characters of various peoples. The effects of Race are, I have long held, as nothing compared with those of education, intercourse, and local circumstances. Besides, who in this question has ever given due weight to *the mother's side* in every ramification of the family tree?

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All the attempts to explain Nature and Life—voyages of discovery to find the Secret of the Universe—must lead to one point at last, their *ne plus ultra*, the conviction that the explanation is unattainable. If you could trace all things back to a primitive impalpable ether, you would find all your old difficulties lying comfortably lodged and involved in that same impalpable ether.

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Subtleties are mostly verbal. Language is a most imperfect instrument. People allow words to draw away their attention from the truth of things, and thus the whole world is kept more or less insane.

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In a Palace of Dreams, or, at worst, a Hut of Illusions, poor Man strives to shelter himself while he may amid the dreadful Desert of the Universe.

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Nay: we have a right to trust our best and happiest impressions. You see something—a landscape, a work of art, a human being—looking pure, sweet, noble; again you see the same looking poor and mean, empty, and you are apt to say—How I was deceived, befooled! and now my illusion is over. But is not the high estimate as likely to be true as the low—or likelier?

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The Man of Genius is at once more peculiar and more universal than common men. He is peculiar as being largely receptive of life and nature at first hand, and bold and skilful enough to stand by his proper experiences. He is universal, by reason of that unity which underlies all appearance and life, and is everywhere reached by the penetrative mind. His peculiarity will, of course, be modified by circumstance and accident; the penetrativeness—the insight, is a common power of all Men of Genius, and the secret of their strength.

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Minds of the first rank are generalisers; of the second, specialisers. Below them are the crowd, some better, some worse, some duller, some brighter. Generalisers in

chief recognise inferior generalisers, but are apt to snub them; while they welcome every specialiser because he brings grist to their mill.

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A man of genius is by natural right the centre of a circle of influences. The crowd of mankind have really no opinions—they have mental habits and prejudices, half-notions, fancies, and vague dreams.

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Disbelief in Genius, one of the dullest and ugliest forms of Unfaith, is now rampant; a sort of Pig-Dragon, more worthy of the toe of a More of More-Hall than of the spear of a Saint George.

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No fewer than half-a-dozen new Journals of 'Society' are on the point of appearing; their titles will be—'The Seamy Side,' 'Thersites,' 'Apemantus,' 'The Viper,' 'The Bug,' 'The Carrion Crow.' It has been for some time discovered that the faculty of writing poems and novels is by no means so rare as used formerly to be supposed; personal satire is found to be still easier, needing as it does neither truth, judgment, nor wit, but merely ill-nature, bad manners, and a speculative printer. It was an omission at the Caxton Exhibition not to show a complete array of the London Newspapers of the time, but an omission for which Caxton's ghost ought to feel grateful.

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There is no reason why England and Russia should not become close and friendly allies. To take steps in this direction would be noble work for an English Ministry.

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I have privately laid down a rule that Spring begins on Candlemas Eve, which greatly tends to shorten the winter. Bear witness for me, 'Fair Maid of February,' SNOW-moulded, streaked with daintiest vernal green! But that was a good notion of Dr. Forster's, to count six seasons instead of four, and call this we are entering on *The Primaveral.*

EASTERN HERMIT.

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NOTE.—We are requested by Mr. G. R. FitzRoy Cole to state, that in his article entitled 'Transcaucasia,' which appeared in the December number of *Fraser*, the altitudes (taken from *Stieler's* Atlas) are all in *French* feet. But the height of Elbruz is 17,425 French feet, in lieu of 17,000 as stated in the article, the error in the three last figures having been overlooked in the proof. Also, at the bottom of page 785, read '*eastwards* towards the Caspian Sea' instead of *northwards.*

THE

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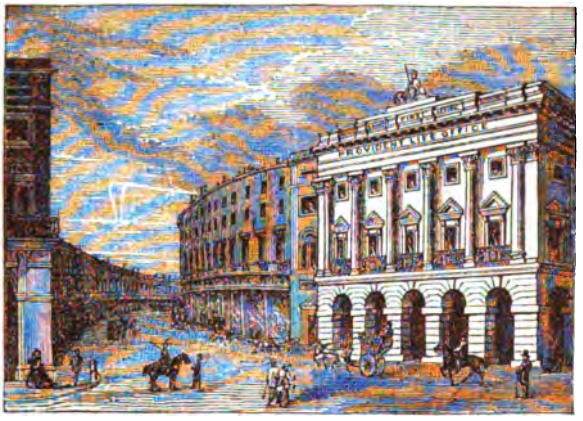

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|---|---|
| INVESTED FUNDS | £1,996,622 |
| ANNUAL INCOME | £252,614 |
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*For further Particulars See Back.*

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| | | £ | £ s. d. | |
| 3,924 | 1821 | 5,000 | 12,000 7 0 | 140 per cent. |
| 6,616 | 1828 | 4,000 | 8,855 17 0 | 121 ,, |
| 3,217 | 1819 | 500 | 1,071 0 4 | 114 ,, |

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# THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

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*ON THE TEACHING OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. By Professor P. G. Tait.*
*CHINA, ENGLAND, AND OPIUM. By the Hon. Mr. Justice Fry.*
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*CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE AND IN ITALY. By Gabriel Monod and Professor De Gubernatis.*
*CONTEMPORARY ESSAYS AND COMMENTS.*
*CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.*

## For DECEMBER, 1877.

*RUSSIAN AGGRESSION. By Louis Kossuth, Ex-Governor of Hungary.*
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THESE two Monthly issues, *FORMING NUMBERS* I. and II. *OF THE NEW VOLUME*, have now been reprinted, and will be supplied for the next few weeks by all Booksellers *AT HALF PRICE*,—that is, 1s. 3d. each.

*THE CONTEMPORARY* enjoys a circulation perhaps larger and more influential than was ever enjoyed by a similar publication; but there are still great numbers to whom it is unknown, and it is *WITH THE VIEW OF INDUCING THESE TO MAKE THEMSELVES ACQUAINTED WITH THE REVIEW* that the Publishers have made *THE TEMPORARY REDUCTION* in the price of the *TWO NUMBERS NAMED.*

It is the aim of the Publishers of *THE CONTEMPORARY* to provide a work of special—it may almost be said of indispensable—utility to every person (be he statesman, clergyman, lawyer, doctor, or other professional of business man, in town or country) who takes an interest in those efforts of mind by which alone an estimate can be formed of the progress of nations in knowledge, enlightenment, and civilisation.

The Publishers desire to draw attention to the Editorial Address and Announcements printed on the following pages.

34, PATERNOSTER ROW,
*January*, 1878

# *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.*

THE twelve years which have elapsed since the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW was started, have been years of change unexampled in rapidity; and nothing has varied more conspicuously than the complexion of public controversy on theological and philosophical questions. It would be trite to say that the old acrimony is gone—the change goes much deeper than that. We live in times when Opinion of whatever school operates in massive currents. We cannot control those of our own side—we cannot even guide them: they take us up with them, and float us along, even when we fancy we are acting independently. The Controversial methods which were possible twelve years ago, are now impracticable. While, on the one hand, there is a very largely increasing mass of cultivated opinion which is unfavourable, not only to Christianity proper, but even to any living kind of Theism, there is an increased unwillingness in public controversy to admit any final antagonism. And there is also an increased desire on every side to hear, from qualified expounders, the case of every other side. Any editor who tries the experiment on a large scale, will find that the highest questions of theology, philosophy, and secular and ecclesiastical politics cannot now be discussed by competent men on what might be called the old-fashioned terms of a positive and sectarian "platform," with occasional leave to a stranger to address the meeting for a few minutes, under correction of the Chair. An entirely new literature, which may be described as the Literature of the Higher Controversy, has sprung up. And the forms upon which controversy may now be carried on in this literature, have been very greatly, if not supremely, influenced by the circumstance, that, recent speculation having entered largely into the poetry and other imaginative literature of the hour, a new dialect has been formed. Nobody will contend that this fact—favourable as it undoubtedly is to insincere accommodations—is all of it so much to the good; but it is something more and better than a help to courtesy in discussion,—it saves many a wound to the heart and the nobler imagination. It would be hard to decide on which side of the two greater camps there has been the more readiness to come closer and closer by degrees to the other, and see how much can be settled without blows. But the results must be patent to us all.

To these results the REVIEW of which I have been the conductor has necessarily been sensitive—it has reflected them, does still reflect them, and cannot cease to do so without stultifying itself

as a contemporary review intended to maintain a high literary position. The attitude of such a review is, of course, exceedingly difficult to adjust by mere editorial force. It may change from decade to decade, or even more frequently. It may by chance appear biassed, now in one direction, and now in another. But so long as all aspects of the higher controversy are reflected in it,—and so long as the literary quality of the matter is excellent,—the periodical will, as a periodical, stand justified. The other point, for which I am personally responsible, is, that in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, taken as a whole, the key-note of all the literature for which I have ever been personally responsible shall be distinctly heard—"We live by admiration, hope, and love."

A striking instance of that wide-reaching change in the terms of discussion, which has imposed new conditions upon the higher literature of controversy, occurs at once to the mind in relation to the great argument between Protestant and Catholic. The CONTEMPORARY REVIEW is of course a Protestant organ, and it is perfectly conceivable that there might be times when it would be the duty of every Protestant platform to rail itself off absolutely; but it is clear that that time is not now. Is there a single cultivated reader of this REVIEW who has not been glad to read Cardinal Manning, Professor St. George Mivart, or the late Father Dalgairns in its pages? The terms of discussion between Protestant and Catholic a few years ago would utterly have excluded anything of the kind; but the general raising of literary standards, and the general increase of literary amenity, have been closely connected with other changes. Cultivated and earnest readers expect to have the higher controversies mapped out before them in all their aspects; and all sides profit by this arrangement. The vulgar fury of polemical propagandism is a gone thing in such literature as we have to do with here. The battles of Authority and Rationalism, of Religion and Science, are now fought over fields so far extended, upon a scale of motives so large, and with such immense variety of flank movements and changes of front, that the cultivated reader who does not from time to time see every section of the war soon learns that he sees none of it with a vision that can help him much

In its thirteenth year, the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW will, still faithful to its title, endeavour to represent among other aspects of current controversy one which has lately not had fair play. A distinguished living writer whose contributions have often adorned our pages, after maintaining that the true logic of the latest and least friendly-looking Science was not unfavourable to Religion, has these remarks:—

"In this vindication of the modern view of Nature from the imputation of irreligious

consequences, more, it must be owned, is saved for it than many of its adherents care to claim. It is certainly regarded, by its chief representatives, abroad and at home, as atheistical, or at least as excluding all theology. This is only natural to minds that move entirely within the scientific scheme of conceptions framed for the phenomenal world, and then force it to serve in ulterior problems where it fails. The path of induction, which is so safe a guide through the physical and historic fields, fades away in the skirting forests of the Infinite, and will lead no one to either the sanctuary of beauty or the temple of worship hid within the silent depths. Of this none are more aware than the men in whom the pure scientific genius appears as only one province of a larger nature and a richer culture—men like Herschel, Oersted, Faraday—but it is hid from specialists of every kind, and, above all, from the typical favourites of the medical school, whose cleverness early promotes them to the public lecture-room, and enlists them in the production of our popular scientific literature. The former order of mind contains the latter. as Plato and Aristotle contained Epicurus, with much more; but, for that very reason, the latter speaks more directly home to the congenial onesidedness of an age, and the ready tendency of similar intellects."

Now, it has been arranged that in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW the higher philosophic minds at home and abroad will render faithfully for general reading in cultivated circles the reserves, the resistance, the reaction of the philosophic intelligence as distinguished from the merely scientific. Specialists and experts will of course be heard in our pages, but it is intended that we should now listen to some larger and more deliberate utterances of "the masters of such as know" upon the ultimate bearings of what the specialists have to tell us.

It may be further mentioned that a new feature has just been added to the *Review*: a monthly set of Information-Papers, giving an account of the Contemporary Life and Thought of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Holland, Belgium, Scandinavia, Russia, and America. Referring to these Papers, *The Spectator* of Jan. 5th thus speaks:—

"The new feature introduced into *The Contemporary* seems to us excellent,—a real addition to the means of information procurable in London. Each paper is a complete history, political, literary, and social, of the country to which it refers, for that month, and it is hardly possible for work to be better done. These papers are alone worth the price of the *Review*."

Another special feature will be immediately introduced, in the form of monthly *chroniques*, setting forth the relative and absolute merits of all the important new books published in the several divisions of Theology, Philosophy, Science, History, Belles Lettres, and Art. These *chroniques* will be supplied in all cases by the most competent authorities; and with their aid, and that of the Information-Papers on Contemporary Life and Thought, it is, perhaps, not too much to say that any one receiving *The Contemporary*, however distant he may be from the great centres of intelligence, will be put on an equality with the privileged frequenter of the club, the salon, and the museum,—will be kept acquainted with the best thoughts that are brought forth by the original minds of the age, and be thus enabled to cope with the ever-new problems which the changing course of human history and human society presents to be solved.

ALEXANDER STRAHAN, Editor.

*Among the leading Papers to appear in early Numbers of THE CONTEMPORARY may be mentioned the following:—*

By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE,

*On THE COURSES OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.*

---

By Professor STUBBS,

*On THE RELATION OF THE CHRISTIANS TO THE JEWS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

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By GOLDWIN SMITH,

*On PURITANISM AND CULTURE. A Series of Papers.*

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By Professor W. STANLEY JEVONS,

*On JOHN STUART MILL'S PHILOSOPHY. A Series of Papers.*

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By JAMES DONALDSON, LL.D.,

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*On THE GREEK, ROMAN, AND EARLY CHRISTIAN IDEAS OF SACRIFICE. Three Papers.*

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By M. TAINE,

*On PARIS AND THE PROVINCES BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION. Two Papers.*

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By Professor LIGHTFOOT,

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By Dr. FRIEDRICH ("Janus"),

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By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L.,

*On FROUDE'S STUDY OF THOMAS A BECKET. A Series of Papers.*

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*On THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE LAST THIRTY YEARS. A Series of Papers.*

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By M. GABRIEL MONOD,

*On TWO MODERN HISTORIANS—MICHELET AND QUINET.*

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*SCIENCE will henceforth occupy a prominent place in THE CONTEMPORARY; and the following eminent* savants *will be among the leading contributors to this section in early Numbers:—*

Professor OWEN, London.

Prof. CLERK-MAXWELL, Cambridge.

Professor ROLLESTON, Oxford.

Professor HENRY SMITH, Oxford.

Professor TAIT, Edinburgh.

Sir WILLIAM THOMSON, Glasgow.

Professor BERTHELOT, Paris.

Professor CLAUDE BERNARD, Paris.

Professor WUNDT, Leipsic.

Professor HELMHOLTZ, Berlin.

Professor FREY, Zurich.

# A Year's Issue of "The Contemporary Review."

*The following list of Contents of the Numbers of the Review for the year just ended will serve to shew the character and variety of the subjects lately discussed, and also the high standing of the several Contributors :—*

## No. I.

The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.
Intemperance. By Francis Peek.
A Plea for Metaphysic. By C. E. Appleton.
On Greek Inscriptions. By C. T. Newton.
The Universities and Teachers. By J. G. Fitch.
Automatism and Evolution. By Dr. Chas. Elam.
Turkey and Russia. By R. Bosworth Smith.

## No. II.

Modern Atheism. By W. H. Mallock.
Friendly Societies. By Rev. W. W. Edwards.
Imperfect Genius. By H. G. Hewlett.
The Vatican Council. By Dr. R. F. Littledale.
The Doctrine of Nirvāna. By T. W. Rhys Davids.
Weimar under Schiller and Göethe. By H. Schütz Wilson.
The Ethics of Belief. By Professor Clifford.
Free Trade *v.* Protection. By Sir A. Musgrave.

## No. III.

Mr. Lowe and Vivisection. By Francis P. Cobbe.
"Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda." By Edward Dowden, LL.D.
Henrietta Maria. By Peter Bayne, M.A.
Evolution and Botany. By W. Carruthers, F.R.S.
Mr. Leslie Stephen on English Thought in the Eighteenth Century. By John Hunt, M.A.
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The Condition and Prospects of the Church of England. By Thomas Hughes, Q.C.
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Muhammadan Law. By Major R. D. Osborn.
Harriet Martineau. By H. S. Richardson.
"Supernatural Religion." By Professor Lightfoot.

## No. VII.

China, England, and Opium. By the Hon. Mr. Justice Fry.
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The Newest Thing in Journalism. By * * *

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## No. XII.

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Science *versus* Languages. By Professor Bain.
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Greek Art at Rome. By Rev. R. St. J. Tyrwhitt.
Dr. Tyndall's Birmingham Address. By G. Peard.
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Fashionable Farces. By * * *
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EDINBURGH, *Dec.* 1877. JAMES WATSON, *Manager.*

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| 21 | £1 16 3 | £2 10 6 | £3 4 11 | £5 10 0 | £33 0 1 | 21 |
| 22 | 1 16 9 | 2 11 0 | 3 5 9 | 5 11 0 | 33 5 10 | 22 |
| 23 | 1 17 2 | 2 11 6 | 3 6 5 | 5 12 1 | 33 11 2 | 23 |
| 24 | 1 17 7 | 2 12 1 | 3 6 11 | 5 13 1 | 33 16 5 | 24 |
| 25 | 1 18 0 | 2 12 6 | 3 7 3 | 5 14 0 | 34 2 0 | 25 |
| 26 | 1 18 6 | 2 13 0 | 3 7 10 | 5 14 11 | 34 8 2 | 26 |
| 27 | 1 19 2 | 2 13 6 | 3 8 7 | 5 15 11 | 34 16 1 | 27 |
| 28 | 1 19 11 | 2 14 1 | 3 9 5 | 5 17 1 | 35 4 9 | 28 |
| 29 | 2 0 8 | 2 14 8 | 3 10 3 | 5 18 6 | 35 14 1 | 29 |
| *30 | 2 1 6 | 2 15 4 | 3 11 2 | 6 0 1 | 36 4 0 | *30 |
| 31 | 2 2 6 | 2 16 2 | 3 12 1 | 6 1 10 | 36 14 6 | 31 |
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[*Continued on pages* 2, 3, 6, 7 & 8.

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☞ *For some Recently Published Books, see pages* 4 *and* 5.

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**Magazin fur die Literatur des Auslandes (Berlin).**

Mr. Page has collected and used his materials with great conscientiousness.

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Mr. Page, in addition to his special qualifications, has had the advantage of free access to the family of De Quincey, and to an immense quantity of writings and unpublished correspondence, and has been able to avail himself of the valuable reminiscences of Mr. Hogg, who gives a graphic personal description of the eminent *litterateur.* The consequence is, so much that is new in biographical facts, and so much new light on the life of De Quincey, as to render this biography a work well-nigh perfect.

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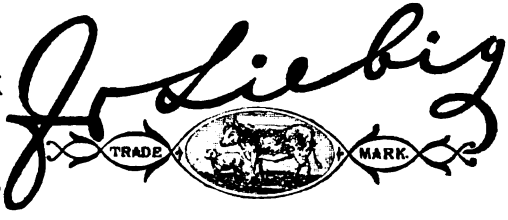


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MARCH 1878

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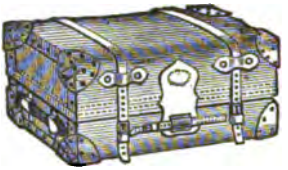

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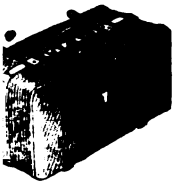

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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

## MARCH 1878.

### THE SCIENCE OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.[1]

IT was formerly a just reproach against English shipbuilders that they had to seek their scientific training, such as it was, in the works of foreign authors. The great majority of shipbuilders had no scientific training, and hence it happened that English ships were much inferior in design to French and Spanish ships, which almost invariably outsailed their English rivals; and until the close of the great French war this inferiority was tacitly acknowledged, new English ships being built in strict accordance with the models of vessels captured from the French and Spaniards. The Commission of Naval Revision, in 1806, reported that the highest shipbuilding officers in the Royal Navy were ignorant of the principles of naval architecture; and up to that time the best treatises on the subject available for English students were translations of foreign works, but even of these, few were accessible. A few original investigations had been made by Englishmen, those of Atwood on the stability of ships being the most important; but when the first English School of Naval Architecture was opened in 1811, its principal, Dr. Inman, had to find its chief text-book in the treatise of Chapman, a Swedish naval architect, who then stood preeminent as a scientific designer of very successful ships. About the same time Sir Robert Seppings occupied the first place amongst English shipbuilders, and to him we owe many valuable improvements in the structure of wood ships. Seppings did not, however, make any pretensions to scientific culture; his best illustration of the advantages of 'diagonal riders' in wooden ships was drawn from the homely fact, that a field gate was very easily distorted if it was made of bars at right angles to one another, whereas it became rigid and strong if a diagonal tie-bar was fastened across it. Nor could the Admiralty find in its own service at that time anyone capable of investigating the merits of Seppings' plan in a scientific manner, and consequently they called in the assistance of Dr. Young, whose paper on the subject, in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, can still be read with interest and profit. These facts, from amongst the many that might be cited, will suffice to show the want of scientific training amongst English shipbuilders sixty or seventy years ago; and this backward state becomes all the more pronounced when it is remembered that the works of Bouguer, Bernoulli, Euler, Don Juan, Romme, Chapman and others had been already given to the shipbuilders of other nations.

The systematic study of their

[1] *A Manual of Naval Architecture.* By W. H. White, Assistant Constructor, Royal Navy, &c. London: John Murray. 1877.

profession by the students of the first English School of Naval Architecture, not merely did much to remove the reproach of ignorance amongst English shipbuilders, but also proved of considerable value in the great and rapid changes in ship construction and propulsion that have been made during the last half-century. It is scarcely credible that within this comparatively brief period have been comprehended the introduction into general use of seagoing steamers, of iron ships, and of iron-clad ships; the rapid and extensive development of our iron and steel manufactures; the production of ships many times as heavy as the largest line-of-battle ships of Nelson's time, and of guns beside which the heaviest of fifty years ago seem mere pop-guns. Yet such are the facts; and although it cannot be said that students trained in the first School of Naval Architecture were chief agents in promoting these changes, yet it is undeniable that the presence in the country of a body of well-trained professional men during these times of transition must have been a great advantage. In the Royal Navy the steam reconstruction was carried through, and the iron-clad reconstruction was begun by men who had been pupils of Dr. Inman; and certainly they have no reason to fear a scrutiny of their workmanship, which includes such magnificent specimens as the three-decked *Duke of Wellington*, now lying peacefully in Portsmouth Harbour, and the beautiful iron-clad *Warrior*, which maintains her popularity after seventeen years' service.

The literature of naval architecture did not benefit so largely as might have been hoped from the labours of these gentlemen, although they did good service by the publication of the *Papers on Naval Architecture*, and some other works, amongst which stands prominent the *Treatise on Naval Architecture*, by Mr. Creuze. It is but fair to them to observe, however, that they met with much opposition, and but little encouragement in their attempts to advance the science of their profession; and indeed the school in which they were trained was abolished after it had been in existence about twenty years, and it was not till 1848 that a second school was opened. Dr. Woolley was the Principal of the new school, and his pupils have now succeeded to the responsible positions formerly occupied by those of Dr. Inman. This school remained at work only five years, and was then abolished by Sir James Graham, who had also closed the first school; but the advantages of scientific training had become too well established to be set aside, and fortunately for English naval architects a third school was founded (in 1864), which still remains in existence, and now forms a department in the Royal Naval College at Greenwich.

These repeated attempts to carry on the systematic education of English naval architects have had a great and beneficial effect upon the English literature of naval architecture. It is as true as it was in the last century that English shipbuilders take the first place in the practical construction of ships; but the reproach of ignorance and carelessness as to the theory of their profession has been removed. It is within the truth to say that the most important developments of the science of naval architecture during the last twenty years have originated in this country, and that the interest in such investigations has greatly increased during that period. Much of this progress has been due to the foundation, in 1860, of the Institution of Naval Architects, and in the *Transactions* of that institution are to be found some of the most valuable contributions to the modern theory of ship-design. Previous attempts to found some such as-

sociation had not proved permanently successful, for reasons which need not now be discussed. One of the most promising of these attempts had been that of the 'Society for the Improvement of Naval Architecture,' under whose auspices Colonel Beaufoy had made his valuable experiments on fluid resistance at the close of the last century. The Institution of Naval Architects, however, started under much more favourable conditions. Amongst its earliest members were included the survivors of the students of the first School of Naval architecture, the greater number of those who had been trained in the second school, the principal shipbuilding officers of the royal dockyards, a large number of the leading private shipbuilders in the United Kingdom, and very many gentlemen who were less intimately connected with the practice of shipbuilding, but who have contributed much to the theory of naval architecture. In the class of associates were enrolled very many shipowners, naval officers, yachtsmen and others interested in shipping. And remarkable activity has been displayed in all branches of the science of naval architecture during the seventeen years that have elapsed since the Institution of Naval Architects was founded.

Among the causes which have been most influential in promoting progress in the study of naval architecture may be named the adoption of iron hulls, the use of steam-ships, and the protection of war ships by iron armour. Each of these changes has involved a necessity for more exact and scientific work on the part of ship designers than was required in past times when wood alone was the material used for hulls, and sails formed the only means of propulsion. The accumulated experience of centuries, almost untouched by the hand of scientific analysis, was represented in the ships of the early years of this century. Ignoring the principles upon which success depended, or attributing that success to wrongful causes, shipbuilders were very chary of departing from arrangements that had stood the test of trial. When changes were made they were usually unimportant, and the 'rule of thumb' stood supreme. But when wood gave place to iron, and sails to steam-power, past experience became of comparatively little worth, and the pioneers of progress had to exercise their own skill and judgment in every step they took. In the earlier stages this progress was largely due to the efforts of shrewd practical engineers and shipbuilders who had little scientific knowledge, and, as was natural, their progress was not continuous nor unmarred by failures. As ships increased in size and were driven at higher speeds, it became necessary to devote more scientific investigation and constructive intelligence to their design, and the want was supplied by the labours of such men as Brunel, to whom we owe the *Great Western*, the *Great Britain*, and the *Great Eastern*. In later years, moreover, with the use of armour of ever increasing thickness in war ships, and the extension of ocean steam navigation to its present wonderful condition, still more intricate and difficult problems have to be faced. Features once thought of subordinate importance have had to be closely scrutinised in order that it might be seen whether they could be made to yield further advantage; investigations have had to be made as to the seaworthiness of novel types of ships; structural arrangements have been modified in order to obtain the necessary strength with the least possible weight of material and in many other ways science has been made to help in the improvement of practice.

It would be a formidable task merely to enumerate the additions made by Englishmen to the theory

of naval architecture during the last twenty years. The difficult problem of the *behaviour of ships at sea* which had baffled the genius of Bernoulli, Euler, and Don Juan, has been attacked in a manner both novel and successful by Mr. William Froude, whose efforts have been well aided by the late Professor Rankine. Formerly it was regarded as a hopeless task to attempt to predict the behaviour in a sea-way of a new ship: now such a prediction can be made with a close approximation to truth. Until recently, accurate observations of the rolling and pitching motions of ships were never made; now they are the rule both in the Royal Navy and in the French Navy. From the results of such observations the accuracy of modern theory may be tested in a manner utterly wanting in former times. The *trochoidal theory of wave-motion*, originated by Gerstner, has received its later development and elucidation at the hands of Englishmen; and here again careful and extensive observations of the actual phenomena of sea-waves are being carried on for the purpose of checking theory. Again, as regards the *stability of ships* our information to-day is far beyond comparison with that attainable even ten years ago. The almost unparalleled disaster of the loss of H.M.S. *Captain* brought into prominence the importance of common-sense ways of looking at questions of stability. Experiments and calculations of the most laborious character are now the rule, where formerly they were the exception. Further, with reference to the *strength and strains of ships*, quite a new field of inquiry has been opened and well worked during the period named, new methods of calculation having been devised, and results obtained which have powerfully influenced the structural arrangements of iron ships. None of these departments of inquiry, however, exceed in interest or value that relating to the *resistance and propulsion* of ships, which has attracted the attention of writers on naval architecture from the earliest times, but which only now stands on a firm and scientific footing. The 'stream-line' theory of resistance worked out by mathematicians, especially by Professor Rankine, and applied and made the basis of his experimental inquiries by Mr. Froude, promises to conduct to the most valuable results. The experiments upon which Mr. Froude has been engaged, on behalf of the Admiralty, have already yielded practical results the value of which cannot be too highly estimated in these days of rapid transition. Steamship design involves the attainment of certain minimum speeds; but until Mr. Froude's experiments were undertaken it was, to say the least, pretty much a matter of shrewd guessing on the part of a designer when he had to determine the engine power required in a ship of novel form or unprecedented speed. Hence failures to obtain the desired speeds sometimes occurred, whereas at others, by a lucky chance, the intended speeds were exceeded. Undoubtedly much remains to be done, but even now it is possible to ascertain with a fair degree of accuracy, from inexpensive experiments with models, what should be the engine power of full-sized ships, or what modifications of form can be made to favour economy of engine power. This is a great step in advance, helping to make ship designing more exact in one of its most important features. Many other illustrations might be given of recent advance in the theory and practice of naval architecture, but enough will have been said to show how great that advance has been, and how every step has tended to make the work of ship-design less empirical.

Outside a very limited circle, this progress, great and important as it is, is probably little understood or appreciated. The general reader

learns, with momentary surprise, that a ship has been built to carry iron armour on her sides, 20 or 24 inches in thickness; but he little understands the labour involved in making a ship so burdened safe and seaworthy, or the essential differences between her design and that of one of our 'wooden walls.' Or he may casually notice that the voyage to Australia has been abridged from four or five months to less than six weeks, marvel for an instant at the change, accept the fact, and fail to realise the triumph which it represents for the skill of the naval architect and marine engineer. Successes such as these attract less notice by far than they deserve; failures or disasters, on the contrary, are well canvassed, but commonly in a way which fails to do justice to the difficulties attending the designs of modern ships. Of course there is no intentional injustice on the part of those numerous classes, other than naval architects, who take an interest in shipping, and who criticise the performance of ships with more or less intelligence, but with little scientific knowledge. These classes have hitherto had but few opportunities of acquiring better knowledge of the subject. Nor are they worse off than many others who are intimately connected with ships. The sailor, the yachtsman, the shipowner, and even a great number of shipbuilders, are quite as ignorant as the general public of the present condition of the theory of naval architecture. In fact, no existing treatise in English, except that just produced by Mr. White, supplies the information required in a form that is intelligible to most readers. And what is of no less importance is the fact that this book stands alone in bringing together into one volume an account of the present position, and probable future, of the various branches of the subject. Ten years have elapsed since the last important English works on naval architecture were published, and within that period, as was remarked above, many most important extensions of our previous knowledge have been made. To find any accounts of these extensions, it is necessary to seek far and wide in the Transactions and Proceedings of various learned societies; and most people would be unable to do this, or to follow the accounts themselves in the technical and mathematical language used for their presentation. Mr. White has therefore done a twofold service in thus presenting a comprehensive and thorough survey of the whole subject, arranged in a manner which facilitates reference, and expressed in language which can be generally understood. In both these particulars the book is unique.

It lies outside our province to attempt an exhaustive review of this interesting volume; but it may be well to notice a few of its main features. One of these is the abundance of illustrative facts, drawn from the qualities or performances of actual ships. A bald statement of a principle is often most uninteresting; but life is given to the principle when it is placed in association with some well-known ship or notable occurrence. For example, in the opening chapter a clear statement is made of the principles of flotation, or buoyancy of ships, and full descriptions are given of various methods of watertight subdivision in iron ships. This kind of subdivision is carried out most fully in the armoured ships of the Royal Navy; but in the case of the *Vanguard*, as is well known, her subdivision did not succeed in keeping the ship afloat after collision with the *Iron Duke*. Mr. White, recognising the doubts to which such an occurrence naturally gave rise, fully discusses the accident, and brings to light facts which well deserve to be known. It appears that the tremendous

force of the blow completely smashed through the outer skin of the *Vanguard*, making a hole which was large enough to admit over *one thousand* tons of water in a minute! As a matter of fact, the greatest rate at which the water entered the hold-space bounded by the inner skin never reached *thirty* tons per minute; and instead of sinking almost immediately after the collision, as most iron ships would have done, the *Vanguard* was kept afloat more than an hour by means of her 'cellular double bottom.' Mr. White is therefore fully justified in saying, 'Even her loss supplies a most striking example of the utility of watertight subdivision; for she was kept afloat more than an hour by this means instead of foundering in a few minutes, as an ordinary iron ship similarly damaged in the outer skin must have done.'

Ships of war in these latter days have to run risks formerly unknown, from ramming and torpedo attacks, producing under-water damage, as well as the terrible destruction incidental to shell fire. These facts are clearly recognised by Mr. White, who frankly admits the difficulties of meeting torpedo attacks by structural arrangements, and describes what is now done in this direction. But he does not omit the requirements of offence, as well as those of defence, and in a very interesting chapter on The Structural Strength of Ships, he gives detailed drawings and descriptions of a ram-bow. One naturally supposes that a ship which rams an enemy must suffer considerably herself; but the facts are quite otherwise. Mr. White summarises the experience with ram-ships in actual warfare during the civil war in America, and at Lissa in 1866; but considers one of the most severe tests yet put upon ram-bows was that incidental to the collision between the *Iron Duke* and the *Vanguard*. 'At the time of the collision,' he says, 'the *Iron Duke* was going 7½ knots, her course being six points off that of the *Vanguard*; the direct force of the blow delivered was at least 12,000 foot-tons. Such a blow of course reacted on the bow of the *Iron Duke*, tending to drive it back into the ship, and meanwhile the *Vanguard* had a speed athwart the bow of the *Iron Duke* of no less than six knots, the motion producing a tendency to twist and wrench the bow as well as to perforate the skin. The simple and comparatively light arrangements of the ram-bow answered admirably when thus severely tested, subsequent examination proving it to be so little damaged that the *Iron Duke* could in action have ventured safely on the repetition of the blow, and yet have remained efficient.

The more theoretical parts of the book are similarly illustrated. For example, the stability of ships is considered at great length, and the variations in stability of different types are indicated by numerous facts. The curious raft-like monitors which Ericsson devised, and which did good service at Charleston and elsewhere during the American Civil War, receive due notice; so do the Russian circular iron-clads, the odd 'cigar-ships,' which were due to the eccentric fancy of an American, Mr. Ross Winans, and the submarine vessels which have now and again been tried for naval warfare. Besides these oddities of naval design, the book passes under review the conditions of stability in English and French war ships, armoured and unarmoured, as well as those in merchant ships. So again in the treatment of oscillations in still water and amongst waves, we find the conclusions of theory set side by side with the facts of experience, a marked contrast to most treatises on the theory of naval architecture, wherein theory appears as mere theory. One most important aspect of this book is found in the verification it affords, from actual observations on the behaviour of all classes of ships

at sea, of the general soundness of the modern theory of rolling. Probably, no theory has been more carefully tested than this, and its agreement with experience is most satisfactory. From the many examples given let us take one. Theory teaches that if a ship is designed so that she oscillates slowly in still water, she will amongst waves prove generally steadier than ships which oscillate more quickly in still water. In 1875, the Admiralty despatched a flying squadron of frigates, which, as its name implies, was constantly under way, and therefore subject to great vicissitudes of wind and weather. Four of the ships in the squadron were wood frigates of the older type, for which the still-water time of a single swing was about five seconds; the fifth ship was of more recent date, and had been designed in accordance with the teachings of modern theory; her still-water swing took eight seconds. Under almost all conditions of wind and sea the modern ship proved beyond comparison steadier than the other four. On one day, when the weather was at its worst, Mr. White states that the *Raleigh* rolled less than six degrees, while her consorts were rolling twenty or thirty degrees; and this, he remarks, 'is only a specimen of many similar cases.' Could any better example be given of the beneficial effect upon practice of well-applied theory?

Another notable feature of the book is the full explanation of the *modus operandi* of making experiments on the qualities and performances of ships, as well as of the purposes for which such experiments are undertaken. It is undeniable that, as a rule, naval men have a very hearty contempt for scientific experiments with their ships; but it is equally certain that this view is based upon ignorance of the kind of information thus obtainable, and of its applications to practice. There are happily exceptions to this rule, and their number will probably increase in consequence of the publication of this book. In fact, it may be reasonably hoped that naval men will themselves undertake the conduct of experiments when they learn 'the why and the wherefore' of the processes, and know how much the *data* obtained help the designer in proceeding with the construction of other ships.

To sailors we must also look for the observations, so much needed, of ocean waves. It is singular, on examination, to find how limited is the amount of well-authenticated information on this subject. An excellent summary of these facts is given in the book, and a few figures may be interesting. The largest waves yet measured had a length of half a mile from crest to crest; waves of half that length have been measured in the Bay of Biscay, but these are exceptional, and 700 or 800 feet would be reckoned a great length; ordinary storm waves ranging in length from 200 to 400 feet. Waves 'mountains high' are proverbial, but apparently have never yet been discovered by accurate measurement. No verified measurement exists of a height for a single wave of 50 feet from hollow to crest, and waves having a greater height than 30 feet are uncommon. Short waves are proportionately steeper, that is, are higher in proportion to their length than long waves; and well-authenticated cases are on record where waves nearly 1,000 feet in length have been observed, these being less than 10 feet in height. To an ordinary observer the last-mentioned waves would be scarcely distinguishable from a glassy sea. Boats could move about without danger or inconvenience, and yet, strange to say, under such conditions modern ships, which are remarkably steady in a heavy seaway, often roll considerably. Mr. White gives several instances of this curious fact. He also supplies

the explanation, for which we must refer readers to his pages.

The chapter on Steam Propulsion is one of the most valuable parts of the book. In it all kinds of propellers are compared, and the performances of actual ships are discussed. Here will be found a *résumé* of the reasons which led to the disuse of the paddle-wheel in sea-going steamers, and the adoption of the screw propeller; an account of the trials made with the hydraulic or water-jet propeller, of which so much was hoped; details of recent practice in connection with the use of twin-screws, and remarks on the use of multiple screws. The Russian circular iron-clads, for example, have no less than six screws; but, judging from the facts stated by Mr. White, their form is very ill-adapted for propulsion at even moderate speeds. He says, 'If these vessels had been stationary floating forts, the circular form would have given the least surface and the greatest carrying power in proportion to the displacement. But when we pass to the case of locomotion, the conditions are far less favourable to the circular form. . . . A circular ship experiences about *five* times as great resistance as a ship like the *Inflexible* or *Devastation* moving at equal speed.' He then shows that a circular ship, to steam as fast and as far as the *Devastation*, and to carry only an equal weight of armour and equipment, would have to be of 20,000 tons displacement, as against 9,300 tons for the *Devastation*. Yet this circular monster, nearly twice as heavy as the heaviest existing iron-clads, would be inferior to the *Devastation* as regards protection and equipment.

The information given as to the progress of marine engineering will also be read with interest. As a matter of fact, within twenty or thirty years the rate of coal consumption has been diminished about *one-half* by improved arrangements of machinery, with only a small increase in the relative weight of the engines for a given power. In this fact lies the gist of the recent extension of steam navigation to the most distant countries—such as Australia, and the possibility of making the service remunerative in ships of not extravagant dimensions. Mr. White further describes how the substitution of steel for iron in the hulls will be a source of still further commercial advantage; greater carrying power being thus secured on a certain total weight of ship and lading. If there be still any survivors of the few who so long maintained the desirability of continuing to build wood ships instead of turning to iron, it would be well for them to read the comparison made between the two classes of ships. In the remarks on steel for shipbuilding we probably find an indication of a change which will, ere long, powerfully affect ship construction for both war and mercantile purposes.

Here we must terminate our rapid survey of a work which well deserves the careful study of all who take an interest in shipping, and which will doubtless become a text-book for English students of naval architecture. Attention has here been drawn mainly to the popular features of the book, but in reality it embraces the whole science of naval architecture, including the latest developments.

# WORKING MEN'S CONVENTIONS.

SINCE that which was intended to be the closing article of the series lately printed in this Magazine on railway traffic was in the press, intelligence has arrived from America which bears so directly on the subject principally discussed, that it would be unfair to the reader to omit to bring it under his attention.

The parent idea of the previous articles was, that a traffic in heavy materials, such as coal, gained at great outlay, and carried on in competition with a seaborne transport, was a class of business which it was unsafe to conduct in ignorance of the actual profit or loss which it realised. How far this view was proved to be correct it is for the readers of *Fraser's Magazine* to judge. The point which is altogether new is the result to which a similar course of conduct has led on the railways of the United States. The testimony thus afforded to the truth of the views advocated in the former papers is as startling as it is indisputable.

The anxious attention with which the public of England have watched the varying phases of the Russo-Turkish war has to some extent diminished the effect which the brief but notable campaign of what has been called the labour war in America would otherwise have produced in this country. To that title, indeed, admirably as it is suited for a sensational placard, I must be permitted to object. The use of the phrase involves an assumption. It is one of those assumptions on which those who call themselves the friends of the labourer, but who may more correctly be designated (however unintentional may be the mischief they cause) the *hostes humani generis*, are wont to base their arguments. The false and mischievous theory of the natural opposition that exists between labour and capital is implicitly assumed by the application to a movement on the part of the dangerous classes, such as that which recently terrified America, of the term—a labour war. The attempted revolution indeed collapsed; but it was not until it had broken the public peace, defeated the local military forces, paralysed the communications of the country, and driven the respectable portion of the population of the United States to the extreme measure of coming down armed into the streets to fight for order and for the rights of property. Although, then, this menacing incident directly originated under circumstances connected with the rate of wages, it is a stigma and a scandal on that respectable body of men, the railway servants of the United States, to call wanton destruction of property, the arrest of national communication, and the use of petroleum in pure malignity, incidents of a labour war.

The witness whom I will first produce is of unexceptionable authority—he is no other than the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, Mr. Sherman. The speech at Mansfield, which will be quoted, is declared by the Philadelphia correspondent of the *Times* to be the most important political address made last year. Into that portion of Secretary Sherman's address which advocated the resumption of specie payments it is beside the mark now to enter. It is the manner in which it is becoming evident that the political situation of

the United States is complicated by what is called the labour movement, but which might with more justice be termed the anti-labour movement, that chiefly concerns Englishmen. And while the impression produced in America has been that the unexpected development of so alarming an anti-social power, encamped against the hearthstones of family life, will be an element of mischief readily grasped by the demagogue, it is the occasion rather than the course of the outbreak which I now propose to discuss.

Secretary Sherman said that the interior commercial affairs of the United States were assuming transcendent importance. He proceeded to give a sketch of that distribution of internal traffic which he intended by that phrase. He referred to the water carriage on the Mississippi, and stated that the tonnage now annually passing any point on that river was estimated at 3,000,000 tons. On the great lakes of the north, which have been regarded ever since the discovery of America as a wonderful provision of nature for facilitating a vast internal commerce, the tonnage passing any given point is set down at an equal figure. The Erie Canal in New York, from Buffalo to Albany, has contributed more than any other public work to the interior development of the United States. The total tonnage borne on this canal in 1876 was 2,418,423 tons; and the aggregate tonnage of all the New York canals, including the Erie, was 4,172,179 tons. Thus on these three great arteries of water-borne commerce, two of which are provided by nature, and one by the labour of man, which until recently were the only means of transit between the East and West, and the North and South of the United States, an annual tonnage of more than 10,000,000 tons is still conveyed. But since the close of the war an extraordinary increase has been made in the development of the four great trunk lines, the ramifications of which extend from the Atlantic seaboard far away into the west. So vast has been the commerce developed or attracted by the railways, that the aggregate tonnage conveyed by them in 1876 was nearly three times as much as that borne by the great water-ways before described. The Erie Railway carried last year 5,922,911 tons. The New York Central Railway carried 6,803,680 tons. The Pennsylvania Railroad carried 9,922,111 tons. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad carried an estimated quantity of 5,000,000 tons. This makes a total for these four lines of 27,649,502 tons. Thus we see that an active competition for the conveyance of produce is carried on between land and water. The land-carriage companies have nearly three times the custom of the water-carriage companies. But the carriage by the latter of the large amount of 10,000,000 tons is a fact which shows that the facilities afforded by water carriage are still prized by a large number of freighters.

Some years ago, Mr. Sherman reminds his audience, the impression prevailed that the charges for freight on the railways in question were unduly high. This can only mean that they were high as compared with the freights by water carriage, which afforded the sole ground for comparison within the reach of the freighters. The whole farming interest of the West was aroused. An association was formed under the name of Grangers, and by means of public opinion in some instances, and of State legislation in others, the railway freights were considerably reduced. Nor was it only the demand for cheap rates on the part of the exporters of produce that affected the tariff. The sudden depression of business caused by the panic of 1873 led to a keen competition between the

railways. So eager was the contest for trade, that the rates on the different lines were reduced to a point which made the gross revenue less than the actual cost of working. Such, at least, is the deliberate statement of the Secretary to the Treasury. Thus the financial condition of the trunk lines became, as might have been anticipated, 'greatly crippled,' and the capital invested in more than two-thirds of the railway lines in the United States was rendered unproductive.

Mr. Sherman adds that various attempts were made to establish an agreement between the trunk lines; but that, whether from the real difficulties of the case or from the bad faith of the managers, the agreements were successively broken and abandoned. As to the steady and unsleeping influence of the river and canal competition, not a word, however, is said. But the Secretary concludes that 'now it may be said that on an average the amount received for freight and passengers does not pay the actual cost of running the lines.'

'The result has been,' to use Mr. Sherman's own words, 'that the railroad companies, not willing to see their property entirely destroyed, have gradually reduced the rates of wages of the *employés* until, if we can believe what has been said, in some cases they are barely sufficient to pay for the merest necessaries of life. HENCE THE STRIKES!'

The adverb 'hence' may be regarded as a somewhat inadequate mode of accounting for the most menacing incident which has yet thrown its shadow on the future of the United States. It is true that the Secretary of the Treasury, even if he shares that uneasy feeling which is creeping over the more cultivated members of society in America as to what may be portended by the strikes, can hardly be expected to make a clean breast of the matter. The citizen of the United States has been brought up to regard the short-lived constitution of his country with the respect that men were wont to pay to institutions of secular duration which they regarded as Divine. It would have been as great an offence against public opinion, to say the least of it, for an American to express a doubt as to the wisdom and stability of his national institutions, as it would be for a Roman Catholic to deny the infallibility of the Pope, or for a Jew to adopt Dr. Colenso's views as to the Pentateuch. The opinion which any well-read student of history must instinctively form as to the extreme peril to which the structure of society in America must be certainly exposed, so soon as population begins to press sensibly on vacant area, is resented almost as a personal affront by the American. The only sign which he gives of a want of robust faith in his own doctrine is the nervous haste with which he deprecates any question of its verity. He has an intolerance in this respect which we shall look for in vain elsewhere, out of the province of theology. In fact the belief of the American in his constitution has much of the nature of a religious cult; and, as being, in the same way, largely supported by drafts on the invisible and the future, is naturally intolerant. But we may at least go so far with Secretary Sherman as to admit that the underpayment of the officials of the railways may have been the occasion of a contest which took for a moment the form of a strike. What form it subsequently, and with rapid change of front, assumed; by what forces the movement was supported; and what was the aim of the rioters, are questions that for the moment may be left unanswered.

What we have at present to consider is the assertion that the four great railway companies in question are, or were, carrying on their traffic at a loss. We have to inquire

how this is, and how far it affords any useful lesson to the proprietors of English railways.

Considering that in this country the railway companies have successfully resisted the effort of the Board of Trade to obtain any useful statistics as to their mineral traffic, it is not to be wondered at that we have some difficulty in obtaining full information as to the working of the railways of the United States. The proportion of dividend to capital on the 72,000 miles of railway open in the United States in 1875 is stated in Poor's *Manual of American Railroads* at 3·37 per cent. As the ordinary interest allowed in the calculations of the American lines is 7 per cent. such a return must be regarded as to some extent justifying the statements of Mr. Sherman. The most detailed investigations into the cost of traffic on American railroads with which I am acquainted is contained in a pamphlet issued at Louisville, in 1876, by Mr. Albert Fink, the Vice-President and General Superintendent of the Louisville and Nashville and Great Southern Railroad. This work is extremely elaborate, and contains tables of details amounting to ninety distinct items, tabulated for seven successive years, from 1867 to 1873. The experience thus obtained covers a length of more than 500 miles of line; and as the route from Louisville to Memphis is in competition with the river traffic, by the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, between those towns, the rates of fare and freight may probably be taken as normal for the system of lines of which Secretary Sherman speaks. There is a considerable difference between the revenue per ton per mile from goods, and per passenger per mile, on the different sections of that line; a difference immediately due, there can be little doubt, to the more or less direct competition of water carriage. Thus on the Richmond branch, of 33 miles long, the freight earnings per ton per mile are nearly equal to the fares per passenger per mile, the average for 5 years being respectively 3·76 and 3·78 cents. But on the main stem, the Knoxville Branch, and the Memphis Branch, an aggregate of 340 miles, the mean receipts for the last year tabulated were 3·5 cents per passenger per mile, and 2·2 cents per ton of goods per mile. Thus, at the usual allowance of 15 passengers to the ton, the Great Southern Railroad has been in the habit of charging nearly 24 times as much for the conveyance of a ton of passengers as for that of a ton of goods.

For every ton of paying weight of passenger traffic Mr. Fink states that 15·8 tons of dead weight, exclusive of locomotives, has been carried. The object of Mr. Fink's book is to investigate the proportional cost of mails and passenger traffic in different vehicles, such as sleeping cars, &c.; not to compare the passenger with the merchandise traffic. The average dead weight or tare of the freight traffic on the three lines last cited may, however, be calculated, from the tables of the appendix, at about 60 per cent. of the gross load, or 1·5 ton to every ton of paying load. Apart, then, from any slight correction for speed or other differences in the cost of working, the conveyance of a ton of passengers will have cost between six and seven times as much as that of a ton of goods. As the revenue from the former is twenty-four times that from the latter, it is evident that, comparatively speaking, the passenger is over-charged. In fact, if we compare the average fare of 3·5 cents., or nearly 1¾*d.* per mile, with the average receipt from passengers on the railways of the United Kingdom, which is less than 1¼*d.* per mile, it becomes evident that the fares of the American railways are on the average nearly 30 per cent. higher than are our own.

On the other hand, the freight of 2·2 cents, or nearly $1\frac{1}{10}$ of a penny, while it may maintain a very favourable comparison with the mineral freights of the English lines, which are so much more favourable to the freighter, must be regarded as the millstone that has sunk the profit of a fairly charged passenger traffic. Whether we take the dividends of American railways at 3·37, as calculated by Mr. Poor, or as *nil*, as stated by Secretary Sherman, it is certain that no railway can adopt charges so entirely disproportionate without the most serious ill results. The passenger tare, or dead weight of the passenger trains, is very much higher on the American than on the Indian lines. It is also higher than on the New South Wales Railways, although not so high as upon the French lines. The English companies have concealed the details of this item, the amount of which exercises a controlling influence upon the profit of working. But when we see that to carry a ton of passengers involves the movement of 16·8 tons of loaded train, while to carry a ton of goods involves the movement of 2·5 tons of loaded train, we are aware that the ratio is 6·61 to 1, or that it costs, as before said, from six to seven times as much to move a given weight of passenger tonnage as of goods tonnage. Again, we have seen that the returns from the former are twenty-four times as much as from the latter. Therefore, in round numbers, the passenger traffic earns nearly four times as much nett profit per ton as the goods traffic. As the nett results of the working of the lines are less profitable than the investment of money in the funds, they must be taken as involving a loss. It is clear that it is the low goods tariff which causes so heavy a loss on this portion of the business as to counteract the respectable profit of the passenger traffic, taken by itself.

We thus are able to ascertain, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the adoption by the great American railways of the policy of the Midland, the Great Northern, and some other English railways, has resulted in financial collapse. On the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, in 1873, the nett passenger weight carried was 2,499,995 tons for one mile, while the nett freight tonnage carried for an equal distance was 86,477,812. The aggregate earnings from the former were 793,636 dollars; from the latter, 1,882,781 dollars. On the railways of the United Kingdom the ton-mileage is unknown. The receipts from passengers, in 1876, amounted to 26,163,551*l.*; and the receipts from goods to 33,754,317*l.* We are thus far from having attained to the disproportionate amount of goods, as compared to passengers, carried by the American lines. It may also be considered that the water competition, which in America lowers the tariff for all the goods traffic, in the United Kingdom only seriously controls the rate payable for the transport of minerals. About one-fifth of the English receipts, only, represents the amount of directly losing traffic, instead of two-thirds of the receipts, as on the American line we have cited. It is thus evident how it is that, in spite of higher passenger rates, the American lines have so far distanced our own in their march to ruin. But it is clear that some of the railways of the United Kingdom have adopted the American policy, and are, year after year, attaining more and more closely to American results.

Of the four railways cited by Mr. Sherman, the Baltimore and Ohio publishes no mileage returns. But in 1875 it gave a dividend of 10 per cent. The average receipts per passenger per mile on the New York Central and on the Pennsylvania Railroads for 1875 were 2·66 cents, or $1\frac{1}{3}$*d.* The goods tariff per

ton per mile averaged 1·25 cents, or ⅝*d.* On the Erie line the passenger mile earned 2·88 cents, or 1·44*d.*, and the goods ton 1·208 cents, or ·604*d.* per ton mile. The proportions of working expenses to gross revenue were, on the New York Central, 59·4 per cent.; on the Pennsylvania, 61·2 per cent.; on the Baltimore and Ohio, 68·6 per cent.; and on the Erie, 75·25 per cent. The low cost of the first three lines, however, allowed of dividends of 8 to 10 per cent.; while the operations which have swelled the cost of the Erie line to nearly 30,000*l.* per mile have kept down the earning power to a little under 3 per cent. If the rates of fare and of freight had been arranged on any principle of equality of earning, the immense traffic brought on lines of such cheap construction would have given a lucrative return, equal to that of some of the best paying canals, before the introduction of railways. Even as it is, Mr. Sherman's remarks can only be held to be justified by the figures of the Erie Railway—less than 1,000 miles in length—not by those of the other 4,000 miles of the system of which he speaks.

The direct connection between under-charge to the public for carriage, and under-payment of the servants of the railway companies, has been pointed out by Secretary Sherman. It is, in fact, plain and obvious. As the companies, departing from the legitimate rules of business, are guided by what the directors call a policy, the sum available for dividends becomes annually less and less. Such has been the case on the lines of the United Kingdom, as a whole, since 1872, though the depreciation is by far the most perceptible on the trunk lines carrying minerals. Directors, who have twice a year to face their constituents, must either confess that they have adopted a mistaken policy, or chip and pare in every direction. The latter they have done in the United States, till the resistance point has been overpassed. Like policy in other countries must produce a like result.

The magnitude of that result in America has been brought under notice by Colonel Thomas A. Scott, the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He describes the railway insurrection as 'having extended through the States, and as presenting a state of facts almost as serious as that which prevailed at the outbreak of the Civil War. Eighteen hundred cars, laden with the produce of various States, together with the locomotives necessary for their propulsion, were consumed by the mob at Pittsburgh.' The station buildings, sheds, and factories were all destroyed. 'The magnitude of the evil to be encountered,' Colonel Scott says, 'can hardly be over-estimated; and the remedy should be equally prompt and effective.' America is awaking to the fact that the organisation of the dangerous classes within her frontiers is making rapid and menacing progress; and that it has already advanced so far that on the first available occasion the first action of the campaign was fought with a vigour and promptitude which placed the order of society at the mercy of a destructive mob.

It is perhaps a comfort to those who desire, when the proper time comes, to die peaceably in their beds, to live under the protection of a well-ordered and well-obeyed Government, and to leave to those who come after them the fruits of their own industry and forethought, that the waggon-burning party have gone so far as to formulate their programme. Especially is this of importance to us. That there exists in England a destructive party is of course undeniable. What may be its actual power, and what its prospect of recruitment, is another matter. What it is of most moment for the great English public to understand is, first, what are the ulti-

mate objects of the destructives? and, secondly, who are their real leaders in this country? Nor do we mean by real leaders men in fustian coats and battered hats, who openly halloo on the riot. Far more dangerous are those men who, possessing the advantages of education and of position, insinuate what they hesitate to avow.

The objects of what has been called the labour movement may be regarded from different points of view. First, there is the general object which is held up to the outer world as that of the promoters of the trades unions. This is an object as to the desirableness of which all agree. It professes to be the attempt to raise the workman in the social scale. He is to enjoy his fair share of the national welfare. He is to have time for relaxation, for recreation, for instruction. He is to have a fair return for his labour. He is to have a voice in the management of public affairs. Few persons will deny the propriety of these claims in the abstract. When it comes to carrying them into practice, it has to be remembered that a certain compensatory clause has to be added to each item, if the public equilibrium is to be maintained. The working man's prosperity is a desirable object; but it is not one desirable to obtain at the cost of the adversity of other classes. It is not, if for no other reason, because it could not, in that case, be durable. The working man is only to be raised in the social scale in the same manner as that by which any unit of our population is to be raised, that is, by an increase in his moral, intellectual, and industrial virtue. That he should be encouraged to divert from remunerative labour time which should be actually employed in improving his condition, as before defined, is very well. But the question remains whether the diminution of the hours of labour produces this effect. Is it to the purpose of a wholesome relaxation, an improving recreation, and a useful education, that the working man really devotes the ten or twenty per cent. of his working time which he has docked from labour? That a working man should have a voice in public affairs is by no means denied. But that the effective value of that voice should be equal to that of an instructed man, who has a knowledge of political science or a heavy stake in the country, is not a piece of self-evident justice. It is the omission of these necessary qualifications which makes the difference between the opinions of the advocate of the working man's welfare—to the exclusion of the common weal—and the advocate of that welfare as a constituent and well-proportioned part of the common weal.

To the working man, indeed, another object is held out. It is a simple one. Labour is to be king. Wealth has been king long enough. Capital and labour are irreconcilable foes. Down with the first—up with the second! Such language, with more or less disguise, is addressed to the workman. It is natural that it should fall on his ears like rain on a thirsty soil. The latest elaborations of the new social gospel of labour have been anticipated by the great poet of human nature. 'Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons. The king's council are no good workmen. And yet it is said, Labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, Let the magistrates be labouring men; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.'

While then the professed object, not only of the destructives, but of those well-meaning philanthropists who are seduced by the glittering

promise to join in the movement of which we speak, is fair and good, if the proper compensations be borne in mind, any step in the same direction which ignores the need of these compensations is purely mischievous. While the objects proposed, not to society at large, but to a section—the labouring section—of society, are so represented to this class as to excite their desires, they are at once misrepresented and misconceived. It is important that the expedients which it is proposed by the party of movement to adopt, should be clearly stated. When they are really brought into view, it will be possible so to apply logical analysis as to ascertain their actual tendency. We owe, therefore, much thanks to the Convention of the working man's party, held at Cincinnati in August last, for the clearness with which their programme has been formulated.

The demands of the labourer, according to this programme, are these: 1. Weekly payment of wages in coin. 2. Limitation of the working day to eight hours. 3. Liability of employers for all accidents to the injury of their servants. 4. No children under fourteen years of age to be employed in factories. 5. Prison labour not to be employed by private persons. 6. All conspiracy laws to be abolished. 7. Sanitary inspection to be universal, and to include the inspection of means of subsistence. 8. Education to be gratuitous. 9. Labour statistics to be prepared by labourers. 10. Patents and charters to be abolished. 11. Judicial taxation to be abolished, and replaced by a graduated property and income tax. 12. Railways, telegraphs, and all means of communication to be controlled by Government. 13. All industrious enterprises to be carried out by co-operative unions under the control of Government. 14. All officers of Government to be elected by direct vote of the people.

These fourteen famous demands do not follow in very logical order. They are based on the assumption that the working class forms the majority of the nation, and, as such majority, it is spoken of as 'the people.' The object present to the minds of the framers of the clauses is the division, among this people, of the natural and artificial wealth of the country, so that, in fact, there shall be in future but one class, that of working men. The effect of the provisions, if adopted, would be to banish wealth from the country in which they prevailed, and to contract and limit the power of production, so that wealth should, in future, be impossible.

The first provision is one as to the propriety of which there can be no dispute. No one who is practically familiar with the employment of labour is ignorant of the great advantage to all parties, but especially to the working man, of definite, punctual, and speedy payment. There is much in favour of a payment day by day; but even a weekly payment, subject to some holdback in certain cases by way of insurance against caprice, would be an undeniable benefit.

This excellent proviso, however, is nullified by some of those that follow. It is thus evident that its real value is not appreciated. No. 13 is expressly stated to be 'for the purpose of abolishing the wages system.' This element of the communal constitution has not been overlooked by Shakespeare. 'I thank you, good people,' says Cade: 'there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers and worship me their lord.' In the same good time there were to be at once a great material abundance and an abolition of commerce. 'There shall be seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in

Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass.' The co-operative union of the whole people; the direct election, by the majority, of all officers; and the collection of labour statistics by the labourers, are integral portions of the development of the theory of Cade. The class of employers necessarily would disappear. Subject to actions for damages for the neglect or the spite of their unruly servants—we use the word, notwithstanding its inappropriateness, rather than borrow a French term—unable to make use of their machinery for more than a third of the time for which it could run; deprived of any contributory labour from lads or from convicts; exposed to perfect freedom of combination or conspiracy on the part of the workpeople; and stricken with a graduated income tax, which means a tax heavier in proportion the larger is the nominal income taxed; no one possessed of any realised property would for a moment expose himself to such purposed peril. The insidious introduction, under the specious term 'sanitary inspection,' of the words 'means of subsistence and dwellings included,' points to the establishment of a minimum rate of income for everyone. Thus the idea of a republic of working men, free from the presence of any other class, and imagined to possess, by these means, a degree of material prosperity such as the world has never seen, is breathed by the clauses of the programme.

If we can imagine the establishment of such a state of things, it would not be difficult, step by step, to predicate the result. As education is to be gratuitous, no means would exist of making it self-supporting. What was done in this way would be done by the State. The result would be the return to the old Scottish method of setting to bring up the children those men who were too helpless to keep the sheep, and a dense pall of mediæval ignorance would, in two or three generations, involve a republic in which there was neither reward nor room for intellectual eminence.

The law which underlies the whole social condition is this: Labour is the source of wealth; the result of labour is either expended in the support of labour, or accumulates as store. By inventing the term 'capital,' Adam Smith, clear as were his own views, has opened the flood-gates of fallacy. 'Capital' has now been raised to the rank of a metaphysical—almost of a theological entity. It is the object of the profound worship of a certain school—of the bitter hatred of another. It is called by the last the foe to labour; and by the first it is thought to be, at all events, something the interests of which are in some way opposed to those of labour. If we drop the use of the conventional word, a mist seems to rise from before the eyes. Is store the foe of the labour which has produced it? Of what does that store consist? Of three elements. First, of the fruits of the earth, the corn, and wine, and oil, and all products of animal and vegetable origin consumed by man. Is it possible to have by us too much of these? Then, when labour has provided the food of the coming year, and laid aside somewhat to provide against the chances of famine and dearth, it has turned its efforts to the multiplication of material comforts. It has built houses, temples, towers of munition and of defence. It has provided stores of clothing. It has made roads, and covered land and sea with a host of steam courses. It has added tenfold to its own efficacy by the construction and storing up of every kind of tool, engine, and machine. It has found time to provide for the education of the race, and for their amusement and for their idle plea-

sure, by the creation of objects of luxury. By the possession of all these fruits and treasures of labour the general well-being is steadily increased. We may wish that the distribution was more general; we may wish, with equal good sense, that everyone was wise, healthy, and beautiful. But the physical reformation that would bring down a race to the level of the *crétin* or the idiot by the free use of the guillotine on all who excelled their neighbours in any physical or mental gift—would be a policy of the same nature as that which underlies the fourteen propositions of the Cincinnati programme.

One other matter of store comes under the mysterious word which we shall have to pronounce, that is —money. To many people 'capital' means money. What is money? It is essentially a system of counters used to facilitate barter. For these counters to serve their purpose, there must be a certain difficulty in producing or in obtaining them. Otherwise they would, gradually but certainly, cease to perform their desired function. For it is the difficulty in obtaining the counter which gives to it its sole exchangeable value. If the counters could be made at will, they would be without any representative value at all. C will do a certain amount of work, or make over a certain amount of these counters to A, on the written order or promise of A, or even on his word of mouth, because he knows that A is both a solvent and an honourable man. He will not do the same for B if B being honourable is not solvent; or being solvent, is not honourable; still less if he is neither one nor the other. A being solvent, has by him the store which he wishes to exchange for the labour of C. This store, for convenience, he had exchanged for a certain number of counters, the original production of which cost the same amount of labour that had been expended in the production of the store exchanged by A for them. A can give these counters to-day, or to-morrow, or three months hence, because he either has them or knows when he will have them; and for those who know and trust A, his promise so to do is taken as nearly equivalent to his doing so. With B the case is different. He may promise. But the question is, will he, or can he, perform his promise? If not, C has simply made a present to B of so much labour or of so much store. This he is not disposed to do. He therefore insists on the counters down. If B has them not, he has to go without what he desires to purchase. He has no credit, because he has no basis for credit. His moral responsibility, if he possesses it, is not enough, if his material responsibility is doubtful. Thus to insure certitude in transactions, the delivery of counters from hand to hand is needful. The more closely transactions are based on the actual delivery of the metallic counters themselves, or of those written orders to hand them over which will be certainly and immediately honoured at a known place, the safer is the course of business.

One man may have an enormous store of coin, amassed by various kinds of labour, direct or second-hand, but faithfully representing so much labour actually done. But the wealth of a country is not increased by the possession of coin above a certain amount, or, more properly speaking, the wealth of the world is not. One man may, and does, have more money than another. But if the total amount of money in the world increase faster than the natural increase of population and of various demands, its value declines. Its utility diminishes. Where ten counters are required, twelve are ready for use—the consequence is, that gradually the twelve are used in place of the ten; and each of the twelve

loses a sixth of its exchangeable value.

The reverse happens when business is brisk and prosperous, and the quantity of coin is not proportionately increased. The counters are continually more and more in request. They rise in exchangeable value, and prices are said to improve. Less labour, or less store, is given for an equal quantity of coin.

In all the complicated movements of modern civilisation, the exchange of labour or of commodity between man and man is barter facilitated by the medium of counters, the exchangeable value of which depends on the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus the difference between money and any other kind of store is this. The purchasing value of money depends on the exactitude of the proportion between its actual quantity and the demand for its use; such proportion being based on the fact that a certain amount of labour must be given to produce each counter. While that is the case, an equivalent amount of labour must be given to obtain it, as matter of business. As matter of caprice, anyone who is happy enough to save store of any kind may squander it, as he may squander health, or beauty, or intellect. Neither the nobler nor the humbler elements of human welfare are proof againt misuse. But be the misuse more or less, neither the necessity nor the value of the use is impaired by that miserable waste.

While, then, it must be fully admitted that the disproportionate division of wealth and poverty which has prevailed amongst almost all nations in historic times is an evil, a scandal, and a shame, the only sane effort to remedy the evil must be in the direction of destroying poverty, not in that of destroying wealth. It must be, then, in the direction of increasing wealth. The evil of which we complain is one mainly of distribution. But to the poor man it matters nothing, apart from the encouragement of evil passions, how much wealth there is in the world that is unattainable to him. It matters only how much there is that is so attainable, and how he may attain it. As a rule, he can only obtain it by creating it. He can only acquire store by labour. But he requires some aid from those who have store in order to labour at all. He requires to be fed while his labour has time to fructify. He requires tools, seed, manure. Give him four acres of land, a house, and seed corn or other seeds sufficient for his land, he must still be fed till harvest. He is more likely to obtain this needful advance the more store there is in the world. If there is a dearth of last year's corn he will have to labour for three weeks instead of for two to carry a bushel of it. The more corn there is in store, the fewer days' work will he have to give in order to obtain his bushel.

From these arguments, in which a phraseology that has obtained a conventional and an equivocal usage has been discarded, is it not plain and certain that the programme of the Working Men's Convention is a programme of folly, madness, and ruin? It is one which, practically, it is idle to discuss, from the fact that human nature is ignored by its framers. The result of all men being artificially made brothers is that 'they may worship me their lord.' Such is the testimony of history. To be equal is for no one to excel. But apart from the unpractical nature of the programme, we may consider its logical consequence; that is, the proposal to increase store by diminishing production, to combat poverty by destroying wealth, and to convert a more or less ill-ordered social constitution into a hungry and naked anarchy.

FRANCIS R. CONDER, C.E.

# THE HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS COMMISSION.

[FIFTH REPORT.]

ANOTHER goodly tome of 650 folio pages attests the valuable labours of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. Since the publication of the Fourth Report seventy collections have been examined, and descriptions of about sixty of these appear in the volume before us. Careful reports of four hundred and twenty different collections represent the labours of the Commission since its appointment in 1869.

No less than one hundred and thirty-four pages are occupied with Messrs. Monro and Thoms' calendar of the manuscripts in the House of Lords. Soon after the establishment of the Commission the members' attention was drawn to a vast quantity of documents in that House which had hitherto escaped notice. These consisted chiefly of original papers, which are constantly referred to in the journals of the Upper House. It should be remembered that no copy of a document was ever received in evidence by the House of Lords. Although the section of these valuable papers noticed in the present Report does not contain anything of such general interest as the letters from Charles I. to his Queen, taken from his cabinet at Naseby, which were described in a former Report, a great number of documents are described of considerable historical interest.

Among the MSS. of the House of Lords a number of minute books, or rough manuscript journals, kept by one of the clerks of the House,[1] have been discovered. In many cases the accounts given in them differ from the descriptions in the journals. One of these books contains a record of all the proceedings on the Earl of Strafford's trial, and notes of what was said by those who took part in it. In other volumes the divisions of the House are often given, with the names of the tellers. All these merit most careful examination.

The documents calendared are of the years 1642 and 1643.[2] Many of these are petitions which give a vivid idea of the unhappy and insecure state of the country at that time. A number of distressed gentlewomen, lately come out of Ireland, petition the Charity Commissioners of the period for a portion of their funds; many, having lost their husbands and estates, are sick, and likely to perish of want. Isabella, 'Baroness Dowager de Lawarr,' complaining that she was pulled out of her coach and violently arrested for debt, by one Reade and others, contrary to privilege, one of these men was ordered to make a humble submission on his knees to her ladyship, or go to prison. John Peacock states that a number of persons, armed with guns, bills, &c., in April 1642, assembled in Waltham Forest, and killed and wounded many of the King's deer, saying 'there was no law settled at that time.' The Lords Justices of Ireland complain that Lady Jepson, and her son Sir John Giffard, took refuge in their castle of Jordan, about thirty miles

[1] The seven folio volumes of notes of proceedings in the House of Lords in the possession of Colonel Carew, are by Henry Elsynge, Clerk of that House. Mr. S. R. Gardiner considers those in the House of Lords to be by one of his clerks.

[2] There was an actual breach between the King and the Parliament in this year. After it occurred, every act of State done by the latter was effected by an order of both Houses.

from Dublin, and had been despoiled of everything they could not bring within the castle gates, and have been obliged to receive and maintain the English tenants. Ellis Nicholls, of Wiltsford, near Honiton, thinks it hard that he should have been arrested on account of his likeness to O'Neale lately escaped out of the Tower, and because he had been travelling in Devonshire and in Wales *without any apparent object, and without taking the shortest routes.*

The 'undertakers and purchasers' of the improved fen ground in the Earl of Lindsay's level, in the county of Lincoln, state, that notwithstanding their lordships' order, 'tumultuous multitudes, marching many hundreds in a troop, after captains, continue to destroy the public drains, burn and pull down houses, and throw men and women into rivers, intending to destroy them.' Sir E. Heron, sheriff of Lincoln, corroborates this, and says that he went to the place, and found 300 persons assembled, who were pulling down houses, destroying dikes and crops. At Boston the next day, he succeeded in arresting some of the rioters. A mob attacked his house, and getting from the church the instruments used for pulling down houses in case of fire, threatened to pull the house down unless the prisoners were released.

Among the 'Notes of proceedings at the Committee appointed to consider of propositions for the defence of the kingdom,' two noteworthy declarations were made. Mr. Shuckburgh (of an ancient and loyal family) declared that he hath horses in readiness to defend the king, the commonwealth, the laws, and the parliament; noted Nihil. Sir Nicholas Slanning said that when the King and both Houses of Parliament shall command it, he shall be ready to serve them with his life and fortune; till then he desires not to intermeddle. This was noted Nihil also. These answers were not precisely what the Parliament required. For reading at the command of the Lord Mayor the proclamation of the King against the militia, Thomas Worseley was committed to the Gatehouse to his ruin. The parishioners of St. Mary Magdalene's, Canterbury, petition against their clergyman, who had spoken 'scandalous' words against the Parliament. They send a letter describing his conduct. The writer concludes with this sentence, applicable all over the country: 'There are such divisions grown up between us and those that take his part, that we can hardly look one upon another in charity.'

A letter dated July 18, 1642, from the Earl of Warwick, shows the state of the fleet at that time. He says he has just received a petition from the officers of the fleet which shows that the poor men are utterly undone for want of their pay, and many of their wives and children have in consequence been thrown out of doors by their landlords. A month later, Elizabeth, Countess Rivers, complains that she has been despoiled of all her goods, to the value of 50,000*l.* Her two houses, St. Osyth (Essex) and Melford (Suffolk) were 'broken into by a rude multitude, raised chiefly in and about Colchester,' who threatened her life, carted away her goods, digged up her corn, drove away her cattle, and destroyed her gardens, not leaving her so much as a change of apparel.[3]

[3] This description is not exaggerated. It appears that the mob went to St. Osyth after having sacked the house of Sir John Lucas at Colchester. Lord Clarendon thinks the attack due to the religion of the Countess, for she was a Roman Catholic (*History of the Rebellion*, iii. 239). She fled to her house at Long Melford. Thither the mob followed her, and it is expressly stated that she barely escaped with her life. Peck, who describes the sack at Melford, says, 'She being a recusant, they made that their pretence,

Dr. Thomas Paske, of Canterbury, in a letter to the Earl of Holland (Aug. 30, 1642), describes the disgraceful conduct of the soldiers in the cathedral. He says:

> They entered the church giant-like, began a fight with God himself, overthrew the communion table, tore the velvet cloth from before it, defaced the goodly screen of tabernacle work, violated the monuments of the dead, spoiled the organs, broke down the ancient rails and seats, with the brazen eagle that did support the Bible, forced open the cupboards of the singing men, rent some of their surplices, gowns, and Bibles, and carried away others; mangled all our service books, bestrewing the whole pavement with their leaves. A miserable spectacle to every good eye. But as if this were too little to satisfy the fury of some indiscreet zealots, they further exercised their malice upon the arras hangings in the choir (representing the whole story of our Saviour) and finding a statue of Christ in the frontispiece of the south gate, they discharged at least forty shots against it, triumphing much when they did hit it in the head or face. Nor had their fury been then stopped, had not the colonel and some others come to the rescue.

Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, writes to their lordships that upon sight of their order of the 24th inst. (October 1642), for restraining the prisoners in the Tower, he dismissed all his servants but two. He prays that besides his two servants, 'who are to make his bed and do other things necessary for his age, going on with threescore and ten years of a weary life, their lordships would favourably allow him a butler and a cook, without which he knows not how to live, being not placed in any house in the Tower, *but in a solitary room*, destitute of all company and other help.' The passage we have underlined shows the unnecessary severity of his treatment. He remained in prison three years, and was beheaded January 10, 1645.

A letter from Colonel N. Fiennes and Colonel Arthur Goodwin, December 16, 1642, to the Lord-General, shows the riotous discipline of their men. They refer to the surrender of Winchester:

> The next morning Lord Grandison came out and surrendered the castle upon certain conditions (which are enclosed), but we were unable to enforce the observance of the conditions for the protection of the commanders and gentlemen from violence and pillaging, for the soldiers were in such a state of mutiny that the officers and gentlemen were not only some of them stripped and pillaged, but put in fear of their lives, whilst some of the soldiers actually shot at their own officers who tried to prevent this violence, by which and by the plundering and outrages committed in and about the town, the glory of the action was much eclipsed, while, if the arms and horses taken had been more equally distributed, the advantage to the State would have been greater.

The petition of Thomas Edwards, sealer at the Great Seal of England, shows the fees attached to that office. He appears to have had only 4*d.* per day for his casual fee, and 20*s.* per annum for livery. He complains that the casual fees anciently belonging to his place are kept from him, 'particularly the great seal, when it is repudiated, appears by ancient records in the Tower to belong to the *spigurnell*, or sealer, as his fee.'

Thomas Bushell's petition shows what difficulty the learned and enthusiastic secretary of Sir Francis Bacon had in his mining speculations. He complains that he had been much molested in his operations in Cardiganshire[4] by Sir

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but spoyle and plunder was their ayme. This furie was not only in the rabble, but many of the better sort behaved themselves as if there had been a dissolution of all government: no man could remain in his own house without feare, nor bee abroad with safetie' (*Desiderata Curiosa*, xii., 474). She died March 9, 1650 (Burke's *Extinct Peerage*, p. 474).

[4] In the time of James I., Sir Hugh Myddelton (son of the Governor of Denbigh Castle) made a large fortune out of the mines, which he afterwards expended in bringing the New River to London. Mr. Thos. Bushell worked them in 1647, and afterwards purchased them of Lady Myddelton. In a letter dated Oct. 27, 1648, Charles I. describes Bushell as 'our welbeloved servant' (Banfield's *Handbook N. Devon*, p. 83).

Richard Price and others, who continue to obstruct him notwithstanding an order from their lordships.

Ritualism disturbed the minds of some aggrieved parishioners even at that time. Some persons at Radwinter, in Essex, complain that their minister refuses to administer the sacrament to them unless they come to the rail in the chancel, and he has walled up the chancel door and set two images upon the screen, *and wears crosses and letters upon his surplice when he preaches.*

There have always been people ready to advise the Government as to means of making money for the service of the State. James East and John Freeman think that 200*l.* or 300*l.* weekly might be made by coining farthings, which might be brought into the treasury at Guildhall, and thence issued to captains and officers who are willing to accept thereof for their own and soldiers' pay. We presume these coins would have been of a nominal value, and in process of time would have been almost worthless.

The custom, now happily unknown, of allowing the salaries and pensions given by the Crown to be in arrear caused great distress in those days. The Poor Knights of Windsor state, that Henry VIII. gave them by will lands of value sufficient to pay each knight 12*d.* a day; and that James I. granted them an additional 12*d.* to be paid out of the Exchequer. The latter, they complain, has not been paid for *nearly three years.* Their church lands had also been sequestered. Here is a specimen of what cavaliers and their families had to go through:—Lady Foster, wife of Sir R. Foster, one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, states that from the time her husband left her, she remained at his house at Egham, with her five children and twelve servants, and not only paid taxes and assessments, but many times entertained commanders and soldiers, sometimes twenty, sometimes thirty at a time, at free quarters; while fourteen horses have been taken from her, and by authority from committees for sequestrations her husband's tenants have been forbidden to pay their rents, and her household goods have been inventoried under threat that they should all be removed. Having been unable to keep house in the country, and having no horses to take her to church, she went with her children to a lodging in town, and she had been there little more than a week before she was served with a ticket, intimating that she was assessed under the ordinance of the 20th part at 350*l.*

When Charles I. was at Oxford passes seem to have been readily granted to persons wishing to take articles of wearing apparel to the King. For example, November 8, 1643, George Kirke, gentleman of his Majesty's robes, was allowed to send John Daintre with four dozen gloves, 'much wanted by his Majesty,' and 'four yards of taby, two ells and a quarter of taffety to be a tennis suit, and two pairs of garters and roses, with silk buttons and other necessaries for making up the suit.' John Reeve was also allowed to take there twenty-seven pairs of silk hose, three silk waistcoats, and six pairs of laced boothose.

Having thus given characteristic examples of the documents in the House of Lords, we pass on to notice the Duke of Sutherland's MSS. at Trentham. Among these are no less than ten volumes of original letters written in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Some letters by Admiral Sir Richard Leveson appear in the first of these volumes, and others by Sir John Leveson, but they are not of general interest. Dr. Lewyn, in a letter, May 29, 1596, to Lord Cobham, regrets the 'disordered and inconsiderate marriage' of his

lordship's grandchild and ward.'[5] He says that by the canon law the children of brother and sister cannot marry, but by the statute law of this realm all marriages in the face of the Church are made good and lawful, which are not contrary and repugnant to the law of God, as being not within the Levitical degrees. He thinks, however, that the parties married, and the minister that married them in the night, and without the consent of his lordship, who was governor of one of them, and the persons who were present at the marriage, were all punishable by law. He observes that the Earl of Bath had made an 'untimely' marriage by night, with the daughter of Sir T. Cornwallis, which had been dissolved.

In a news letter, September 16, 1658, the writer has been informed,

> That the Lady Claypoole, a great lover of plays and piety, did, on her death-bed beseech his Highness to take away the High Court of Justice, and spake words which, leaving a deep impression on his heart, did accompany him *εἰς τὸν τόπον ἴδιον*. I made mention in my last of an effigies of wax made to represent his late Highness. The charge of the wayters is great &c. It is, therefore, not to continue above fourteen days at the farthest. In the meantimes black velvet is bought all London over to hang in Whitehall and Somerset House; and because men cannot mourn enough for the death of his Highness, the stones and walls are taught to do it.

Letters from Stephen Charlton to Sir R. Leveson show that the Protector's position was not entirely a bed of roses. December 29, 1657, he writes; 'We conceive by some late actions that our great one of Whitehall hath a world of fears and jealousies in his breast, for on Christmas and the day following he hath caused at least five or six persons to be apprehended and sent to several places of security; and some of the persons of quality, whilst they were at sermons and receiving the communion in private houses, namely Dr. Wyld and the greater part that heard him at a private house where he doth ordinarily preach and administer the sacrament at certain times appointed, and so soon as he had performed his exercises both he and the greatest part of his auditors were seized by a troop of horse and carried to St. James's. On March 6 in the succeeding year, he says: 'It is reported that the Protector cannot take his natural sleep at night, but cries out upon Monck, Monck, so that it seems there is something in Scotland troubles him.'

Other items in the same series of letters are worthy of note. February 15, 1658:

> The Protector made a great feast in the Cockpit for all his chief commanders within two or three days after he broke up the Parliament, where (as is reported) he drank wine very plenteously with them. It is certain that about a fortnight ago the Protector sent for the present Lord Mayor to demand a certain sum of the city, who said they were so poor that they were forced to go from door to door to beg contributions for the relief of the poor, which were more than ever; and many families that formerly had good handicraft trades and lived very well, and now for want of work were ready to famish for want of bread; and this is too true a story. The Protector told him, for all that, if he would not undertake to procure him money, he knew how to do it himself, and so parted.

February 23 (same year):

> The Protector's eldest son Richard had like to have been shot by one of his own soldiers, who gave fire at him with a musket, but it did not go off, so he escaped that danger; but his father continues still sick and keeps his bed; the last news I heard of him was that he had a very dangerous impostuma in his back, and yesterday sent for Boone, one of our city chirurgeons.

As might be expected, the letters in the Sutherland collection contain many details respecting the land-

[5] This marriage was performed by Mr. Bigge, chaplain of the Savoy Chapel. This corrects Mr. Burn's statement, in his *History of the Fleet Marriages*, that there were no clandestine marriages at the Savoy Chapel until after the passing of the Marriage Act.

ing of Charles II. and his approaching coronation. Charles Talbot writes, May 29, 1660, to Sir R. Leveson, that he was one of the first that kissed the King's hand at his landing, and doubts not to be to him, as to the grandfather and father, a servant during life. He goes on to say that on the previous Saturday the King at Canterbury knighted Monck[6] (so spelt at that period) and Whenchelsea with Mordant for leading him up. After this, the Dukes of York and Gloucester leading up Monck to the King, he made him Knight of the Garter, the King putting the George about his neck, and the Duke of York the garter upon his leg, and the cloak with the star was delivered him by the herald after reading a parchment which declared that 'for his princely blood and signal services he had done him,' he made him one of the honourable Order which emperors had desired.'

We are afterwards told that the Dutch ambassadors had presented his Majesty with a bed valued at 10,000*l.*, and 50,000*l.* worth of rare pictures. April 30, 1661: 'Yesterday the King did drive a chariot in Hide Park with two horses. A proclamation is coming out forbidding all sorts of lace, silver, bone lace, black or white, but what is made in England, to be worn.'

Returning for a moment to the time of the Protector, Francis Newport writes (March 6, 1655) to Mr. John Langlaye, at Trentham: 'It may be you have heard by this of the misfortune his Highness had the other day; his coach and six horses coming over the water in the ferry boat in Lambeth, the boat sunk, and the coach and three of the horses were drown'd; unhappy people make idle observations upon it, and say my Lord of Canterbury's coach and horses were drown'd in the same place a little before he was sent to the Tower; but no doubt there is a special providence that guards his Highness and upholds his authority.' The same writer says to Sir R. Leveson (his uncle), May 22, 1660: 'There is much complaint among the lords that they hear of many blanke patents granted by the King (Charles I.) of late years, for honors which have layen dormant a good while, and now are sold for small sums to persons unworthy of them.' The fruit of this unfortunate practice appears in a letter from Andrew Newport to Sir Francis, May 19, 1660: 'The old lords are so troubled at the great company of new ones, some of mean quality and less fortune, that 'tis thought there will be an expedient found to exclude many of them.'

'Upon our stage we have women actors as beyond sea,' writes A. Newport to his uncle, December 15, 1660. This is an early notice of the practice of employing women on the stage in the reign of Charles II.[7] Twelve years later the custom was in high form, and the

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[6] June 26, 1660, Andrew Newport writes to Sir R. Leveson: 'The General's title is Duke d'Albemerle (a place in Normandy belonging to the Plantagenetts, from whom he derives himself), Earl of Toddington, or Torrington, Viscount Coldstream, and Baron of Potheridge (his house). Coldstream is the river in the north that lay between him and Lambert last year.'

[7] In rare instances they had appeared in the reign of Charles I. Prynne, in the index to his *Histriomastix*, or *Players' Scourge*, 1633, says that 'women actors are notorious'—i.e. persons of immoral character. The practice was so rare at the time his book was published that he was considered to refer to the Queen, who had occasionally taken part in the dramas acted at Court. He was therefore expelled from Oxford, sentenced to pay 5,000*l.*, and be perpetually imprisoned.

actresses took men's parts.[8] While the King's company was in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1672, the actresses gave some representations by themselves.

S. Charlton, June 16, 1660, writes to Sir R. Leveson: 'I have sent you some pamphlets; amongst them are two of Waller's Poems; I had much ado to get that which is bound up in leather; they have been so bought up of late that there is none now to be had under 5*s.* apiece.' It is stated that the Nature's Secrets cost 1*s.*, and Waller's Poems, 1*s.* 10*d.* Five months later he says: 'A Frenchman has lately come with two very fine rubies, both of a bigness and goodness, 30*l.* apiece; also a very rare Oriental amethyst, price 28*l.* I shall endeavour to get them as cheap as I can. They are not to be matched in England.' We quote this to show the high value set upon the amethyst in those days.

Subsequently other details are given:

His Majesty's chiefest recreation is to go twice or thrice a week to Hampton Court to oversee his workmen there; and most part of the rest of his time is to oversee his workmen in St. James's Park, where they are making stately walks and planting of trees for shade.

William Smith, writing to John Langley, August 12, 1660, observes:

His Majesty is in continual action and merciful expressions, insomuch as he rejoiceth all men's hearts who behold the cheerfulness of his countenance. He is of late much invited to christen his servants' children, and after many such works of piety, he went on Saturday last to the Tower and performed the same work for Mr. Lieutenant's son, during which solemnity the prisoners were carried all into the Mint. . . . On Thursday last his Majesty went below Gravesend aboard an East India fleet, consisting of seven goodly ships, returned with rich lading, amongst which one ship and her lading fell to his share; for, as I hear, the ship and her lading were the adventure of Richard Cromwell. . . . The same night returning, he had the divertissement of dancing on the ropes before him in the great hall at Whitehall. Notwithstanding Mr. Calamy has lately, as I hear, petitioned his Majesty against his two royal brothers for going to plays.

Perhaps this was intended as a hint for the conduct of the King in the same particular.

Ambassadors then travelled in great state. Smith, August 18 (same year) writes:

About Wednesday next we expect the Prince de Ligné, Ambassador Extraordinary for his Catholic Majesty, who comes attended with 12 noblemen, each having three coaches, with six horses apiece, and the ambassador six coaches in like manner, together with 20 lackeys and 10 grooms, besides pages. Cambden House in London, together with Goldsmiths' Hall near adjoining, are prepared for the said ambassador.

On April 13, 1661, he speaks of the coronation, and says:

The Lord Wharton's furnitures for his horse (as is said) will amount to 8,000*l.*, the bit of his bridle being valued at 500*l.* The Duke of Buckingham has written to some friends that, notwithstanding the malice of the cards and dice, he has bestowed 30,000*l.* upon a suit to attend his Majesty at his coronation.

A letter from W. (afterwards Sir W.) Dugdale, November 14, 1657, in the fifth volume of these letters, takes us back again to the Protector.

On Wednesday last was my Lord Protector's daughter married to the Earl of Warwick's grandson; Mr. Scobell, as a Justice of the Peace, tyed the knot after a godly prayer made by one of His Highnesses divines; and on Thursday was the wedding feast kept at Whitehall, where they had forty-eight violins and fifty trumpets, and much mirth with frolics, besides mixt dancing (a thing hitherto accounted profane) 'till five of the clock yesterday morn-

[8] Dryden, in his prologue to *The Maiden Queen, or Secret Love*, 1672, says:

Women like us passing for men, you'll cry,
Presume too much upon y^r secresy:
There's not a fop in town but will pretend
To know the cheat himself, or by his friend;
Then make no words on't, gallants, 'tis e'en true,
We are condemned to look and strut, like you.

ing. Amongst the dancers there was the Earl of Newport, who danced with her Highness. There was at this great solemnity the Countess of Devonshire (grandmother to the bridegroom) who presented the bride with 2,000*l.* worth of plate. And ere long the other daughter is said to be married to my Lord Fauconbridge as 'tis said. I hear that my Lady Fairfax[9] and her daughter (the Duchess) have been several times at Whitehall of late to wait upon the great ladies there; but alas now, all this is not regarded, for I am told that the females there do say, Proud tits! are their stomachs now come down?

The extensive series of Shelburne MSS. at Lansdowne House relate chiefly to colonial affairs. Selections from these have been already printed in Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice's *Life of Lord Shelburne*, Vol. I. Other papers will illustrate forthcoming volumes of the same work. In the next Report of the Hist. MSS. Commission the papers in this collection having reference to Irish and Indian affairs will be described.

The calendar of the MSS. in the possession of the Marquis of Salisbury is continued in this Report, bringing the description down to 1597. A great many new materials for the historian of the Elizabethan era have been brought to light, and if published would greatly add to our knowledge of the period. We wish that a few of the letters and documents in this rich collection could have been given in full, to afford an idea of the series, but we presume the bulk of the Report would have thus been inconveniently increased.

The Marquis of Ripon has an early copy of a Latin work on Medicine by Bernard de Gordon. The following inscription shows it to have formed part of the library at Fountains Abbey: 'Liber sancte Marie defontibus ex dono domini Willelmi Pecke Vicarii Collegii Ripon, liberatus domino Marmaduco Abbati per manus fratris Thome Rydde monachi ejusdem anno domini m° quingentesimo xvi. (1516).' Dr. Mackenzie, in his *Lives and Characteristics of the Most Eminent Writers of the Scots Nation* (Edinburgh, 1708) gives an account of Bernard de Gordon, and his medical works seem to have been in repute.

Lord Hatherton's collection, at Teddesley, Staffordshire, contains a Latin charter of Henry II. in favour of Henry del Broc, which shows that Madox was right when he stated in his *Epistolary Dissertation concerning the most ancient great roll of the Exchequer*, that Henry II. in the later part of his reign, wrote in the plural number (*nos*). Contrary statements have been stated by other historians, and have been generally received. A letter from Dean Swift from Dublin, to Mrs. Greenvil, at Abbey Court, Chester, November 23, 1726, shows that the engraving executed in that city about that period he considered the best portrait of himself:

Madam,—I have had a letter by me above six weeks, expecting every day to have sent it with the picture by a gentlewoman who was to go for England, but hath now put off her journey. This was the reason of your not hearing from me sooner. I have at last heard of a Chester owner, one Mr. Whittle, who hath undertaken to deliver it to you. It is the best of the several cuts

[9] Lord Clarendon, in his *History of the Rebellion* (Book xi. s. 235), says of Lady Fairfax, wife of the General: 'She was of a very noble extraction, one of the daughters and heirs of Horace Lord Vere of Tilbury, who having been bred in Holland had not that reverence for the Church of England as she ought to have had, and so had unhappily connived in her husband's entering into rebellion, never imagining what misery it would bring upon the kingdom, and now abhorred the work in hand as much as anybody could do, and did all she could to hinder her husband from acting any part in it. Nor did he ever sit in that bloody Court, though out of the stupidity of his soul he was throughout overwitted by Cromwell, and made a property to bring that to pass which could very hardly have been otherwise effected.'

that have been drawn for me, and is made up as well as our workmen here can do it. I hope Mr. Greenvil and you are in health, as well as your girl, if you have not spoiled with fondness.

A deed belonging to Sir E. Lechmere is very remarkable for having the seal depending by its label from the centre of the document. The deed begins 'Ego Rad. *de Mortuo mari* concedo terram meam de Wrubenhalle qui in estimacione unius virge liberam.' It is probable that *de Mortuo mari* (Mortimer) is the Latin form for Lechmere. Sir Edmund has a very valuable Taxation roll *temp.* Edward I. for the county of Worcester, giving the names of the landholders and the sums at which they were assessed.[10] He also possesses important deeds relating to the priory of Worcester. Of seventeenth century letters we will quote part of one to show how quietly, on the death of the Protector, his son Richard succeeded. J. Thurloe writes, July 20, 1658, to N. Lechmere, Esq.:

I find by yours of the 6th inst. that you have heard of the great breach the Lord hath been pleased to make upon us at Whitehall by taking away his Highness, as alsoe of the succession of his sonne in the government; so that I need not trouble you with the particulars of that, save only to assure you that his new Highness hath the blessinge of a very easie and peaceable entrance upon the government. All parties centringe in him as one deserving it of himselfe, as also being the eldest sonne of the bravest man that ever this nation bred. The army will be and are entirely his; those that were most doubted threw themselves most forward in his establishment.

A deed, 30th Elizabeth, now in the possession of Sir J. Maryon Wilson, of Charlton House, Kent, being a conveyance from Thomas Hog, of Buxtedd, Sussex, to James Burgess, of a house in Buxted, bears this endorsement: 'In this house lived Ralph Hog, who at the then furnace at Buxted, cast the first cannon that was cast in England.'

As an example of fourteenth century English, we quote the following from the only copy known of the York Ritual or *Manual*, in the collection of Sir John Lawson, Bart., of Brough Hall, Yorkshire:

*Sentencia Excommunicationis.*—At the bygynnyng god & haly kirke corses all thais that the friunches of haly kirk brakes or disturbes and all that es ogayn the pes of the ryght of the state of halykirk, or the therto assentes with dede or counsail, and all tha that halykirk prives of right or makes of halykirk layfe that es halud or sanctified. Also all thais that wylandly or wilfully tendis falsly and gifes noght to God and to halykirk the tend parte of the tenth pene of ilk awynning lafully won in marchandys or with any other craft, withdrauand only the expenses and the costage that nedfully behoves to be made about the thyng that the winnyng es gatyn of, noght tendyng the wynning of amarchandys with los of another. And also all thais that of the frayt of the erthe or of bestalle or of ilk athyng that now es in the yere, gyfes noght the tyndes haly with owten any withdrawing of the costage. Also all thais that for ilwill of the person or the paris preste or the clerk or of any other minister of halykirke, wighaldes tyndynges, rentes, offerandes, mortuaries, or ought that falles to be gyfen to god or to halykirk. Also all tha that the fredom of halykirk lettes, brakes or disturbes, that es to say, If a man fle to the kirk or to kirk yerd, wha so hym lettes or owt drawes, or ther to procours or assenttes. Also all tha that dos sacrilege, that es, for to tak haly thyng out (of) haly place or unhaly thyng out of haly place, or halud thyng out of unhalud place, that es for to say, If chales or vestment ware borne in to a howse in the towne for to kepe for the mare surte.

Sir Alexander Malet's MSS., when examined by the Commission, proved to be of considerable historical value, but as the owner expressed his intention of using many of them in a work which he had projected, the notice in the report, is not so lengthy as it would other-

[10] We are glad to hear that this roll is being copied for the purpose of publication by an Archæological Society. This is as it should be, and we strongly advise the secretaries and others connected with those societies to obtain permission to publish in their *Transactions* documents like this. Much valuable information would be thus rendered available.

wise have been. The collection includes early copies of letters from Sir Thos. Boleyn, while the King's agent in the Low Countries in 1509 and 1510, and from Sir Thomas Spinelly, at Brussels, in 1513 and 1514. James Stuart, June 10, 1561, writes to Mary Queen of Scots:

Take stinte Madam; judge this with yourself that thair is na man that knoweth perfectly the present estate of your realm, and desireth with true affection the advancement of your grace's service that ever will advise your grace to meddle with matters of religion at this time. If it shall please your grace to credit me and follow my foresaid advice proceeding from an unfeyned heart that truly willeth your grace's advancement, then fear not that your grace shall have a perfect obedience in despite of any will press the contrair, whateir they be (God willing) and thereupon I will bestow my own life most willingly.

There is the original petition to James I., by the unhappy 'Arabella Seymaure,' which runs:

Consider what a miserable state I had been if I had taken any other course than I did; for my own conscience witnesses before God, that I was then the wife of him that now I am; I could never have matched with any other man, but to have lived all the days of my life as a harlot, which your Majesty would have abhorred in any, especially in one who hath the honour (how otherwise unfortunate soever) to have any drop of your Majesty's blood in them.

It appears from a seventeenth century letter, that in 1653 Whitelocke had the *Codex Alexandrinus* in his custody, and to have been authorised by the Council of State to lend it to Brian Walton and others, who had to sign an undertaking that they would return it uninjured.

A long Bede roll of the end of the twelfth century (showing that one hundred and twenty churches agreed to pray for the soul of Lucy the Countess of Oxford, sometime Abbess of the Convent of Hedingham, Essex), is the most important document in the possession of Mr. Lewis Majendie, of Hedingham Castle. In size this interesting deed is about twenty feet long, by seven inches wide. The deceased Countess was the wife of Aubrey de Vere, third Earl of Oxford. At the top of the roll the Abbess wrote a sort of 'circular' letter, and every church or monastic house, according to her request, wrote a few lines underneath. As might be supposed this roll is a valuable indication of the caligraphy of the period, and is noticed by Astle in his *History of Writing*. Three drawings occupying the whole width of the roll, and representing Christ on the Cross between Mary and John, and the B. V. Mary, angels conveying a soul to heaven, and the usual funeral ceremonies, add to its interest. In the two last-mentioned drawings, the person represented is doubtless the deceased Abbess. Mr. Majendie has also some letters from 1753 to 1763, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to Dr. Majendie, about relief to French and Hungarian Protestants.

The MSS. of the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, of Clyst St. George, Topsham, Devon, are chiefly the papers of the family of Newton, of Barr's Court, Gloucester.[11] The early Bristol deeds are of considerable topographical interest. A letter dated December 13, 1688, speaks of the amount of spoil in the possession of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys when taken:

The Lord Chancellor was taken yesterday at Wapping in a little ale house, and was brought up to town and committed to the Tower; they have also taken 35,000 guynies besides a great deal of silver which he had sent on board a collier, that was to have transported him beyond sea.

Mr. Horwood, who examined Mr. R. Cholmondeley's MSS. at Condover Hall, Shropshire, found a most valuable collection of documents. Among the early MSS. is

[11] Those who desire to know the history of this family and their mansion should read a paper by Mr. Ellacombe in *Herald and Genealogist* (iv. 1868).

a roll of vellum *temp.* Edward IV., containing a system of universal history from Adam downwards, and illustrated by curious drawings and portraits of various monarchs and other distinguished personages. We are told that in A.D. 503, Aurelius Ambrosius was succeeded by his brother Uter, who by the aid of Merlin brought from Ireland the *chorea gigantum*, now called Stonehenge, or Salisbury Plain. There is a late fourteenth century roll of the English poem, the *Stacions of Rome*,[12] beginning:

> He yat nil his soul leche
> list to me i wil him teche.

By a deed dated August 18, 1528, Cardinal Wolsey absolves Richard Bromeley, monk of Vale Crucis Abbey, from the guilt, if any, of apostasy incurred by him by not wearing his habit, and gives him permission (because of the weakness of his body) to use linen next the skin and leggings (*caligis*) of a decent colour, and to talk in a low voice in the dormitory and elsewhere.[13] In 1139 William de Berkeley founded the abbey of Kingswood, Wiltshire, and deeds referring to this house appear in Mr. Cholmondeley's collection. It should be mentioned that many of these papers were gathered by John Smyth, of Nibley, Gloucester, steward of Lord Berkeley, and M.P. for Midhurst, Sussex, in 1620. It is well known that in the reign of James I. there was a rage for new inventions analogous to the bubble company mania a short time ago. From a paper in this series it appears that a Mr. Russell had a project in 1620 for making 'artificiall wyne' in Virginia. It is to be made from a vegetable which grew there; it could be made cheaply, easily, would keep well, and would not intoxicate. Russell wanted 1,000*l.* for his discovery. Sir John Brooke, on April 2, 1621, told Smyth that, of his own knowledge, the wine was made 'of sassafras boyled' in water.

Perhaps the most interesting document in this collection is a paper entitled:

> Aug. 1601.—Orderes set downe by my lady to be observed by the gentle men in every respecte, the which dirreccones shall remayne in the gentleman usheres hands to thend that none of them shall for theyer excuse plead ignorounce uppon the breach of these appointed orderes by forgeatinge any of them.

We learn from this the order, and even state, practised in the household of Sir Thomas and Lady Berkeley at Newport, Gloucestershire. It is seldom that such a peep is obtained into domestic life in the first year of the seventeenth century. We need hardly say that up to the early years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the universal custom in a household like this to have persons of gentle birth of both sexes to perform the various menial offices, and the persons so employed considered it an honour rather than a disgrace. It was only in the later years of Elizabeth's reign that a feeling was springing up that such offices should be filled by plebeians, but the innovation was much discouraged by old-fashioned householders. In fact, lady and gentlemen 'helps' are no novelty. We will now quote a few paragraphs from this interesting set of 'orderes,' as the whole is too long for quotation:

> The gentleman usher all the service dayes appointed to cume upp dalye with the resi-

[12] In 1866 the *Stacions of Rome* was printed by the Early English Text Society (vol. 15, p. 113), but Mr. Horwood tells us that the copy above-mentioned differs from this in many particulars.

[13] In the palmy days of Cistercian discipline we doubt if any such concessions would have been made to a 'weak' brother, in case his example should have been contagious. For many years after the foundation of the order, the rules were so severe that it is remarkable that they could be endured.

dewe of my gentlemen to here the service saide before my lo: and me, and to cume upp som what before the yomen;[14] and after service he and the reste of the gentlemen to remain in the dyninge chamber, and not to go down with the yomen, which is most disorderly; for as the hall is a fytte place for the yomen so is the dyning chamber most convenient for the gentlemen to make theyer moste abode in.

And when straingeres be here, then my pleasure is that they both after dynner and supper and at all other times, bothe the gentleman usher and the rest of my gentlemen, shall kepe moste in the dyninge chamber to make showe of themselves bothe for the honor of my lo: and me, and to be redie to do such other service as shall be commanded them.

Further when I shall walk any way out of the parke, as into the fyldes, as more or any of my out warde groundes, then would I have the gentleman usher and the rest of my gentlemen to be in a redynes to wayte uppon me.

Further when I do walke in the parke then I do licence the gentlemen either to walke, boule, shoote, or use aney other pastime where I walke in this order, If do walke in the hye walke then they may be in the lower walke. I do not set downe this as an express comaundment that I woulld have them be there only; I do licence them to be there or to be absente as they shall thinke good.

Further my pleasure is that neither the gentlemane usher nor none of the reste of my gentlemen shall use grete play neither at dice, tables, nor cardes; for excesse of gameninge ympoverisheth your estate and causeth maney disorderes and contencions to be amongst fellowes; but in stede of this game to exercise yourselves in all manner of activity, as bowlinge, and chiefly exercise of your longe bowe, where in I take grete delighte.

The gentleman usher to see all straingers well entertayned for my lo: honor and myne; every man accordinge to his calleinge, likinge, and estemacion that is to be made of him; to see those that are of creadite to be dulye served with livery; none to have aney in my house under the degree of an esquier of a hundred pounds a yere of inheritance at the leaste; your ofice being gentleman usher is not neither yet any other of my gentlemen to be at the servinge of any liveryes under the degree of a baron; gentlemenes liveries to be served only with yomen, unlesse it be a knighte or knightes sonne and heire, or a gentleman of five hundred marke of landes of inheritance, then one gentleman to go with his livery and to place the bredde drinke & plate uppon the cubborde in his chamber.

When Smyth went to Berkeley Castle after the place had been sacked by the Parliamentary forces, he found that the muniment-room had been broken open, and about seven hundred documents taken thence. Many of the ancient charters were strewn about in the dirt, and others had their seals broken off *for the sake of the silk string* with which they were fastened. Even the bags and boxes in which the deeds had been stored were not too humble to be stolen.

With the following letter from Pope to Mr. Cowper, we close our notice of Mr. Cholmondeley's MSS.:

Feb. 5, 1732. Twitenham in Middlesex.

Sir, some accidente (and above all) the sickness of a very deserving parent h(ave prevented) till now my acknowledgment of the receipt (of your obliging) Letter and Verses. Pray think I am one wh(o would nei)ther be insensible to a civil or neglectful (to an ingeni)ous man. I shall use you with the justice and the freedom which is due to both; and at the same time that I congratulate you upon the Revival of your taste for the Ancient Authors, exhort you not to cultivate them negligently, but by frequent imitations of them. No Pleasures so well suit with exercise as those of the Imagination, which can be pursued even in the Field, and when your Dogs are at fault, can fill up the Intervall; none better suit with a Country Life than those of Poetry. Your choice indeed of my writings is what I cannot approve as the best; but if mine lead you to better, they will have some merit, and I shall thank you for thinking so. When you write better as you certainly will if you proceed, you will find Authors among y^e Moderns more worthy of your pains; but in the meantime to give you, Sir, a proof that what you have

[14] From this it appears that there were two degrees of servants in this household. It appears from a deed of agreement between Sir T. Berkeley and John Smyth, dated December 16, 1609, that the latter agreed to support the household (not to exceed eighteen persons besides Sir Thomas, his wife, and children) for 400*l.* per annum. Smyth agreed to 'keepe all the yeare six cople of hounds for the said S^r Thomas delight and recreation, with the hunsman.'

done pleases me, I should not be [sorry] if you tried y^r hand upon Eloisa to Abelard, since it has more of that Descriptive and, if I may so say, Enthusiastic Spirit, wh^ch is the Character of the Ancient Poets and will give you more occasions of imitat^g them. I am sensible, Sir, of your Partiality to me and desire you to thinke me

Your most obedt. humble servant
A. Pope.

Mr. J. R. Pine Coffin, of Portledge, N. Devon, has in his collection a number of interesting letters of the latter part of the seventeenth century. Dr. Prideaux (afterwards Dean of Norwich) writes, November 1673, to his sister, Mrs. Ana Coffin:

The new Dutchesse of York will be at London next week, where she is accompanied by her mother. She bringeth with her a portion of 400,000 crowns, being about 100,000*l.* of our money; which is payed by two of her unkles which are Cardinalls, and the King of France, who was the cheefe match maker, and made such haste to make it up, that without expecting any ratifycation from England, he concluded the businesse soe that she was upon her journey before they heard any thing of the businesse at Whitehall; to their great astonishment, & I suppose, indignation, but that they dare not show it, for fear of their disobliging their master, the King of France, who ruleth her as he pleaseth, and hath rather imposed a wife on the Duke than procured on for him. She is young, not above 15, hunch-backed, & ugly and the daughter of a poor beggarly prince, whose revenues doe not exceed 10,000*l.* a year of English money, and hath nothing else to make him considerable, but that he is absolute over Modena & Rheggio, 2 petty villages in Italy.

Exactly a year later he writes:

The King being lately at Newmarket, admitted severall Cambridge men to preach before him, being sollicited thereto by their Chancelour, the Duke of Monmouth; but being very much offended by the long periwigs which some of them wore, *& at the reading of their sermon*, which all the Cambridge men are guilty of, esteeming it affected to doe otherwise, hath sent an expresse command to the governours of the University, to take care for the future that none of their divines either ware periwigs or read their sermons.

We presume the Oxford men did not read their sermons.

In another letter, dated June 9, 1699, we have Dr. Prideaux's ideas about toleration:[15]

As to liberty of conscience which you magnify, it is the mother of confusion, and hath made a greater step towards driving Christianity out of the realm than any that hath been made since it came into it; for it tolerates men that are noe Christians—I mean the Quakers. I am not, neither never was I, for prosecuting any with penall laws, merely upon the account of religion; but such an unlimited toleration as this is, will soon extinguish all religion among us, since it is now claimed by a vast number of people to be of noe religion at all.

Mr. Richard Coffin had an agent in London who purchased books for his library, and sent him newsletters containing the 'chatt' of the day, as he calls it. This was Richard Lapthorne; and his letters extend from 1683 to 1697. Writing about December 1687, he speaks of an auction which had recently taken place:

There was amongst them and I wonder you tooke no notice of them, a greater rarity and one which was much prized, viz. 4 manuscripts of the works of Wickliffe, bought by the Earle of Kent at 21*l.* od money. I could have almost wished I had bought them myselfe at that price, but I veryly beliefe my Lord would have bought them if he had given 50*l.* for them.

Writing October 28, 1689, he says:

I just now come from Mr. Oliver Cromwell, son to the Protector Richard, and grandson to Oliver. Wee met about common affairs; viz. debtor and creditor, wherein I chanced to be concerned, and are to meet againe on Monday.

Here is his description of a per-

[15] It is a curious fact that the Quakers, who are referred to in Dr. Prideaux's letter, were the first sect who advocated religious toleration. They did not get much toleration from others. The Independents of New England—who ought to have known better—in 1656 passed a law that every Quaker who landed on the coast was to be seized and whipped. On a third conviction his tongue was to be bored through with a hot iron. It should never be forgotten that all sects, until a comparatively recent period, thought it their duty to persecute those who were in their power.

son who was attracting some curiosity at the time:

Feb. 28, 1690.—There is much chat of late about a demoniack, or gentlewoman possessed, in Duke Street, near Covent Garden. There have bin a Colledge of Theologists to make their observations on her; and in order to consult about a way to restore her (viz.) Dr. Hornick and others. There will a voyce sometymes blasphemously speake within her, when her lips and teeth are shut, and this very audible; and sometymes, sitting in her chayre, she will visibly bee lifted up, togeather with her chayre a great distance from the ground, no one touching the same, that can be perceived.

The latter part reads like a description of a modern spiritualistic manifestation.

He thus describes the origin of a fire at Whitehall:

Apl. 11, 1691.—Thursday night last a terrible fire broake out at Whitehall in the stone gallery, and hath consumed a great part of that pallace. It began, its sayd, in the Dutchess of Portsmouth's lodgings, now preparing for the Duke of Gloucester, occasioned by a mayd's burning off a single candle from the pound, instead of cutting it with a knife; and so going hastily away before the flame extinguished, caused the eruption of this great conflagration. I hear the Duke of Gloucester's lodgings are burnt down as also the Lord Devonshire's, the Lord Overkirks, and a great part of the Earl of Monmouth's.

With one more quotation from Mr. Pine Coffin's MSS., we shall pass on to the next collection. October 15, 1692, Mr. R. Lapthorne writes to his employer:

I had a short view of Sir R. Cotton's Library.[10] It is scituated adjoyning to the House of Commons at Westminster, of a great highth, & part of that old fabrick, but very narrow, as I remember, not full 6 feet in breadth and not above 26 in length; the books placed on each side, of a tollerable highth, so that a man of an indifferent stature may reach the highest. Over the heads are the Roman Emperors. I mean their heads in brass statues, which serve for standards in the catalogue, to direct to find any particular book; viz. under such an Emperor's head such a number. I had not time to look into the books; some relicts I took notice of beside the books; viz. I saw there Sir H. Spelman's & Buchanon's pictures, well don; also Ben Johnson's & Sir R. Cotton's, and in the staires was Wicliff's. I had in my hand the sword of Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, that came in with the Conquest. I saw Pope Eugeneus his Bull to the King of England; the originall in a faire Greek character in parchment anno 1500 (?) and od yeares. Instead of wax seales were the Cardinalls' heads in metall that subscribed it. I also saw Dr. Dee's instruments of conjuration, in cakes of bees wax almost petrified, with the images, lines, & figures on it.

The Rev. E. Field, of Lancing College, Sussex, has many interesting documents relating to Sir Abel Barker, of Hambleton co. Rutland. The 308 letters contained in his Private Letter Book (1642–65) show that the baronet was an active sensible man, and that the life of a Rutlandshire squire at that period was not necessarily an idle one. Besides farming his own estate he hired land under several neighbouring proprietors. These letters, as well as other documents in Mr. Field's collection, should be published. There are also papers relating to taxation and public affairs in Rutland and the adjoining counties in the seventeenth century.

The manuscripts of Miss Conway Griffith, of Carreglwyd, Anglesea, comprise at least 2,000 separate documents. Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson points out that the numerous leases in this collection show that from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the latter part of the seventeenth century the tenants of farms in Anglesea paid their rent in money, presents, and service. For example, Hugh ap William, *temp.* Charles II., held a small farm for 6*l.* in money, two capons and a hundred red herrings in presents, and six days

[10] Sir R. Cotton began to collect rare books and MSS. as soon as he left college in 1585. When Sir H. Sloane died in 1752, the nation secured his books and MSS. for 23,000*l.* The next year the Harleian Library was purchased. These three collections, forming the nucleus of the British Museum, were in 1755–6 removed to Montague House, and the public was admitted to view them in 1759.

of mason's work in service.[17] Many of the Carreglwyd documents relate to the public affairs of North Wales during the Civil War and the Commonwealth. These have descended to Miss Conway Griffith from her ancestor John Griffith, Esq., a lawyer of Gray's Inn, who for some years was private secretary to Henry, Earl of Northampton, Lord Privy Seal to James I. The Earl appointed him one of his executors.

A curious document, entitled 'A briefe and truediscours of the King's majesties carttakers,' dated October 15, 1605, shows the extraordinary abuses of this office. The paper is written by 'Robert Fletcher, yeoman-purveyor of carriages for the removes onely of his majesties most honourable household, wherein he hath servid 30 yeares and more with great troble, losses, and skandall.' Complaints of the conduct of the cart-takers had often been made, and Fletcher had ordered that 400 carts should be seized to convey the King's goods on a 'progress,' instead of 600, the number which had been previously taken, but he was not successful. He also 'propounded a limitacion of myles, and within the compas of twelve myles procurid that cartes should serve to the full at all generall removes at the rate of xs a cart, & 11d a myle, the quene's price, which xs a remove was paid by those dwelling without the list of xii miles.' There appears to have been another department of cart-takers called 'yeomen purveyors of carriages for his majesties buttry &c. and spicerye.' Of these he says:

These are the cart-takers of whom preachers in their pulpitts do proclaime, as namely Mr. Dean of Paul's in a sermon before the late Quene vpon Ashwensday, 1585, and Mr. D. Neale before all the Lords in the chapell at Whitehall, when her late majesties corps lay there not interrid. These are those cart-takers whoe doe daily & owerly take carts in London, whether there be cause or noe cause; and whoe are said to take money owerly and continewally. And these do sometimes straie upon an ignorant poor carter, who having laiden his cart for Norwich Yermouth or places of like distans from London, he is taken by one of thies cart-takers, commaunded to unload and to load a Tunn of drinck and convey the same to the courte &c. There he showeth a commission—Brode seale &c. The poor man drawith his purs and payeth v*l.*, iiii*l.*, v markes, &c. to be freed of this cart-taker and his broade seal. A nakid sword were even as lawful.

We have mentioned that Mr. Griffith was one of the executors of Henry, Earl of Northampton. By his will, dated June 14, 1614, he says:

I most humbly besech his excellent majestie to accept, as a pore remembraunce of me his faithful servaunt, a cupp of gold, of one hundred pounds value, with one hundred Jacobine pieces of twenty-two shillings apece therein, on which cup, my desire is there shold be this inscripcion, 'Detur Dignissimo.' To the most noble and hopefull Prince Charles I give my best George. To my most dere and entirely beloved nephewe, the earle of Suffolk I give my jewell of the three stones, one of them beinge that Ruby, which his excellent majestie sent me out of Scotland as his first token.

From notes of the Duke of Buckingham's speech to the Commons on the requirements of the Navy it appears that he said:

My journey into Spayne was all of my owne charge. I had not one penny of my master. To France I confesse my charge was borne. But that of the Low Countries was my owne charge without anything from the King. I am accused to be the cause of the losse of the narrowe seas and of the damages there sustayned.

Extremely interesting is the following passage in a letter from Lewes, Bishop of Bangor, when in London attending the coronation of Charles I., to his father-in-law, Sir Sackvill Trevor, Kt., at Place Newydd, Feb. 7, 1626. He says that on the night of the last Monday in January he

[17] These gifts at first were spontaneous, but in process of time some tenants became lax in the matter, and so the amount of these was specified in the lease.

Allayted at the red lion in Grayes Inne lane, where the plague has not been all Infection tyme. On Tuesday, the next day, I wayted on the King at dinner. After I had kyssed his hand and receaved as gracious a welcome as ever I had in my life, I moued his majestie in your behalf with no litele ernestnes. Tyme will not suffer me to write the summe of the wordes; but the effect of his majesties aunswer was this, that by his troth he would do for you, and that you weare a very honest and able man. . . I thancke God I never had so much favor in my life from his majestie as I had synce I cam vp last. I was one of the Busshops who held the cloth over his head whilst his majestie was annointed, & after his annointing he graciously kissed me & some 5 busshops that weare at the annointing, as the ceremony is, and when his majestie sate vpon his throne, on a high scaffold with a crowne on his head, we did our homage to him and then we kissed hym. I thank God I am now growen againe in extraordinary favor with the Duke of Buckingham. My Lord of Rutland at the very coronation holding the sworde asked me very hartilie how his cosen Anne did, and whether she was come up to London, and whether she had a boy or a girle, and very chearfully glad to heare of her.

Nearly five thousand *Cartæ Antiquæ* are preserved in Canterbury Cathedral. This is not a newly-found hoard, as historians have availed themselves many times of this mine of historical and topographical wealth. Mr. Kemble used many of the pre-Norman MSS. when compiling his *Codex Diplomaticus*. These deeds seem to have been carefully examined and arranged in the time of Henry II., during the priorate of Henry of Eastry (*d.* 1331), and lastly, in 1806, by Mr. Cyprian Bunce, who compiled a careful catalogue of them. One of the deeds describes the useful work of Prior Wilbert in the twelfth century, who conducted to the various offices of the monastery a good supply of spring water by means of leaden pipes from a hill about a mile distant. Other documents mention the kinsmen of Archbishop Becket, but they do not appear to have enjoyed especial favour on that account. They even seem to have been classed with the less dignified brethren or 'conversi.'

Disputes appear to have been continually taking place between the prior and convent and the city of Canterbury. On July 16, 1500, the mayor and two hundred armed men went to a meadow outside the city, and cut down some 'welowes' and stopped a dyke. A sick monk who happened to be in the meadow for his recreation was assaulted and put in 'grete juberdie of his lyf,' and servants of the prior were taken into the city and imprisoned. The case was tried and the mayor was defeated. He then removed the fish-market from Burgate Street to another place very inconvenient for the monastery. The prior sent to the seaside and bought some fish, but it was seized as it came through the town, 'disapoyntyng in the same the brethren of the place of ther deners.' The city took its revenge also in another manner. It appears, from the record of the trial, another scheme was hit upon to annoy the monks. We are told that 'While hit hathe been used of a laudable custom of the mair and other citizens, that at the feste of Cristmas have assembled theym selfe in the church at the tombe of Archibysshopp Sudbury, ther saying divers orysons and prayours for the sowle of the same Byshopp, for the great actes he hath don to the seide cite, the same maior and citizens, for the greate malice & grugge as they owed to the seid priour and convent, at the fest of Cristmas last passt absented theym selfe from the said church, withdrew there prayours from thence, and kept there prayours & orysons under the prison hous called Westgate of the seid cite.' They also abstained from joining the nobleman who brought the King's offering to St. Thomas.

Some of the deeds are foundation deeds of various chantries in the cathedral, affording important evi-

dence of the date of different portions of the supplementary buildings. That of a chantry to be called Brenchley's orders the priest to observe the canonical hours with mass and Placebo and Dirige,[18] at the altar of St. John the Baptist. Archbishop Stafford confirmed this. Among these deeds the most interesting, perhaps, is the agreement between Henry VII. and the monastic authorities for perpetual masses for the King and his kinsmen. It is in the form of a book of thirty-four pages, and is richly bound in oak, covered with blue velvet, decorated with clasps and ornaments in brass. The margin of the title-page is enriched by illumination. A charter of Cnut accompanied a gift of a very remarkable character.

Ego Cnut . . . . basileus, propriis manibus meis, capitis *mei auream coronam*[19] pono super altare Xpi. in Dorobernia ad opus ejusdem ecclesie, quâ concedo eidem ecclesie, ad victum monachorum, portum de Sandwico.

The two following songs[20] are considered to be unedited, and believed to be the composition of the monks of Christ Church. They are of the fifteenth century:

I pray you come kyss me
My lytle prety mopse,
I pray come kyss me.

Alas good man most now be kyst
Ye shall not now ye may me trust
Wherefore go where as ye best lust,
For I wys ye shalnot kyss me.

I wys swete hart yff that ye
Had askyd a greter thyng of mee
So onkynd to you I wolde not have be,
Where (fore) I pray you come kyss me.

The eleventh and last stanza runs:

I know se well that ye are kynd,
Wherefore ye shall now know my mynde,
And as you owne ye shall me fynde
At all times redy to kyss thee.

J. Wolstan.

This is the second song:

I will not flee
To love that hart that lovyth me.

That hart my hart hath in suche grace
Y^t of two harts one hart make wee
Y^t hart hath brought my hart in case
To love y^t hart y^t lovyth me.

Whych cause gyvyth cause to me & myne
To serve y^t hart of suverente,
And styll to syng y^e later lyne,
To love y^e heart y^t lovyth mee.

What ev' I say, what ev' I syng,
What ev' I do, y^t hart shall se,
Y^t I shall serve with hart lovyng,
Y^t lovyng hart y^t lovyth me.

Thys knot thus knyt who shell untwyne,
Since we to knyt it do agre,
To lose nor flye but both enclyne
To love yt hart yt lovyth me.

Farwell of harts y^e hart most fyne
Farwell dere hart hartly to the,
And kepe yis hart of meyne for thine,
As hart for hart for lovyng me.

Disputes were of frequent occurrence between the Archbishops and the prior and convent. Archbishop Baldwin (1185–90) wished to remove his *cathedra* from Canterbury to Hackington. Urban III. allowed him to do this, and granted him permission to take for the purpose a fourth part of the offerings at the shrine of St. Thomas. The monks appealed to Rome, and the bull was withdrawn. It was afterwards agreed that the church at Hackington should be demolished and the materials removed to Lambeth.[21]

At the end of the fifteenth century the central tower of Canter-

[18] Dirige is the first word of the first anthem, *Dirige Domine Deus*, at matins. The evensong for the dead is termed *Placebo* because the anthem before the first psalm begins *Placebo Domino* &c. (Rock's *Church of our Fathers*, ii. 503). *Dirge* is a corruption of *dirige*.

[19] The gold crowns richly adorned with gems, found near Toledo in 1858, were evidently votive crowns, and made for suspension over an altar. The largest of these, the crown of King Reccesvinthus (c. 653) was set with large pearls and fine sapphires.

[20] The songs are written by two different persons, and the second is superior to the first.

[21] Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, ii. 554.

bury Cathedral was rebuilt. A MS. entitled 'Expensæ factæ circa constructionem Campanilis Angelici' (it was called the Angel Steeple from an image surmounting it) records the expenditure for nearly three years, 1494–6. It appears that 1,132 tons of Caen stone cost 530*l.* 8*s.* 10½*d.*, and 480,000 bricks 3*s.* 4*d.* the thousand. The total expense for the whole period was 1,035*l.* 16*s.* 3¾*d.*

An inventory of the goods of Archbishop Stratford taken the year after his death, 1349, shows that he possessed 6,509*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.*, but his debts amounted to 5,925*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* The funeral expenses were 782*l.* 4*s.* 2¼*d.* More than forty years before the cost of the funeral of Archbishop Winchelsea was 459*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*

Some of the deeds in the Canterbury collection refer to the custom of granting rations of food and drink by the monastery, called *corrodies* in exchange for benefactions. This privilege was much abused, and was one reason why the monasteries of England were in pecuniary difficulties just before the dissolution.[22] Kings often sent persons to be quartered on the great monasteries, and the abbot or prior dare not refuse the request which was really a command.

The papers belonging to the Catholic Chapter of London, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, would afford materials for a history of the Roman Catholics both in England and abroad. Among them are 'A narrative of the establishing of the monastery of Bethlem, the first English house of the Immaculate Conception of our B. Lady in the suburbs of St. Anthony, at Paris.' An account of the Benedictines of Paris by Bridget More; 'The beginning and progress of the monastery called our Blessed Lady of Syon, Channonesses Regulier of the order of St. Austin, established in Paris A.D. 1634.' A large folio of 492 pp. is entitled 'An historical and critical dictionary, comprising the lives of the most eminent Catholicks from the year 1500 to 1688, being a complete history of the clergy, regulars and laymen, of that persuasion, who for the two last centuries had distinguished themselves at home or abroad by their piety, learning, or military ability, particularly of their writers, with a distinct account of their works and those of their adversaries, and explanatory notes, clearing many obscure parts of the English Church history, &c.' Though not stated, it is by the Rev. Hugh Tootle, *alias* Dodd. He made careful transcripts of documents then at Douai, but since destroyed in the first French Revolution.

Of the same character are the papers in the custody of Cardinal Manning. About half the collection consists of papers having reference to the ecclesiastical affairs of the London district. Mr. Stevenson describes in the Report the other half of the documents of a more general nature commencing with the end of the sixteenth century.

In the earliest now existing Register of Magdalene College, Cambridge, we have the admission of Samuel Pepys, the Diarist. 'October 1, 1650, Samuel Peapys, filius Johannis Peapys, annos natus — e schola Paulina, admissus est Sizator, Tutore, Domino Morland.' Another entry refers to his admission as a scholar upon the Spendluffe foundation. 'April 3, 1651, Ego Samuel Pepys, admissus fui in discipulum hujus Collegii, pro Magistro Spenluff.' The next entry is not quite to the credit of the future diarist.

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[22] Dr. Hook, in his *Lives of the Archbishops*, took great pains to point out that many of the monastic houses being in debt was a reason why so little opposition was made to the dissolution.

Oct. 21, 1653. Mem. y^e Peapys & Hind were solemnly admonished by myself & Mr. Hill for having been scandalously overseene in drink y^e night before. This was done in y^e presence of all y^e Fellows then resident in Mr. Hill's chamber. John Wood, Registrarius.

Another Register book contains the following under date December 8, 1679:

Whereas of late yeares divers vitious & disorderly customes have by the petulancy and presumption of some looser schollers been introduced into this College, tending notoriously to y^e idle expence of time & money; to wit, excesse and quarilling and all this to y^e manifest corruption and debauchery of youth, and so to y^e just scandell and offence not onely of y^e present society, but of many worthy persons formerly members of y^e same, & utterly strangers to such loose & idle manners in their time: For prevention of y^e like enormities for y^e future, and y^e mischievous effects consequent thereupon (ordered) . . . That no Sophister or scholler whatsoever demand for Sophisters cheese above 12*d.* of a pensioner and 8*d.* of a sizer; and y^t no scholler after, or at, his first admission, offer or yield to pay more, and y^t he pay it in cheese to be equally divided twixt himself and y^e Sophisters, pensioners by y^m selves, and sizers by y^m selves, according to former and even late custome and priviledge. . . . . That no scholler at his entrance into a chamber upon his first comming to y^e College, or upon any removall afterward, do offer to give money or to treat and entertaine, eyther by eating or drinking his chamber fellowes or any y^t keep above or below y^e same flores or staires, or any other schollers in y^e Colledge. . . . That no Sizer who is a senior in commons dare to demand or receive groats or y^e worth of one farthing from any of his juniors, upon their coming to y^e table, eyther when Freshmen or Sophemen, nor y^e Fellowes Sizers to exact or receive admission-money or y^e expence of one farthing, from any, at their coming to wait and serve tables in y^e hall. That no seniors dare to hale or compell any his juniors at y^e time of y^e yeare, eyther in y^e Colledge or out of it, to give them cherries, berries or any other expence of fruit whatsoever, nor set others on to do so. That those sottish and even savage trickes of grubbing, salting, mustarding, and y^e like, rarely used by any but rakehells & dunces, be utterly disused and abolished.

This document is signed by the then Master, J. Peachell, and nine fellows.

Among the muniments of Pembroke College, Cambridge, is a letter addressed to Sir Edward Coke, the distinguished lawyer, by his fourth son, John Coke:

Holkham.—Innumerablie manie are the benefits, deare Father, which I have received from your hands, and this last not the least, I hope it shallbe the last in this kind, and if it will please youre Lord: out of youre fatherlie love, I deserving, if not to release me of my debts, I hope your Lord: shall see me soe to husband my estate, that whereas I have offended your Lord: by my carelessness, I shall in some measure give youre Lord: content (though never fully satisfie you) by being carefull and diligent with a continuall watchfulness never to offend hereafter, and to assure youre Lord: of this, I will never lett affection bear sway where discretion should rule; but I will bend all my endeavours and actions to shew myself an obedient child to soe loving a father. And here, I present unto youre Lord: a true and reall summ of all my debts which are my particularlie, as well in the countrie as in London, beseeching you deare Father, to forget what is past, if you see amendment in the time to come. I humblie take my leave, my wife and all my children, together with myselfe remembering our duties to youre Lord: praying daylie for youre health with long life and happie daies. Your obedient sonne, JOHN COKE.

Mr. Henry Thomas Riley gives an elaborate account of the MSS. of the Corporation of Rye. Many of the charters are to be found described in Jeake's *Charters of the Cinque Ports* and Holloway's *History and Antiquities of Rye.* The *Custumal* begins *temp.* Mary, and is of course a copy of an older book. It is entitled 'Theis byn the usages of the Comynaltye of the towne of Rye, used ther of tyme out of minde, which mens myndes cannot think the contrarye.' The first volume of the series of Chamberlain's Account Books is for the year 1448. The town of Rye was burnt by the French in that year. Even an exchange of horses had to be conducted with formality:

Item, on the day of Seynt Luke the Evangelist cam before me, the said John (Suttone) Mayre of the seyd towne of Rye,

on Davy Howell and John Tryoss, & then in presence cam & recorde the eschaunge of ii hors, the ton a grey gyldyng, & the tother a lytell lyght bay with a whyght sterre in the forhede; the said Davy havyyng the gray gyldyng for the lyght bay hors off the said John, and the said John havyng the said bay hors for the said gyldyng off the said Davy; & for the said eschaunge made within the said place of Rye the said parties well and truly have paid ther toll, after our lawes and usage.

The municipal authorities of this town seem to have been very liberal in their payments to minstrels.

34 Hen. VI. Gevyn to the Kynges mynstralles, 3*s*. 4*d*. Gevyn to the mynstrellys off my Lord Bowsyrs (Bourchier's) in wyne and mony 2*s*. 2*d*. Gevyn to men off Lede (Lydd) when they shewed ther play, 6*s*. 8*d*. Gevyn to the mynstrallys off my Lord off Bykyngham, 3*s*. 4*d*.

It was thought good policy to treat the servants of great men well:

Expenses upon a certain 'poursevant' (pursuivant) for that he carried a seal of the arms of the Lord Duke of Boughkynham with him; and in reverence for the said seal, a pleasant and joyous countenance was extended to him, 2½*d*. expended upon the said 'pursevant' when we had him to supper, for reverence for the said Duke of Bughkyngham, and for the honour of the town, in wine and other victuals 4*d*.

The following is a translation of a Latin document in one of the Rye chests:

On the 6th day of July (1483) King Richard and Queen Anne, his consort, were crowned at Westminster by the Rev. Father in Christ & Lord, the Lord Thomas Bowrgchier, Cardinal & Archbishop of Canterbury: at which coronation there were chosen to bear the silk canopy over the King and Queen aforesaid. for the Barons of the town of Rye, Adam Oxenbrugge & the then Mayor thereof Thomas Bayen (and) Robert Croche; who, after the said coronation, on the same day, claimed in right of the town of Rye aforesaid, the canopy that had been carried over the King beforenamed; which canopy they kept in their possession and afterwards carried away with them, with four spears and four silver bells, to the town of Rye aforesaid; giving surety that they, with their companions, the Barons then present, would make answer for the said canopy at the next Broodehill held. And so at the next Broodehill which was holden at Romene on the 22nd day of July following, it was found in the books of the Common House there, that the said canopy belonged of right to the town of Rye aforesaid: and so, by common consent of all the Barons then and there present the said canopy was allowed to remain in the town of Rye.

There are deeds relating to the Friars Heremites; Jeake seems to think that they were only settled in Rye in the reign of Henry VIII., but it is perfectly clear from these documents that they were there at a much earlier period. The Austin Friars were there in 1364.

We learn from the Corporation accounts of New Romney that in 1410 the authorities received 13*s*. 4*d*. 'from the Wardens of the church of St. Laurence, for one bell silver gilt, sold to them,' and 12*s*. from the Wardens of the church of St. Nicholas, for another bell of the same kind, 'which bells came to the community at the Coronation of Henry IV.' These bells decorated the canopy held over the King, and were purchased by these churches, doubtless, for sacring bells. The following is a translation of a description of this old custom:

Over King Edward IV. on the day of his Coronation the Barons of the Cinque Ports bore a canopy of cloth of gold upon 4 gilt lances or spears, and at each corner of the said canopy a bell hanging of silver gilt; whose due of right and of honour, it is to do so; as in charters of former Kings of England and the grant of the said King Edward and the customs of the Cinque Ports, more clearly appears. And the said canopy, lances and bells were delivered by the Barons of the Cinque Ports to the Barons of Romene and Dovorre, to whom on this occasion they belonged; and among them they were divided, namely, half of the said cloth and 2 lances and 2 bells to the Barons of the town of Romene and the other half of each thereof to the Barons of Dovorre.

In 1566 the town agreed to pay '4 *li*. yearly to be payde out of the townes purse towards the maynteanunce of a good schoolemaster, for the better edyffyeng erudicion, and

brynging upp of youthe within the saide towne.' This was soon given up, but two years after the authorities could find money to try their luck in a lottery. In 1568 they agreed, 'in consideration of the Queens Majesties proclamation concerning the lotteries, that thei shall rise out of the townes purse 40ʳ. of good money of Englonde, being iiii lotts. And so the posey for the said lott to goe & bedrytten under the townes name.'

Among the archives of the borough of High (or Chipping) Wycombe is a copy of a remarkable address presented by the authorities to Charles II.:

May it please your sacred Majestie. Most of our late defeated Politicians, disappointed of theire dark dissignements by your Majesties profound wisdome and divine provision, have endeavoured to disarrange all loyall addresses either as uselesse & insignificant, or as discountenanced and unregarded, and that the glutt of them doth cloy and surfett rather than satisfie your Majestie.

Notwithstanding these slye ejected discouragements, we have always detested & rejected them, togeather with theire now exploded scanty and forsaken abettors; and have ever incerted our loyall selves amongst the resolute grave and deliberate persons' & we doe most highly applaud the stout Fidelios, the strenuous, brisk and valiant youth of this your now much undeluded nation.

Wee, therefore, your Majesties most dutyfull and most devoted subjects, entyrely professe that wee will, to the utmost stresse of our sinews, to the latest gaspe of our lives, & the last solitary mite in our coffers, adhere to your Majestie. And wee beseech your Majesties most gracious acceptance of our most humble and unfeigned thankfulnesse for all your Majesties most princely purposes, comprized in your Majesties most gracious declaration; your royall resolves for frequent Parliaments; your most pious intentions to perpetuate the Protestant religion amonge us; your equall government in Church & State by the laws establisht and the legall (though wee hope in God the many years remote and distant) discent of your royal diadem.

There are thirteen letters from Mary Queen of Scots to the Earl of Cassilis in the collection of the Marquis of Ailsa. In one dated Edinburgh, May 29, 1562, she speaks of the intended meeting between herself and the Queen of England, 'to the end we may be sic familiarite intertean the peace & incres farder amytie betwix us.' She writes from Carlisle, May 20, 1568:

Forsamekle as I for the saalftie of my bodie findant na suer acces nor place within my realme to retire me at this tyme, as ye may know I was constraignit to leve the samen & to pas to this country of England, quhair I assur you I have bene rycht weill ressauit & honorablie accompaigned and traicted. I have deliberit to pas fortherward in France to pray the King, my guid brother, to support and help me to delyver and releve my Realme of sic Rebellions troublis and oppressionis that now regnis within the samin, & to depart furth of this town the xxiv day of this instant moneth. Thairfore, I pray you effectuuslie traist cusing, that ye in the menetyme hald yourself constant in my seruice & aduerteiss your freindis & neighbouris . . . to serve me quhan the occatioun sall offer, as ye have done trewly afore this time, speciallie at the last battal whair (as I am adwerteist) ye have done richt weill your devoir, ye beiand on your featis whilk sall nocht be forgot be me in tyme coming. With the help of God I houp to returne agaen about the xv day of August nixt with gud company for the effect foresaid, God willing. This I believe ye will do, as my traist is and wes in yow, and for to mak ane end of my bill I will commit you to the protectiuon of the Eternal God, at Carlell, the xxth of Maij 1568.

The other letters of Mary are not of general interest.

P.

# THE FUNCTIONS OF GOVERNMENT REGARDING PUBLIC WORKS.

THE assistance, control, or interference of Government are substantives which, at any rate in our country, express nearly the same thing according to the views of different sections of economists. The very wide divergence of interpretation of what is salutary in State action is well illustrated at the present time, in educational and religious discussions; but there is a phase of State interference, or non-interference, which of late years has somehow fallen into the background, and has not had its fair share of discussion. It has, nevertheless, a very immediate and pressing interest for all of us. I allude to the action, or rather inaction, of Government in England in its relation to the public works of the country. Day by day these are growing with an unceasing rapidity. Most, if not all, of them are promoted naturally and reasonably by the purely selfish interests of individuals; others, again, by local corporations representing the wants of a fractional portion of the population. If we can bring ourselves to recognise the intimate inter-connection and affinity of the public works of a country, we shall ask ourselves whether we are the only people who can afford to be without some central controlling authority.

No recognisable policy, no definite aim exists, nor can it be looked for so long as a Government is satisfied, and satisfies the public by relegating its functions to the action of short-lived committees of the House of Commons. Under such a system, the inception of projects involving the well-being of thousands is left wholly to the stimulus of private or local interests. Projects which appear outwardly as mere isolated ventures, or at any rate essentially local matters, may be really and inwardly mere links in a chain, binding the interests of a group of districts. Are these ramifications recognised under our present methods, if they can be called by such a name? Can we expect a bored and unpaid committee to do more than sift the pleas of opposing well-paid lawyers? We talk boldly and vaguely about the influences of great public works as civilising and progressive; but are we not forgetting that such beneficial results can be but the chance outcome of disconnected, and perhaps even opposite, ideas? We are leaving our progress to private enterprise, while our Government looks on, sphinx-like, and makes no sign. As already said, we have yet to recognise the inter-connection of our public works, that money spent in one district, or an industry fostered or assisted in another, may act either beneficially or detrimentally on a third. But we have become content to trust to Providence to settle these things. It would be un-British to take any other line. Philistines to the back-bone, we must trust to our one Shibboleth, viz. to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, and all will come right. And it has come right, and fairly so for the rich. But for the poor I fear we have sold their birth-right. The time is not far distant when the poor man will 'want to know' more about these things, as of many others. When the House of Commons ceases to be mainly a club for railway directors and Parliamentary lawyers, it is certain that the 'free and independent' voter will take a very keen interest in public works.

He will, unless we drift into a hopeless Transatlantic political condition, make an effort to rid himself of the one-sided legislation of the past, and will, I think, hold some novel and very astonishing views as to the function of the State in many matters. The interests of the large residuum will then be balanced against those of the well-to-do few, with the almost inevitable result of our Government becoming invested with far more vigorous and pointed functions with regard to our public works.

The 'exactions on necessities,' as Mr. E. Chadwick has well termed them, will no longer be permitted in the shape of railway, water, and gas companies. The Britisher will demand his pound of flesh. He will ask for cheap and good water and light, and cheap and unrestricted means of locomotion.

It is true that only within the last thirty years or so has it become a recognised duty of any government to control the action of private enterprise, and a much more recent revelation is that of assisting and fostering public works. The extent and character of such assistance and control has varied very considerably —in Europe especially. But it would scarcely be wrong to state that in all countries, save in our own, there has been a broad and distinct recognition of the duties of government, and a definite aim, productive, in most cases, of definite results. The problem must necessarily vary in each country according to its wealth, its resources, and the character of its population. But the solution has been arrived at either boldly or tentatively, and we can see all over Europe, that Government control, at least in all matters of public works, is held to be not merely politic, but imperative. In France, in Germany, Belgium, Russia, Italy, and Spain, we see that each cabinet holds a responsible officer to watch over the public works of the country; and whether this duty is well or ill done in each case does not invalidate the wisdom of the idea. In our own country the tendency of public opinion, or such opinion, rather, as is represented, lies unfortunately in the direction of keen antagonism to State interference, and still more so to State enterprise. The reason for this is easily seen. Our great public wants have been supplied by great private corporations, and these are just now too strong for us. Another reason is, perhaps, that in a wealthy and enterprising country like our own, there may be, and indeed there are, doubts, as to whether State interference may not tend rather towards dwarfing instead of encouraging the legitimate channels for private interprise. Further, that public necessities can be as well dealt with, at least, as far as the project is concerned, by private corporations as by officers of Government. Plausible as this view may appear, it is abundantly and perennially shown to be erroneous, even as regards the initial condition of projects. The interests of the few may be well considered, but breadth of view is not even likely to be secured in schemes which have but one end in view, viz. profit to the projectors.

I admit, as I have implied above, that no hard and fast axioms can be laid down to suit all the varying conditions of a country, but every government should be required to hold a definite policy with regard to the control of public works within its dominions. It is clear that a policy that would be, in one case, demanded to effect the control of private speculation, would need considerable modification or complete reversal in cases where it would be necessary to stimulate or revive private enterprise. It is equally admitted that the point is one requiring the most careful and experienced statesmanship. But the evils of inaction, or practical

inaction such as we can see in England, must be patent to everyone who will take the trouble to review the present aspect of our public works. It would be seen that until within a very few years since. the supply of nearly all our great public wants was in the hands of chartered private monopolists. The change from this is now beginning, but yet still over a very wide range we shall find that for want of proper control we have made over huge national interests to almost wholly irresponsible monopolists. Too much stress cannot be laid on this point. No greater blunder was ever made by a free country. The plea that would be urged in extenuation of this would probably be to the effect that those monopolies are in the majority of cases regulated by a schedule of maximum charges. But this cannot be accepted as valid, for not only have such schedules been frequently either evaded or modified, but it has to be shown at the outset that these charges were justly and reasonably due to the accommodation or supply afforded or to be afforded. How many of our so-called public works would stand such a test? There are very few indeed that are not heavily weighted by illegitimate expenditure, and still fewer are those that do not bear the mark of ill-controlled expenditure of even a legitimate nature. The very first conditions in the provision of national public works should be sufficiency and economy—economy in its broadest sense—works that are to fulfil the vital needs of a people should not be permitted to be the battle-field of speculators, engineers, and lawyers, contending for a fortune or a livelihood. Yet in England this, until lately, has been the almost invariable and stereotyped history of our public works.

The fallacy of perpetuating such a system is becoming slowly recognised, and hopeful signs of a new era are to be seen in the many schemes now being brought forward under the direct inception of local governments and corporations. But the great blot remains in our railways. These are untouched and rampant still. That Mr. Gladstone's Act for the gradual acquisition of our railways should have been allowed to become obsolete with only the most feeble protests, is ample evidence of the huge interests we have to contend with in any attempts at emancipation. Our railways offer obviously the most easily recognised illustration of the evil noticed in this paper, viz. the want of central Imperial control. It is true that in the infancy of our railway system it was not merely impossible to foresee the growth it has now attained, but the special knowledge and the spirit of enterprise in such matters at least was confined to but a small number of persons. The works were regarded more as single and tentative speculations than as the foundations of a vast national system. Little, therefore, as our Government then did towards the control of such enterprise, it equally did little or nothing in the way of assistance. Indeed every kind of difficulty and expense was permitted to remain for a long while in the way of projectors. From the day of the first survey until the last struggle in the House of Lords, it was one incessant uphill fight against rapacious landlords and their political friends. It was not until 1844 that any definite legislation took place, and even then the first Act carries the impress rather of the lawyer than of the statesman. The feeling was probably one tending rather towards the repression than the guidance and assistance of such works. Much, however, as we may or shall deplore the nett result of this State timidity, we must admit that this treatment was natural in the infancy of such very novel works as railways then

were. Were we able to begin now *de novo*, our experience would doubtless lead us, as it has led other countries, to adopt a different policy.

As has been already suggested, a very important point has been hitherto overlooked in our system. We have treated our public works in much the same way as we should treat a new trader or a new manufacturer.

We have not realised the fact that the majority of the public works of a country must of necessity be singular, or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, should not require duplication. Thus competition, if it should happen, is not a real good—it is an evil. Railways, canals, water supply, lighting, docks, and similar public works, need not, and should not, under a perfect system, afford any field or necessity for rival and competing schemes. Such public accommodation supplies the wants and contributes to the happiness of the nation, and their character is such, that if designed for the public weal, in the broadest sense, they should be single, sufficient, and cheap. With what wide and reckless divergence from such a method we have been proceeding, is to be seen almost at every man's door. The country is seamed with rival and commercially worthless railways; much good land has been spoilt, and access to much more made infinitely inconvenient. In London it is especially noticeable that the water supply, instead of being one grand scheme under a public corporation, is afforded by half-a-dozen trading companies, each endowed with powers to supply the people with as impure water as they like to give.

We shall gradually and at length arrive at the obvious conclusion that if such works are properly monopolies, they should be carried out by the public. We should then avoid the necessarily shallow and selfish views of 'projectors,' to whom the necessity for early or immediate profit is the sole guide and motive. Were such works relegated to the guidance of the State, it would be its duty and desire to see that each fresh project should be viewed from an Imperial stand-point. It would require that the new work be considered with reference to existing or prospective works, and would even be prepared to forego immediate profit in view of supplying a pressing public want or of stimulating the growth of backward districts. Under our present system, our only methods consist in cajoling unwary capitalists to invest and re-invest their money in competing schemes, or to venture on projects which at the outset are and must be commercially rotten. It is almost a platitude to urge that the immediate and tangible profits of a public work cannot be accepted as the sole and sufficient test of its value. Indirect but most valuable results may flow from many a scheme that, viewed from a rigorously commercial point of view, would be wholly inadmissible. But such indirect value cannot, of course, be expected to have any sort of weight with private capitalists or corporations. It is sufficient to instance the case of the roads of a country to illustrate this view, and it is fortunate, though it is a mere chance, that we have escaped in England the concession of these elementary means of locomotion to private traders.

The origin of the persistent opposition against State control in this country is easily seen. It is natural that those who have invested their money in our public works should think that they or their representatives are the most fitted to manage their investments. But this is one side only when considering the case of really national works. The other side is that the public who use and pay for the use of these works should in the widest sense have value for their money, that in short

these interests should be protected by a watchful and impartial authority. What machinery have we for this purpose? To what tribunal do we look for the assertion and enforcement of our rights? We can show nothing better for this as yet but a small Committee of the House of Commons. Contending and rival companies battle before them for new schemes and amalgamations; but the nation as a whole, and even the local fraction immediately interested, is either unrepresented, or so insufficiently as to be practically unheard. The Government as representing the national spirit stands aloof. It in effect says: 'You can look after your own interests; you are free, and you can find the remedy for individual injury in the law courts.' Yet the veriest tiro in the mysteries of private bills is aware of the sheep-like docility with which the public are led into irrevocable concessions. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and so we drift on year by year, making a patchwork of what should be, under a better system, a grand harmonious whole.

But even to take lower ground, even setting aside our duties to each other, let us consider how ineffectual our present system is towards insuring individual safety and convenience. To continue, on this point, on the subject of railways, it is perhaps a startling, but no less certain revelation, to many to be told that on all railways open for traffic the public have no power to enforce the adoption of improvements, however imperative for the due safety of travellers. The House of Commons has made us over to a company, and our appeal now lies with the Board of Trade. But this august body can do no more for us than to gibbet the imperfections of a service, and to recommend improvements. They cannot be enforced. It may happen that any one railway, or two railways in combination, having the monopoly of a district may, if it please them, run one train each way per day; may, if they elect to accept the risk, run their trains with the most elementary system of timing and signalling; may have utterly insufficient brake power, may systematically overwork their staff, and may raise their fares. For this there is no remedy in the hands of the public save that of promoting the construction of another line that will afford the desired requirements for safety and convenience. The Board of Trade might storm and rave over the delinquencies of the railway, but effective control there is none.

Similarly a town or a district may have been made over as regards lighting to the tender mercies of a gas company. The company may have started heavily weighted by financing operations, by promotion money, and by the peculations of an unscrupulous board of directors or managers. It seeks to obtain dividends on its wasted money, both by supplying bad light and by charging heavy rates. There is no real and prompt remedy for this save, in the former case, of starting a rival concern, which can hardly thrive when, as must happen, the business is divided between the two.

Enough has perhaps been written to justify the assertion, that until we establish a central controlling power with ample authority—a Minister for Public Works—we shall be for ever at the mercy of either large capitalists or of narrow local cliques. Were we to endow a great public functionary with the duties of considering the fitness and necessity of every proposed public work as it came forward, and to make it his paramount duty to guard the rights of the public, we should have gone a long way towards some system, some unison in our undertakings; responsible only to Parliament, and aided by the counsel of a salaried board of permanent advisers

of high professional and social standing, he would, while combining some of the functions of the Board of Trade with the whole of those of Chief Commissioner of Works, be required to take a broad grasp of the requirements of the country. Public works promoted by local governments would be easily and promptly dealt with. The requisitions for loans for their assistance would be considered side by side with requests from other directions, and granted in the light of a fixed and defined policy. In dealing with the proposals of a new company, or of rival companies, he would regard the immediate advantages offered to a section of the public as secondary to the possible prospective good or evil to the community at large. He would have control over the operations of corporations and vestries; he would, in short, be an official vested with the duty of seeing money spent in public works, whether from public or private sources, directed into channels where the utmost benefit to the nation would be obtained.

The crusade against monopolies is but just beginning. The time is not far off when it may happen that the State will be called on not merely to control, but to execute and administer many classes of public works. When we see a country so poor and so comparatively weak as Italy is, go boldly in for the purchase of railways, when we know that in Belgium the State has long worked railways at a profit for the people, when we see the Government of India undertaking the direct construction of lines, after long experience of private companies, we need not, I say, look far to find precedents for such a venture as State enterprise in England. The personal and corporate interests antagonistic to such a step are admitted to be enormously strong, but the voice of the elector must ere long give no uncertain tone on this point, and will be heard even through the rampant selfishness of the House of Commons. The objections put forward on both political and administrative grounds against State acquisition have been combated before, and nowhere with greater point and conciseness than in a pamphlet by Mr. A. J. Williams on the *Appropriation of Railways by the State.* At any rate, our political system is in no way less fitted to cope with the evils of patronage and jobbery than those of other countries, where the State holds great powers in such matters. On the contrary, we should have in our Houses of Parliament, and in a free and fairly honest Press, such tribunals of appeal in instances of the shortcomings of the State as are possessed to the full by no other country. It would be a gross error to suppose that the public works now in the hands of private or public corporations are managed without jobbery and favouritism, or without pressure in political emergencies. We may be sure that these contingent evils are not found solely in State management, and they are likely to be far more widely spread, and more difficult to cope with, in private companies than in a Government service. The fatuity with which railway companies are steadily being ruined by the construction of worthless competing branch lines, will ere long show the British shareholder that his only hope will lie in the absorption by the State of all railways, and their control and administration by a Minister of Public Works.

HORACE BELL.

# SPENSER'S IRISH RIVERS.

By P. W. Joyce, LL.D.

IN the year 1580, when Edmund Spenser was in the twenty-seventh year of his age, he came to Ireland as secretary to Baron Grey of Wilton, the newly-appointed Lord Deputy. On the recall of the Lord Deputy in 1582, Spenser returned with him to England, and soon after he received a grant of three thousand acres of land in the county of Cork, a portion of the confiscated estates of the Earl of Desmond. He proceeded again to Ireland in 1586, to live on his estate, and selected for his residence the Castle of Kilcolman, one of Desmond's strongholds, whose ruins are still to be seen two miles from the village of Buttevant.

It was about the time of his first visit to Ireland that Spenser began his *Faerie Queene*; and several books of the poem were composed during his residence at Kilcolman. That he studied the topography and social history of his adopted country, and to some extent inquired into its language and literature, is sufficiently proved by his essay, *A View of the State of Ireland*; while his poetry equally shows that his imagination had become deeply impressed with the quiet beauty of its scenery, and with its quaint and graceful local legends. Its sparkling rivers seem to have been his special delight; he recurs to them again and again with a pleasure as fresh and bright as the streams themselves, and they form the basis of some of his most beautiful similes and allegories.

There are in his poems three passages of special interest, in which Irish rivers are prominently mentioned. The first is 'The Marriage of the Thames and Medway,' in the eleventh canto of the fourth book of the *Faerie Queene*; the second occurs in the first of *Two Cantos of Mutabilitie*; and the third in *Colin Clouts come home againe*.

The spousals of the Thames and Medway took place in the house of Proteus; and the poet relates that all the sea and river gods were invited to the bridal feast. First came the continental rivers of the whole world, famous either for size or for historical associations; next the English rivers; and lastly those of Ireland. The following is the passage in which the Irish rivers are recounted:

Ne thence the Irishe Rivers absent were;
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all, according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the salvage countries thorough which they pace.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea;
The sandy Slane; the stony Aubrian;
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea;
The pleasant Boyne; the fishy fruitfull Ban;
Swift Awniduff which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water; and the Liffar deep;
Sad Trowis, that once his people overran;
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep;
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

And there the three renowmed Brethren were,
Which that great gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire nimph Rheüsa wandring there:

One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewbloome in shady grove was got,
This gyant found her and by force deflowr'd,
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth powrd,
In three great rivers ran, and many countries scowrd.

The first the gentle Shure that, making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rosseponte boord;
The third, the goodly Barow which doth hoord
Great heaps of salmons in his deepe bosóme;
All which, long sundred, doe at last accord
To ioyne in one, ere to the sea they come;
So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre;
The pleasant Bandon crownd with many a wood;
The spreading Lee that, like an island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood;
And balefull Oure, late staind with English blood;
With many more whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thames attend, and waited well
To doe their dueful service, as to them befell.[1]

Of several of the rivers in this enumeration it is unnecessary to speak at any length, for there could be no mistake about their identification, and they are too well known to need description. Only it ought to be remarked how agreeably the poet relieves the dryness of a mere catalogue by his happy selection of short descriptive epithets, which exhibit such a variety that no two of them are alike, and describe the several streams with great force and truthfulness.

As regards several of these rivers, editors and others who have considered the subject have been in uncertainty or error from Spenser's day to our own; and there are a few which none of the editors of Spenser's works have attempted to identify.

The manner in which the Liffey is characterised—'rolling downe the lea'—is extremely just and natural; for this river, after bursting from the high lands of Wicklow through the haunted gorge of Pollaphuca, flows for more than half its course through the levellest lea land in all Ireland, the plains of Kildare, where its banks are a continued succession of verdant meadows and smiling pasture-lands. This was the old plain of Moy-Life, celebrated in ancient Irish writings, whose name is now remembered only in connection with the river—the Aven-Liffey, or Anna-Liffey, as it used to be called in times not very long past—that is, the river (*aven*) of the plain of Life.

In 'the sandy Slane,' the poet touches off the most obvious feature of the river Slaney. Geologists tell us that the bed of the river was once a fiord, when the sea was higher than it is now—long before the Milesian Celt contended with Anglo-Norman, Dane, or magic-skilled Dedannan; and during this primeval period the tide deposited at the bottom of the long valley great beds of sand and gravel, through which, when the sea retired to its present level, the stream cut its channel. The river is characteristically sandy in its whole length; from Stratford-on-Slaney to Wexford town there is scarce a rock sufficient to raise a ripple; its fords are all along formed of sand and gravel, and it flows into the sea below Wexford through a wide waste of sand.

Passing by for the present 'the stony Aubrian'—farther on I shall

[1] *Faerie Queene*, b. iv. c. xi.

have a word to say about it—we may just glance at the Shannon, the Boyne, and the Bann. Spenser's way of designating the first—

The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea—

pictures this great river very vividly to the mind of the reader; for, during its passage from Quilca Mountain in Cavan to Limerick city, it expands into three great lakes, or inland seas, as they may be called, besides several smaller ones; and below Limerick it opens out into a noble estuary fifty miles long, and so broad that the shores often become lost on the horizon.

The banks of 'the pleasant Boyne,' from its source in Trinity Well, at the ruined Castle of Carbery in Kildare, to Maiden Tower below Drogheda, present a succession of lovely, quiet, pastoral landscapes, not surpassed by any other river in Ireland.

He is equally correct in 'the fishy fruitfull Ban,' for this river has always been noted for the abundance and excellence of its trout and salmon. Toome, where it issues from Lough Neagh, and Portna, near the village of Kilrea, are to this day the delight of trout anglers; and the great salmon fishery at the old waterfall of Eas-Creeva at Coleraine is one of the most productive anywhere to be found.

I shall defer for the present the consideration of two important rivers, the Awniduff and the Allo, and take up both together a little farther on.

'The Liffar deep' is the Foyle at Lifford in Donegal. It is often called Liffar or Liffer by early Anglo-Irish writers, as by Gough and Camden, and by Spenser himself in his *View of the State of Ireland*:—'Another (garrison) would I put at Castle-Liffer or thereabouts, so as they should have all the passages upon the river to Logh Foyle' (p. 158, ed. 1809). The town of Lifford took its name from the river, a circumstance very usual in Ireland; for in this manner Dublin, Limerick, Galway, Sligo, and many other towns received their names. It may be remarked that this old Anglo-Irish name Liffer represents very correctly the pronunciation of the native name *Leithbhearr*; and that the insertion of the *d* at the end belongs to a class of verbal corruptions very common in anglicised Irish names.[2]

'Sad Trowis that once his people over-ran' is the short river Drowes flowing from Lough Melvin, between the counties of Donegal and Leitrim, into Donegal Bay, which was commonly called Trowis in Spenser's time. This stream is very often mentioned in old Irish records; for, from the earliest period of history and legend to the present day, it has continued to be the boundary line between the two provinces of Ulster and Connaught; and it is no doubt its historical and legendary notoriety that procured for it a place in Spenser's catalogue, for otherwise it is an unimportant stream.

In the words 'that once his people over-ran,' the poet alludes to an ancient legend accounting for the origin of Lough Melvin, that at a very remote period the river overflowed the land, and turned the valley into a lake. This legend is recorded by several of our old writers, and among others by the Four Masters, who relate that a certain king of Ireland named Melga, who reigned many centuries before the Christian era, was slain in battle; that when his soldiers were digging his grave the waters burst forth from it and overwhelmed both the land and the people; and

[2] Viz. the addition of *d* after words ending in *l*, *n*, and *r*. See this fully explained and illustrated in the author's *Origin and History of Irish Names of Places*, First Series, chap. iii.

that the lake formed by this fatal inundation was called by the name of Lough Melga, in memory of the king.[3]

Legends like this are told in connection with most of the large lakes of Ireland, and some of them have held their ground for a very long time indeed; they are mixed up with the earliest traditions of the country, and not a few of them are current among the peasantry to this day. Giraldus Cambrensis, writing in the twelfth century, records a legend of this kind regarding Lough Neagh; and this story is also found in some of the oldest of the native Irish writings, from which indeed Giraldus borrowed it, though he added a few characteristic touches of his own. He mentions, moreover, what the people will tell you to this day, that the fishermen sometimes see the lofty and slender *ecclesiasticæ turres*, or round towers, ruins of the ancient submerged city, beneath its waters, a belief which Moore has embalmed in the well-known lines:

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.

Before parting with this little stream, I wish to make an observation on the word 'sad,' by which it is designated in the present passage. The reader cannot help observing that the poet's fancy is ever ready to seize on any correspondence—whether real or imaginary—between the names and the characteristic features of the several streams in his catalogue; and this conceit he often embodies in some happy descriptive epithet. I shall have occasion to notice this peculiarity farther on. But, with respect to the name Trowis, it is clear that the poet thought it was an anglicised form of an Irish word of similar sound, which signifies sorrow or sadness;[4] and once his fancy had caught up this interpretation he connected the name with the event; so that, supposing him right in his conjecture, his 'sad Trowis' in the present passage would be quite as appropriate as 'false Bregoge' in *Colin Clouts come home againe.*

As for 'Mulla mine whose waves I whilom taught to weep,' it is enough for the present to point out that it is the little river, properly called the Awbeg, flowing near Spenser's own residence of Kilcolman, and falling into the Blackwater; but I shall have more to say of it in connection with others of Spenser's rivers.

I will now consider the two rivers, 'Swift Awniduff which of the English man is cal'de Blackewater,' and 'Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep.' The former has been set down as the Muns-

[3] The old Irish form of the name is *Loch-Meilghe*, which has been corrupted to Lough Melvin by the English-speaking people. Lough Melvin lies four miles south of Ballyshannon in Donegal.

[4] *Truaghas* (pronounced troois), sadness, wretchedness, from *truagh* (troo), sad. The poet's fancy is not correct, for the ancient name of the river is not *Truaghas*, but *Drobhaois* (pronounced drowish), a very different word. Spenser was accustomed to get Irish words and phrases translated for him by those of his Irish acquaintances who could speak English. There is abundant evidence of this in various parts of his *View of the State of Ireland*, in which he gives the equivalent of many Irish terms; and in one place he expressly says: 'I have caused divers of them (Irish compositions) to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowres of their naturall device, which gave good grace and comlinesse unto them' (p. 124, ed. 1809). It must have been some of his Irish friends that attempted to explain Trowis for the poet, by identifying it with *truaghas*, sadness; for the peasantry, even to this day, as I know well, are very fond of this kind of speculative etymology.

ter Blackwater, whereas it is really the northern Blackwater, flowing between the counties of Armagh and Derry, and falling into the south-west corner of Lough Neagh; and the latter has been taken to mean the little stream now called the Allo, or Allow, flowing into the Blackwater near Kanturk, in the county of Cork, though Spenser really intended it for the great Blackwater itself. Dr. Smith, a very careful writer, who published his *History of Cork* about the year 1750, was the first, so far as I know, to discuss these rivers mentioned by Spenser; and he identifies 'strong Allo' with the present river Allo, and the Awniduff with the Munster Blackwater. He is followed by Crofton Croker in his *Researches in the South of Ireland*. In Todd's edition of Spenser the error is repeated; but Todd received his information from Joseph Cooper Walker, author of *The History of Irish Bards*, who merely copied Smith without adding anything of his own. And all other writers who have written on the subject, from Smith's time to the present, have followed him in his error, with the single exception of the Rev. C. B. Gibson, who at page 300, vol. i., of his *History of Cork*, places the Blackwater correctly, though without giving any proof of the correctness of his identification.

The Munster Blackwater was never called by the name of Awniduff or Avonduff (black-river). Its Irish name is Avonmore (great river), as we find it in all native authorities, ancient and modern; and this is the name in universal use in the spoken Irish language of the present day. The modern English name Blackwater, therefore, is not a translation, but a new name given by English-speaking people; and it is an appropriate one, for the river is very dark in the early part of its course, partly from the peat bogs of Slieve Lougher, and partly on account of the Duhallow coal district, through which it flows.

But it will be of consequence to remark that the English name in general use in Spenser's time was Broadwater, which is a sufficiently correct translation of Avonmore. For example, Gerard Boate, who wrote his *Natural History of Ireland* in the beginning of the last century, has: 'The two chief rivers of Munster are Sure and Broadwater, the city of Waterford being situated on the first . . . the other passeth by Lismore, and falleth into the sea by Youghal.'[5] It is also called Broadwater in Norden's map of Ireland, compiled about 1610; and in a charter of James I. the two English names are used—'the river Blackwater, called otherwise Broadwater.'

The poet tells us that 'strong Allo' flows from Slewlogher, or Slieve Lougher, a wild moorland district lying east of Castle Island in Kerry, which was very much celebrated in ancient Irish writings. This circumstance alone is sufficient to prove that he is speaking of the Blackwater under the name of Allo; for the Blackwater flows directly from Slieve Lougher, rising about five miles above King Williamstown, and running first southward and then eastward towards Mallow. On the other hand the little river now known by the name of Allo is not more than seventeen miles in its whole length; and, to say nothing of the inappropriateness of the term 'strong' for such an insignificant stream, it does not flow from or near Slieve Lougher, but on the contrary it is in every part of its course more than twelve miles distant from the nearest part of that mountain.

[5] Page 37, ed. 1726.

Dr. Smith was so puzzled at Spenser's 'strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep' that he was forced to conclude that the poet confounded the rivers Allo and Blackwater. It would be strange indeed if Spenser, who knew so well, and designated with such precision, the features of the other chief streams of Ireland, should confound two rivers in the immediate neighbourhood of his own residence; one of them, moreover, being a mere rivulet, and the other a stream of the first magnitude.

Spenser did not, however, as he has done elsewhere, borrow or invent this name for the river; for it will appear that the Blackwater, or at least a part of it, was at one time known by the name of Allo; and Dr. John O'Donovan came to this conclusion on testimony altogether independent of Spenser; for he does not appear to have been aware of Spenser's designation, or indeed to have considered the subject of Spenser's rivers at all. What led O'Donovan to this opinion was his examination of the name of Mallow, now a well-known town on the Blackwater, which is called in Irish Moy-Allo—that is, the plain or field of the (river) Allo. Now this place could not possibly have got its name from the present river Allo, for it is situated at a point which is fully eleven miles below the junction of this river with the Blackwater. Accordingly O'Donovan writes: 'From this name (Moy-Allo or Mallow) it is evident that the name Allo was anciently applied to that part of the Blackwater lying between Kanturk, where the modern Allo ends, and the town of Mallow.'[6] Had this passage of Spenser come under his observation, he would no doubt have quoted it in further proof of his opinion. Whether the name Allo was anciently applied to that part only of the Blackwater lying between Kanturk and Mallow, or to a longer portion, or to the whole, I have met with no evidence to show.

But, to put the matter beyond all dispute, we shall bring up Spenser himself as a witness to tell us what he means. In *Colin Clouts come home againe*, he relates how old Father Mole[7] did not wish his daughter (the river) Mulla to wed (the river) Bregog; but,

> Meaning her much better to preferre,
> Did think to match her with the neighbour flood
> Which Allo hight, Broadwater called farre;

by which the poet means that the river which was locally known by the name Allo was that called Broadwater by people living at a distance; which decides without any manner of doubt that by 'strong Allo' he meant the Broadwater or Blackwater.

If anyone should inquire how it came to pass that the little river Allo, and the Blackwater into which it falls, were called by the same name, I will observe that a river sometimes gives its name to a tributary, the principal river losing the name, which then becomes perpetuated in the minor stream. For instance, the river Foyle, flowing by the city of Derry, was in old times called the Mourne, a name which is now applied to one of its branches, viz. that flowing by Lifford; while the present name Foyle was borrowed from Lough Foyle, the arm of the sea into which the river flows.

There is another example near Dublin, which has hitherto escaped notice. The Dodder is a small mountain river flowing through the valley of Glenasmole south of Dublin, and falling into the Liffey at Ringsend. Its usual Irish name

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[6] *Annals of the Four Masters*, vol. vi. p. 2080.
[7] See p. 331 farther on.

was *Dothar*,[8] which is pronounced Döher; for the *t* is aspirated, as Irish grammarians say, the aspiration being indicated by the letter *h*; and an aspirated *t* (i.e. *th*) sounds in Irish like *h* alone, so that, if the name had been correctly anglicised according to pronunciation, the river would now be called Doher. But in the neighbourhood of Dublin the people had a curious fashion, when anglicising Irish names, of restoring the primitive sounds of aspirated letters,[9] and in this manner the river came to be called Dodder instead of Doher. Yet, for all that, the old name is still preserved; but it is now applied to a small stream coming down from the adjacent hills, which, after turning a number of mills in a pretty valley, joins the Dodder at Rathfarnham, and is well known by the name of Doher or Owen-Doher. Other instances of this sort of transfer might be cited if it were necessary, and I might point to some examples among English rivers also.

After what has been said it will not be necessary to dwell farther on the Awniduff, for the reader will only have to attend to the order in which the rivers are named to be convinced that the Awniduff is intended for the Ulster Blackwater. Beginning at the Liffey, the poet proceeds south and west till he reaches the Shannon; starting next from the Boyne, he goes north and west, naming the rivers in the exact order of position—Boyne, Ban, Awniduff (or Blackwater), Liffar (or Foyle), and Trowis,—curiously enough omitting the Erne: he then returns southwards, and finishes off the stanza with his own two rivers—

> Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
> And Mulla mine whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

'The three renowmed brethren' are the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow, which the poet describes with more detail in Stanza xliii. It is curious that he personifies them as three *brethren*, and calls them farther on 'three faire sons;' whereas by other early English writers, as by Cambrensis, Camden, &c., they are called 'the Three Sisters.'

The poet makes them all rise in the Slieve Bloom Mountains, which is not correct. The Barrow flows from Slieve Bloom, but the Nore and the Suir take their rise among the Devil's Bit range, south-west of Roscrea, their sources being within two miles of each other, and about twenty-four miles south-west from the source of the Barrow. This error was committed by Giraldus Cambrensis long before him, and is very excusable, for the Devil's Bit mountains may be considered as a continuation southward of the Slieve Bloom range, and were very probably so considered by both Giraldus and Spenser.

The three rivers, after being 'long sundred, do at last accord to ioyne in one,' in the long valley extending from New Ross to Waterford harbour, which was in old times called *Cumar-na-dtri-nuisce* (pronounced Cummer-na-dree-nis-ka), the valley of the three waters.

The Barrow is, as he truly states, one of the great salmon rivers of Ireland. The Nore *boords* or flows 'by faire Kilkenny and Rossepontе,' this last place being New Ross in Wexford, which is situated not exactly on the Nore, but at a

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[8] The most ancient form of the name was *Dothra*; but in later Irish, and among the people, the river was always called *Dothar*.

[9] So *bóthar* (pronounced boher), a road, came to be called *botter*, *booter*, or *batter*, as in Stonybatter, in Dublin (stony road); and in Booterstown, near Kingstown, i.e road-town. See the author's *Origin and History of Irish Names of Places*, 4th edition, p. 42 *et seq.*

point nearly two miles below the junction of the Nore with the Barrow. This town was of much more account in old times than it is now; and to distinguish it from Old Ross, four miles east of it, and from Ross Ibercan or Rosbercon, at the Kilkenny side of the river, it was called Rosseponte, or Ross of the Bridge, from a wooden bridge across the Barrow, which in those times was considered a very remarkable structure. All this will be made plain by the following words from Richard Stanyhurst:

> This towne was no more famoused for these wals, than for a notable woodden bridge that stretched from the towne unto the other side of the water. Diverse of the poales, logs, and stakes, with which the bridge was underpropt, sticke to this day in the water. . . . This Rosse is called Rosse Nova, or Rosse Ponti, by reason of their bridge.[10]

Spenser makes these three rivers the offspring of the great giant Blomius and the nymph Rheüsa; the former being the impersonation of Slieve Bloom, and the latter of the rain falling on the mountains; for Rheüsa means 'flowing water,' being nothing more than *rheousa*, the feminine participle of the Greek verb *rheo*, to flow.

In Ireland the historical or legendary personages connected with hills or other features are often magnified through the mists of centuries into giants or supernatural beings; and in this manner it has come to pass that a great many of the hills in every part of the country have special guardian fairies. Most of these were the chiefs of the half-mythical magic-skilled Dedannans; but several were the deified heroes or heroines of the Milesian and other early Irish races, and they lived in splendid palaces, in the interior of green mounds, great cairns, or isolated rocks, which often crown the tops of hills.

Legends of this kind are found in the most ancient Irish literary remains; they are mentioned or alluded to in manuscripts written more than a thousand years ago, and they are still current among the peasantry. Several of these presiding spirits are as celebrated now as they were when the oldest manuscripts were written, and popular stories about them are as prevalent as ever; among whom may be mentioned Finvarra of Knockma, near Tuam in Galway; Donn of Knockfierna, near Croom in Limerick; Macananty of Scrabo Hill, near Newtownards; and the two banshees of Munster, Cleena of Carrig-Cleena, near Mallow in Cork; and Eevil of Craglea, near Killaloe in Clare.

The old legend assigned Slieve Bloom to a Milesian chief named *Bladh* (pronounced Blaw), who reigned there as the guardian genius. *Bladh*, we are told, was slain during the Milesian invasion, in a skirmish with the Dedannans near these mountains, which ever after retained his name; for the Irish name of the range, as we find it written in the oldest manuscripts, is *Slieve Bladhma*, the mountain of *Bladh* (*Bladh* making *Bladhma* in the genitive). As *Bladhma* is pronounced Blawma or Bloma, the present name Slieve Bloom is not a great departure from the original pronunciation; and Spenser retained both the sound of the name and the spirit of the popular legend, when he designated the deified Milesian chief as 'that great gyant Blomius.'

'The wide embayed Mayre' is the Kenmare river and bay in the south-west of Kerry, which were often called Maire by English writers of that period; as, for example, by Norden, who writes in his map 'Flu. Maire,' and by Boate, who describes it in his *Natural History of Ireland* as 'a huge bay called

[10] *Description of Ireland*, chap. iii.

Maire.' The name was applied to the bay by English writers only; and they borrowed it from Kenmare by a kind of reverse process, as if 'Kenmare' meant the *ken* or head of the estuary of Maire, exactly as Spenser himself formed Mulla from Kilnamulla (see page 331). The river flowing by Kenmare into the bay is the Roughty; and the original name of the extreme head of the bay, on which the town stands, was *Ceann-Mara*, which was in the first instance applied to the highest point to which the tide ascended in the river, and which signifies 'head of the sea.'[11]

'The pleasant Bandon crownd with many a wood,' flows altogether through the county of Cork, by the towns of Dunmanway and Bandon, into the sea at Kinsale. It has not quite lost the character given of it by the poet; for though the magnificent woods that clothed all that country in Spenser's time have disappeared, yet, along nearly the whole course of the river, there are numerous castles, mansions, and villas, all surrounded with pleasant plantations, which crown the banks on either side.

In 'The spreading Lee,' the poet alludes to the great expansion of the river Lee below Cork, which forms the noble harbour in which Queenstown is situated. At Cork the river divides into two branches a little above the city, near the Mardyke, which join again near the modern City Park at the east, forming an oval-shaped island, two miles long. In Spenser's time the city was confined chiefly to the island; but in later years it has extended across the river at both sides far beyond the original boundaries.

'Baleful Oure late staind with English blood,' is the Avonbeg in the county Wicklow, which flows through Glenmalure, and joins the Avonmore at 'The Meeting of the Waters.' As this river has never before been identified, and as it is an excellent example of how the poet himself, even when he is using fictitious names, generally supplies, in his short descriptions, the means of discovering the exact places he is writing about, it will be worth while to unfold, one by one, the steps that have led to its identification.

The words 'late staind with English blood' must refer to a battle of some consequence in which the English were defeated and suffered loss, and which was still fresh in recollection when this passage was written. Looking back from the year 1590, which, we may assume, was the year, or very near it, when the Fourth Booke of the *Faerie Queene* was written, we find two battles, and only two, in which the English were defeated, that might then be called 'late.' The first was fought in 1579 at a place called Gortnatubrid, in the south of the county Limerick, where three hundred English soldiers and three officers were killed. Another was fought at Glenmalure in 1580—the very year of Lord Grey's arrival—which was far more serious in its consequences. It will not be necessary to examine the details of the first; for the second is the only action that answers Spenser's words, and it answers them in every particular. The Lord Deputy Grey, marching in that year against the Wicklow clans, pitched his camp on one of the hills over Glenmalure. On August 25 a strong force prepared for action, and advanced incautiously into the recesses of this glen, while the Lord Deputy remained in his camp. They were allowed to proceed without interruption till they reached a narrow part of the defile, when they were suddenly

[11] *Ceann*, a head; *muir*, genitive *mara*, the sea, corresponding with Latin *mare*.

attacked by the Irish on the banks of the little stream—the Avonbeg—and after a short and sharp struggle they were routed in great disorder, leaving behind them dead eight hundred men, including four English officers, Sir Peter Carew, and Colonels Moor, Cosby, and Audley.

So far the river bears out the description, 'late stained with English blood;' and it is important to remark that this defeat was all the more disastrous in Spenser's eyes, and he would be the more likely to retain a vivid memory of it, as it was his own master, Lord Grey, that was concerned in it.

Let us now consider the name baleful Oure.' I have elsewhere observed that the poet often bestows fictitious names, generally borrowed from some neighbouring features, of which several examples are given in the course of this paper: Arlo Hill, from the Glen of Arlo; Mulla from Kilnemulla; and from this again Mole, Molanna, and Armulla. So here also: 'Oure' is merely the last syllable of Glenmalure, or Glenmalour, as he himself calls it in his *View of the State of Ireland.*

And as to the word 'baleful,' the origin of this is very clear. Spenser generally endeavoured to find meanings in his names, being always ready to imagine one when the appearance of the word was in his favour; and he often bestows an epithet that reflects this real or fancied signification. Here are some examples—all names of rivers—taken from Canto xi. of the Fourth Booke:

> Wylibourne with passage slye
> That of his wylinesse his name doth take.
>
> Mole that like a nousling mole doth make
> His way still under ground till Thames he overtake.
>
> Bounteous Trent, that in himself enseames
> Both thirty (Fr. *trente*, thirty) sorts of fish and thirty sundry streames.
>
> And there came Stoure with terrible aspect.
>
> (False) Bregog hight (see pp. 326, 331),
> So hight because of this deceitful traine.

So also 'sad Trowis' (*supra*), 'Tygris fierce,' and several others. He does the same in the case before us, using 'baleful' as if it were an equivalent for 'mal;' for the river 'Mal-oure' was baleful, not only in the disastrous memory connected with it, but even in its very name.[12] The reader will observe that here the same sort of fancy passed through the poet's mind as in the case of Mulla (p. 331 *infra*); in other words, he thought, or assumed, that the name of the river was Oure or Maloure, and that it gave name to Glenmalure.

The Glenmalure river or Avonbeg comes also into its natural place in the catalogue; for starting from the Maire, and proceeding along the coast, east and north, the very next important river, not already named, after the Maire, the Bandon, and the Lee, is the one in question, the Avonbeg or Ovoca.

Although I have made a very diligent search in every available direction, I have failed to discover the river Spenser meant by 'The stony Aubrian,' the only one in his whole catalogue that remains unidentified. The first syllable is probably the common Irish word *abh* (pronounced *aw* or *ow*), signifying river, as we find it in Awbeg, Ownageeragh, Finnow, and many other river names. From the place it occupies in the catalogue, joined with three well-known large rivers—the order in the text

[12] The poet is, of course, not correct, and very likely he knew it. But the syllable 'mal' was very tempting under the circumstances, for as an ordinary Latin-English prefix it was then, as it is now, well understood to mean something evil or baleful. The true original form of the name Glenmalure is *Gleann-Maoilughra*, which means the glen of the tribe called Mailura.

being Liffey, Slaney, Aubrian, Shannon—it may be inferred that it is somewhere in South Munster, and that it is itself a considerable river. But, after eliminating from the inquiry all the Munster rivers named here by the poet, I cannot find that any one of those remaining will answer both name and description. The Feale in Kerry, flowing by Abbeyfeale into the Shannon, is a large river, and stony enough in its bed; but I have never heard that it has been called by any name like Aubrian. 'The stony Aubrian' is a mystery, and, so far as I am concerned, will, I fear, remain so.

In the first of *Two Cantos of Mutabilitie* the poet relates, in a fine strain of poetry, how the goddess or Titanesse, Mutabilitie, laid claim to universal sovereignty; that when Jove gave judgment against her, she appealed to the highest authority of all—'Father of gods by equal right, to weet, the God of nature;' and that Jove, very much against his will, agreed to the appeal, bidding 'Dan Phœbus, scribe, her appellation seale.'

> Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,
> Where all, both heavenly powers and earthly wights,
> Before great Natures presence should appeare
> For triall of their titles and best rights:
> That was, to weet, upon the highest hights
> Of Arlo-hill (who knows not Arlo-hill?)
> That is the highest head, in all mens sights,
> Of my old father MOLE, whom shepheards quill
> Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

If there be any reader 'who knows not Arlo-hill,' the scene of this solemn trial, the following examination will enable him to find it out.

In the neighbourhood of Buttevant and Charleville, in the county of Cork, begins a range of mountains, which runs in a direction nearly eastwards till it terminates near the village of Caher in Tipperary, a distance of about thirty miles. The middle part is low, and interrupted by high plains, but the extremities rise boldly in two well-defined mountain groups; the western portion being called the Ballahoura Mountains, and the eastern the Galties. This eastern portion is also the highest, abounding in peaks, precipices, and gorges; and one particular summit, Galtymore, the most elevated of the whole range, attains a height of 3,015 feet. This last peak rises immediately over the vale of Aherlow, or Arlo, as it was commonly called by Anglo-Irish writers of Spenser's time, including Spenser himself; a fine valley, eight or ten miles long, walled in by the dark steep slopes of the Galties on the south-east side, with Galtymore towering over all, and by the long ridge of Slievenamuck on the north-west. The whole range, from Buttevant to Cahir, is what Spenser calls 'Mole,' or 'old father Mole,' as will appear very plainly a little farther on.

The mountain mass that culminates in Galtymore is Arlo-hill, on which the meeting of the gods was held; but the name Arlo was applied to the hill only by Spenser himself, who borrowed it from the adjacent valley, and who, after his usual fashion, selected it on account of its musical sound. That Arlo-hill is Galtymore, and no other, is shown by several expressions scattered through this part of the poem. Arlo, we are told, overlooks the plain through which the river Suir flows:

> [Diana] quite forsooke
> All those faire forrests about Arlo hid;
> And all that mountaine, which doth overlooke
> The richest champain that may else be rid;
> And the faire Shure, in which are thousand salmons bred;

which indicates that it is among

the Galties. For, standing on the summit of these mountains, you have the magnificent plain of Tipperary at your feet, a part of the 'Golden Vale,' truly designated by the poet as 'the richest champain that may else be rid;' while, on the other hand, this plain cannot be seen at all from the western part of the range. The name Arlo connects it with the vale of Aherlow; and that it is the same as Galtymore is placed beyond all doubt by the statement that Arlo-hill

> Is the highest head, in all mens sights,
> Of my old father Mole.

Spenser tells us, at the beginning of *Colin Clouts come home againe*, that he lived at the foot of Mole:

> One day (quoth he) I sat (as was my trade)
> Under the foote of Mole, that mountain hore,
> Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
> Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore.

This, we know, was where Kilcolman Castle ruins now stand, under the Ballahoura hills, at the western extremity of the range; and as Arlo-hill in the Galties 'is the highest head, in all mens sights, of my old father Mole,' it is quite plain that by 'old father Mole' the poet meant the whole range, including the Galties and the Ballahouras.

Moreover, he tells us in the same poem:

> Mole hight that mountain gray
> That walls the north side of Armulla dale;

from which it appears that he gave the name of Armulla to that wide valley through which the Blackwater flows, walled on the north by Father Mole, and on the south by the Boggera hills, and by the Nagles mountains near Fermoy. But these names, Mole, Mulla, Armulla, are all fictitious; and I shall presently have a word to say about their origin.

Before describing the meeting of the gods and the trial of the claims of the Titanesse, the poet introduces a pretty episode about Arlo-hill. He relates that

> Whylome when Ireland florished in fame
> Of wealth and goodnesse, far above the rest
> Of all that beare the British Islands name,
> The gods then us'd, for pleasure and for rest,
> Oft to resort thereto, when seem'd them best:
> But none of all therein more pleasure found
> Then Cynthia, that is soveraine Queene profest
> Of woods and forrest, which therein abound,
> Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most on ground.
>
> But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
> . . . . . .
> She chose this Arlo; where shee did resort
> With all her nymphes enranged on a rowe,
> . . . . . .
>
> Amongst the which there was a nymph that hight
> Molanna; daughter of old Father Mole,
> And sister unto Mulla faire and bright;
> Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
> That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole,
> And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be;[18]
> But this Molanna, were she not so shole [shallow],
> Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:
> Yet as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.
>
> For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
> On which a grove of oakes high mounted growes,
> That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks
> Of some faire bride, brought forth with pompous showes
> Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
> So through the flowry dales she tumbling downe

[18] The story of the loves of the Bregoge and Mulla, alluded to here, will be found at pp. 331, 332 farther on.

Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,
That on each side her silver channell crowne,
Till to the plaine she come, whose valleyes she doth drowne.

In her sweet streames Diana used oft,
After her sweatie chace and toilsome play,
To bathe herselfe; and, after, on the soft
And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may.[14]

The poet goes on to tell how the foolish wood-god Faunus had long wished to catch a sight of the goddess, but found no way to compass his design, till at last he persuaded the nymph Molanna, by tempting her with bribes, 'To tell what time he might her lady see.'

Thereto hee promist, if she would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that whereas shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his love, and of him liked well.[15]

Faunus succeeded, by the help of the nymph, but was caught in the very act by the goddess and her attendants; and on being closely questioned as to who had led him there, he confessed in his fright that it was Molanna. Whereupon they punished him by dressing him in the skin of a deer and chasing him with their hounds; but he managed to escape them all.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When, back returning to Molann' againe,
They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there
Her whelm'd with stones: yet Faunus, for her paine,
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed.
So now her waves passe through a pleasant plaine,
Till with the Fanchin she herselfe do wed,
And, both combin'd, themselves in one faire river spred.

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
Thenceforth abandoned her delicious brooke;
In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about Arlo hid;
And all that mountaine, which doth overlooke
The richest champain that may else be rid;
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand salmons bred.

The Fanchin, or, as it is now called, the Funsheon, is a small river, rising in the Galty mountains, and flowing by Mitchelstown and Glanworth into the Blackwater, two miles below Fermoy, after a course of about thirty miles.

But no one has yet pointed out the stream that Spenser designated by the name Molanna. Smith, indeed, in his *History of Cork*, attempts to do so; but this careful writer must have been misled in the present instance by some incorrect old map, or by some other erroneous evidence; for in his description of the source of the Funsheon, and in his identification of the Molanna, he is quite wrong, as I shall, I think, be able to show very plainly. After the time of Smith, the editors of Spenser, and other writers who interested themselves in this matter, followed his authority without question or examination.

Smith states that the Funsheon 'rises in the county of Tipperary, in a bog a mile south of the mountains called the Galties. Not far from its source it receives a brook called the Brackbawn, which divides the county of Limerick from Tipperary, and rises in the Galty mountains.'[16] And in a note at the foot of the same page he states that the Brackbawn is Spenser's Molanna.

To anyone who has not examined

[14] C. vi. [15] C. vi. [16] *Hist. of Cork*, ii. 256.

the place all this appears satisfactory, and to fall in exactly with Spenser's description. But a walk of three or four miles along the river will at once dispel the illusion. The river that Smith describes as meeting the Brackbawn from a bog in Tipperary, and which he says is the Funsheon, has no existence at all. The Brackbawn, for the whole of its short course of four miles, forms the boundary line between the counties of Tipperary and Limerick; and it so happens that there is no stream joining it from the Tipperary side. On that side, the fall of ground lies the other way, and all the rivulets flow eastward towards the basin of the Suir. The Brackbawn is, in fact, the source or headwater of the Funsheon: it is the main stream—the Funsheon itself—though it is called the Brackbawn (and sometimes the Attycraan) for the first four miles of its course, and the Funsheon from that down. I have said that the Brackbawn is the main stream: I should have said, rather, that it is the only stream; for from the point high up in the mountains where the Brackbawn is formed by the junction of two streams, down to where it begins to be called the Funsheon, it receives no tributary at all, either from the Tipperary or from the Limerick side.

As the Brackbawn is the Funsheon, it cannot be the Molanna, as Smith and his followers assert; for the context of the poem shows clearly that the Molanna and the Funsheon are two different streams, and that the former is a tributary of the latter.

It is evident that Spenser was well acquainted with all this neighbourhood. It forms part of 'Armulla Dale,' the valley he himself lived in; it is only about sixteen miles from Kilcolman—within view, in fact, of the castle windows; and he describes the rivers with such exactness and detail, and his descriptions are so correct, that it is impossible to avoid believing that he explored the place himself, and wrote from personal knowledge.

Although I knew this locality many years ago very intimately, I visited it from Dublin on a pleasant day of last June, to examine the rivers and to judge for myself. I walked along the streams up into the heart of the Galty mountains; and anyone who performs the same pleasant pilgrimage, with the poet's description in his mind, and who looks about him with ordinary attention, will identify the Molanna without the least difficulty. There is, in fact, no choice. The whole context of the poem indicates that the Molanna flows from the slopes of Arlo-hill. There are only two streams of any consequence flowing into the Funsheon valley from the Galties. One of these is the Funsheon itself, or the Brackbawn, which, as I have already observed, forms for some distance the boundary between Limerick and Tipperary. Its source is high up among the mountains, about a quarter of a mile east of the summit of Galtymore; and it flows from several springs along the glen, one on the boundary line of the counties, others on the Limerick side, but none, as far as I could see, on the east or Tipperary side.

The other stream is the Behanna,[17] which rises in 'Arlo-hill,' a little to the west of the summit of Galtymore, and, after a course of about four miles, joins the Funsheon at the hamlet of Kilbeheny. This is the Molanna. We have, as I have said, no choice in the matter; there is no stream but the Behanna flowing from the Galties into the Funsheon, except mere tiny brooklets

[17] It is now called Beheena by the natives; but a generation ago it was called Behanna, and this is the name perpetuated on the Ordnance maps.

that could not claim a moment's consideration; and in every respect it answers the poet's description of the Molanna. It is formed by the junction of two streams far up in the mountains, each flowing through a deep glen, with a high hill (Knocknadarriff, or the hill of the bulls) jutting out boldly between them. The eastern branch is named Carrigeen (little rock), from a rock extending along the side of the glen through which it flows, which is also often called Doocarrig, or black rock. The other or western branch is called Coolatinny (the recess of the fox), or more commonly the Pigeon Rock stream. Rising over the side of this western glen is a great precipice called Carrignagloor, or the rock of the pigeons, which gives the name of Pigeon Rock to the stream.

Each stream has its own rock towering up on the side of its glen; and this is obviously what the poet had in his mind when he described the Molanna as 'springing from two marble rocks.' The 'grove of oakes high mounted' over the double source is gone indeed; but so are the dense woods that once clothed the Galties—'all those faire forrests about Arlo hid'—for which these mountains were noted in times not very remote. When you look from a point on the Behanna, a little below the junction of the two streams, upwards into the two rocky glens winding into the heart of the mountains, you can hardly help believing that in Spenser's time the grove of oaks that so struck his fancy, crowned the summit of Knocknadarriff, which rises abrupt and bare between the two streams to a height of 2,000 feet straight before you.

The 'many woods and shady coverts' that crowned the silver channel of the Molanna three hundred years ago, are also gone; but down to a very recent period a wood extended along both sides of the river for about a mile below the junction of the two tributary streams. This was called Coolattin wood, and was a modern plantation; but it was doubtless the successor of a forest of ancient growth. Coolattin wood was cut down seven or eight years ago, but abundant vestiges of it still remain—roots and stumps of trees, and an occasional undergrowth of oak, ash, hazel, and birch.

After tumbling down from its mountain channel, the Behanna emerges sharply on the plain, through which it winds gently for the last mile of its course, among level meadows and cornfields, till it joins the Funsheon near the bridge of Kilbeheny; thus corresponding exactly with the words of the poet:

> So now her waves passe through a pleasant plaine
> Till with the Fanchin she herselfe do wed,
> And, both combin'd, themselves in one faire river spred.

The stream is very steep in the first part of its course; and the winter torrents have, in the course of ages, rolled down vast quantities of large stones and gravel, and deposited them in the level part of its bed. The people, indeed, often come specially to the river during heavy floods to listen to the great noise made by the stones as they are rolled down by the torrent, tearing, crashing, and grinding against each other. The poet has figured this feature of the river bed, under a thin veil, in the passage where he tells us that the nymphs, at the command of Diana, overwhelmed Molanna with stones. So that here, as elsewhere, his accurate delineation of local features helps us to identify the stream; and when we have succeeded in this, our knowledge of the place heightens our appreciation of his beautiful allegory. He is no less truthful when he writes:

But this Molanna, were she not so shole [shallow],
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee [i.e. than the Mulla]:
Yet as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

For the Behanna never becomes deep and slow in its movement like the Mulla, but flows brightly and quickly along, winding and dashing among the stones that everywhere strew its bed, and showing, all along, the clear gravel at the bottom. And as to beauty, I question whether the poet was not prejudiced in favour of his own beloved Mulla, when he pronounced it superior to Molanna; for even though 'so shole,' the Molanna is a very lovely stream.

In the early part of its course, the river forms many crystal pools, each under a little rocky cascade; and it was in these that

Diana used oft,
After her sweatie chace and toilsome play,
To bathe herselfe.

When I was walking along the stream, on a sultry evening in June, I could not help thinking how delicious it would be to imitate the goddess.

As 'Molanna' is a fictitious name, it may naturally be asked what was the circumstance that suggested it to the poet's mind; for the reader will have observed that all Spenser's fictitious names were adopted from some local features; and the origin of this name appears quite clear. The poet tells us that Molanna was 'sister unto Mulla faire and bright;' for both were daughters of 'old Father Mole,' and, according to the poet's fancy, took their names from him. But the latter part of the name Molanna, I think it very obvious, was suggested to Spenser partly by the native name Beh*anna*, and partly also perhaps by the fact that on the eastern bank of the stream there is a small lake giving name to a townland, called to this day Lough-an-*anna*.

I am persuaded that the idea of making Arlo-hill the scene of these gatherings of the gods was suggested to Spenser by the native legends. For in times of old, in the shadowy days of Irish romance, this hill was very famous; it was the resort of fairies and enchanters, of gods and goddesses, though these last were not the same as those recorded by Spenser; and many stories of their strange doings are still preserved in our old manuscript books, especially in one called 'The Book of Ballymote.'

It was here, near the summit of the hill, that Cliach, the youthful harper of Connaught, sat for a whole year, pleading his love for the Princess Baina, the daughter of the Dedannan fairy king, Bove Derg. But although he played on two harps at the same time, he was not able by the spells of his fairy music to open the gates of the palace, for the magical power of the king was an overmatch for him; neither did he succeed in winning the love of the princess, whose heart remained hardened against him to the last. So that the earth, at length taking pity on his sorrows, opened up under his feet and received him into her bosom. And the hollow was immediately filled up by a lake, which remains to this day near the top of the hill. The legend [18] adds that 'Crotta Cliach,' the old name of the Galty mountains, was derived from this love tragedy; for 'Crotta Cliach' signifies, according to this account, the *crotta* or harps of Cliach, in allusion to the two *cruits* or harps on which he played.

It was here, too, that another fairy princess, the beautiful Keraber, and her train of seven score and ten damsels, who were bright-coloured birds one year, and had their own shapes the next—here it was,

[18] Which, as well as the next, is found in the Book of Ballymote.

on this very lake, that they spent their time, swimming about year after year while they were birds, linked together in couples with chains of silver.

It is highly probable that Spenser was acquainted with these and other legends about Arlo-hill—why should he not know them as well as he knew the legend of Lough Melvin at the other side of Ireland?—they were then quite common among the peasantry, as indeed some of them are at the present day; and we may very well suppose that he took from them the hint of the meeting of the gods, and of his beautiful episode of Diana and her nymphs.

The story of the loves of the two rivers, Bregog and Mulla, is related in *Colin Clouts come home againe*; and the poet introduces this little pastoral narrative with a particular account of his own melodious Mulla:

Old father Mole (Mole hight that mountain gray
That walls the north side of Armulla dale;)
He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale;
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The nimph, which of that water course has charge,
That, springing out of Mole, doth run downe right
To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at large,
It giveth name unto that auncient Cittie,
Which Kilnemullah cleped is of old.

The little river Mulla, which he elsewhere speaks of as 'Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep,' flows by Buttevant and Doneraile, passing through the district once held by Spenser, within a short distance of Kilcolman Castle, and after a gentle winding course of about twenty-five miles it joins the Blackwater half-way between Mallow and Fermoy. The name Mulla, which Spenser took such delight in, is not, and never was, the name of the river; but the poet used it, as elsewhere he used Arlo, in preference to the true name, on account of its musical sound. Its proper name is Awbeg, little river; and it was so called to distinguish it from the Avonmore (great river) or Blackwater.

The poet got the name Mulla much in the same way as he got 'baleful Oure;'[19] he borrowed it from Kilnemullah, which, as he truly states, was the old name of Buttevant. The river grows very wide, 'spreading forth at large,' at Buttevant, forming a kind of elongated lake; and he assumed that its own proper name was Mulla, and that it gave name to Kilnemullah—'It giveth name unto that auncient Cittie'[20]—it was enough for him that it looked plausible;—and having got the name Mulla, he used it ever after for the river, and loved it, and multiplied it in every direction. Its first reproduction is in 'Old Father Mole,' the fanciful name of the range of hills already noticed, father of the nymph Mulla, who, following up, or rather reversing, the fiction, took her name from her grey old sire, as did also her sister nymph Molanna; and, lastly, the name Armulla had a like origin, for Mulla 'gave that name unto that pleasant vale.'

[Mulla] lov'd and was beloved full faine
Of her owne brother river, Bregog hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.
But her old sire more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,

[19] See p. 324.

[20] As if it were the *kill* or church of Mulla. But this is not correct, for the old name is *Cill-na-mullach, ecclesia tumulorum*, as O'Sullivan Bear translates it, 'the church of the summits or hillocks.' The present name Buttevant is believed to be derived from *Boutez-en-avant*, a French phrase, meaning 'push forward,' the motto of the Barrymore family.

Which Allo hight, Broadwater [the Blackwa'ar] called farre.

And, in fact, the day was fixed for the marriage; but Bregog was determined to have Mulla for himself, and the nymph secretly favoured his advances. The old father, 'sitting still on hie,' kept a close watch on the lovers; but Bregog was too clever for him, and circumvented him in the end. For the rest we must let Colin Clout tell the story in his own delightful way.

Her father, sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far observ'd with iealous eie,
Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent;
Him to deceive, for all his watchfull ward,
The wily lover did devise this slight:
First into many parts his stream he shar'd
That, whilest the one was watcht, the other might
Passe unespide to meete her by the way;
And then, besides, those little streames so broken,
He under ground so closely did convay,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the Mullaes water slide.
So secretly did he his love enioy:
Yet not so secret, but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepheard's boy,
Who, wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
In great revenge did roll down from his hill
Huge mighty stones, the which encomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill.
So of a River, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattred all to nought;
And, lost emong those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so deare his love he bought.

The little river Bregoge is still well known by the same name. It rises in two deep glens on Corrinmore Hill, one of the Ballahoura range, and, flowing near Kilcolman Castle, it joins the Awbeg or Mulla at the town of Doneraile, after a course of about five miles. This river is described by the poet, in his fanciful sketch, with great truthfulness. After leaving the hills it traverses the plain before its junction with the Awbeg; and for some distance after emerging from its mountain home its channel is often very wide, and filled with heaps of gravel and stones brought down by the floods, so that the stream, which is generally very small, and often nearly dry, is much scattered and interrupted; and we may assume that it was still more so in Spenser's time, before the bed was shut in by cultivation. These are the stones rolled down by Old Father Mole in his 'great revenge.'

In the lower part of its course, the river traverses a limestone plain, winding along a lovely little glen, among rich meadows interspersed with groves and shrubberies, and grey limestone rocks, sometimes rising high up on either bank, and sometimes just peeping out from amidst the foliage. Two or three times, from 'Streamhill,' where the two principal feeders meet, down to 'Old Court'—a distance of about two miles—the river sinks out of sight, and flows underground for a considerable distance through the caverns of the limestone rock under its bed, leaving its channel completely dry. It presents this appearance always, except in wet weather or during a flood, when the underground caverns are not able to swallow all the water, and the stream then flows continuously. With this peculiarity Spenser was thoroughly well acquainted, as he describes it with great correctness:

Those little streames so broken
He [Bregog] under ground so closely did convay,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the Mullaes water glide.

The poet called this little river by its true name, which is not very musical, instead of inventing or borrowing one, as he did in so many other cases; for it so happened that he was able to turn its signification to account—if, indeed, as is probable,

the name did not suggest the treatment—in working out his pretty pastoral, 'Bregog,' meaning, as he rightly interprets it, a false one or a deceiver,

So hight because of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.

It may not be amiss to say a word here regarding this name and its signification, though in doing so we shall have to descend from the airy world of fancy to the solid level ground of sober reality. *Brég* is an Irish word meaning a falsehood, and in various forms it is applied to rivers that are subject to sudden and dangerous floods, or which flow through deep quagmires; signifying, in this application, deceitful or treacherous. There is, for instance, a stream called Breagagh near the city of Kilkenny, and another near Thurles, in Tipperary. And Trawbreaga Bay, at Malin in the north of Donegal, is so called (Trawbreaga meaning the strand of falsehood or treachery) because the tide rises there so suddenly that it has often swept away people walking incautiously on the shore.

Spenser's Bregog is formed by the junction of four mountain rivulets all of about the same length, and meeting nearly at the same point, whence the united stream flows on to the Awbeg. These rivulets carry little water in dry weather, but whenever a heavy and continuous shower falls on the hills, four mountain floods rush down simultaneously, and meet together nearly at the same instant, swelling the little river in a few moments to a furious and dangerous torrent. All this is quite well understood in the neighbourhood. An intelligent peasant living near the river told me that it was the most 'roguish' river in the world; for when you least expected it, and when the stream looked perfectly quiet and gentle, the flood would rise in a quarter of an hour to a height of seven or eight feet, rushing down 'all abreast,' as he expressed it. I may add that the word 'roguish' gives exactly the sense of the Irish name 'Bregoge.'

## BARGA.

TWENTY miles to the north of Lucca, nine from Lucca's well-known baths, is a little mountain town, which not one traveller in a hundred thinks of visiting. Yet, historically, artistically, and archæologically, Barga is interesting enough to be worth a longer deviation from the beaten track. In the first place its position is almost unrivalled for natural beauty. Perched on the southern spur of Monte Romeccio, itself an outwork of the Garfagnana Apennines, which divide Tuscany from Lombardy, it commands a vast extent of the lovely valley of the Serchio, and faces that most majestic mountain the Pania alla Croce and the panorama of the northern flanks of the Serravezza and Carrara ranges. The great dome of the Pania towers above all other peaks, and although of no tremendous altitude—being only seven thousand feet above the sea level—is very grand in outline and effect. To its left is the fantastic Monte Forato, pierced by a natural arch. The opening is near the summit of the pinnacle, and seen from the terrace of Barga cathedral might be a stray half-moon caught in its fall from the sky. It is said that on one day of the year the sun sets immediately behind this opening, which then yawns like the portal of a world of flame. And if we lower our glance from the noble line of peaks to where the Serchio valley is barricaded by the mighty hills walling it in from Northern Italy, the eye rests in all directions on the loveliest details of Italian landscape. It is mountain scenery shorn of all austerity; nature the mother, not the stepmother.

Directly opposite, across the Serchio, is the little town of Gallicano, crowned by a lofty church tower, and backed by the steep cliffs through which the Turrita torrent cleaves its way to the river. Hemp and vines and Indian corn and patches of pasture and woodland enamel the valley below in varied shades of greenery. A succession of wooded ridges and spurs invade the land, dive here and there into deep ravines and start up in cypress-crested crags. All things speak of peace and plenty. Substantial cottages are dotted about on all sides; villas and towers, hamlets and villages, climb far up among the chestnuts on the slopes behind the town. These mountains are no destructive tyrants, but rather sheltering guardians to whom their human children lovingly cling.

The ridge-like promontory on which Barga stands is guarded on either side by a torrent coursing through a deep ravine. Round the greater part of its walled circuit the ground falls precipitously; indeed, behind the town the mule path from the second of its two gates crosses the gorge on a narrow causeway. The chief gate is on the high road, but you cannot drive through the archway, for no vehicle may enter Barga. But as the last two miles and more are a steep and continuous ascent, it is well for the horses that their work ends perforce at the gate. From this point also we command the wondrous prospect of domes and peaks and jagged crests, illumined by the shifting lights of a stormy August afternoon, but this is by no means our first visit, and we know that grander still is the scene from the terrace before the church.

Looking at the stern and narrow gateway of the town, we think of all the vicissitudes it has seen, how

often it has been thrown open to admit a conquering host; how often, too, the gallant men of Barga have joyfully rushed through it after some brilliant repulse of the invading forces. Was not the great Condottiere Piccinino himself signally routed on the ridge without and compelled to raise the siege of Barga in ignominious haste? For this little town, that in official parlance is no town at all, but simply a *castello*, has stood an unusual number of sieges, more indeed than many far more important places.

But it is hardly fitting to recount Barga's fortunes outside her gates. First let us take the reader inside and through her steep ways, and into her churches and up to the *Arringo*. Then, perhaps, he may feel some interest in the tale of this warrior eyrie, which, as the key of the Garfagnana district, was always a bone of contention between Church and Empire, Guelf and Ghibelline, Lucca and Florence.

To the right of the gate, where the walls are highest—those walls that have more than once been breached, and once at least razed to the ground—is the Pallone ground, and graceful players in white frilled tunics are enjoying a quiet practice with the huge leather balls before the game fairly begins. There had been a great match, we were told, on the previous day, and all those turf seats ranging to the top of the bastion yonder, where that fine cedar of Lebanon spreads its branches, had been crowded with spectators. The old-world game of Pallone is well suited to this old-world Barga; and we can imagine how generation after generation of similar holiday crowds have trooped through the gate to see Pallone played, whenever times were quiet and no Lucchese or Pisan marauders were ravaging the country side.

Mounting a steep and narrow street—wide in comparison with many of the others—and lined with substantial stone mansions, some of which boast Venetian-Gothic windows—threading one or two zigzag lanes and skirting part of a high wall, tufted with maidenhair and capers, we soon reach the Cathedral Piazza, locally known as the *Arringo*. The title explains itself. Barga is poor in piazzas; space was precious in the days when it was dangerous for men to plant their dwellings outside the walls, among the cypresses to the front or the chestnuts at the back of the town, and this wide terrace and the level greensward along the Duomo's flank, commanding the whole mass of Barga's roofs, was undoubtedly the best possible spot on which to harangue (*arringare*) Barga's people in all public emergencies.

The men of Barga, a hardy, vigorous race, tall of stature and famed in all time for their love of freedom and martial spirit, were quite aware of the military importance of their citadel, and by no means willing to submit themselves to Lucca's tyranny. It is only necessary to glance over the wide extent of hill and valley, mountain passes and winding river course, visible from this breezy terrace, to understand why the possession of Barga should have been so hotly contested by rival States, and why, when it was finally incorporated in the dominion of Florence, that jealous Republic should have swerved from her traditional policy of harshness towards subject towns, and granted Barga so many exceptional privileges.

But a sketch of Barga's vicissitudes must be given later, for now the great door of the cathedral is open, and the afternoon sun is sending shafts of golden light up to the high altar. This *chiesa maggiore*—commonly styled the Duomo—is a massive, imposing structure of considerable architectural pretensions, and has exercised the in-

genuity of all the archæologists who have visited it. It is to the kindness of two of these gentlemen, Dr. Carina and Mr. Charles Heath Wilson, that I am indebted for many of the following particulars.

Of the origin of the church nothing certain can be ascertained, save that up to the year 1390 it was much smaller than it is now, and was dedicated to St. James and St. Christopher. It is said to have been built upon the remains of a Pagan temple, but neither upon this head can any exact information be obtained.

To the older portion of the church, including the façade, Mr. Wilson assigns the date of the eleventh century. This is very interesting in character. It is built of irregular blocks of rich yellow travertine, much wasted by time, and has seven arcades of engaged columns on shafts. The architrave of the main entrance is of marble, and carved with rudely executed scrolls of the Roman acanthus. Here and there a block of grey stone with sculptured knots and interlacings excites a belief that at some period the whole façade may have been similarly decorated. This, however, is an open question. Some archæologists detect distinct traces of Lombard workmanship, and a curious carved inscription beside the great door is adduced in support of this theory, supposed to be the trade mark, as it were, of those wandering Lombard artificers who were likewise of the Confraternity of Free Masons.

Thus much of the Church of St. James and St. Christopher in the days when Sta. Maria of Loppia, down in the valley there near the outlying stronghold of Loppia, was the head church of the diocese, with all the benefices and dignities thereunto appertaining.

But a great change came about in 1390. Some years before that date, during a campaign in which the castle of Loppia was destroyed by the Lucchese, its church desecrated, its priest carried off in chains, and the whole district laid waste, a font had been erected in the Barga Church, and the rite of baptism performed there instead of at Loppia. But St. Christopher is poor; funds are lacking for pomps and ceremonies like those of Loppia; therefore in 1390 Giovanni, Bishop of Lucca, and Francesco di Barga, Archpriest of Sta. Maria di Loppia, duly signed a petition setting forth these circumstances, and praying that the Church of Barga be endowed with the estates, emoluments, and appurtenances of the Pieve of Loppia; be raised to the rank of a *pieve* or parish church and baptistry, and be henceforth dedicated to the Holy Virgin as well as to St. Christopher Martyr (poor St. James was quite put aside); that it be placed in the charge of the Chapter of the said church and hospital of Loppia, and that it be in the gift and jurisdiction of the See of Lucca.

We can imagine that, all commiseration for Loppia's sufferings notwithstanding, it must have been a proud day for the brave and pious Barghigiani when their hill-top fane ceased to be one of twelve churches, all subject to little Loppia down there in the valley. Doubtless they opened their purses willingly enough to pay for the enlargement and decorations befitting alike their church's new dignity, and the state of the many noble families who found it pleasanter to live behind strong walls than in the much harassed district on which those walls looked down. As we have seen, some archæologists consider that the travertine façade belonged to the original little church of St. Christopher, while others assert that it was only now, when the whole structure was enlarged, that it was faced with those yellowish

slabs. Yet the sculptures on the corbelled and arcaded cornice of the façade argue in favour of the former hypothesis, for they are exceedingly primitive. On one corbel, for instance, we see a very pre-Raphaelite knight, probably St. George, armed with sword and buckler, and about to give the death-stroke to the appalling dragon on the next corbel. Similarly placed is the archer, with a disproportionately large head, and the waggish-looking bird opposite awaiting the arrow shot. But on the left flank of the church are some small pointed arches, which are evidently of a later period.

The interior of the church is very imposing, and presents fine chiaroscuro effects as we come in from the blaze of sunshine without. On one side the light pours in through narrow pointed windows, on the other fights its way through curtains of dark crimson silk. And violet gleams and roseate glow are met and pierced by the long beams of pure sunlight from the open door. There has been some special ceremony on the previous day, and the floor is still strewn with twigs of box and yellow everlastings which send up whiffs of pungent fragrance as our feet pass over them. And there is the quaint old pulpit of which Barga is so justly proud; and in our haste to approach it, we hardly notice that the impressive range of pillars, coursed in black and white, are only painted to look like stone. This very interesting pulpit has many points of resemblance with that of San Miniato at Florence. It is of marble, and rests upon four shafts. One of these is supported by a grotesque crouching figure; the second and third, fronting the main entrance, respectively by a lion crushing a dragon, and a lion trampling on a human figure who has one hand in the brute's jowl and with the other has plunged a dagger up to the hilt in his throat. The fourth is longer, having no pedestal. The capitals of these shafts are all very elegant, and each is of different design. On one we see a very realistic eagle scratching its beak with its left claw, with an air of deep reflection. The rim of the pulpit is inlaid with a running ornament in highly polished black paste. Beneath is an arcade of small pointed arches much enriched. Their shafts have geometric patterns in the same black paste. The spaces between the arches have carvings of the Annunciation, Nativity, and Adoration of the Magi in low relief. These are all very naïve and interesting, especially the three kings, who are briskly cantering towards the stable on exceedingly stumpy steeds. The figures, though coarse and clumsily executed, are full of life and movement. Their eyes are of black paste, round and projecting, like boot-buttons, as one of our party remarked. To the eye of the architect the interior of the church presents many interesting features; as, for instance, the great difference in width of the tall arches in the choir. Indeed there is no unity of design, and there would seem to have been a rapid change of ideas during the process of enlarging the church. The masonry being all of the same character denotes that there was no great difference in age. Some curious particulars respecting the church are to be found in the municipal records.

For instance, there is a provision, dated 1414, forbidding females to occupy places within the screen at the beginning of the transept while mass was being performed, and ordaining that anyone infringing this regulation should pay a fine of five soldi for every such infringement. The document naïvely adds, that of course this rule does not apply to the marriage service, during which it is lawful for the bride to remain within the railing with her hus-

band. Exception, too, was made in favour of the female members of the Salvi and Manfredi families, and, it is stated, this privilege was granted in reward for important services rendered by those families in unravelling a plot against the liberties of Barga. This document opens with expressions of homage to God and all the saints of Paradise, laudatory mention of Pope John XXIII., and of the whole College of Cardinals. To the emperor no reference whatever is made. Praise is also rendered to the Priori delle Arti, the Gonfalonieri of justice, and to the magnificent and mighty people of the Commonwealth of Florence. There is a solemn declaration of faith in the Catholic Church, and in favour of the Guelf party. The honour, state, and greatness of the territory and commune of Barga are likewise magnified. And at the conclusion is a prayer for the '*Mala morte* and final extermination of all the Ghibellines.'

The gate or screen which no female might pass, is, as we have stated, at the upper end of the nave; it is raised on three steps, and abuts on the pulpit. It is of inlaid marble, and has some geometric and foliated designs of great beauty and variety. The font in the baptismal chapel, near the main entrance, is also worthy of remark. It is a huge marble basin of hexagonal form. In the large chapel to the right of the high altar is a graceful *edicola*—or receptacle for the holy oils—of Della Robbia ware, and attributed to Luca himself. But this, like the other terra cottas in Barga, is assigned by competent art critics to Andrea and his school, for, whereas no evidence exists of Luca ever having worked for Barga, Andrea is said to have resided there for some years, and, as we shall presently see, the pieces differ in several essential particulars from Luca's known style of workmanship. This *edicola*, or ciborium, is shaped like a tiny altar let into the wall. Beneath an architrave is a lifted curtain, sustained by two angels. On the summit of the circular frontispiece is the sacramental cup, on which the infant Saviour stands in the act of benediction. On either side of the tabernacle is an angel clothed in a long tunic bearing a candelabrum, of which the base alone remains. These little figures are very suave and graceful. In a large niche in the choir stands a grotesque wooden image of Barga's patron saint, St. Christopher. This is of colossal size and ridiculously ill-proportioned form. The story goes that it originally had legs of a length suited to its body, but that being too tall for its destined receptacle, it had to be cut down to fit. It is of the rudest early Lombard workmanship, and its curiously florid colouring has been periodically renewed. There are several objects of interest in the sacristy. Among them a fine processional silver crucifix with four saints at the angles. It is dated 1408, and is in some sense a reminiscence of the Orcagna style. There is also a very good chalice of the fourteenth century, richly chiselled and enamelled, and a store of splendid vestments of various periods.

And now the sacristan, telling us that we have seen all that the church contains, unlocks a little door at the extremity of the transept, and we find ourselves in a rude cloister opening on to an irregular bit of greensward, a sort of God's acre, though the corpses do not lie buried out there in the sun beneath the short, crisp turf, but are hidden away in some darksome pit under the stones of the cloister. It is only of late years that open cemeteries have been made, away from human dwellings. Before, in all these Italian towns, the dead were hurried out of sight into vaults beneath the parish church. From the low wall of this inclosure there

is an enchanting view over sunny slopes, cloud-tipped peaks, and the red roofs of Barga leaning down towards the ravine-scored valley below.

Half an hour later we are down among Barga's narrow ways, in the little convent church of the Clarisse. For here is to be seen one of the chief artistic glories of the town: a magnificent Ascension of the Virgin, of Della Robbia work. It is locally attributed to Luca, but like all these Barga pieces, art critics assign it to Andrea. For Luca, as we know, generally confined himself to pale blue and white, using other tints solely for those wondrous fruit garlands of which Venice still shows us the living counterparts, pendent from church doors during the great feast of the Redentore. Yet, save in the matter of colour, this Ascension is almost worthy of the founder of the school. The rapt expression of the St. Francis is wonderfully given. Indeed the group of saints surrounding the empty sepulchre is far finer than that of the Virgin and angels above. Exquisite lilies are sprouting from the tomb, and within the frame of flowers and fruit is a ring of seraphim, with much variety of expression in their rounded baby features. At the base is a narrow dado of numerous tiny half-length figures of saints, of very delicate workmanship. Unfortunately these are almost hidden by the usual decorations, but it is some slight comfort to note that the nuns are free from one, at least, of the besetting sins of tawdriness. Real flowers bloom in the altar vases instead of the ordinary caricatures in coloured paper. Over the great door is another terra cotta: a graceful Virgin and Child enwreathed in a circle of fruit.

Before plodding our way back the length of the town to examine the Della Robbias in St. Francesco, we went on to the church of the Fornacettà, said to occupy the site of the Della Robbias' furnace. To reach it we had to pass what may literally be called Barga's back gate, leading to the mountain mule paths and the picturesque *Giardino* suburb. And issuing from this gate we find ourselves at the edge of a precipice. Barga's walls tower high behind us, and we look down into a deep ravine, once a most effectual moat, but now spanned by a narrow causeway. To the right a shrunken stream gleams here and there among the stones at the bottom; and figs, and vines, and creeping plants of many shades drape the steep rocks beneath the walls, and fall into a tangle of greenery and flowers below. High in air and ivy-hung, a fine aqueduct strides boldly over the gorge, and we look across to the woods and gardens of the huge Angeli Villa. Beyond the causeway we pass between neat little houses up to the Fornacetta church, which is still hung about with the withered festoons of some recent holy festival. There is nothing to be seen within; all is common and tawdry; the pictures execrable. But that fine view of Barga's strongest side would have well repaid us for a more toilsome climb.

Returning to the town, one threads a network of narrow streets, with narrower cross alleys, like steep cascades of dingy stones, dropping down into them at intervals; of darksome corners and darker archways that might be dens of assassins, but are only nests of dirt. Then on through a queer triangular piazza, with a few fine old mansions of massive stone, and past the Municipio (to which we shall presently return), and out at the chief gate by the Pallone ground, where the game goes on briskly now, on our way to San Francesco; for this suburban building is rich in Della Robbias. It is the church of the now suppressed Capuchin monastery, founded about

the middle of the fifteenth century by Frà Beato Ercolano di Barga, a preaching friar, whose fervid eloquence aroused the enthusiasm and opened the purses of his numerous hearers. It is situated about a quarter of a mile from the gate, down a steep lane, among fields and vineyards, and mossy walls. The narrow, ill-lighted church contains three large altar-pieces, all probably by Andrea, though the Barghigiani energetically attribute one of them to Luca della Robbia; and whoever its author, this Nativity is a very noble composition. St. Jerome and St. Francis are kneeling before the Babe; loveliest angels are hovering in the air, one of whom bears a scroll inscribed with notes of music. The Virgin and Child are tenderly beautiful. Heads of animals in lowest relief come in effectively behind the central group. On the dado is a small Pietà, a St. John, and four other saints. The whole is surrounded by a finely moulded wreath of smiling cherubim.

The piece over the altar opposite is equal in size, but very inferior in merit. Its subject is St. Francis receiving the stigmata. The saint's figure is good, his rapt fervour subtly expressed; but the cold, pasty colouring of the whole work, its clumsiness of design and execution, alike suggest its being one of Andrea's earliest works or that of some pupil of the school. It has a coarse background of realistic cottages on the top of a hill, recalling the early German style. The blue, which is the prevailing colour, is cold and heavy, totally unlike the tint used by Luca. In the centre of the dado is a circular medallion of the Virgin and Child, with two angels in adoration, and four praying figures. The whole is bordered by angel heads, with stiff pendants of flowers and fruit.

In the choir stands the third altar-piece, an Assumption. The Virgin is floating up to heaven amid a cluster of attendant angels. She has dropped her girdle into the outstretched hands of St. John, who kneels to receive the gift. On the dado is a little door, that of the Virgin's tomb, surrounded by cherubs and lightly floating angels. This beautiful work has the usual frame of flowers and fruit, and is undoubtedly by Andrea della Robbia. So, probably, are the well-executed figures, four feet in height, of St. Anthony and St. Andrew at the entrance of the presbytery. Formerly the Mordini chapel, in the same building, contained two other figures—an angel of the Annunciation and the Virgin Mary—but these have been removed to the Mordini palace, where we were presently shown them by Signor Mordini, ex-Prefect of Naples.

In the cloister is a clumsy, unvarnished terra cotta, alleged to be an unfinished group by Andrea, and quoted by the natives as a triumphant proof that all these works were produced in Barga itself. Before leaving the subject of the Della Robbias, we may observe that among the records of Barga is a memorandum that in the year following the restoration and enlargement of S. Cristofano, the Della Robbias were removed to that church from San Francesco, but there is no record of the date when they were replaced in the monastery. In fact there is a singular dearth of documents on all matters relating to works of art in the Duomo; and the present syndic, who is occupied with researches in the past history of Barga, has failed to discover any particulars concerning these magnificent terra cottas. The large collection of municipal archives is as yet uncatalogued, and the older files and volumes have suffered considerably from damp. Among the latter are some contracts of the twelfth century. It also contains copies of many interesting historical documents—negotiations

with Florence, &c.—dated as early as the thirteenth century, and of which the originals may be found in the archives of Lucca and Florence.

Barga went through so many and various vicissitudes, that its history reads like a novel—a novel without a hero, however; for, though renowned *en masse* for their fighting power and energy, the stalwart Barghigiani boast but few townsmen whose names were known to history, and of those few only the scantiest details are forthcoming, for their share of the world's work was done down in the plains, far from the high walls of their native stronghold.

Simone di Barga, for instance, made his reputation in Lucca about the middle of the fourteenth century. He was a celebrated doctor of the law, filled several important diplomatic posts, and compiled the Statutes of 1372. Then, in 1527, we hear of a certain valiant captain, Galeotto da Barga, who was commandant of the fortress of Leghorn for the Republic of Florence, and held out for a considerable time against the Medici troops. In the days of the Renaissance, Barga contributed to the ranks of the learned men in the person of Pietro Angelio, surnamed the Bargeo. He was a Latinist of some repute, owned the finest palace in Barga, and founded the still existing family of the Marquises Angeli of Pisa. A tablet commemorating this worthy's acquirements is to be seen on the wall of the municipal palace. Among lesser notabilities, we may mention that a native of Barga was the introducer of the silk trade into Bologna in 1341. This he must himself have learnt at Lucca, which was the first town in Italy where the art of silk spinning was carried on.

No one can visit Barga without desiring to know something of its past days. Its remarkable strategical position, the strength of its walls, its picturesque lanes, its fine population, its general air of present well-being, the testimony to past prosperity afforded by the massiveness of its principal mansions, and its love of the fine arts, all combine to arouse the strongest wish to learn something of the events of which it was the scene.

Up to the present time no complete history of Barga has been written, though one has been contemplated by the learned Dr. Carina, whose memoranda we have been privileged to read. The many political storms that have swept over the *castello* may probably be held accountable for the many gaps in the town records, and it is necessary to ransack the archives of Lucca and Florence to obtain anything like a general view of Barga's past.

All the world knows that at the beginning of the eleventh century almost the whole of Italy was subject to the German emperors, who ruled the different provinces by means of dukes, marquises, and counts, enjoying almost feudal supremacy over the chief cities and a greater or smaller extent of circumjacent territory. As to the rural districts, they were distributed among lesser nobles, known as valvassori, cattani, &c. It is equally well known that Tuscany, in virtue of its extent and position, ranked among the more important imperial provinces, styled marches and duchies, and that its lords, sometimes dukes, sometimes marquises, ruled over the principal cities, but had their chief residence in Lucca, the capital of the entire province.[1]

Even in those misty times, as may be gleaned from the scanty notices scattered over the pages of

[1] In a treaty of peace, concluded between Bishop Andrea of Luni and the Marquises Malaspina, in the year 1124, at Lucca, mention is made of that city in the following terms: 'Gloriosa civitas Lucca, multis dignitatibus decorata, atque super universam Tuscii Marchiam caput ab exordio constituta,' &c. (Muratori.)

old chroniclers, the men of Barga were distinguished for their valour, and in the following century obtained a special diploma, or patent, from Frederic Barbarossa, guaranteeing them his imperial protection, and declaring them to be absolutely independent of all other authority. This document, after lauding the constant fidelity of the inhabitants, proceeds to assure them that the imperial nuncios in Garfagnana will guarantee to them the maintenance of all rights and privileges enjoyed by their forefathers from the days of the Countess Matilda. Later, the Statutes of Garfagnana in 1287, and those of Lucca, 1308, promulgated after that Republic had assumed supremacy over the whole *contado*, secured many special favours to Barga.

And throughout the turmoil of the Middle Ages, we find this little *castello* (as the smaller walled towns were called) preserving a certain measure of independence, and though frequently brought into subjection to the despots of Lucca, as frequently shaking off the yoke, and, after various vicissitudes, finally swearing allegiance to the Commonwealth of Florence, to which, indeed, it was rather an ally than a subordinate, and preserved numerous rights that were seldom allowed by the jealousy of the Florentines.

But in all transactions with Barga account had to be taken of the tenacity with which the Barghigiani clung to their old right of self-government. Barbarossa's famous diploma was addressed to the consuls and people of Barga, which proves that, from the days of the Countess Matilda, a consular magistracy of popular origin already existed there, alike independent of the powerful Garfagnana baronage and of the Commune of Lucca. There was also another reason why Florence sheathed her claws in velvet in dealing with these sturdy mountaineers. In all previous conflicts and dissensions between Lucca and Pisa, Barga had invariably sided with the latter city; for whenever the former was free of war alarms from Pisa, it always made fresh attempts to extend its territory in the direction of the Garfagnana. It was therefore of the highest importance to Florence to know that no aid should come to Pisa from that nest of fighting men up the valley of the Serchio.

The Barghigiani never seem to have been an aggressive people, and reserved their valour for the defence of their rights and the maintenance of their boundaries. Their bitter hatred of the Lucchese, their often recurring struggles against them, were always on this question of frontier. When Lucca wanted an excuse to attack Barga, it was her custom to stir up neighbouring districts to boundary quarrels with Barga. It was on one of these occasions that, as far back as 1298, the Potestà of Lucca, one Gonzelino, marched on Barga with 2,700 men, besieged it, carried it by storm and demolished both its walls and its citadel.

But the town seems to have recovered its pristine strength with considerable rapidity, since—as we have seen in writing of the cathedral—in less than half a century Barga had become a place of refuge for the whole country round; its church became virtually the *chiesa maggiore* in consequence of the desecration of the Loppia church and destruction of the village and outlying fortresses by the unrelenting Lucchese.

In fact, from the middle of the thirteenth to the second half of the fourteenth century, Barga was almost continually engaged in efforts to shake off the yoke of Lucca. The longest interval of tranquillity was during the latter years of Castruccio's reign, when that sagacious tyrant saw fit to pursue a policy of reconciliation. His death, in 1328,

was the signal for a fresh revolt of the Barghigiani, who opened secret negotiations with Florence. But the plot was betrayed, and Lucca instantly sent a considerable force to reduce the town to obedience. Florence, on her side, hastily despatched Amerigo Donati at the head of 400 men, but the succour was ineffectual; other Florentine expeditions also failed, and the men of Barga had to rely on themselves alone. For a time they were subdued, but in 1331, by means of one of the Rolandinghi (the dominant family in the district) and another noble, they again threw off their allegiance to Lucca. Coppo di Medici came from Florence to take possession of the town, and on his departure left a small force behind to prevent it from being carried as before by some sudden *coup de main* of the Lucchese. But Lucca was on the alert to regain the coveted territory, and the following year besieged the town in junction with the troops of King John of Bohemia. The Florentines, although aided by Spinetto Malaspina, failed to relieve the place; Barga was again compelled to come to terms and open her gates to the attacking army. The chroniclers are silent as to the duration of this siege, but there is reason to suppose that it lasted about six weeks. The citizens' lives were spared, but the four principal personages in the town were made to take the oath of obedience barefoot and with every display of abject penitence. Then followed nine years of silent discontent on the part of Barga, of noisy oppression on that of Lucca; but at the end of that period the then Lords of Lucca, the Scaligeri, ceded that city and its whole territory, inclusive of Barga, to the Florentines for the sum of 250,000 florins. Florence proved unable to hold Lucca, and presently yielded it to the besieging Pisans; but when peace was concluded, October 9, 1342, Barga remained in the possession of Florence.

Now for ten years the little town flourished in the enjoyment of the privileges granted her by Florence, while her old oppressor, Lucca, was groaning in servitude to Pisa. But in 1352, Francesco Castracane, who had already taken possession of the neighbouring town of Coreglia, gathered together a large band of armed men, marched on Barga, and kept up the siege for four months, until driven away by a formidable troop of mercenaries in the pay of Florence. This danger averted, Barga hoped to return to her former tranquillity, especially as, hitherto, Pisa had shown no disposition to molest her, notwithstanding the renewal of the war with Florence.

Unfortunately, the Pisans were aware how easy it would be to strike a blow at their enemy through Barga, and accordingly one night they suddenly appeared before the walls with a force of 4,000 foot and 1,000 horse. Their first assault was unsuccessful, for the women of Barga flocked to the walls and valiantly aided the male folk in repelling the enemy. Upon this the Pisans formally invested the town. Piero Fornesi, general of the Florentine army, hastened to its relief, and though his first onslaught was repulsed, he finally succeeded in raising the siege and taking many Pisans prisoners.

The year was not at an end before Pisa again attacked Barga, whose designation might well be that of 'Barga the besieged.' This time the attempt was made with the aid of a contingent of English mercenaries. The town was just then garrisoned by a body of 150 men, under the command of Benghi di Teghia Buondelmonti. The citizens fought with their accustomed valour, and made a successful sally, in which they utterly routed the enemy and seized all the baggage and munitions of war.

Many prisoners were taken, and some 150 Pisans and English left dead upon the field. In reward for this dashing victory, Florence confirmed Benghi in his post of Captain of Barga for another eighteen months—a most unusual term of authority for a Florentine official.

Now came a long period of repose, in which Barga had apparently no history, had leisure to listen to Fra Ercolano's burning exhortations, to watch the building of his convent church and discuss the merits of the terra cotta pictures destined for its shrines. With the opening of the fifteenth century, however, the old troubles returned. In 1401 party strife ran high in Garfagnana between Guelf and Ghibelline; some members of the latter faction hatched a conspiracy to wrest Barga from the Florentines and throw it into the hands of their own party. But the plot was discovered—probably by means of the Manfredi and Salvi, whose ladies, as we have seen, were privileged to sit within the chancel of the Duomo—and the Captain-General did speedy justice on the conspirators.

Not yet had Barga seen the last of besieging armies, for in 1437 the renowned Condottiere Piccinino marched on the town with a formidable force. He expected to obtain an easy victory, but the inhabitants received speedy succour from Florence. A pitched battle took place beneath the walls on the 8th of February, 1437, and not only was the great leader compelled to raise the siege, but his army was ignominiously routed and put to flight with heavy losses of men and material.

Again, a century later, in 1554, Barga was in great peril from open attack and underhand intrigue. Piero Strozzi marched from Siena to the Serchio valley in order to effect a junction with the French troops, under the Seigneur of Forquevaulx, who were coming from Lombardy to his assistance. He halted at Ponte a Moriano, and decided to attempt the seizure of Barga in concert with the French, who were already near at hand.

We learn from the historian Ammirato, that the Florentines and their Duke Cosimo had entire confidence in the men of Barga, knowing them to be '*accustomed to warfare and exceedingly courageous and trustworthy. But that this was not enough, seeing that the walls were old and weak, and that likewise there were certain fuorisciti who would have dearly liked to see their native place won over to the French side.*' Wherefore the Ducal Commissioner, Vincenzo Ridolfi, demanded aid of Fivizzano (another strong place in Garfagnana, some miles beyond Barga), and at no small risk and peril it sent the desired help. De Forquevaulx did his best to seduce the Barghigiani by depicting in glowing colours the splendid privileges and advantages that would accrue to them on their joining the French cause. But the valiant mountaineers were incorruptible. They replied that they enjoyed great liberty under the gentle sway of Florence; they jeered at the proffered favours, and stated their resolve to defend their walls to the last extremity. Upon this the French general, having no leisure for a hazardous siege, thought it wiser to abandon the enterprise, and went on his way to join Strozzi's army. Afterwards when the Medici dynasty was firmly established, the Barghigiani were relieved of all fear of losing their liberty. Their energy was turned into peaceful channels, trade and industry flourished, their population overflowed the walls and spread over the hillsides. Now and again quarrels would burst out with their old foes of Lucca concerning some question of frontier or rights of pasturage;

but these were passing shadows in no way affecting the prosperity of the little town.

Indeed, owing to its immunity from octroi duty and from various taxes levied on its less fortunate neighbours, Barga, up to the year 1859, when, with the rest of Tuscany, it became part of the Italian kingdom, drove a thriving trade in smuggling, and not a few of its inhabitants bitterly regret what, to them, were the good old times. But even in these days of excessive taxation, Barga is still in better case than the majority of communities off the beaten track. Several silk mills and silk and felt manufactories prosper there. Numerous flocks and herds are reared on its rich pastures, and wool and cheese are among its prominent sources of revenue. The Barga hemp, grown in the lowlands by the Serchio, is famed for its excellence, while the vineyards to the south of the town produce a sound wine of more than average quality.

As for the air, it is so pure and elastic, that did the town offer the commonest inducements to travellers in the shape of habitable inns, decent food, and means of conveyance, it might prove a formidable rival to the hackneyed Baths of Lucca. For the narrow valley of the Lima with its oppressive, relaxing climate, generally either too hot or too damp in the summer months, during which it is most frequented, owes the majority of its visitors to the fact of being the only country retreat within easy reach of Florence where creature comforts and good hotels may be found. Barga is invariably several degrees cooler than the Bagni, and is free from the heavy dews that make the latter so trying to many constitutions. Where, too, in the valley are there extended mountain views like those commanded from every side of Barga? And scattered over the surrounding hills are hamlets, convents, and ruins of artistic and historic interest which are still unbroken ground to the tourist world.

LINDA VILLARI.

FLORENCE.

# CORONERS.

TWO years ago the office of Coroner was brought very prominently before the public through the erratic conduct of some coroners who insisted on holding inquests where none were necessary, but more especially by the abortiveness of the first inquest upon Mr. Bravo, and the extraordinary character of the second inquiry in that painful case. Lord Francis Hervey, taking advantage of the public interest, brought the subject before the House of Commons, when he moved, in a speech of considerable ability, that 'further legislation was desirable with regard to the qualification and appointment of coroners and the mode of holding inquests.' And so good a case for reform did he make out, that he was successful in obtaining from the Home Secretary a full admission of the necessity for reform and a pledge that the Government would deal with the matter. Mr. Cross's speech on the occasion was much admired for its frank and outspoken candour. It was fully expected that another Session would not have been allowed to pass without an effort to remedy the admitted defects. But during the last Session the subject was never once mentioned. The Government had probably forgotten all about it, and Lord Francis Hervey omitted to remind them of their obligation. Now, however, the attention of the public has been once more drawn in a pointed manner to the unsatisfactory method of conducting inquests. The agitation in the Penge case was due in no little degree to the feeling that the mode of conducting *post-mortem* examinations, as shown in that case, was loose and unsatisfactory to a degree. It is very probable that the Legislature will be called upon this Session to provide a remedy for the evils inherent in the present system. Under these circumstances this may be considered an opportune moment for a consideration of the question.

The office of Coroner is one of the oldest judicial offices in existence in this country. It dates from such remote antiquity that its origin is lost. The name is supposed to be (at least such was Coke's opinion) *a coronâ*, 'because he is an officer of the Crown and hath conuzance of some pleas which are called *placita Coronæ*.' The generally accepted idea is that the coroner's office is coeval with that of the sheriff, with whom, when the earls gave up the wardship of the counties, he was appointed to keep the peace. Probably the first allusion to the office is in the time of King Alfred, subsequent to the division of the kingdom into counties, when we are told that the king punished with death a judge who sentenced a party to suffer death upon the coroner's record without allowing the accused liberty to defend himself. This officer is also mentioned in the charter granted by King Athelstan to the Monastery of St. John of Beverley.

There are three kinds of coroners: (1) those who are such *virtute officii*, such as the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who is supreme coroner over all England, and the puisne judges of the same Court (or Division as it is now called), who are also sovereign coroners; (2) those who are such by commission or grant, as when under ancient charters the right to appoint coroners was given to certain lords or boroughs over particular liberties; and (3) those who are so by election. Of the second

class there are even to this day a considerable number whose jurisdiction is limited by the original charter granting the privilege. Huntingdonshire, for instance, has five coroners, not one of whom is elected as in the counties generally, but who are all appointed by different private individuals as lords of certain manors. But the majority of them are for boroughs that have not been affected by the Municipal Corporations Act, 1835. Generally speaking, however, the coroners for counties are elected in the mode prescribed by the 28 Edward III., st. 3, cap. 6, which provides that all 'coroners of the counties shall be chosen in the full counties by the commons of the same counties,' that is, by the freeholders assembled in the county court, presided over by the sheriff, and from that date to this the constituency has not been changed, and the office remains elective, which is not the case with any other judicial officer. We had inherited from our Saxon ancestors that high function of local self-government—the election of our own judges; but under the Plantagenets the rights of the people were curtailed, and the prerogative of the sovereign extended so far that, of all the judicial offices the appointments to which had ever been in the hands of the people, that of the coroner alone was permitted to be at the disposal of the community. In ancient times our sturdy ancestors showed much wisdom in retaining in their own hands judicial appointments, and the public interest often suffered when it was within the power of the Crown to appoint and remove judges at pleasure, and without any responsibility to the people. But at this day there could hardly be devised a worse way of appointing a judicial officer than by popular election, while the vesting of such appointments in the hands of responsible Ministers is sufficient guarantee against improper appointments. We regret, though we can well appreciate the reasons, that the Home Secretary should have expressed his opinion that he had not the smallest wish to have the appointment vested in the Home Office. The appointment ought undoubtedly to be in the hands of the Lord Chancellor or the Home Secretary, or some other Minister responsible to Parliament.

For the various counties of England and Wales there are no less than 233 coroners, of whom 175 are elected by the freeholders, and the remaining 58 in various ways by lords of manors, &c. In Derbyshire the possessor of the horn of Ulphus has the appointment of a coroner; in Essex the tenants of a manor. The Dean and Chapter of Ely appoint one for Suffolk, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners one for Northampton. In boroughs generally the appointment is in the town council, under the Municipal Corporations Act, but some of the unreformed corporations still appoint coroners. In Rye, Tenterden, and Haverfordwest the mayor for the time being is coroner *ex officio*. Of borough coroners there are 99. The number of coroners is needlessly large, and might with advantage be reduced considerably, and they are very unequally distributed or apportioned over the country. While Middlesex, comprising as it does the metropolis, is sufficiently served with five coroners, Dorset has no less than eleven. Suffolk has five coroners for the county and seven borough coroners. Even Rutland has two. In boroughs the same inequality prevails. While Manchester and Liverpool have only one apiece, and there is no complaint that one is not enough, the small town of Malmesbury boasts of two. When reform comes the number will be reduced, and as a matter of course, in apportioning

the number for each county and borough, regard will be had to the past demand for the service of the coroner. This redistribution and reduction will also have an important bearing upon the costs of maintaining coroners. In the counties they are now by statute paid by salary, but in boroughs they are still paid by fees. In the pay of coroners there is a wide divergence. In Middlesex there was paid in 1870, to five coroners, no less a sum than 13,720*l.*, one coroner taking by way of salary and expenses no less than 5,800*l.*; while the whole of Surrey, including as it does London south of the Thames, only spent 3,897*l.* upon its coroners. Altogether in 1870 there was paid to county coroners the sum of 64,471*l.*, and to borough coroners 15,629*l.*, or a total expenditure of 80,100*l.* With so large an expenditure it would be very easy to make such an arrangement as would enable qualified and really competent men to be appointed to the office.

And this leads us to the consideration of the qualification. The ancient qualification was the possession of land in the counties. The first Statute of Westminster, 3 Edward I., provided that coroners should be chosen 'of the most wise and discreet knights.' This in the course of time became equivalent to the possession of a certain quantity of land—a knight's fee. Originally, doubtless, this was a wise provision enough, as it probably was the best for securing the services of men of intelligence and independence, who could not be bribed so easily as the *petit gent* complained of in the old statute. But for a judicial appointment the qualification is an absurd one (although it is still maintained for the magistracy), and indeed it is not now insisted upon. In boroughs there is no qualification whatever required beyond the vague term of 'fitness,' and that the candidate be not an alderman or town councillor of the borough. Formerly when the old territorial qualification was upheld, and when the office was one of no little dignity, and no fee or pay was allowed to be taken, the coroners were generally selected from amongst the principal men of the counties. Chaucer speaking of the Franklein says:

At Sessions there was he lord and sire,
Ful often tyme he was knyght of the shire;
A shereve hadd he ben and a coronour,
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.

And in the time of Edward III. a coroner was removed from office on the ground that he was only a merchant. But no sooner were fees and perquisites allowed than the office came to be sought for for its emoluments principally, whereby it lost much of its dignity, and now it is filled in the most promiscuous manner by all sorts of people, but little regard being paid to their competency to discharge their duties. As to the qualification necessary, the words of the Home Secretary may be quoted with advantage, as they possess a significance which is not restricted to coroners, but may well be applied to all judicial offices, and should be urged in favour of the appointment of stipendiary magistrates, or at all events for the revival in its integrity of the ancient *quorum*. 'In the case of an appointment of an officer who had one of the highest judicial functions to perform, and who always held out his office as being older and higher than that of the magistrate, such an officer should,' in Mr. Cross's opinion, 'have particular qualifications for his office. An inquest was a judicial inquiry, and the person presiding at it ought to have been trained as a lawyer, to be practised in weighing evidence, and in drawing the truth from the witnesses, so that he might guide the jury to a right conclusion. If therefore the law was altered, the

qualification for the office of coroner should be a knowledge of the law and some standing in the legal profession.' The soundness of these remarks will be readily admitted by all, except, perhaps, by the medical profession. The doctors claim that they possess the best qualifications for the office, inasmuch as the end of an inquest is to find out the cause of death, and in many cases that this involves considerable medical knowledge. But really medical knowledge is not necessary, for wherever medical testimony is required to prove the cause of death it could be got, and when obtained it can be weighed by a qualified coroner and the jury like any other evidence, and the value of it better gauged by a trained lawyer than by a doctor, who might hold very pronounced views and crotchets of his own. On the legal qualification there was the greatest unanimity in the House, and it may therefore be taken as settled that when reform does take place it will be that none but lawyers shall hold the office.

The mode of holding the inquest is also open to some objections. The coroner, immediately notice is given him of a violent death, casualty, or misadventure, must issue a precept to the constables of the parish or district to summon a jury. All persons so summoned are bound to appear. No particular qualification, as is the case with other jurors, is necessary. All that is required is that they be *probi et legales homines*. The number must exceed twelve, for, unlike other juries, it is not necessary that a verdict at a coroner's inquest should be the unanimous verdict of the jury; provided that twelve agree, in which case the verdict of the majority is accepted. Less than twelve on the jury would render the entire proceedings void. There is no reason why coroners' juries should not be from the same panel as other juries. There are some who would do away with the jury altogether, but in our opinion this would be a mistake. Had there been no jury in the first Bravo inquiry, it would have been simply impossible to have reopened the investigation, and the public would labour under the idea that there had been a gross miscarriage of justice. Others would have the number reduced to five, as in county courts; but speaking from some experience of county court juries we think it is the most unsatisfactory jury system which we have. Whether the number should be limited to twelve, and unanimity be required of them, as in all other trials, is another matter. There seems to us to be no valid reason why coroners' inquests should in this respect be an exception to other criminal investigations. Further, the question has been raised as to whether it is not advisable to strengthen the coroner by the assistance of assessors. In making inquiries into colliery accidents and explosions it has been the practice of the Government to appoint assessors. In naval matters before the Court of Admiralty the Court is assisted by brethren of the Trinity House; and now under a recent statute, county court judges in cases involving any scientific knowledge are empowered to call in the aid of skilled assessors. We are not sure that it would not be a wise plan, if the same course was adopted in conducting inquests, especially where the death could only be accounted for by scientific and medical testimony. In the recent Penge case the agitation was induced to a great degree by the impression that the *post-mortem* examination had been loosely conducted, and that the medical testimony was not conclusively satisfactory. If we are to avoid such unseemly agitations—which are really calculated to decrease that implicit con-

fidence in the administration of justice which is its great strength—it is clear that some more satisfactory mode of conducting *post-mortem* examinations should be devised. And in this respect Dr. Southey recently in the columns of the *Times* did well to call attention to a system which prevails in Germany from which perhaps it will be possible for us to cull something. In Germany a special judge appointed for the purpose of inquiring into fatal casualties and violent deaths occupies the position a coroner does in this country. 'One such judge is appointed to every district, but he is assisted by a district physician attached to the Bureau of Medical Police. This physician is appointed by the State after due examination of his fitness. He is a gentleman of pathological experience, versed in police inquiries, and paid by Government with a regular salary. In every case of sudden or violent death he is required to investigate the facts and to furnish the judge with a minute of them. In nine cases out of ten this minute is sufficient. The cause of death being self-evident, the painful necessity of a *post-mortem* is avoided. But should he deem a *post-mortem* necessary, he is obliged to make it, and a separate report of this is made to the judge. If there is sufficient evidence in these reports to suggest criminal culpability, the judge commits the case for trial; but should he be dissatisfied with the reports furnished by the district physician, he forwards them for the further advice and opinion of the Medical College of his province, or to the superior Medical College at Berlin. This final court of appeal upon the facts incorporates the highest talent and most matured medical experience in the land.' If such a system could not be adopted in this country—and we admit we should hardly care to leave so much to the medical inspector's single responsibility—there can be no reason whatever why the coroner should not have the power—and the expense would not be very great—to call in the services of some eminent pathological doctor or skilled medical witness, instead of being restricted, as he now is, to the nearest local practitioner, who may have very little experience in cases of the kind he may be called upon to investigate.

It is unfortunate, also, that inquests should generally be held in public-houses with unseemly surroundings; but, as the Home Secretary said, inquests must be held somewhere, and public-houses frequently afford the only accommodation available. At the same time there are grave objections to the holding of inquests in private houses. The jury should view the body where it lay, and then adjourn to some public place, as a school-room, vestry hall, or even public-house. But a far more important matter is whether the inquiry should be open to the public or whether the coroner should have power to hold it privately. At starting we may say that it is repugnant to all our notions to allow judicial inquiries to be conducted with closed doors; and it would require very strong arguments, stronger than any we have yet seen, which would justify a departure from the wholesome practice of holding judicial investigations *coram populo*; but at the same time we cannot utterly discard such views as those expressed by Lord Tenterden when the subject was brought up in court before him. He was of opinion that as an inquest was a preliminary inquiry in which the reputations of persons might unnecessarily be placed in jeopardy, it should be left to the discretion of the coroner whether it should be held openly or in private. At all events some control might be exercised over the publication of the reports without

the necessity of closing the doors. Such reports as were published during the Balham inquiry could only pander to a most prurient taste, and unnecessarily prolonged the inquiry, for eminent cross-examiners would much curtail the scope of their examinations if they found their skill a little less advertised in the press. The length to which all kinds of preliminary investigations are now spun is becoming a serious evil. Until quite recently magistrates were satisfied with a *primâ facie* case against a defendant to order his committal; but now they frequently investigate minutely every detail of a case as if they had the final adjudication upon it. And one of the worst results of the Tichborne trials has been the endless protraction of all sorts of trials, an evil which weighs heavily upon litigants themselves, and which also is calculated to become a serious burden upon the public.

Since writing the above, the Government Bill for the creation of county financial boards has been printed, and it was with no little surprise we discovered that amongst its manifold provisions there are some clauses which propose to alter the whole process of electing county coroners. It proposes to confer the appointment upon the county boards to be created. When a vacancy occurs the Lord Chancellor, on the petition of two or more members of the county board, is to issue his writ to the board to proceed with the election of a coroner, and the board is thereupon to proceed to appoint for the office a *duly qualified* person. But the Bill gives no clue whatever as to what is meant by the term 'duly qualified person,' so that for aught we know the definite opinion of the Home Secretary, to which allusion has already been made, may be entirely ignored. The proposal does not commend itself. By changing and restricting the constituency merely, the proposed reform will simply lessen the costs of candidature, while it will land us probably in endless jobbery. It would certainly simplify the election, and render impossible perhaps the expenditure of 10,000*l.* to 12,000*l.*, which the election of a coroner is said to have cost some candidates; but there is nothing else in favour of the proposal. We are entirely opposed to judicial appointments being elective. It is not seemly for a person aspiring to a judicial office to have to drag himself through the mire of a canvass, than which we can conceive no process more humiliating, or to be induced to adopt the tricks and devices which nearly invariably attend electioneering contests; while some attention paid to appointments made by boards of guardians, quarter sessions, town councils, and other similar bodies has confirmed us in our opinion that such appointments are not always made with the sole view to the public good, but are frequently secured by very questionable means. If the question is to be solved at all, it should be dealt with thoroughly and satisfactorily, and not by a side wind or through an obscure clause in a Bill which has absolutely nothing to do with it. The appointment should be in the hands of the Lord Chancellor or the Home Secretary; for our own part we would rather it were vested in the latter, for the sole reason that it would be more amenable to public opinion, as the Home Secretary is more directly answerable to the public than the Lord Chancellor, who is not brought so closely into contact. But even of far greater importance than in whom the power of appointment is to be vested is the question of qualification. The vague 'fit and proper person,' or 'duly qualified person,' of carelessly drawn Acts of Parliament, which may mean

anything or nothing, will not do: greater precision is required. The qualification should be clearly understood; and there can hardly be a question that the view taken of it by Mr. Cross as expressed two sessions back is the view that should be adopted. As one would not entrust the building of his house to a tailor, or get his clothes made by a mason, so also justice should only be administered by men trained in its administration, conversant with the law which it is their duty to administer, and skilled in sifting and eliciting evidence upon which they are to act. The subject is of importance enough to require a separate treatment, and it had better be left alone than dealt with as proposed in the County Government Bill. But it should not be left alone. When we find the House of Commons, with a unanimity which is not frequent, adopting a resolution that further legislation is desirable, and this too at the express desire of the Home Secretary, who wished the House to 'affirm its deliberate opinion that the time had arrived when the office of coroner should be reformed,' we are amply justified in urging upon Mr. Cross the fulfilment of his pledge; and his hands do not appear to be so hampered this Session with other work, that he may not fairly be asked to essay the reform which he admitted he has had for years thought to be necessary. In any case it is not desirable that the change proposed in the County Government Bill should be adopted; for any compromise of the kind will, without meeting the real evils, only delay the enactment of a solid reform.

J. Roland Phillips.

# THE BROAD CHURCH MOVEMENT.

AMONG the various forms of railway accidents with which the ingenuity of directors and *employés* has made us familiar, it has been remarked that the obvious one of setting two trains to meet each other at full speed on the same rails has been but rarely resorted to. And in the same way, among the no less various forms of ecclesiastical disturbances to which the present age has become accustomed, there have been very few instances in which two clergymen of diametrically opposite principles have been set to preach and to officiate independently of each other in the same church. The wisdom of our ancestors, foreseeing, doubtless, the horrible consequences that would ensue, has provided against this direct form of collision by giving each clergyman not only supreme authority in his own church, but virtually a monopoly in his parish. And yet such a terrible meeting of the alkali and the acid (to vary the metaphor) has occurred. Amid the devices invented to aid in supplying the spiritual needs of the early years of this century, one was that of lecturers, who were to deliver themselves in the afternoon or evening, while the rector might be supposed to be reposing or dining, and who were, in some cases, elected by the parishioners and independent of the incumbent. Little did the good souls who invented this rather clumsy way of supplying the lack of service on the part of an indolent rector dream of the potent weapon they were placing in the hands of the lay folk, in a case where the rector was not indolent, but active in an unpopular direction. It is probable that in a certain well-known case of ritualism nearly twenty years ago, in the east of London, the parishioners would have been well content to mark their disapprobation by simply not going to church, had not their latent Protestantism been blown into a white heat by the fervid denunciations of the afternoon lecturer. The riots, the body-guard of police who escorted the rector's friends and the choir to and from the church, the ultimate withdrawal of the rector, all these things are now matter of history. What followed is instructive. During the interregnum, the then Bishop of the diocese, thinking that 'Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta' would be appeased, not 'pulveris exigui jactu,' but by the application of a little common sense, sent down as *locum tenens* a clergyman well known not only as a hard worker, but as the professor of a somewhat robust and unconventional type of Christianity, who cared little about vestments, and who was ready to preach in a white gown, a black gown, or no gown at all. The effect on the minds of the parishioners was remarkable. They were simply puzzled. One of them complained naïvely and in all good faith, 'We know the rector; he is a Puseyite: and we know the lecturer; he is a Protestant: but we can't make this gentleman out.' They could understand a man who would be torn in pieces sooner than give up his vestments; and they could understand a man who would tear another in pieces sooner than allow him to wear vestments; but a man who resolutely declined either to tear or to be torn in pieces was beyond them altogether; they had not seen or heard of his like before.

Nor was it only in the east of London that this simple and easy classification of the Church of

England into two sections prevailed up to a late period. It is not more than twenty-five years ago that an Irish clergyman was heard to address to a lady, a perfect stranger to him, at a *table d'hôte* on Sunday, the startling question: 'Pray, madam, are you High Church or Low Church?' And later still, there were not wanting simple souls who, when they heard *Essays and Reviews* denounced by Evangelical clergymen, sighed over it as 'this new Puseyite book.'

Now, however, it seems generally recognised that besides the High and Low Church parties, the Church of England contains a *tertium quid*, a residuum, to which so long ago as 1846 the late Mr. Conybeare, in his article on Church Parties, gave the name of the Broad Church. It is on this that, having already discussed the Evangelical and the High Church parties, we now intend to offer some remarks.

In doing so, however, we are met at once by this difficulty. In the case of the two parties of which we have already spoken, there is a distinct party organisation, with known leaders, an acknowledged literature, definite principles, well-marked objects, and a developed history, to which we can appeal; whereas the Broad Church is rather a tendency than a party,[1] and though there are no doubt many books to which one may fairly apply the name, yet it can hardly be said to have either a literature or leaders or objects in the same sense as the other two great parties which divide the Church. If we were to ask a dozen persons, taken at random, to write down the names of the principal Broad Church writers, past and present, we might probably get some such list of names as the following: Dr. Arnold, Mr. Maurice, Mr. Kingsley, Dean Stanley, Mr. Jowett, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Haweis, and—if our neighbours over the border are admissible—Dr. Norman Macleod, Mr. Macleod Campbell, and Principal Tulloch. And if from these concrete theologians we set ourselves to abstract the Broad Church theology, it is evident that the bond of dogmatic agreement, which in the High Church and Evangelical parties is a very real one, is in this case entirely wanting. Nor would it be true to say that here the bond consists in the negation of dogma; it would be difficult anywhere to find more dogmatic theologians than Mr. Maurice, Mr. Kingsley, and Mr. Campbell; and if Dr. Arnold were now living, he would be reckoned as a champion of orthodox belief. And yet the popular phraseology, inexact as it may be, does express a fact; and though there is not a Broad Church party in the sense in which there is a High Church and a Low Church party, yet the Broad Church element is a very real and distinct one in the religious life of England. No *Record* or *Church Times*, happily, represents it in the press; no tracts or tales commend it to the popular taste; no Simeon Trustees look after its interests in the way of patronage; no Church Association or Church Union consolidates its forces for attack or for defence. Yet it exists, not as an organisation, but as a power, a principle, a mode of thought, a way of looking at things, recognisable not unfrequently in those who are or think themselves most opposed to it, and it makes itself felt, not by prosecutions, but by the gradually softening down of

[1] 'I have been feeling much about the tendencies of thought called "rationalistic," and the negative attitude of mind which those are occupying who are one to the eye as "*Broad*," rather because of their common claim for freedom of thought than because of much that is common in the result of their thinking.'—McLeod Campbell, *Life*, vol. ii. p. 132. Again, p. 148: 'They are a party *rather as asking freedom to think than as having formed thoughts.*'

asperities, by the springing up of a better understanding between adversaries, by a policy of 'live and let live,' which is gradually, but surely, superseding what may be called the 'hewing Agag in pieces' policy, heretofore too much in vogue.

It will, however, be convenient to speak in accordance with popular use of the Broad Church Party; and with this preliminary explanation we shall now proceed to discuss its origin, its principles and tendencies, and its probable future.

The origin of the Broad Church contrasts very strikingly with that of the two great parties which have been discussed in previous articles. In the case of the Oxford movement, to which the High Church party in its modern form owes its existence, the place, the year, almost the day of its birth, can be denoted; whatever it may have owed to other places and other men, its character was impressed upon it once for all by Oxford and John Henry Newman. And in like manner the Evangelical movement, though it is not connected with any one place or person, can yet be definitely traced to a few great leaders, for the most part more or less independent of each other, yet all working simultaneously on the same lines. John and Charles Wesley, Whitefield, Romaine, Newton, Simeon, Scott, these, with one devout and honourable woman, Lady Huntingdon, are the names of the Evangelical Fathers. But the Broad Church or Liberal party in the Church of England had no founders. If we are to look anywhere for its fountain-head, it would probably be in the Common Room of Oriel College; yet neither Whately, nor Copleston, nor Arnold can be held responsible for the existence of the movement in any further sense than that they first in Oxford taught men to look things in the face, and to inquire and to think for themselves. Nor is this the only or the most striking contrast between the later and the two earlier movements. These drew their seeds of life from within the Church, and went forth to influence and convert the world; that was quickened into being mainly by non-theological forces working upon the Church, and sought rather to reconcile the Church to the world than to bring the world into subjection to the Church. And further, whereas the other two movements were simply the working out of distinct objects and a definite programme, the Broad Church movement has consisted rather in the unconscious and unforeseen development of a principle, the growth of a self-sown seed in accordance with the law of its being as modified by its surroundings. Nor will an impartial observer deny that this later movement is complementary to the others. Generalisations no doubt are as dangerous as they are tempting; but if the Evangelical movement may fairly be connected with the affections, and the High Church with the imagination, the Broad Church may with no less justice be associated with the reason.

It would, therefore, be impossible, even were this the place for it, to attempt anything like a history of the Broad Church movement. All that is possible is to take some few of the leading writers and thinkers who have, whether consciously or unconsciously, contributed to it, and to endeavour, as it were, by a succession of landmarks, to trace roughly its rise and progress. And first among these, if we were to go back to the last century, we might venture to name Bishop Butler. For he was, if not the first, certainly the greatest of those who, while holding fast to the supreme authority of Scripture, have laboured to assert and establish on an unassailable basis the authority of reason in the sphere of religious thought and life. To

have shown that Christianity is not only proved by sufficient documentary evidence, but also antecedently probable and reasonable; to have 'formed and concluded a happy alliance between faith and philosophy;' this would be enough to determine Bishop Butler's place in the history of religious thought. But as it would be derogatory to Shakespeare to claim him as the founder of a particular school of poetry, so it would be to Butler to associate his name with a special school of thought. And therefore it will be better to confine ourselves to writers of the present century, whose influence on contemporary thought, if exercised from a lower level, is yet more direct and more perceptible. And among these, first in order of time, if not of eminence, we may name Archbishop Whately. It may indeed not unfairly be said, that Whately is the worst enemy to his own reputation. For in all that he wrote there is an air of calm infallibility, a tender compassion for all who are so unhappy as to differ from him,[2] and an indiscriminating admiration for all who agree with him, especially if they had the additional recommendation of being members of the Oriel Common Room, such as naturally predispose his readers to undervalue his real merits as an independent thinker. And yet the severely logical precision of his arguments, the real if somewhat ostentatious skill with which he dissects the arguments of his adversaries, the tone of manly common sense which runs through his writings, entitle Whately to a high place among those who, in an age when most men were content to accept things as they found them, set an example of inquiry. 'Whately first taught me to think for myself,' is the emphatic testimony of so eminent and so distinguished a witness as Dr. Newman. It would, of course, be an anachronism to call Whately a Broad Churchman; but he had this at least in common with the modern school which bears the name, that he was detested alike by High Churchmen and Evangelicals, because he persisted in submitting their formulas to the test of argument and common sense.

Next to Archbishop Whately, it is natural to place his friend and contemporary Dr. Arnold. Much as the two men had in common in their honesty of mind, their love of truth, and their hatred of shams and conventionalities, they yet differed very widely in their intellectual constitutions and tendencies. If Whately's mind was dialectical, Arnold's was eminently (in the nobler Greek sense of the word) political. For him no less than for the High Church party, the problem of the age was, how to regenerate human society by realising in the nineteenth century the ideal of the Christian Church. But for them the ideal church involved a priesthood: for him, a priesthood vitiated the whole idea of a church. And therefore with all the force and energy of his nature he strove after that democratic idea of the Church which seemed to him to be shadowed forth in the New Testament, which in theory is independent of any ministry whatever, and in which the priesthood pertains by right not to any ordained class, but to the whole community and to every individual contained in it. Arnold was no speculative theologian; upon the whole, he accepted the orthodox doctrines of Christianity as he found them; he saw indeed that the then prevalent view of the verbal inspi-

[2] Dr. Newman quotes the remark that 'All Whately's geese were swans.' It would be unjust to insinuate that Bishop Copleston, Bishop Hinds, Dr. Hawkins, and Archbishop King had anything in common with geese; but anyone who will turn over any of Whately's works and note how these writers are quoted and requoted in the notes of almost every page, will see that in his estimation they were swans of the first magnitude

ration of Scripture was untenable, and with his perfectly open and candid mind he was ready to welcome any new lights that offered themselves; but upon the whole his views were not very far from those of the modern Evangelicals; and it gives a striking proof of the rapidity with which things have moved in the thirty-five years which have elapsed since his death, when we remember that the principal deflections from orthodoxy of which he, who was regarded as the chief of heretics, was guilty, were, that he wished to remove the Athanasian Creed from the public services of the Church, and that he was at one time inclined to assign a late date to the Book of Daniel. Few indeed of those insoluble and perhaps unprofitable questions which sometimes occur to one's mind are more interesting than this: if Arnold had lived till now—he would have been in his eighty-third year—what would have been his position in relation to the advanced and rapidly advancing thought of the present day? We may be sure that he would have been ready to the last day of his life to 'prove all things;' that neither *Essays and Reviews*, nor Bishop Colenso, nor *Supernatural Religion* would have drawn an anathema from him, or have made him refuse to listen to argument; yet a man does not ordinarily change his position much after fifty, and if Arnold had been now as he was thirty-five years ago, he would have been the Nestor of modern orthodoxy. But the true life of men is continued in their work, and his work was to teach those who came after him to go through the world with their eyes open, to have hearing ears and teachable hearts, and to welcome light and truth as the best gifts of the Father of lights and the God of truth.

If, after Arnold, we take, as another type of those who are commonly classed together under the term Broad Churchmen, the name of Frederick Denison Maurice, we shall see what widely different men popular usage has grouped together. For though Maurice was as true a social reformer as Arnold, the minds of the two men were cast in wholly different moulds. Arnold's great aim was to restore a perverted or neglected institution—the Christian Church; Maurice's, to proclaim a forgotten truth, the universal Fatherhood of God. It is sometimes assumed that the Broad Church school is anti-dogmatic; if so, Maurice, as indeed he himself said, was no Broad Churchman, for he was a dogmatist if ever man was. A dogmatist, not indeed in the sense of forcing his own dogma upon everyone, for he was never weary of trying to understand and to learn from men of the most opposite views to his own, but in the sense of basing everything upon a definite, precise creed. The accusation often brought against Maurice that he is obscure, and that it is impossible to grasp his meaning, arises in great measure from his reverence for Scripture, and for the creeds and formularies of the Church, which led him to try to force his thought into the old channels, and in all good faith to read his own meaning into the Bible and the creeds.

Maurice was in fact a prophet. His thoughts were too big for his words, and so his utterances, being often over-full of meaning, seemed to the general mind to have no meaning, or an uncertain one. He needed an interpreter, and he found an illustrious one in Kingsley. Charles Kingsley's strongly marked individuality has somewhat obscured his relation to the teacher whom he used to call his 'dear Master;' but it is certain that as a theologian his chief work was to present Maurice's teaching in a striking and popular form. Not, of course, that Kingsley was a mere repetition of Maurice; he had much in him which came from quite other sources; but it is the strongest tes-

timony both to Maurice's strength and to Kingsley's modesty, that two men so different by nature should have stood to each other in the relation of master and disciple. For in truth Kingsley had a very narrow escape of being a High Churchman; even at a distance he felt the attractive force of Newman's influence, and had he been at Oxford instead of at Cambridge, it can hardly be doubted that he would have found it too strong for resistance; and in fact a High Churchman he was in the good sense of the term to his life's end. 'I am nothing, if not a priest,' was his own most true estimate of himself; a priest widely differing, no doubt, from the young gentlemen whom one meets now-a-days in the streets, and who, in their Priests' hats and keiridmatia,[3] quite outdo the Roman variety; but a priest in the true sense, as a spiritual director and confessor not of sentimental women but of strong men, and as one to whom all life and all nature was a sacrament, and all work a eucharistic worship. Yet if Kingsley was a High Churchman in respect of magnifying his office, and of an intense loyalty to the spiritual army of which he was an officer, he was the broadest of Broad Churchmen in his fervent sympathy with whatever is good and true and just wherever he found it, in his openness of mind and readiness to learn of persons even the most opposed to him, and in the eagerness with which he laid hold on points of agreement with those with whom he might be supposed to have little in common. The Church of which he was a priest was a very catholic one, as is witnessed by his correspondence with John Stuart Mill, Thomas Cooper, and other 'dangerous' characters.

We have mentioned these leading names as landmarks in the past history of the Broad Church movement, and also as incidentally illustrating what has been already remarked, as to the impossibility of constructing, in this case, any kind of party programme or formula of agreement, such as might easily be framed for the High Church and Evangelical parties. Are we, then, to conclude that what we have agreed to call the Broad Church party is a mere fortuitous concourse of persons too eccentric or too self-willed to submit to the discipline and obedience which would be required of them elsewhere? By no means. If the names which have been mentioned be taken as specimens of the past, and some well-known and prominent living persons be added to them, it will not be difficult to arrive at the conclusion, that while the other two may be classed together as the parties of authority, the Broad Church is the party of inquiry. Not that the latter bows to no authority at all, nor yet that the former entirely close their minds against inquiry; but the characteristic of the one party is to believe as a consequence of inquiry, of the others to believe without inquiry. And as it is on this point that the difference between the High Church and Evangelicals on the one hand, and the Broad Church on the other, really turns, we shall endeavour to bring it out in somewhat more of detail.

Religion being definable as that which regulates our relations with the Unseen, it follows that it must rest upon some evidence short of that of the senses. Such evidence may be roughly divided into Authority, for which others are responsible; and Inquiry, for which we are ourselves responsible. For the first fifteen centuries of Christianity, its evidence consisted in the authority of the Church. That this

[3] See advertisement in the *Church Times*. 'The Keiridmation, a new cloak for the clergy, combining comfort and elegance.' There are ample materials in the present day for a new and enlarged edition of *Sartor Resartus*.

should be the case from the first, was inevitable. The first converts to the new faith accepted certain facts concerning its Founder, because they were assured of them by persons who seemed to them credible; and as the Church gradually organised itself, it claimed as a corporate society to speak with a voice of authority. The tendency of modern criticism to assign to the general reception of the present canonical books of the New Testament a date as late as the end of the second century, of course makes the authority of the Church during that period the sole ground of belief for the Christians of that day. It is probable that the authority of the Church would have gone on unquestioned much longer than it did, had it not been extended far beyond its legitimate province, and been employed for the advancement of the power of the priesthood, and for the support of corrupt institutions. But in the sixteenth century it became evident that the authority of the Church could no longer be maintained in face of the legends and abuses to which it was pledged; and first a few leaders and then the many began to think and to inquire for themselves. The inquiry, however, did not extend to the question of the Divine authority of Christianity: that was assumed on all hands; the question was, on what is it to be based if not on the authority of the Church? The answer was obvious: from almost the earliest times, the Church had guaranteed certain documents as the primitive records of Christianity; they had been incorporated into her services, and had been appealed to as the ultimate authority on doctrinal and ecclesiastical questions; here, then, was the substitute for the authority of the Church, an authority not liable to change, not accessible to human passions, open and intelligible to all. Accordingly, Scripture took the place of the Church as the ultimate basis of belief for the Reformed Communions. So that while the Roman Catholic believes on the authority of the Church, the High Churchman believes on the authority of Scripture as taught and interpreted by the Church, and the Low Churchman on the sole authority of Scripture. But then the Low Churchman is liable to be met by this difficulty. You base Christianity on the authority of Scripture; but on what do you base the authority of Scripture? The less instructed Evangelical would meet the question by the simple assertion that the Bible is the Word of God; not perceiving that this assertion carries only such weight as his individual opinion may be entitled to. Those of the party who are somewhat more *en rapport* with theological literature would reply, that the authority of the Church is limited to the office of guaranteeing the Bible; that the Church is (in the words of the 20th Article) 'a witness and keeper of holy Writ,' and that with this her function ceases, and the authority of Scripture stands alone and supreme. This solution of the difficulty satisfied men's minds completely till quite recently, and it satisfies many now: questions of external and internal evidence, of comparative criticism, of the relation of the different books to each other, have hardly as yet reached beyond professed scholars; the theory has few difficulties on the surface, and it falls in with the High Church reverence for the Church, and with the Low Church reverence for Scripture: and it relieves men of the responsibility of thinking for themselves. But a very little thought will show that this theory depends on the truth of one of two alternative premisses: either the early Church was specially qualified for literary criticism, of which there is certainly no proof, or it was supernaturally inspired to select certain books as authentic and to reject others.

This latter view will of course be readily accepted by High Churchmen, and perhaps, though hesitatingly and with qualifications, by Evangelicals: if true, it of course at once supersedes all the *apparatus criticus* by which theological writers have endeavoured to maintain the authenticity of the canonical books, but it also raises the question, if the Church was thus supernaturally inspired, what reason is there for supposing that it was so only for a special purpose, or that the inspiration ceased when this function was fulfilled? But if this special inspiration of the Church is a mere assumption based on ecclesiastical tradition, it becomes clear that upon each generation of Christians there rests the responsibility of making good its own position, of inquiring into the bases of its belief, and of resting content with no mere makeshift and conventional grounds of assent, but such only as will command the respect of the best intellects of the day. There are, indeed, times when a simple acquiescence in the existing forms of belief is all that seems attainable; there are persons, and they probably the majority of men at all times, whose best course is to accept the authority of whatever Church or teacher seems to them most worthy of confidence, although (as Whately long ago pointed out) such an acceptance of the authority even of an infallible Church involves an act of private judgment once for all. But in an age like the present, when all institutions, however venerable, all opinions, however deeply rooted, all books, however ancient, must stand the test of the most searching criticism and inquiry, it seems hopeless to endeavour to exempt those books alone which are avowedly the most important, and, while all other human interests are regarded as insecure until they have been investigated with a minuteness proportionate to their importance, to base religion alone upon a foundation of tradition and authority. And here we have the explanation of the Broad Church movement. It is true that neither of the other parties have ventured in set terms to forbid or to discourage inquiry, they are willing to promote it, so far as it strengthens their own cause, but the man who enters upon a theological inquiry as a High Churchman or an Evangelical does so with a foregone conclusion; the moment he begins to inquire, not for arguments to support a position, but with a simple desire to know the truth, that moment he becomes, not necessarily in his conclusions, but in his principles and method, what is called a Broad Churchman.

Here, then, we seem to have arrived not indeed at a definition, but at some kind of approximate description of what constitutes a Broad Churchman, and at an explanation of the fact already noted, that no sort of doctrinal formula or party creed can be drawn up for the Broad Church, such as has often been put forth, for instance, by the Evangelical party. A Broad Churchman (if we are to use the term) is one who, whatever his views on this or that department of theological belief may be, has not accepted them second-hand or on the authority of a church or a party or a teacher, but has, so far as in him lay, hammered them out painfully for himself by the sweat of his brow, and has, so far as the faculty and the opportunity was given him, patiently proved all things before accepting anything into his mental armoury. It is a mistake to suppose that such a man will necessarily be wanting in reverence for authority; very often he will be thankful to bow with the whole allegiance of his heart to any authority which he has proved trustworthy; but an authority of mere assertion, the authority which says, I am the infallible Pope, or This is

the Catholic Faith, or We are the Evangelical Believers, this authority he will treat simply as a starting point for inquiry, nowise as a conclusive or final settlement.

And in so doing, it must be remembered that he is but carrying out to its legitimate conclusion the fundamental principles of the Reformation. When Luther and Calvin on the Continent, and Cranmer and Parker in this country, cut the Church adrift from the Roman moorings, they had no intention to 'let her drive;' they thought only of making her fast to a safer anchorage. But there must have been some even at that time, notably Erasmus,[4] who discerned that the same principle which justified the inquiry into the Papal claims justified inquiry into all claims of whatever kind, and that the right of private judgment could not mean only the right of judging that the Pope is wrong, and the Augsburg Confession or the Thirty-nine Articles are right. High Churchmen, indeed, quite justly from their standpoint, deny the right of private judgment. They say very plausibly, how is it possible that persons who have had no theological training, who cannot read the New Testament except in a translation, who know nothing of Church history, nothing of the history of doctrine, should judge for themselves on the most difficult and profound questions, questions which have exercised the intellects of theological experts in all ages? Dr. Hook's sermon on the text, 'Hear the Church,' which is commonly asserted and believed to have cost him a bishopric, or rather to have cost the Church a bishop, was an expression, far milder than many which have been heard since, of the doctrine that individual Christians have no right to judge for themselves, that the Church is the Divinely appointed teacher for all men. And when, in view of the fact that there are many Churches, and that all do not speak by any means with the same voice, we ask, 'What Church is it, then, whose teaching we are to receive?' we are told that in theory it is the whole (Episcopal) Church throughout the world, but that practically for us it is the Church of England. If, indeed, we are so unfortunate as to have been born and brought up outside the pale of the Church of England, then the case is widely different: then we are not by any means to 'hear the Church' in the sense of accepting the teaching of the religious body in which Providence (or the error of our ancestors) has placed us, but we are to perform a great act of private judgment, which will of course issue in our submission to the true Church. A native (say) of Germany is in a still more unhappy position, for he has to choose between a regularly constituted Episcopal Church which teaches doctrine which the Church of England condemns, and a non-Episcopal and therefore illegitimate Church teaching doctrine substantially identical with that of the Church of England. The Evangelical party, on the whole, manage to avoid the inconsistencies of the High Church, by being less stringent as to Episcopacy and Church authority, and permitting somewhat more—in appearance at least—of private judgment; yet they, too, have a diffi-

[4] The words of Erasmus are very remarkable as an anticipation by three centuries of the views which even yet are only gradually winning their way to acceptance. 'Synods and decrees, and even councils, are by no means the best means of repressing error, unless truth depend simply on authority. But, on the contrary, the more dogmas there are, the more fruitful is the ground in producing heresies. Never was the Christian faith purer or more undefiled than when the world was content with a single creed, and that the shortest creed we have.' Quoted (without reference) by Green, *Short History*, p. 307.

cult position to maintain. For while unable as Protestants to deny the right of private judgment, they yet refuse to allow the exercise of that right with reference to the Scriptures, whose canonicity they base upon the authority of the Church, an authority which they nevertheless deny to be infallible, and which they refuse to acknowledge with respect to any other subject.

It appears, therefore, that even by those who submit in the fullest sense to the authority of the Church, a great act of private judgment must be performed once for all in making that submission; and that for those who do not so submit, there is no escape from the responsibility of thinking and deciding for themselves. Still, however, we have not replied to the objection stated above, How are ordinary Christians without special theological training to meet this responsibility? 'Cuique in sua arte credendum' is a principle which we all acknowledge in all other subject-matter; why are we to refuse to accept the judgment of theologians, or of the Church, on theology? Well, it must of course be admitted that the judgment of all or the great majority of Christian people, has immense weight on all questions of morality; he who should maintain that to be right which the universal voice of Christians had decided to be morally wrong, would be almost certainly in error; and it must be admitted further, that if religion consists in the right apprehension of technical points of theology, ordinary persons are not competent to judge of religious questions; but if, as men are now-a-days coming more and more to believe, religion consists mainly in a right state of the affections and right conduct, then it is quite possible for the majority of Christian men either to leave on one side what are called the religious questions of the day, or, without making a complete and exhaustive study of them, to form such a provisional and—so to say—unprofessional opinion on them, as they do upon many other questions of practical interest. Many a man, without any scientific medical study, forms an opinion sufficient for his own practical purposes on the relative merits of homœopathy and allopathy; many a man who has never looked into a blue book has yet, by an intelligent study of political speeches and writings, formed a sufficient opinion on politics to qualify him to perform the functions of a citizen; and in the same way a man who wishes to form opinions on religious questions, not in the heated spirit of a partisan, but in the calm temper of an inquirer anxious simply to attain to such truth as is within his reach, may become, not indeed a scientific theologian, but sufficiently informed on theological matters to work out, not certainty, but a practicable standing ground. Such a man, indeed, will seem to some persons in a very unsatisfactory position compared with the man who accepts without inquiry whatever his Church, or his favourite religious paper, or his minister tells him, and who, taking his theological system *en bloc*, has no difficulty about details; he will often have to be silent, or to speak with hesitation, with qualifications and reserves, while others are filling the general ear with loud, and broad, and dogmatic assertions; but he will feel that his doubts[5] are better than their certainties, and that the faith which a man has earned is worth more than that which he has inherited.

But it is easy to foresee the ob-

[5] Cf. a letter from Mr. Justice Coleridge in Arnold's Life, vol. i. p. 22. 'I do think that one might safely say [of Arnold] as some one did of some other, "One had better have Arnold's doubts than most men's certainties."'

jection, Do you, then, mean to assert that everyone who thinks for himself will necessarily come to the conclusions which are commonly classed under the term Broad Church views? Assuredly not; many High Churchmen and some of the modern Evangelical school are men of active and inquiring minds. But still it remains true that the principle of both these schools is to bid men to accept their religion on authority; the principle of the Broad Church is to encourage them to inquire and think for themselves. It is quite conceivable that a man's inquiry may lead him to submit to authority in its strongest form by joining the Church of Rome; but then he is seething the kid in its mother's milk, using inquiry to stifle inquiry. Yet even he cannot be altogether in the position of a man who has never thought at all; his belief is his own in a way that the other's is not. But, on the other hand, if his use of reason leads him to use reason more, if by thinking for himself he learns to think questions out, and to hold himself and no one else responsible for his opinions, and if at the same time he learns to hold his opinions modestly, and as it were provisionally, and to enter into other men's points of view, then he is in the best sense of the term a Broad Churchman, because he has learnt that a man is responsible for his own belief, and that we must be like little children, as in other respects so in their keenness in inquiring and eagerness to learn, in order to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

The Broad Church movement in fact, if the view which we have taken of it is the true one, is the carrying into the province of theology of the principle that our knowledge must rest not upon arbitrary assumptions, but upon investigation and proof; scientific proof in scientific subjects, moral or probable evidence where the subject-matter admits of no other. And hence undoubtedly one danger of the Broad Church school is the too exclusive attention to the intellectual side of religion. It can hardly be denied that the Broad Church party has as yet been less successful than the other two sections of the Church in developing the devotional or saintly side of the religious life. It has produced clear thinkers, earnest and devoted workers, skilful organisers, able preachers; it has not hitherto produced in the same proportion men of eminently saintly character. It may be that in some, as in Arnold and Maurice, the devotional element has been fully developed, but has been overshadowed in the popular estimate by the active or the intellectual side of the life: certainly such men as Arnold, Frederick Robertson, and Bishop Cotton, not to mention eminent living examples, are enough to show that liberal views in religion are not incompatible with great saintliness of life; still the fact remains that here lies the danger. If Broad Churchmen, men of inquiring and active minds, men anxious to learn for themselves and to teach others whatever new aspect of truth may be revealed by the progress of science, or by the course of history, or by the experience of succeeding generations, will at the same time emulate the depth of personal religion which characterised the old Evangelicals, and the keen sense of corporate life and the reverence for all by which that corporate life is set forth, which is the best feature of High Churchmen, then they have a great future before them. For the old Evangelical formulas have for the most part become formulas merely, and are as chaff out of which the grain has been long ago threshed and stored elsewhere, and the life of the great High Church movement has to a large extent passed out of it, and

left behind a system of forms and observances helpful perhaps to some but unmeaning to most, or else has developed into a sacerdotalism such as is sure in the long run to disgust thinking men. Both these two parties in different degrees remind us of the strong saying of Edward Irving, that when the Spirit of God departs from any system or set of opinions, they wither like a sapless tree. The striking and increasing predominance of women over men in the congregations of both High and Low Churches is a phenomenon which our divines would do well to lay to heart. And it is a fact that where broad and liberal teaching has been set before people in conjunction with real spirituality and with honest work, there men of intelligence have been attracted and influenced in a way that they have not been elsewhere. But mere intellectual disquisitions will not do it; mere negations will not do it; what men desire, and what, as things are, they too seldom get, is some reasonable guidance in the difficulties and temptations of daily life, and some helps towards solving for themselves the religious problems which more or less press upon them. A Broad Churchman ought to be broad enough to embrace within his own much of the Evangelical, much also of the High Church system; he believes that Revelation is not given once for all, but that it is given in various proportions and under various aspects to each generation; and that if neither the fourth nor the sixteenth century had a monopoly of the truth, still less has the nineteenth.

If we were called upon to offer any advice to the Broad Church party, it would be: Continue to be liberal, continue to be open-minded, continue to inquire, but do not cease to be religious. Cherish boundless hopes for the future, but do not cease to reverence the past. The religious instinct was never stronger in English people than it is at present: if you compel us to choose between religion and liberal thought, most of us will choose the former. Dogmatic systems have not much hold upon the minds of most men, but men do ask for help to lead a religious life. And the danger is, that if, as in France, the party of thought proves hostile to religion, the party of religion will, as in France, become more and more hostile to thought, and will betake itself to puerile superstitions and anile abuse. In an age of much inquiry there will inevitably be sharp opposition, and there will be need of much mutual forbearance. The growth of tolerance in the present day gives reason to hope that men will learn to respect each other's religious convictions; that High Churchmen will no longer wish to put Broad Churchmen out of the synagogue, and that Broad Churchmen will no longer startle and shock High Churchmen by letting off their theories like theological crackers in the most provocative form. Each school has, we may hope, its own special mission, its own work to do, that neither of the others can do equally well; and assuredly, in an age when elsewhere the choice lies between Ultramontanism and secularism, it would be unwise for any section of the Church to endeavour to narrow the religious standing-ground by driving out its opponents. Do not supplant the narrowness of dogmatism by the narrowness of anti-dogmatism: knowledge is good, freedom from superstition is good, inquiry is good, but charity and mutual forbearance are better; and whichever section of the Church is found in the long run to have been most temperate in argument, most free from bitterness, and to have laboured most earnestly for peace, will have at least a very strong presumption in its favour.

R. E. B.

## A GREAT AGRICULTURAL PROBLEM.

IT is high time that the attention of all English tenant-farmers and all English landowners—who are equally interested—should be drawn to the rapidly increasing imports of French agricultural produce. A trade has grown up, silently and yet speedily, which threatens before long to interfere with the position of farming in this country. If it continues to develop at the same rate, the English cultivator must be driven out of the market; and while the principle of free competition has firmly established itself, still, at the same time, that is no argument in favour of calmly closing our eyes, and refusing to modify the practice of farming in order that our neighbours may reap the benefit of their superior acuteness. In plain words, if the English farmer does not awaken and bestir himself, he is likely to be beaten at his own business; and he should recollect that in these days an industry once lost does not readily return. A vast and continuous stream of French cheese, French butter, French eggs, vegetables, &c. is pouring day after day across the Channel. We read that 'our artillery and baggage waggons are largely horsed with animals from France,' and in many counties farms are worked with cart horses imported from the opposite shore. At the same moment we are told that the live stock in this country has decreased; that beef had better be abandoned for mutton; that turnips, upon which crop so much of our farming is based, are a mistake; that corn-growing is a failure, the farms crying out for tenants; in short, that grazing pure and simple, i.e. apart from breeding, and the dairy for sending milk to London, are the only profitable sections of the business of agriculture now remaining. The drift of which is, that farming in the old style and old meaning of the word, can only be successfully carried on in those countries where, as in America, there are vast regions of cheaply rented land, from which both corn and meat can be raised with little outlay; that in countries like ours, where the area of the soil is limited, and the pressure of pecuniary burdens placed upon it enormously high, where population increases with marvellous rapidity, and constantly tends to mass itself in cities, the only profitable farming possible is that which is somewhat contemptuously called the 'kitchen garden' system. If this be so, then these importations of cheese, butter, and so on, must not be looked upon as merely minor matters to be safely dismissed from thought, while we rest under the ample shadow of the short-horn. They must be regarded as a premonitory sign of the future, and not altogether of evil augury. For it cannot possibly be that an increase of population, which means an increased demand for food, can be fatal to the class whose business it is to supply that food; it must rather act as a positive benefit, if only—and here is the point—they will manage to meet the altered conditions. They are nearer to our great cities than their French competitors, consequently the transit is quicker and cheaper, and there is no sea passage, so that the advantage really lies with them if they will seize it. But for some years now they have supinely permitted the trade to pass out of their hands.

That this is a fact, may be

ascertained by inquiring at the shops in any ordinary provincial town. Ask for butter, and you are supplied with what the grocer will candidly confess is Brittany. Now Brittany butter, as we shall see presently, is one of the poorest kinds that leave the Continent—that is, speaking in a general sense; there may be one or more special brands—yet poor or moderately good Brittany butter is purchased in preference, and forms the mass of the grocer's store. If asked if he has any butter made in the vicinity, he will reply that he has indeed a very small quantity sent in weekly from one or two farms, but it is wholly absorbed by three or four of his customers who are high up in the local social scale. He has also a little butter of secondary quality made in the neighbourhood; he cannot recommend it: you taste it and are disgusted. Practically, therefore, the butter supply of the town comes from abroad. Yet you are in the midst of a beautiful dairy country, green meadows with running brooks that cattle love are all around, and the cattle are there too, yet there is no butter. Why is it? Well, the milk goes to London. But surely *all* the country cannot send its milk to London—there must be an end to the quantity required some day. He has cheese? Yes, he has cheese, i.e. American or Canadian; of cheese made in the locality none; people do not like it; this is not one of those special districts where a special cheese is made, and as for the old thin cheese, why the foreign make sells three times as readily. Now change the scene to London, and proceed to a provision depôt in any of the leading thoroughfares.

In the window will be seen the words Gruyère, Gorgonzola, Parmesan, Roquefort, Camembert, Brie, Bondon, &c., prominently displayed. A huge Gruyère with a piece cut out to exhibit its texture, several Roquefort cheeses cut in half to show the blue mould beloved by the epicure, piles of little Camembert creams, these are artistically stacked to draw customers to the door. Step in, and you are presented with a card of prices, upon which will be found a long list of French, Swiss, Italian, and German cheeses. They have Cheddar? Oh, yes; but an inspection quickly satisfies the visitor that it is not of English manufacture. Cheddar can be got, but it is not here ready for sale. Further inquiry will elucidate the fact that of the cheese eaten in London pretty nearly one-half comes from America and the other half from the Continent. Stilton holds its own; Cheddar, too, when it can be got; but the mass of the cheese is foreign. Neither is it a matter of price, for much of the Continental cheese is the reverse of cheap; the favourite Roquefort, for instance, is two shillings a pound. It is the same with the butter. Here are the finer sorts of Brittany (frequently sold as Dorset), fine Normandy brands, butter from Milan, if we look to the southern points of the compass; butter from Denmark, if we look to the north. In short, in this provision depôt there is everything but English cheese and English butter. Stay, here is some Devonshire cream, some New Forest and York cream—delicacies these, of course; but as with the cheese and butter, so with the creams—Neufchâtel cream competes with them on equal terms. Then with eggs; everyone knows that really first-class new-laid eggs are often all but unprocurable—they were recently selling at 2½*d.* each, about their weight in copper. French eggs are depended upon now by all the cooks in the kingdom for pastry, frying, and every purpose short of the breakfast table. They are so much cheaper, they are easily obtained, and they

are on the whole of very good quality. So much for the produce which is generally associated with the dairy, but which it appears the English dairy does *not* now supply.

Next look at the despised kitchen garden, and we may add the orchard. To Covent Garden, and to similar establishments in the great provincial cities, comes asparagus in the middle of the winter, green peas, lettuces, young potatoes, &c., &c., and all from France. These, perhaps, our climate will not permit us to grow at the same season; but this excuse will not hold good with apples. The orchards, for the most part, even in those counties usually supposed to be devoted to the culture of the apple, are, we are assured, practically left to themselves to decay or flourish as they choose. We have seen, in the country, the grass under the apple trees literally hidden with the fallen fruit which remained till partially rotten, and was then flung carelessly together in heaps to be ground into rough cider or cast to the pigs. We bought, last autumn, Blenheim-orange apples in London shops at three halfpence each, a price which should surely make it worth while to carefully gather this crop. The result of the neglect to do so is visible in the immense importation of foreign fruit of all descriptions, and especially of preserved and dried fruits, and, it may be added, preserved vegetables. The list of preserved fruits so imported fills several pages.

Now, reflecting upon the very serious fact that the butter and cheese trade of this country is already, to a great extent, absorbed by French and Continental producers, it is clearly of the highest importance to obtain the fullest information as to the source of the supply and the reasons why it has supplanted home manufacture. Mr. Richardson's recent volume,[1] which enters into a minute description of the breeds of French cattle and methods of farming, contains, perhaps, the best materials for an estimate of this kind which has yet been placed in the hands of the public. His information is avowedly derived both from personal knowledge and from the official records of agriculture, which in France are furnished by every local authority. These local returns are of a more detailed character and not so strictly tabular as is the case with our own Governmental figures; they are more of the nature of reports such as would be furnished if two or three leading gentlemen in each parish were requested to write an account of what was going on around them. When to a study of these materials a wide personal experience and an intelligent method of arrangement are brought to bear, it is easy to see that the result must be valuable. The one mistake Mr. Richardson has committed is the attempt to condense too large a mass of matter into a comparatively small compass; he does not allow himself time or space to exhaust the many interesting subjects upon which he treats; but he has presented us with a series of authentic figures and facts not otherwise accessible, for which every student of the great changes agriculture is undergoing must be grateful.

To proceed direct to the points under consideration, it appears, from Mr. Richardson's statistics, that, in 1876, 600,000 cwt. of butter came to England from France. In the same year the total import of foreign butter was 1,700,000 cwt., of the value of 9,700,000*l.* It follows that 'we draw considerably more than one-third of our foreign butter

[1] *The Corn and Cattle Producing Districts of France.* By G. G. Richardson. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, 1878.

supply from France. The most important house for this export trade —the commission upon whose business in London is said to be worth 8,000*l.* a year—is managed by a woman, and thoroughly well managed too.' These are figures which concern us directly; but there are others which concern us almost as much indirectly, It must be recollected that there are other countries besides England which consume this article; so that our dairymen, when they lose the trade at home, also lose the business they might obtain abroad. In Russia the possibilities of trade attached to the excellent qualities of such cheese as the famous Stilton are fully appreciated. The process of making Stilton, Derby, and Cheddar cheese has been studied in England by Russian agents, and these varieties are now manufactured at Moscow, and specimens have been exhibited at Continental shows. Countries requiring cheese will be supplied from somewhere; and if England declines to supply it, other nations will take her natural place.

A very great share of this butter business now falls into French hands. Besides the 600,000 cwt. sent to England, other nationalities took over 200,000 cwt. 'This exportation is made to various countries—to Belgium as well as to England—and nearly 3,000 tons go to South America and the West Indies.' The value of the total export reached 4,000,000*l.*, and, mark, 'This enormous manufacture leaves all the buttermilk, skim-milk, and manure, at home for the benefit of the country.' The practice now fast becoming universal in England of selling the milk off the farm, of course wastes all those secondary products. We are therefore losing, first, the money paid by English consumers in the great towns for butter, which now goes into foreign hands; secondly, the possible export trade which should, in part at least, be ours; and finally, we are wasting the products which are derived from buttermilk, &c., and the fertilising value of the manure which follows its consumption. Besides the French butter, we import vast quantities from America. And it is not a little remarkable that while we import from the United States in the north, France exports to the south of that continent, as, for example, to Rio Janeiro. Briefly, England, hitherto regarded as the finest dairy country in the world, is daily becoming dependent upon Continental and Transatlantic supplies of dairy produce; while France not only manufactures sufficient for home consumption, but exports to us and to the West. Is not this an extraordinary state of things?

Since so much of the butter now used throughout the country comes from Brittany, a few particulars as to the state of the manufacture there will be interesting. The total butter production for the province is estimated at 1,300,000*l.* per annum.

Over a wide area, we are told, 'the manufacture of butter is yet very imperfect. The churns are of the upright form. . . . Few farms have any proper dairy attached to them, and the milk is kept and the butter made in the kitchen, which is, over a large portion of Brittany, the sleeping and living room of all the inhabitants of the farm.' Eaten immediately, the butter is good, but 'the system is bad for any butter that has to be kept, as it soon turns rancid; and as the large dealers who purchase for export have to knead it and wash it over again, it loses in this process very much of its flavour and ten per cent. of its weight.' The salt added amounts to ten per cent. of the weight. Machines are in use for kneading and washing it, worked by steam, and turn out from 2 to 6 hundredweight per hour. All this does not sound prepossessing; yet, the butter must have good intrinsic

qualities, or it would never command so wide a sale. But the point of these facts lies in this, that, even with imperfect manufacture, this butter surpasses a large proportion of our own home-make, and is purchased in preference. How very inferior, then, must the English process be—or, rather, how much must this very important industry be neglected!

The finest French butter is made in Normandy; the quantity, too, is large, and the care expended great. 'In Le Bessin, near Isigny, there are farms that sell 1,000*l.* worth of butter yearly;' and in view of the predominance given in this country to the shorthorn, it is curious to read that in that district, which takes the lead as to butter, 'the opinion of the farmers is, that the smallest cross of the shorthorns would reduce the yield of milk from twenty quarts a day, which they get now from a newly-calved cow, to fourteen or fifteen.' First-class shorthorns have, however, yielded more than this, up to twenty-eight and thirty quarts daily. 'The brand at Isigny that makes the highest price is that of M. Demagny. In 1876 his minimum price for salted butter was 7*l.* 7*s.* per cwt., and his maximum 10*l.* 10*s.*, taken at Isigny; his sales during the year reached 160,000*l.*, mostly for export to the Brazils.' In winter Isigny butter realises from 3*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* per pound wholesale by auction in the Paris market! Such a price will seem incredible to English dairymen. Here is the secret: 'The care in the manufacture at Isigny is something excessive, and much of the superiority of the butter is attributed to this. The hand never touches the butter, it is always beaten up in cloths; the utensils are of marvellous cleanliness, and if a drop of milk or cream falls on the floor it is at once sluiced away.' Next to Isigny comes the butter made at Gournay, in the Seine Inférieure, which in Paris reaches 2*s.* a pound. In Neufchâtel in 1873, 3,300 tons of butter were made, averaging on the spot 120*l.* per ton, a total of about 400,000*l.*

The statements in an address delivered at a meeting in London by Mr. Allender, the managing director of the Aylesbury Dairy Company, and who has also personally inspected the French butter districts, taken in connection with the above, are full of pregnant meaning. He says: 'Gournay, a great centre for Normandy butter, is a sight to see on market day. Now, the land is not better than we have in England, neither are the cows. Why do we have to pay the millions a year we do for dairy products, when our own land might produce so much more by better management? . . . English butter, even from our best districts, except from just a very few special farms, is fast becoming a thing to avoid.' It would seem as if the true course of the English dairyman should be to establish a reputation for a speciality in butter—a fine brand, like the Isigny—rather than for mere quantity. But how very far behind he is in this particular, which depends in a great measure upon the making up (as shown at Isigny), is obvious when we learn, upon the best authority, that in the whole of England and Ireland there were recently but two automatic circular butter-making machines in use, and one of these was at the Aylesbury Dairy Company's factory in London. Yet this machine is common all over the north of Europe, and even in cold and distant Finland, which one would hardly suppose to be a country of progress. The system of setting the milk in ice-water, which causes the cream to rise with extraordinary rapidity, and insures its perfect sweetness—a system now employed almost everywhere on the Continent,

is also all but practically unknown in this country. Clearly, therefore, there will be much to learn before this great industry can be revivified, and the English farmer must no longer look upon the foreigner with contempt.

French and Continental cheese sells in London, not because of cheapness, for much of it is expensive, but on account of its superior flavour. English farmers, finding that there was no sale, or rather no remunerative sale, for the thin poor cheese they had made from time immemorial, and which was beaten out of the market by the American article, gave up the occupation in disgust, and gladly sold their milk. The French farmer competes with the cheap American sorts by establishing a reputation for special qualities, and experience has shown that this course is successful. Should not a lesson be learnt from this? The great Gruyère, for instance, is as well known in London now as Double Gloster, and its manufacture has been attended with the happiest results in the increased prosperity of the agriculturist. The French Gruyère cheese (there is also an important Swiss make) comes from Franche Comté, and is the produce of the small farmers on the slopes of the Jura range. Writing of the system pursued, Mr. Richardson says:

As the cheeses weigh three-quarters of a hundredweight, and are as big round as a cart-wheel, the milk from many cows is required to make one. No farmer has sufficient milk at one time, few indeed having as many as three cows, and it takes three hundred quarts to make a cheese. The inhabitants of the village therefore unite, and each sends in what quantity he can to the general factory. The amount he sends is put to his credit, and on the balance of the sales being made up, he receives an amount of money in proportion to the quantity of milk he has supplied. In 1854 there were 1,250 factories in the two departments of the Doubs and the Jura, producing cheese to the value of 480,000*l.* Now (1876) the amount is quite up to 1,200,000*l.*, and the quality is considered equal to that of the Swiss Gruyère.

Now there are places in England where great commons are still to be found, fed off by the cattle of the burgesses of the adjacent town, who have the right to turn out two or three cows to graze. The system has been severely condemned, and the majority of the old common lands have been inclosed—that is in itself a different question. But did we ever hear of an English district where there were a number of small farmers combining together in this way, and thereby obtaining for themselves a reputation for a special product in far distant countries, while at the same time putting money in their purse? There is scarcely a village, states Mr. Richardson, which has not got its factory, and this manufacture 'brings comfort to a district in which, until its extension, the people were sunk in misery.'

It does not follow that we are to slavishly imitate; it may be that the processes by which many foreign cheeses are produced are scarcely practicable here; but is there no originality, no invention amongst us, no power of modification? The cheese known as Bondons, which obtains an extensive sale in England, is made in Neufchâtel (Seine Inférieure), and this again brings comparative wealth to the inhabitants. The annual make reaches 4,500 tons, of the value of 270,000*l.* These small cheeses are turned out by machinery at the rate of 1,200 per hour. The soil of Neufchâtel over wide areas is poor, a large part is covered with forest, and the population is but 81,000, who derive an income from the cheese and butter of 10*l.* 'per head for every man, woman, and child, besides the value of the calves, the skim milk, and the whey.' The Brie cheese is another kind well known in England; it weighs about a pound, and three

quarts of milk are used in the manufacture; the price wholesale is from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* per pound. The total production is about 400,000*l.* worth—4,000*l.* worth are often sold on a single market day. There is a species of Brie which is made from much richer milk, and sells retail at over 2*s.* per pound. The Camembert now seen in every shop in London comes from Normandy, and it must be a profitable manufacture, since one of the largest makers, M. Cyrille Paynel, can pay for his 500 acres of grass 3*l.* 10*s.* per acre. This gentleman in 1875 sent 9,090 dozen of this tiny variety to Paris, which were sold for 3,000*l.* Roquefort cheese, which is now so common in the windows, can hardly be compared with any English produce because it is made from the milk of ewes. It is none the less important to know the large profit that must arise from this business. From each ewe it is calculated that 24 lbs. of cheese are yearly obtained: this is a low average, and whole flocks may be found which yield 55 lbs. per head. Roquefort in London is sold at 2*s.* a pound. In one case 8 cwt. of cheese was made from the milk of thirteen ewes; 'the cheese from each ewe sold for 30*s.*, the wool for 4*s.* 6*d.*, and the lamb, sold at a few days old, 4*s.* 6*d.*,' i.e. a total revenue in a single season from a single sheep of 1*l.* 19*s.* About 3,500 tons of this cheese are made in the neighbourhood of Roquefort. The mode of manufacture is curious in the extreme, and it is matured in caves through which a cold draught passes. For the interesting details Mr. Richardson's book should be consulted.

The foregoing facts suggest some very serious questions, which the English farmer will do well to consider. Why is it that French farmers can make a brand of butter selling at 3*s.* a pound? Why is it that on the one hand a race of the smallest of small farmers can send out a noble cheese which has a sale hundreds of miles from its place of origin, and a farmer with 500 acres, a large holding for France, paying 70*s.* per acre, can put 3,000*l.* worth of cheese in the market? Why is it that agriculture in France becomes more flourishing every year, the common labourers saving money, while in England there is constant complaint and restlessness? The fault here is generally traced to the high price and scarcity of labour; but the same difficulty is experienced across the Channel. Throughout France the cry is that the population does not increase as it should do, and 'if society at large is disgusted by the small increase of the people, the farmers feel it more acutely and directly.' There is a distinct transfer of labour from the country to the towns. Every effort is made by prizes offered at provincial shows, &c., to induce labourers to remain at farm work, but in vain; they still drift to the cities, leaving the farmers shorthanded. 'At times of pressure farmers must offer high wages to get their work done: as much as from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* a day (it must be recollected that money is relatively of higher value than in England), with board in addition.' The men used to be thankful to sit down with the farmer and partake of his fare; now the farmer's food is not good enough, and they insist on better than their employer eats. Further, 75 per cent. of the agricultural labourers, either personally or through their parents, possess an interest in a small piece of land which renders them far more independent than ours are. Add to this that the conscription for the army takes away just the prime of the young men, and it is clear that the position of the French farmer in respect to the labour question is, if anything, worse than that of the English. Another oft-quoted argument in explanation of the produc-

tive power of France is derived from the subdivision of land. Mr. Richardson does not bear out this view. He says:

> No life is so hard as that of the peasant working his own land; and the change from such toil—which, at the year's end, by the most niggardly starvation system of living, leaves less money than could be saved out of easy work and good living in towns—will perhaps tend to take the children of peasant proprietors out of the old groove.

In one commune of 2,080 acres there are 270 proprietors, but there are 5,348 lots; and each owner has about 20 minute estates, all separated from each other.

> At Estrées St. Denis, in Oise, the lots had got so small that each holding was only about thirteen square perches. The owners agreed to have the land put together, and set out in lots of from half to three-quarters of an acre, and then sold to the highest bidder (only previous owners to bid?); the value was doubled, trebled, and in some instances decupled.

Nevertheless[2] these small holdings pay; but it does not follow, when the accompanying drawbacks are considered, and the difference in the temperament of the English peasant allowed for—as also the climate, for ours is not so suitable for the fruit, which is a great staple in these garden-farms—that they are desirable on a large scale in this country. One cause of the prosperity of French farmers appears to arise from their immense capacity for work, personal labour, which is shared in by their wives and families. Yet even this trait is departing: the daughters of French farmers, no more than those of English, care for farm labour. Those young men who settle in or inherit farms there find a difficulty in getting wives: the girls are shy of the farmhouse life because of its attendant work. 'It seems that farmers do not find their daughters willing to lead the lives their mothers have led.' That remark is as applicable to English rural communities as to French. So that there is not such a wide divergence as might have been supposed between the general conditions of farming in the two countries.

It would almost seem as if France was non-progressive, since machinery has made but little way. Mowing and reaping machines are slowly coming into use because mowing is so much dearer than formerly; but one of 'our large English firms has taken a steam thrashing-machine from show to show for the last four years, without getting an order for a single one.' Yet the actual progress has been marvellous. Before the great Revolution the description of the country, left by an English agriculturist who examined it, is a perpetual repetition of 'sandy wastes,' 'barren heaths,' marshes, &c. In Normandy he did not see a well-cultivated acre in the whole province. 'He little thought,' writes Drouyn de l'Huys, 'how largely Great Britain would become dependent on this same country for much of its food.' In 1745, a loaf made of heather was laid before the King, with the remark that that was what his subjects were living on. It has been estimated that the annual value of French agricultural produce has increased 100,000,000*l.* in the last twenty-five years. It must be recollected that France grows her own corn, and sends no money out of the country to purchase bread.

Is there not here a great and weighty problem? It is clear, to put the practical phases foremost, that every pound of butter and cheese imported into England from the Continent is a direct loss to English agriculturists, and will soon be felt by landowners who hitherto have found

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[2] [This 'Nevertheless' is worth noting.—Ed.]

their sheet anchor in grass. The French farmer, who keeps his buttermilk, whey, and consequent manure at home, must do more good to the land than his English competitor, who sells off his milk and loses all those sources of further fertility.

The example of France proves one most important fact—that the 'old countries,' as distinguished from the backwoods, prairies, and gigantic sheep-walks of the South and West, are *not* exhausted. There is fertility sufficient in them still, and productive power enough to support great populations, and even to export to the West itself. This is encouraging, while it proves at the same time that the land in England does not yield what it might be made to do. It appears that the success of French agriculture compared with ours is not due to any extraordinary difference of legal conditions; good results are equally obtained from large and small holdings, and among the leading agriculturists there attempts have been made to check the minute subdivision of land. Indeed, it would seem as if the only real reason why a large estate is not cultivated so closely as a little garden plot, is the amount of capital it would require. It is tolerably certain that in some way or other our farming system is deficient in its practical management, quite irrespective of legislative enactment, otherwise the prospect of profit would draw more capital to it. For the reason that farming in France is carried on under conditions of soil, labour, taxation, &c. far more nearly approximating to those in this island than exist in the United States or any other great agricultural country, its present state and progress are deserving of special study. As affording a mine of facts, figures, and apt illustrations conveying a vivid idea of what is passing in the territory of a rising agricultural competitor, Mr. Richardson's book should be thoughtfully perused. It must not be forgotten that the question of the future of the huge populations massing themselves in Europe is in effect the question of food.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

# INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

INTERMEDIATE education in Ireland has for a long time needed reform. The report of the Commissioners who were appointed in 1854 to inquire into the state of all Irish schools possessing an endowment brought to light many evils calling for the interference of Parliament. Many endowments were not in operation; large sums had been lost or misapplied, and no one seemed willing to interfere; the intentions of founders were frequently disregarded; no adequate provision had been made for Roman Catholics, and the wants of the nation had completely outgrown the means of instruction then available. The members of the last Liberal Government and their predecessors in office were frequently urged to carry out the recommendations of the Commissioners, but they were always deaf to entreaty, feeling no doubt that no other task which they could undertake was as likely to expose them to the risk of a serious party defeat.

More causes than one have contributed to render the department of Irish education which is the theme of this paper, a troublesome subject of legislation. The religious difficulty is never so perplexing as when it finds its way into a mixed boarding school. A teacher cannot escape from the necessity of providing religious instruction for all his pupils when he assumes their entire control, and is unable to send them home to their parents every day. The child who attends a primary school and lives at home is said to have a sufficient guarantee for moral training in the authority of his parents. In the case of the universities, politicians have relieved themselves from embarrassment by insisting that a young man old enough to be an undergraduate has had time to receive lasting religious impressions during the previous part of his life. But the Presbyterians of Ulster, whose uncompromising temper may be mainly ascribed to their intense sectarian zeal, and the Roman Catholics in all the provinces whose passionate devotion to their faith excels that of any nation in Europe belonging chiefly to the Church of Rome, never will admit that a youth not within reach of parental control and beneath the age at which a student enters a university can be allowed to decide for himself whether he will hold any positive religious belief or not. A conscience clause which exempts him from the teaching which he does not want without providing him with that which he does want, is not sufficient for him.

Another source of perplexity which is not so obvious as that last referred to is the small amount of the endowments properly applicable to secondary instruction in Ireland. The number of schools which was sufficient at the beginning of this century, when the age of donations and bequests had passed away, is now inadequate. Private liberality will not supply the deficiency now, and therefore the aid of Parliament must be invoked. The feeling of every party in power is naturally adverse to the increase of public burdens; but the idea that any economy, however judicious, would enable the reformer to provide the Irish people with sufficient means of middle-class education without adding to the funds already accumulated must lead to disappointment. In 1858, there were but fifty-two grammar schools in Ireland possessing an endowment. Fifteen only had an income from a perma-

nent source exceeding 250*l.* a year including the estimated annual value of the school premises. The remaining thirty-seven had less than 4,000*l.* a year amongst them.[1] The income of the whole was less than 15,000*l.* per annum; but this sum has been reduced by the passing of the Irish Church Act, which has deprived the diocesan schools of a considerable portion of their means of support. The total amount now remaining has been estimated by Sir Michael Hicks Beach at 13,000*l.* a year.[2] There are many English foundations which individually are richer than all the Irish secondary schools put together. Eton has a nett income of 16,000*l.* per annum from endowments after deducting the expenses of management and the sums expended on local charities.[3] Winchester, Charterhouse, and Christ's Hospital have 15,000*l.*,[4] 22,000*l.*,[5] and 42,000*l.*[6] a year respectively from a similar source. It is a just cause of complaint that Roman Catholics and Presbyterians are practically excluded from the means of education enjoyed by the members of the disestablished Church. But what are the advantages which the latter enjoy? Do they suffer no disadvantages? Let it be granted for the sake of argument that they monopolise all the permanent revenues now devoted to secondary instruction, and then it will appear that what they have got does not exceed 20,000*l.* a year in round numbers. This sum is composed of the 13,000*l.* a year above mentioned, and a further sum of 7,000*l.* per annum which at the time of the publication of the Report of the Endowed Schools Commissioners was not in operation. Hence it will appear that even the most favoured sect is not adequately provided for. Neither the removal of religious disabilities, nor economy, will be a remedy for that want of good secondary schools which is universally felt in Ireland.

A person knowing nothing more about Irish intermediate education than the fact that it is supported by endowments producing 20,000*l.* a year, might perceive that it cannot be efficient. This fact alone would show that grammar school teaching in that country must depend almost altogether on private enterprise. The principle of supply and demand is nearly all that Irish parents can rely upon in order to obtain the means of training the minds of their children. It is a state of things which has been condemned by all modern experience. The idea that private individuals can be trusted to provide a nation with proper instruction has been abandoned by every educated country in Europe. In 1865, when Mr. Matthew Arnold was appointed by the Schools Inquiry Commissioners to investigate the system of education for the middle classes which then prevailed in France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, he found that among all the higher schools of Prussia there were only two in which the receipts from the scholars covered the expenditure of the school.[7] France was spending 120,000*l.* a year in maintaining its 74 *lycées* and 247 communal colleges. Italy and Switzerland were not backward in devoting public money to similar purposes. In the Continental States which have been mentioned, the public intermediate schools are supported to a great extent by annual grants out of the national revenues. England would

[1] See tables annexed to Report of the Endowed Schools (Ireland) Commissioners of 1854.
[2] See *Hansard's Parliamentary Reports*, June 9, 1874.
[3] See Report of Schools Inquiry Commission of 1861, p. 58.
[4] *Ib.* p. 134. [5] *Ib.* p. 177.
[6] Report of Schools Inquiry Commission of 1868, p. 473.
[7] See *Schools and Universities on the Continent*, by Matthew Arnold, p. 205.

probably have adopted a similar policy had it not been for the extraordinary wealth of her foundations, which supersedes in some degree the necessity of resorting annually to the Imperial Exchequer. An idea of the enormous sums which have been amassed may be formed by referring to the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commissioners of 1868.[8] Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Harrow, Rugby, and Shrewsbury, the nine principal foundations in England, did not come within the scope of the inquiry which was made at that time. Yet the commissioners state that 9 of the grammar schools which they visited had nett incomes exceeding 2,000*l.* a year, 13 at least 1,000*l.* a year, 55 at least 100*l.* a year, 222 at least 50*l.* a year, and the nett incomes of the rest were under 100*l.* a year. Annual grants are unnecessary in a country which has endowments so magnificent.

A Government bent on economy and retrenchment will never give Ireland the means of education which it requires. If anything is to be done to grapple with the ignorance of the country, there must be a freehanded expenditure of money. The policy of relying on individuals who take up teaching as a trade without any qualifications for it must be reversed. A parent who has not been properly educated is unable to judge of the capabilities of the persons who are ready to undertake the teaching of his son, and is too much inclined to take the cheapest commodity which is offered to him. In this way the properly qualified teacher suffers an unfair disadvantage. His ignorant rival, the price of whose services is lower, outbids him. Half-educated men start schools on all sides and delude the public. This is a kind of imposition against which the Irish middle classes require protection. No person is allowed to undertake the functions of a barrister in conducting a case in a court of justice without the sanction of the Inns of Court, obtained by producing evidence of capacity. Free trade is excluded from the practice of medicine and surgery. But any person in the United Kingdom may set up as the master of a school. In France a private school cannot be opened without permission of the public authorities, which is not granted until the applicant has proved that he has passed certain State examinations. He cannot, as here, be perfectly inexperienced in his business. In England the evil in question is counteracted to some extent by the existence of large salaries for masters in the rich public schools. No man can hope to obtain any such prize as these without being able to produce some evidence of fitness; and therefore a parent knows that he may safely intrust his son to the care of a person who is in receipt of such a salary. But what protection has Ireland with only 20,000*l.* a year?

Some of the grammar schools of Ireland enjoy a well-deserved reputation and deserve the gratitude of the country for the services which they have rendered. It is not the desire of the writer to detract from their merits. But they do not bear a large proportion to the entire number. Nothing but the conceit engendered by provincial ignorance could induce any Irishman to insist that a satisfactory standard has been attained by any considerable number of the institutions which have undertaken to educate the middle classes of his fellow countrymen. The testimony of the Professors of the Queen's Colleges confirms the statement of the writer that there is a great want of good secondary instruction in Ireland. Mr. Joseph O'Leary,

[8] Report, p. 110.

formerly Vice-President of the Queen's College, Galway, when examined by the Endowed Schools Commissioners of 1854, said:[9] 'The real truth is that we cannot get students properly prepared for our college. Perhaps it is a little bit of caricature to say that they do not know their grammar.' Many grammar schools which have now disappeared were so bad, and so much behind the requirements of the times, that they were unable to bear up against the competition of the National Board, whose function is to provide the rudiments of instruction for the poor. The Queen's University Commissioners of 1858 state that 'the means of intermediate education have been enormously diminished by the operation of the schools of the National Board. Although the Board do not provide for classical instruction, yet their English education is so superior as to have drawn off the scholars who had formerly been the main support of the lower classical schools.'[10] Trinity College absorbs the youths of the wealthier classes who desire an Irish University training. Those who wish to prepare themselves for the Queen's Colleges do not find the means of doing so in the schools which are suited to their incomes. Sir Robert Kane, formerly President of the Queen's College, Cork, on being asked by the Queen's University Commissioners of 1858 whether in his opinion there was a deficiency of intermediate schools, replied: 'A very great deficiency, and I look upon that deficiency as one of the most powerful causes in having kept down the numbers attending not merely this college, but the other Queen's Colleges, to the comparatively low point they have as yet attained.'[11] Dr. M'Cosh, formerly Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Belfast, said: 'I anticipate, if we had adequate feeders, that our members as soon as the system of feeders had begun fully to operate would be double what they are at the present moment."[12] Again, on reference to the tables annexed to the Report of the Endowed Schools Commissioners of 1854, it will be found that according to the census of 1851 there were 91 towns in Ireland having a population exceeding 2,000 inhabitants in which there was not any grammar school or superior English school possessing an endowment.

These evils will not be removed by any subdivision, however ingenious, of 20,000*l.* a year. This may be safely asserted, inasmuch as the opinion of the Endowed Schools Commissioners of 1854 is: 'That the deficiencies admitted to exist in the system of intermediate education in Ireland cannot be supplied by a redistribution and different application of the educational endowments already in being.' To hope that private individuals without assistance from the State will ever effect the improvement which is desired, would be a vain dream. Such assistance might be dispensed with to some extent if school fees were not so low as they are at present. There is not any inducement in Ireland to offer a really good education at its fair value, because people will not pay for it. In 1858, the Royal School of Armagh was the most expensive of its class, and yet the fees of a boarder were only 60*l.* a year. At Enniskillen a boarder paid from 40 to 42 guineas a year in a school which has always stood in the very first rank: at Dungannon, another excellent institution, the annual payments ranged between 30*l.* and 50*l.*: at Raphoe

[9] Endowed Schools (Ireland) Commission, Evid. vol. i. p. 290, Q. 6,043.
[10] Report, p. 36.
[11] Q. 1,964.
[12] Queen's University (Ireland) Commission, Evid. Q. 638.

they rose to 50 guineas; while at Cavan the charges for a boarder varied between 20*l.* and 34*l.* a year.[13] All these schools were of royal foundation. When the best teaching which the country can supply fetches so low a price, one reads without astonishment the advertisements in the newspapers, which show the wretched remuneration which the principals of inferior institutions are willing to accept. It is impossible that these persons, paid as badly as they are, can keep out of debt without allowing the education or health of their pupils to suffer by it.

The insufficient staff and miserable salaries of the assistant masters in most Irish grammar schools, is the natural result of the evils to which we have referred. Even in the royal schools there were in 1858 only four assistant teachers who received upwards of 100*l.* a year and their board; and two of these were paid by the head master out of his own earnings. In Cavan the second assistant had to be content with the wretched pittance of 25*l.* a year and his board, estimated at another 25*l.* a year.[14] Low salaries, and that want of social esteem which is the natural consequence, prevent the profession of teaching in Ireland from occupying the position which properly belongs to so honourable a calling. As a general rule, when a man who has attained any distinction in the University of Dublin accepts the post of undermaster in an Irish secondary school, he regards it as a temporary makeshift, and resorts to some other pursuit as soon as he can afford to do so. The Rev. Luke White, formerly Master of Erasmus Smith's School at Ennis, in reply to a question of the Endowed School Commissioners of 1854, said: 'No man will leave the vicinity of Dublin under 100*l.* a year and the best board the school can afford; and he will not remain here more than six months: he makes it a resting-place towards a profession.'[15] Any person who may happen to glance at the lists of the scholars and gold medallists in the Dublin University Calendar, will see what a small number of persons thus distinguished is to be found amongst those who assist in the teaching of the most thriving secondary schools in the country. What a different state of things one finds in England. A fellow of a college in Oxford or Cambridge will accept a subordinate post in Charterhouse, Rugby, and other institutions of the same stamp. And the reason is obvious.[16] The Report of the Schools Inquiry Commissioners of 1861 shows that when Rugby was visited it maintained thirteen classical assistants, four of whom had incomes exceeding 1,400*l.* a year, and one only of the remaining nine earned less than 600*l.* annually. The people will not make the profession of teaching pay well in Ireland; therefore the State must, otherwise a sufficient supply of good education will not be brought into the market. The function of developing the intellectual resources of a country is a most important branch of the public service, and it should be rendered attractive as far as possible by good salaries and the hope of promotion. When the under-masters of the public schools are not fit to discharge their duties, the interests of the public and not of individuals merely are affected. These persons ought not to receive lower pay than clerks in the Civil Service, who moreover can hope for pensions, a thing which no Irish teacher can see before him at the end of a long career. At present the service of public instruction in

[13] See tables annexed to Report of Endowed Schools Commissioners of 1854.
[14] *Ibid.*
[15] Report of Endowed Schools Commissioners of 1854, p. 185.
[16] See Report, p. 263.

Ireland is about the worst mode of obtaining a livelihood open to a man of intelligence and education.

Having endeavoured to prove that a large sum of money must be invested in organising secondary instruction upon an extended scale, I shall proceed to suggest how the amount may be raised. The Consolidated Fund ought not to be resorted to if possible. The British tax-payer will not endure incessant begging for Irish education. Neither would a rate be advisable. Any system which it would be possible to establish having regard to the present state of public opinion in England, would be sure to encounter the opposition of some party in Ireland, but the power of such adversaries would be greatly strengthened if it could be made to appear that the closing of the schools would be accompanied by the extinction of a rate. The surplus of the Irish Church is perhaps the only source from which the sum which is required could be obtained. Mr. Gladstone's proposal to devote the whole five millions to the relief of unavoidable suffering, is a device for getting rid of responsibility, and cannot be regarded as a judicious mode of employing the resources of a poor country. Offer the people the education which they want, and then they will be glad enough to purchase it with the surplus. It must be admitted, however, that it lies upon the person who proposes so large an outlay to show that any uniform system, likely to be accepted by both Protestants and Roman Catholics, is practicable. This I shall endeavour to do; but I shall first discuss briefly the reforms which have been suggested from time to time.

For many years the Roman Catholic hierarchy have repeatedly demanded the denominational system in its entirety. Occasionally, however, they have abated their claims to some extent. Notably in October 1871 they made proposals for a compromise. The terms which they were then willing to accept, appeared in a pastoral which was set out at length in a letter of the Irish correspondent of the *Times* on October 31, 1871. The portion of that remarkable document which is relevant to the matter under discussion is as follows:

> As to intermediate education, we demand that the large public endowments now monopolised by schools in which you and we have no confidence, and many of which are directly hostile to the Catholic religion, should be taken up by a commission in which the Catholics of Ireland would have full confidence; that the commission thus appointed should be merely for financial purposes, and should hold the endowments in question for the benefit of the whole nation and of all the intermediate schools in Ireland without religious distinction, and for the general advancement of middle-class education; that the national fund thus held should be devoted to the encouragement of intermediate education by means of exhibitions open to the competition of all youths under a certain age, and to payment by results to every institution established for middle-class education, the examinations being conducted in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of partiality or interference with the religious principles of any competitor or of any school.

Enough has been said in an earlier part of this paper to show how imprudent a policy of disendowment and destruction would be. But so far as the pastoral suggests that exhibitions and prizes should be offered for competition, and that a system of payment by results should be established, it requires consideration. Confined to this, the change proposed by the bishops is simply to offer rewards to a few selected pupils, and to leave untouched the great vice of the present system—reliance upon individuals who are under no public responsibility, and cannot be forced to consult the interests of the country instead of their own profit. To offer rewards, however numerous, to the successful competitors at public examina-

tions, would not educate the people, but at the most would merely furnish a test for showing how far the people are able to educate themselves. If examinations of the pupils of public schools can be relied upon at all, it is only when every pupil, without distinction, is brought to the test, and not merely a choice few. The Cambridge local examinations are very useful as far as they go, but they are too expensive to be a check upon the humbler schools, inasmuch as the entire cost falls on the institution which invites the criticism. Moreover, it lies within the discretion of the principal of a school whether he will allow the examiner to enter his doors or not. Mr. Bradley, formerly Head Master of Marlborough, was greatly opposed to such modes of sounding the efficacy of a school. In his opinion the result was that a boy was only taught what would pay.[17] It cannot be denied that much good might be effected by offering prizes for competition; but the expedient would not approach a complete remedy for the evils which have been adverted to in these pages. A scheme resembling that contained in the pastoral was subsequently sketched in a petition addressed to Mr. Gladstone in February 1873, and signed by a number of dignitaries of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches, and by several well-known resident gentlemen of the county of Limerick. This petition was printed in the *Times*, February 6, 1873, and differed from the pastoral in not advocating disendowment and payment by results.

Let us now turn to the recommendations of the Endowed Schools Commissioners of 1854. On looking over their report, it will be observed that a large number of the institutions which possess valuable endowments do not oppose obstacles to the attendance of Roman Catholics. For instance, the diocesan schools are essentially non-exclusive.[18] There is nothing to prevent a Roman Catholic from being appointed head master of any of the royal schools.[19] The present head master of Banagher is a Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholic pupils of the institutions founded by Erasmus Smith were formerly examined in Ussher's Catechism, but the practice has been discontinued.[20] Similar proselytising influences have been latterly abandoned in the Kilkenny Pococke Institution, which has large funds at its disposal.[21] Legislation is not required for the purpose of compelling the authorities of these schools to abstain from tampering with the belief of Roman Catholics. But protection against pernicious influences is a purely negative advantage, and cannot take the place of positive religious teaching. Accordingly the Commissioners recommend: 'That the trustees of all boarding schools should be enabled to discontinue the boarding department, and to employ the endowment in the support of the pupils as residents in families specially selected on the principle of their holding the same religious belief, and residing in the localities where the children can attend day-schools approved of by their parents or guardians, and where they can also enjoy the spiritual instruction and care of the clergy of the same denomination.'[22] Modern opinion seems to be strongly in favour of day-schools in every locality where there is a diversity of sects. But the suggestion that the boarding departments of all the most efficient

[17] Schools Inquiry Commission, 1868, Report, p. 323.
[18] Report, pp. 31 and 45. [19] *Ibid.* p. 53.
[20] *Ibid.* p. 68.
[21] Endowed Schools (Ireland) Commission, 1854, Evid. vol. i. 127.
[22] Endowed Schools (Ireland) Commission, Report, p. 267.

foundations in Ireland should be demolished for the purpose of putting in operation a system which has not yet been tried, and might prove wholly unworkable, does not commend itself so easily. A number of new schools must be founded, and it would be well that they should be the first to sound the approval of the public. To spend ineffectually a sum of money sufficient to test the popularity of a tentative measure would cause but a temporary, if any, inconvenience; but it might be impossible to remedy the mischief caused by forcing an unpopular reform upon an institution sectarian, perhaps, but supplying a number of young men fit to do the business of the country. Besides, it should not be forgotten that all this risk is to be incurred for the sake of saving 13,000*l.* a year.

The policy of granting State aid to day schools only is eminently suited to a poor country, where the means of instruction is scanty. Boarding schools originally intended to place a first-rate education within reach of persons of limited means, and sufficiently endowed for that purpose, have a tendency to exclude that class of society for whose benefit they were founded. When the sons of rich men become pupils, the mode of living is altered to suit their habits and tastes. In addition to this, the principals of such establishments are so anxious to gratify the social exclusiveness of the families whose patronage they desire, that they are inclined to keep away boys of inferior birth. Owing to these causes many of the rich English schools have signally disappointed the intentions of their founders. Designed for the benefit of all classes, poor as well as rich, they have been completely denationalised. The only way to prevent this result is, to offer a thoroughly sound education at a price which persons with small incomes are able to pay; to keep that price low; and to leave every pupil to provide himself with board and lodging according to his means outside the precincts of the school.

The benefits of the combined operation of State-supported day-schools and private boarding establishments are well exemplified by the *lycées* of France. A *lycée* is a public school founded by the State, with aid from the department and commune. Some institutions of this kind take boarders (*internes*); but others receive day scholars (*externes*) only. Where there is a boarding department (*internat*) the functions of teaching and domestic management are kept distinct. The direction of the household economy is entrusted to three officers—the provisor, the censor, and the steward. Their business is—to admit the scholars: to correspond with the parents: to maintain the discipline; and to superintend the domestic arrangements. They take no part in the teaching. The teachers are of two classes—*maîtres répétiteurs* and professors. The *maîtres répétiteurs* assist the boys in the preparation of their lessons, and keep watch over them out of school hours. The professors are entirely free from this kind of duty. They teach the boys when assembled in the class-rooms; and after they have given their lessons they are free to depart.[23] The privilege of attending the classes of the professors can be obtained at a small cost, and many pupils of private boarding schools (*pensions, institutions*) avail themselves of it. In a *pension* the scholars have better supervision out of school hours, and more assistance from the *maîtres répétiteurs* than they could obtain in a *lycée* with its vast number of

[23] *Schools and Universities on the Continent*, by Matthew Arnold, p. 31.

*internes*; but by attending the classes of the professors they enjoy the superior education which the State supplies. At the time when Mr. Matthew Arnold visited Paris as special commissioner, the Lycée Charlemagne was frequented by the pupils of the Institution Massin, which was under the management of a private individual. The class fees at Charlemagne were 10*l.* a year, and the annual cost of board and tuition at Massin was 48*l.*[24] There must be a considerable mixture of different ranks of society in a *lycée* which has more than 1,000 pupils. Yet this does not seem to prevent boys of good birth from resorting to it. Mr. Arnold found that there were 1,200 scholars belonging to the Lycée Bonaparte.[25] Yet it counted among its *externes* many of the boarders of the Pension St. Barbe, which is situated in a fashionable quarter of Paris, and approached Eton and Harrow in point of expense.[26] The Parisian *lycées* are truly national; and in this respect differ materially from most of the great public schools of England.

One of the best features of the French system is that while the State takes the lead in exhibiting a model of good teaching, it does not crush private schools, but helps them to make up for their defects. This judicious policy deserves imitation in Ireland. Some advocates of the denominational system holding extreme opinions refuse to dispense with an education which could not be provided for them without impairing the stability of any method of instruction not moulded according to their tastes. How, for instance, would it be possible to teach in a mixed school the kind of history which Cardinal Cullen desires? In the course of his examination before the Primary Education Commissioners in 1870 his Eminence referred in the following terms to the Fifth Book of Lessons then in use in the schools of the National Board:

> In this book there are fifty pages at least of history, and no mention of Ireland, except that Henry II. took possession of it; and there is not a single reference to the Catholic Church and its history, or to any of the leading mysteries of Christianity, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Redemption, the Death of our Saviour. Such works ought not to be forced upon a Catholic country.[27]

The State cannot undertake the responsibility of providing a complete course of instruction to suit the wishes of persons holding opinions like these, but can merely offer its co-operation. It should offer its assistance in raising the standard of secular training to all political sects, however extreme, so far as they are willing to accept such aid. This object might be attained by making the cost of each subject taught in a State-supported day school a distinct item. A boy might then attend the classes of the public teachers in whom his parents would have confidence, and might supplement his education in a private school. It is worthy of remark that when the Roman Catholic bishops ask for exhibitions and prizes open to public competition, they demand co-operation only, and do not require the State to do the whole work of instruction.

The subjects of study in the public classes would of necessity be wholly secular. Separate religious teaching might be secured by refusing to admit any pupil except upon the terms of his residing in a licensed boarding establishment. An exception might be made in favour of boys residing with their parents. No person should be licensed to receive boarders without making adequate provision for their spiritual care,

[24] *Schools and Universities on the Continent*, p. 69. [25] *Ib.* p. 64. [26] *Ib.* p. 68.
[27] Primary Education (Ireland) Commission, 1870, Evid. Q. 27,150.

or without keeping his premises in good sanitary condition. The continued observance of these stipulations might be secured by constant Government inspection. The principals of all existing boarding schools should be encouraged to place themselves in connection with the State under the new system. These persons would be gainers by the change and not losers. The addition to the cost of education would be trifling, and their fees would not need reduction.

Ushers of private boarding schools should be permitted to accompany their pupils and remain with them in the public class-room; and as a further security against proselytising influences, parents and guardians and ecclesiastical authorities should have every facility of remonstrating with respect to the conduct of the secular teachers and the subjects of study. Complaints of this kind might be addressed to a public body constituted like the Board of National Education. To this body the appointment of the teachers and the regulation of the course of instruction would be entrusted. A similar power of remonstrating with respect to the management of the public schools in Prussia is given to the bishops and their delegates.[28]

Some effort must be made to improve the position of assistant masters. Nothing can be more uninviting to a young man of education and ability than a subordinate post of this kind in Ireland.

In almost every Irish grammar school the number of pupils is so small that all of them can be lodged in the head master's house. Except in a very few instances which hardly deserve notice, under masters do not take boarders. The profits of all the members of the teaching staff, except the principal, are confined to the miserable allowances which have been already described. How different the status of the assistant teacher would be if he could hope for a competent fixed salary in an endowed day school with fees of pupils besides. After four or five hours spent in teaching he might employ his time in any manner suitable to his tastes. A young man wishing to devote himself to literature as a profession could not find a better way of maintaining himself. The probable result might be conjectured from what one hears of the professors in a French *lycée*. Many persons of considerable literary distinction in France have held such appointments. Among many others might be mentioned, Cousin, Prévost Paradol, Hermite, Pasteur, Jules Girard, and Duruy. A professor has from three to five hours' work per diem, and then he is his own master for the rest of the day. He does not live within the school, but goes away as soon as his lectures and conferences are over. His remuneration consists of a fixed salary paid to him by the State, and a portion of the pupils' fees. From all these sources the income of an able Paris professor of the first rank in his calling reaches nearly 10,000 francs, or 400*l.* a year. Mr. Matthew Arnold says that he would rather have this, with the freedom and leisure which is enjoyed with it, than 800*l.* a year as one of the under masters of a public school in England.[29]

If a scheme based upon the principle of confining State support to day schools should be found capable of being worked, the change might be applied gradually to all the existing grammar schools whose endowments are not subject to restrictions for the benefit of one particular denomination. The present head master of each should be left undisturbed during his life.

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[28] *Schools and Universities on the Continent*, by Matthew Arnold, p. 198.
[29] *Ibid.* p. 41.

Upon his death the school premises might be leased as boarding houses, and the rent and the endowments might be applied to the support of day schools to be established in the vicinity. All private institutions possessing a fund set apart for the benefit of persons holding the same religious opinions as the founder should be left undisturbed. The Endowed Schools Commissioners of 1854 discovered that, at the time of this inquiry, there were endowments not in operation amounting to more than 7,000*l.* a year. It is difficult to ascertain whether any portion of this sum has since been utilised. Whatever remains unemployed might be used in founding three or four good day schools in different parts of Ireland. If the experiment should prove successful, the surplus of the Irish Church might be resorted to for the purpose of extending the system.

There is now a most favourable opportunity for developing the intellectual resources of the Irish nation. A portion of the surplus would be sufficient to provide every county in Ireland with a school equal in cheapness and efficiency to a German gymnasium or a French *lycée*, and not less national. The fees might be low enough to place a really good education within the reach of all classes above those which are taught by the National Board. The persons whose wants must be considered are not the rich landowners, the capitalists, the thriving merchants, or the successful professional men, who send their sons to England; but the parents of a lower grade who cannot afford to bring up their children in an expensive manner. Officers in the army and navy, clergymen, and poor professional men, who know from their own experience the benefit of a good school training, are ready enough to make an effort to give their sons the same or greater advantages, but in most cases require assistance. On the other hand, persons occupying a lower position in society, who have not enjoyed a good education, do not appreciate it, and allow their families to go without it when they cannot obtain it without sacrifice. Instances have been known where respectable shopkeepers and tenant farmers, able to bear higher charges, have educated their sons in the district model schools of the National Board at the cost of a penny a week.[30] Individuals like these will not do their duty unless some regard be paid to their love of thrift. In England and Ireland the richer a man is the more aid he gets from public endowments to bring up his son; while the classes who most need such help are left to shift for themselves. Our Continental neighbours act more wisely. Mental culture is more widely spread in France and Germany than it is in England; not because the English middle classes undervalue the benefits of learning, but because French and German schools are cheaper than ours. In framing a scheme of reform for Ireland, we should emulate Germany instead of looking for a precedent at home. Intermediate education in Ireland should not only be good; it should also be national. To accomplish this object would be an achievement worthy of a great statesman.

W. G. Huband.

[30] Primary Education (Ireland) Commission, 1870, Report, p. 215.

# OF COUNTRY WORK.

I AM aware that the title of the present dissertation is capable of bearing more than one meaning. It was good Dean Ramsay, surely, who informs us that the Beadle of a Glasgow city church (when such were esteemed as very important churches), on being questioned concerning the merits of the sermon preached in his church one morning by the incumbent of a rural parish, replied, with the air of one accustomed to quite other things,—'Oh, pretty fair: Good coarse country work.' One might expatiate for some time on the words; but it is needless.

In severe accuracy, the words used by the Beadle were *Gude coorse kintra wark*. For thus are the doings of educated men criticised in these parts. Nor is it to be hastily concluded that the Beadle was an incompetent critic. It was not a Beadle, but a Church-warden, who made many complaints to a clergyman of a preacher who had officiated in his absence; and summed up by saying, with deep feeling, 'I could have stood it all, if it had not been for his HOARRIBLE PRONOUNCIATION!'

The common impression that a coarser manufacture will serve plain country folk than is needful for a more highly educated race of human beings, is found in divers quarters. Cardinal Wiseman had anticipated that Glasgow Beadle. The same essential idea was in his mind when a Pope asked him what sort of men were the parish priests who ministered to the Roman Catholic population of a country which need not be more particularly denoted. Quite good enough, was the reply, *pro agrestibus et feris*; that is, for country bumpkins and half-savage people.

And indeed, the writer has within one week heard one of the greatest of modern preachers appear as two quite different men, according as he was doing country work or city work. On one day, addressing a great crowd of cultivated folk in a polished city, that great orator read (but it was *fell reading*) a symmetrical, well thought-out, beautifully expressed, and most eloquent sermon. On the other day, without a scrap of manuscript, and plainly with hardly any previous thought, only drawing on a life's accumulations, he addressed a rustic crowd in that informal fashion which (North of the silver Tweed) can only be described as *cracking away*. That was his *country work*: the other his civic. You could not say which was the better. In either case the congregation gazed intently, and listened in dead silence.

Let it be said, parenthetically, that when the illustrious orator informed the present writer that the rural sermon had taken just three minutes to prepare, the illustrious orator was mistaken. Possibly that individual appearance may have cost just the three minutes of conscious preparatory thought. But, in truth, it had taken about fifty-five years to get up: these years being the sum of that great man's life in this world. All these years, with all their doings and sufferings, all their study and travel, had gone to prepare that half-hour's talk in that beautiful country church.

Farther: like most extemporaneous speakers, the preacher was unconsciously repeating himself. He thought he was pioneering a new line: he was in fact walking along a well-beaten path. 'That is wonderfully fine,' said the writer,

issuing from the sacred building, to its incumbent. 'Yes, very good,' was the reply: 'but I have heard it all about fifteen times before.'

So far, concerning what has been called *country work.* Not such, however, is the country work now to be thought of. By the phrase, the writer means the daily work done by those who may be specially called country people: the industry of those who cultivate our fields: who raise the fruits of the earth, the waving grain and the hidden roots by which man and beast are fed. It is curious how that particular country work is spoken and is written of by those who know very little about it.

A few weeks ago, the present writer, fulfilling some part of his duty, departed from his dwelling at ten o'clock on a winter's morning, and having reached a region about two miles off by the highway, thenceforward till half-past five in the afternoon walked across fields and by inconceivably miry ways, visiting the inhabitants of many rural cottages scattered over a couple of square miles of rather bleak country side. Ending, two miles from home when it was of course quite dark, he hesitated whether or not to make his way by a lonely path through the fields: knowing that if a sprained ancle or the like disabled about half-way, one might remain there an indefinite time before the smallest chance of help. A poor fellow told me that having fallen down on a solitary country road one bitter frosty night and broken his leg, he lay still for a while, the agony being so great at the least movement. But speedily finding that he must freeze to death, and thinking of his wife and children five miles off, he crept on his hands and knees along the frozen road for three quarters of a mile before he found help. Ye who grumble at a crumpled rose-leaf in your couch, what do you say to that? The writer, however, got safely home. But, slipping about on that narrow and miry path, and dimly discerning the miserable-looking scene around him: thinking of the poor firesides by which he had sat that day, and of the stories of hardship and struggle he had heard (every word of them to his personal knowledge true): certain words kept ringing in his ears, which had kept ringing in them all the day more or less; specially when through the gloom of the gathering night he saw the bent figure of a poor widow making her way through a long slushy field, her day's labour done, to the little cottage where he had sat for a short space with her six little fatherless children, left in the care of a little lassie of eleven years but wise far beyond them, taught in the school of early care: going home (of course) with soaked feet and benumbed fingers, bedraggled with the day's field-work, and with little possible change of raiment to replace the foul and sloppy garments she wore. The words were '*the sweetest of all industry.*' Yes, even so did a clever writer in the most influential and (after all) the best journal in this world, because it catches and echoes 'the common sense of most,' speak of agricultural labour; or what I have termed country work. *The sweetest of all industry*: The man who wrote the words must have been a man of the town: of the great Town compared with which all the rest of the land is Country: one who walking evermore on flagstones had visions of elastic turf, and in the roar of Cheapside thought of rural stillness. He knew the country, it is plain, only in the time of green fields and blue skies and long days. He did not know how dismal the world looks, beyond what Bailie

Nicol Jarvie called 'the comforts of the Saltmarket,' through nearly half the year: nor how rough is the toil, how hard the life, how poor the pay, how mean the dwellings, of the agricultural labouring poor. The work is very laborious: very dirty: very monotonous: often very solitary: it implies exposure to extremes of cold and wet for many hours together. I make no mention of heat: for in these parts we have for several years forgot that there is such a thing. Of the thirty-one days of last August, twenty-nine were rainy. Then the leading-article of *The Times* had been anticipated long ago by a poet who from glimpses of the summer fields and from his own longings had evolved such a country as country folk rarely see:

Tasting of Flora, and *the country green*,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth.

*The country green*! In this region, for months together in several recent winters, the country has been black. This very day in whose evening hours these lines are written, let it be testified that as beheld in a rural walk of six miles, the country was black. The earth was black. The sky was black of another shade. The sea, cold and savage, was black. And the wind would have pleased dear Charles Kingsley; for it was a black North-Easter; and it was straight from the German foam. The country is unchangingly green only in the mind's eye of the Cockney. Soaked with wet: divided by deep muddy roads which might break a horse's heart: leafless: almost lifeless, for the population is gravitating to large towns, and the fields and ways are wonderfully lonely: such is the January country of sorrowful but certain fact. And very disheartening: very stupefying: eventuating in a singular slow hebetude of body and mind; is the sweetest of all industry. 'One might just as well be a slave,' I once heard a poor woman bending under a heavy load beneath which she had walked for several miles say to another equally burdened, she being quite unaware that any one but her poor neighbour was within hearing. And as for the suggestion of Keats as to the accompaniments of rural scenery: the dance, the song, the mirth: the imagery was got from the theatre. Worn: anxious: *sair hadden doon*: heavy-hearted quite beyond those things; are in these days (speaking generally) the agricultural poor. There are districts of large expanse wherein if you found a middle-aged man singing, you would suppose he was drunk: if dancing, that he was mad.

Yet, though all this is well known, the word *Rural* is to the writer and to many more even as the word *Hermit* was to John Foster: inevitably suggesting to fancy and to heart what reason and experience assure can never be. And it is well, sometimes, to yield to a fond illusion; to cherish a cheery day-dream. The happy writer in the great newspaper believed what he wrote about the sweetness of country work and country life: those who live in the country know better; probably we ought to say know worse. He fancied, in a vague way, that there is an earthly paradise: we know there is not. For it is quite certain it is not in Town: and assuredly it is not in the Country. Nobody could mistake London for the humblest heaven: but such as are tied to live there may dream that beyond that wilderness of mean and ugly streets, far away from the smoke and the noise, there spread Elysian plains, where still linger on the beauty, the simplicity, the peacefulness of Arcady. I remember well, many years ago, hearing a sharp and clever Londoner, who would have been not a little astonished had you

called him a Visionary, say to a visitor from a little country place, with gently-envious sigh, 'Well, I suppose that at (say) Drumsleekie you are all as happy as the day is long.' The rustic was startled: never having found or fancied that it was easier to be happy at Drumsleekie than anywhere else. But the Londoner somehow made sure that it was: for Drumsleekie was in *the country green*; and most of the people there were engaged in *the sweetest of all industry*. Let the kindly illusion abide: it can do no harm. Let us fancy that we know scenes to which if we could fly away, we should be at rest. And as the mention of the *Hermit* called back in pristine beauty the romantic fancies of youth to the weary Foster, growing old, so let the ancient music that is in the word *Rural* suggest I know not what of pleasant sights and scents and sounds, and of a tranquil cheerful life: all which one knows to be as mere an illusion as Foster knew his dream of the hermit's life to be. Those times were never, and that place was never, which *Rural* conveys to me.

There is (to some minds certainly) that which touches, about the fashion in which many a man tries to idealise his work. As one sees on the street, in the first days of January, the worried and wearied mortal from whose life the spring has pretty much gone, heavily plodding about amid the sordid and uninspiring tragedy of paying the grievous accounts which make one feel how devouring a monster a house is, one has wondered what kind of face that prosaic human being is trying to put upon his vocation, and his environment of things in general, to the end that he may be just a little heartened, or in any case kept from breaking down. Most folk, you find out when you know them well, have their little illusions: It is getting near the end when the cart jolts along the rough highway, its sorry movements being unrelieved by such *quasi* springs. You may remember how Nathaniel Hawthorne idealised country work of the least attractive character. He joined himself to that strange company of mortals, each with a bee in his bonnet, who lived in common at a certain farm; and thought to combine intellectual elevation and moral bettering with rough outdoor labour. They gave Hawthorne hard work, and unpleasant. Day after day, week after week, his occupation was to fill dung-carts from an infragrant heap of gigantic extent, whose constituent elements may be imagined without fuller specification. But in his diary, daily, Hawthorne recorded how he had worked all day in *The Gold-Mine*. It was not a nice place, unless to a poet, of a powerful imagination. But as, standing in indescribable filth, he cast up successive shovels-full into the cart he was loading, with every sense offended, he pictured out the beautiful green expanse which the Springtime would bring forth from the brown fields he was enriching, and the Autumn gold, the ripened grain. The illusion in due time failed: the prosaic fact killed out the poetic ideal: and Hawthorne, brought to think of matters in general pretty nearly as people in general do, was brought to the conviction that when working in the Gold-Mine he had merely been making a fool of himself. That is not the work for an educated man to do, so long as he can get some one else to do it for him. And a thousand men could readily be found who could fill dung-carts skilfully and speedily, for one man who could write a *Twice-told Tale*.

It is not so in every case, but assuredly in many cases country work results in producing the type of mind of which the best-known example is found in Mr. Tennyson's

*Northern Farmer*: and which looks upon all things with George Eliot's 'slow bovine gaze.' Beyond the frozen fingers, the wet garments, the feet laden with adherent earth, the early rheumatism with its painful distortions, the little children walking three miles to school through the drenching winter rain and sitting there all day soaked and underfed, there eventuates a dulness of perception and feeling which (all things considered) is just as well. For if the rustic labourer of certain English counties saw the surroundings and the outlook very vividly, he would not be able to endure his lot at all. The solitariness of a great deal of country work, and its mechanical continuance, on and on, for many successive hours, tend to a condition of soul which is only semi-consciousness: the poor ploughman thinking of nothing very much as the slow horses before him are doing so. And though a man is not stupid who can keep a plough to the right depth in the ground, and managing his pair of heavy animals, draw a line straight as an arrow through a great field; yet his mind works slowly: he must not be hurried with sudden questions or he loses all presence of mind. If a stranger come suddenly upon him and with the smartness of the town question him as to distances which are perfectly known to him, the answers may be wholly absurd. It was a farm labourer in England of whom Southey's story was told: who when the parish clergyman said how pleasant it must be after the week's work to get to church on Sunday, made the sad reply 'Yes, I likes to get into church, and put up my legs, and think of nothing.' In Scotland, where every man and woman can read and write well, things are very different. The writer has married many hundreds of couples of plain working folk. He cannot remember half-a-dozen instances in which bride and bridegroom, brides-maid and best man, could not sign the needful document just as well as himself, and much better than the Dean of Westminster. But even these better-educated folk are not much accustomed to apply their minds to abstract subjects; and any preacher who is resolved that the congregation shall attend to him will find it a heavy pull to keep such up with him as he goes on. And where for many years such rustics have attended a church where no mortal could be supposed to listen to the sermon, the very liveliest and brightest preacher going just for once will find his utmost cunning fail to rouse them. My friend Smith tells me that when he entered the Church he resolved that he would give all the brains he had to getting the congregations to which he might preach to follow him intelligently: and, holding this end in view, he has attained it. You may like his sermons or not: but you will be obliged to attend to them. One has been amused at seeing men who did not like Smith's sermons pretending not to attend to them. But once Smith had to preach in a rural church where for fifty years no human being had ever listened to the discourse, except as a vague 'bumming over his head:' and the instant Smith gave out his text the entire congregation composed themselves to sleep. Smith's rule is that the only permissible expedient for getting the flock to attend, is to interest them: anything in the nature of rebuke is inadmissible. So he tried his very best: by long pauses, by the utmost familiarity of conversational tone, even by vehemently whacking the pulpit cushion, and (lowest depth) by one or two things meant to provoke a smile. But all the people slept peacefully through everything.

One or two stared confusedly for a few sentences at first, but soon fell asleep too. And Smith drove away home in the deepest disappointment; confessing (like Oliver Cromwell of the lawyers) that the sons of Zeruiah had been too hard for him, and resolved that he would never see them more. The little arts which in town would bring a flock numbered by thousands to the proverbial stillness in which you might hear a pin fall, availed not at all with minds indurated by country work. Names shall not be given. But some readers of this page will call to remembrance at least two of the greatest orators of this century whose eloquence availed no more against the dulness of a rural church than a shower of peas against Gibraltar. And of course there were action and re-action. If the people yawned and slept, the great orator got on lamely enough. You would hardly have recognised him for the man of other scenes.

But truly, if country work have such effect on the country worker, rural rest is sometimes found to produce a highly analogous result upon more cultured souls. Last Summer the writer spent a week in the country with a friend who is well known in divers places; and beheld him as he appeared when quite run down. He is a hard-working man: but for a short space of rest he had let go. Now, such men are kept on their feet by work, and the necessity for working. My friend, commonly very clever and bright-looking, slowly pacing country ways, looked absolutely stupid, and was in fact rather so. Finally, Saturday came: and that distinguished individual went a long journey (the writer accompanying him) to the great city where his home is. On Sunday morning I went with him to the great church where it is his duty to preach oftentimes. Looking at him, seated by the vestry fire after he had got into his robes, with his duty in immediate prospect, one hardly recognised the face of the country the week before. Ah, one saw what is the effect when a man who has it all in him is pulled up tight, and put upon his mettle. The sharp, keen features were so different from the stupid broad ones of laziness. The nose was about half the thickness: it was not unlike a pen on a table of green frieze. The eyes were searching and anxious. The main difference was in the mouth: firm, tight, with lips compressed. Every sense was alert, every nerve tense: the foot was put down decisively: the reins of a great organization were taken tightly in hand: Here was one not to be trifled with. *There* was the right man. The end of work may be to enjoy leisure: but a human being looks a poor creature when enjoying leisure, compared with what he looks when at work. At least some human beings do. The writer delights in a little poem, which bears the pleasant title of *A Holiday*: and which sets out thus cheerily:

Out of the city, far away
  With Spring to-day!—
Where copses tufted with primrose
  Give me repose;
Wood-sorrel and wild violet
  Soothe my soul's fret:
The pure delicious vernal air
  Blows away care:
The birds' reiterated songs
  Heal fancied wrongs.

Down the rejoicing brook my grief
  Drifts like a leaf:
And on its gently-murmuring flow
  Doth glide and go.

But though the poet might be happier than when worried by city tasks and cares, he would not look so clever: as we used to say at college, so *intellectual*. Still, one would have liked to be with him, and by gentle contradiction of some pet prejudice to keep him from quite

running down. As for the imagery of grief drifting down the brook, it chances that the writer, just yesterday, heard from rustic lips a singular analogy to it. He was shown a pool in a little stream, under a bridge centuries old, where the people of a remarkably small religious sect practise baptism by immersion. And he was assured by his informant that not merely in the coldest wintry weather does the water become lukewarm to the neophyte, but that his sins were to be seen floating down the stream, *looking blue.* Black, it occurred, was what one would rather have expected: and no information could be obtained as to anything in the aspect of the moral evils in question beyond their hue.

To return, however. Our seasons of rest are so few, and so short, that many hard workers have forgotten how to enjoy them. Some men, long worked hard, must go on working. There is no other chance for them. To sit down is to break down: to rest is to die. Indulgence in work is in one respect like indulgence in strong drink: Having got into it, you must go on: otherwise there come manifold morbid and painful experiences. There are those who tell you that once they could be moderately happy, when resting: now, they dare rest no more. They may try to make work less urgent, less feverish: but it will not do to stand still. They are kept sane and serviceable only by giving the mind perpetual occupation. Every one remembers how Luther said 'I rush out among my pigs rather than sit still and do nothing.' It is sad, but it is true, that human beings, not much like Luther in any other characteristic, are like him in this: that they dare not have a quiet think. Hence the sorrowful resort to alcohol, opium, chloral: hence the craving for unconsciousness, which is temporary annihilation. If pigs can help you, as they helped Luther, be thankful. Some folk, both clever and good, need more than any pig can do: even such an animal as a poetic breeder, proud of its age and dimensions, called his *Auld Lang Swine.* In any case, few minds are self-sufficing. All human beings who have attained middle age must be buttressed from without. It may be sacred Nature, green grass, green trees, gardening, pigs, horses: human companions: worry or quiet occupation: but the longer I live the more assured I am that most men live in mortal terror of themselves. Years ago, short years but a good many, when this hand was young, it wrote a discourse of Michael's Scott's Familiar Spirit, which (as the legend goes) demanded that its master should provide it with constant work or it would tear him to pieces. Thus, in parable, is set forth the educated man's relation to his own mind. You must find it ceaseless occupation, or it will make you miserable. The little girl of seven years had found this out, who cried 'O read me a story, to make the time pass quick.' People find it out, waiting three-quarters of an hour at country railway-stations. They will diligently read all the advertisements stuck about the squalid shed, rather than sit down idle. They will read right through the leading article of the *Little Peddlington Courier.* One saw all this early. One sees it yet more plainly now.

Let us be just. There come times when country work lies amid scenes which, to the last, send undefined thrills of true enjoyment through mortal men. In early April, the first fresh green of *brairding* corn-fields (suffer the Sootticism): Even in the past dismal Autumn, the September days of

golden weather, the yellow harvest-fields. One had forgot how bright-coloured the world sometimes can be. For a year before, one had fancied the world was black: shades of black: nothing brighter nor cheerier than gray, or a very sombre dark-green. Suddenly all things smiled into glory. All the earth was pale gold. The gleam of the lake was wonderful. And all about were masses of wood, just touched with the first russet. In a Perthshire corn-field of twenty acres the clacking reaping-machine was going round and round; and the gently-talking Celts, binding the sheaves after it, looked almost gay. It was 'an unsubstantial, fairy place' to look at, if such a place ever was beneath the sun: all the people and their work looked fairy-like. I see a little boy of six running towards me through golden sheaves and golden sunshine, gleaming like a spirit, transparent and imponderable. But these bright hours are brief. And the beautiful smile on Nature's face flits away.

A. K. H. B.

## IVY-LEAVES.

### FROM THE HERMITAGE, EPPING FOREST.

THE Month of Mars armipotent —*absit omen*! Nor, doubtless, has the learned Zadkiel failed to observe that Mars enters Taurus in the course of this month. But, alas! more sinister influences than the planetary, and more close at hand, are working on public affairs. Never have the kindly whispers of new Spring found my soul so unfit to answer. A low, dreadful muttering as of subterranean fire hums in one's ears instead, and for glad light green a mist of blood seems to creep along the meadows and cling to the interwoven boughs.

A Star, unknown to old astrologers, hangs over the river Thames at nightfall; charged with more human fate than all the great and lesser Planets. Would this Star of Westminster turn blood-red, fiercer than fifty Mars's, if a voice below announced the beginning of evil times for us all, the end whereof no man could prophesy? From such disastrous portent—from all fit occasion for it—may God preserve England!

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Many words and some regrets have been expended on the disappearance of Temple Bar, which had its associations, but was in itself an ugly lump of obstruction. An older and a really beautiful bit of London street architecture was demolished the other day, without, as far as I know, any notice being taken; namely, part of Inigo Jones's arcade in Covent Garden. 'Graceful porches lead along the square,' says Gay, in his *Trivia*, and indeed the sweetness of its proportions made it an unfailing pleasure to walk along this arcade, even after the disfigurement of two arches (a piece of the vilest bad taste) to advertise the foolish and ugly 'Floral Hall.' The whole of that portion of the arcade, which was between James Street and Evans's Hotel, has now been pulled down. Whether or not a replica is intended, the Duke of Bedford knows perhaps; but if we get anything as good as the original it will indeed be surprising; and, in any case, Inigo's work of some two hundred and fifty years ago is no more.

Horace Walpole, by-the-bye, saw 'nothing very remarkable' in this arcade, and thought the pilasters 'homely as any plasterer would make,' and the guide-books quote his judgment; but to estimate its value one must recall Horace's taste in architecture, shown indubitably in his dear 'Gothic' villa on the Thames.

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It is by no means rare for people to talk and write about things they don't understand, especially matters of Art; and not ordinary people merely, but clever people too, and even men of genius at times. Horace Walpole was a clever and a cultivated man: he had travelled and seen things; he had read a good many various books; he took a real interest, of some sort, in architecture and in poetry, and certainly reckoned himself knowing in these matters; but he put in evidence his 'little Gothic Castle'—'It was built,' he says, 'to please my own taste, and in some degree to realise my own visions'—and he regarded the Reverend William Mason as an immortal poet; and thus we can measure the value of Horace's verdicts on these two subjects. Another instance is Nathaniel Hawthorne, who in his

*Transformation* has discussed eloquently and subtly (he could not otherwise) various questions of Sculpture and Painting; but in his note-books we find how crude his personal notions were. Of the pictures he saw in England his unrivalled favourite was Murillo's St. John.

No one has a right to express an opinion, or even to suppose that he can have an opinion, upon any of the Arts, unless, first, he *naturally loves it*, and, secondly, has some knowledge of good examples. There are all degrees of natural aptitude down to zero. I should like to see a table of Eminent Persons, giving some approximate estimate of the natural sympathies of each for Music, Colour, Form, and also (for additional hints) his sensibilities in Smell, Taste, and Touch. There would be a great many low marks and no few zeros, even among the famous literary names. When I find a criticism upon any matter of Art, or even an allusion to that department of things, I always ask myself, 'What does he feel and know about this?—much?—anything at all?' and perhaps I am able to give myself some answer, perhaps not. Very able men often deceive themselves in these things; it is never agreeable to discover one's natural limitations, and own that they imply an inferiority. As to Music, where sympathy is entirely wanting no one is likely to suppose himself to possess it; but a man who cannot help perceiving that many others have something in this kind which he has not, is apt enough to solace himself by sneering at the gift which nature has given them and denied to him. Swift was too shrewd and too honest to pretend to care for music, but when he sneered at 'Tweedledum and Tweedledee,' his wit only served to record a certain vulgarity of mind along with his defect of ear.

As to the Arts of Colour and Form, it may be noted that there are men who sincerely believe themselves to be warm admirers, perhaps count themselves lovers of these Arts, and yet whose natural sympathy would be fairly noted in the table at zero, or nearly. They are *interested* in the Arts, for various reasons (historical, archæological, biographical, scientific, industrial, &c.), and may have attained much knowledge concerning and connected with them. But these men, with an *interest* in art, however great, but with no true *love* of it, are unfitted to form any judgment; and inasmuch as they are very apt to meddle with such questions, they are so far a dangerous class of people.

I have not yet said anything of Poetry; which is in a category by itself. If a man has no ear for music or no eye for visible art, the fact must be known at least to those around him. But a man may be supposed, by himself as well as by others, to have a liking or even a love for Poetry, while the peculiar quality which differentiates Poetry is entirely hidden from him. Poetry is made of words, and words convey many kinds of influence. No poet is enjoyed by such a variety of minds as Shakespeare; he offers us high wisdom, common-sense, wit and humour, characterisation, stirring incidents, historic pictures, passion, pathos; and a man may thoroughly enjoy any or many or all of these fine gifts, and yet be absolutely dead to the atmosphere of *poetry*, in which they all reside; he may truly enjoy, admire, and reverence many things *in* Shakespeare's writings, and yet remain profoundly ignorant of what Shakespeare is as a writer. From this fact, that there is a multitude of interesting things *in* Poetry, which people can feel who cannot feel Poetry, it comes that there is more self-delusion abroad in regard to the power and privilege of criticising Poetry

and fixing the rank of Poets than in the case of any other Art. I mean that a vast number of people honestly believe they have such claims who have really none whatever, and who ought to speak, if at all, humbly and as learners; and that there is hardly a possibility of proving their incapacity for the post of judge, as may be done often in the case of other Arts.

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My friends the Printers effected a curiously vexatious little misprint last month (p. 266) in my paragraph on the Dramatic Reform Association, making Mr. Charles Reade advise 'shutting the door on dead small authors and their pictures of ages,' instead of 'on dead authors and their pictures of small ages,' a blunder which must have bothered my readers, as it afterwards appeared that Shakespeare in particular was to have the door shut on him, and however strongly Mr. Reade may object to Shakespeare and be convinced that representations of that old author's plays are 'the worst possible school of acting,' he would hardly call the superannuated dramatist in question a dead *small* author.

---

I intend to come back from time to time to Theatrical matters. Even if the Stage had grown utterly trivial, its utter triviality would in itself be an important consideration. To-day I only note some particulars as to physical comforts and discomforts of London Theatres; and especially of the pit, which used to be the stronghold of your staunch old-fashioned playgoer, but has become woefully degraded in these latter days.

The scare about Fires in Theatres has done some good; one sees supplementary doors 'to be opened if needed' in many of the houses. But the best pit in London, that of the Haymarket Theatre, has still only its two old miserable narrow exits close to the orchestra, though nothing apparently would be easier than to make a door, or, to save a draught, double doors at the back of this pit, leading under the boxes direct to the street entrance. I have called this the best, and I might call it the only decent pit in London. You sit there *in* the house, and are really one of an audience, not thrust under a dismal penthouse, seeing perhaps only a fragment of the scene, and in too many cases having a public-house bar with its jingling glasses and popping corks close at your back or side. This degrading intrusion of drinking-counters within the limits of the auditorium ought on every ground to be strictly forbidden. The *worst* pit I can recollect, in this and indeed in all respects, is that of the Vaudeville; nor are the other parts and conditions of the house out of character therewith. The pits of the Globe, Strand, Folly, Queen's, and Court Theatres are also wretched. Any lady or gentleman might sit in any part of the Haymarket pit; no respectable domestic servant but must feel humiliated to pass the evening in one of these others.

The St. James's and the Opéra Comique have abolished the pit (Shade of Charles Lamb!), but the latter gives you excellent seats in lieu, at pit prices, in a box circle up very few stairs. For general civility the Gaiety is unrivalled (I wish the Vaudeville, Globe, and others would enter into competition with it in this respect), and yet the Gaiety has really and truly abolished 'fees.' In fact the natural result of the 'fee' or 'tip' system anywhere is an odious mixture of servility and rudeness. The pit of the Gaiety is decent, but tight; that of the Prince of Wales's neat and orderly, but very tight; that of the Adelphi roomy, but ill-ventilated.

In the ventilation and lighting of perhaps all the Theatres much is to be desired. The Opéra Comique

has generally a brisk breeze blowing through every part of the house; but the usual evils are heat, foul air, and glare of gas. Some few follow the sensible course of more or less turning down the lights in the auditorium while the curtain is up, but others keep at full blaze all through the evening. This is notably the case in Covent Garden, where the great chandelier is like a fiery furnace to the eyes and brain of all who sit in the upper regions, including the amphitheatre stalls and higher boxes. The painful glare is also destructive of the effect of the stage, more especially in dark scenes. In *Faust*, for instance, there are several dark scenes, and these from the upper parts of the house look like samples of brown fog with dim figures moving in it. The expense of all this worse than useless gas must be considerable.

Public rooms likewise are terribly overlit: St. James's Hall, or St. George's, turns on gas enough to drive a sensitive person half mad in less than an hour.

---

On my way to the South Kensington Museum the other day, my mind turned on the author of *Never Too Late to Mend*, as I passed his house, and my eyes naturally turned in the same direction, when I was surprised to find it labelled, in large black letters on the front garden wall,

NABOTH'S VINEYARD,

which did grieve me, as Mr. Pepys would have said, for the said author is one whom I wish well to (if he would leave Shakespeare alone), and the house all the more belongs, as it were, to Literature, from being picturesquely described in a certain story called *A Terrible Temptation*. They are pulling down the houses, there, at Albert Gate. One could not help wondering who the modern Ahab might be, and whether there is any Jezebel in the case. But, surely, the laws of property, both as to vineyards and houses, were in a much more unsettled state in the time of Ahab than at present? There is nobody better able to answer any such question than Mr. Charles Reade.

---

A question was lately asked in the House of Commons, to this effect, 'Is anything about to be done to ease the traffic at Hyde Park Corner?' and a reply of the usual satisfactory nature was given: 'It is highly desirable that something should be done, and various schemes have been suggested, but we don't at present see that we can do anything at all.' Now, with submission, I venture to say there is something that could be done there to ease the traffic—not all that is wanted, but still something worth while—done in a short time and done at a small cost: take away the two useless front gardens of the arch at Constitution Hill, let the side path run close to the arch, and add the present side path, or most of it, to the road. This by itself would be a gain; and more still might be gained, without any harm, by paring off a few feet of the corner of the Green Park, just east of the Arch (where there is no tree), and curving there the sidepath towards the Arch.

---

A gentleman with whose notions of things I usually find myself in agreement, Patricius Walker by name, made some observations four years ago in *Fraser* on the London Parks and London trees, and complained with reason of a neglectfulness whereof he gave certain instances. I regret to say, being myself a sworn lover of trees, that no visible improvement has been made in these four years in the matters complained of. The young planes on the Thames Embankment are apparently doing well; we hear rumours promising a shady future to the bare

sidewalks of Portland Place and the Marylebone Road, and this 'vision of trees,' though as yet unreal as Susan's in Cheapside, is pleasant; but the actual existing Old Trees of London, priceless ornaments and solaces, are rotting, falling, disappearing, one by one, score by score. Trees must die; but their lives can be prolonged by care and shortened by neglect, and the Old Trees of London are neglected, although they are the most precious trees in the world, the most in need of tendance, and the best able to pay for nurses and doctors, if they could only call them in.

The whole cost of maintaining the London Parks (including Kensington Gardens), and of policing them, is paid out of the general taxation of the United Kingdom by yearly renewed vote of the House of Commons. Were I in that House I would call attention, when this vote came on, to the neglect of the old trees, and ask why they are not tended at least as carefully as those in the parks of other cities and of private owners. The Canada Poplar in the Green Park, facing Park Lane, with the large hole in its stem to which Mr. Walker pointed four years ago, is still there; and the hole is still there, widening and deepening with every shower; and a gust of wind sufficient to destroy suddenly this irreplaceable piece of arboreal picturesqueness may come any day; the trunk is like a hollow tooth. There are many such in the parks, and many such have fallen in the said four years. One notable tree, the elm in Garden Court, Temple, to which Mr. Walker called attention (for this the Benchers are responsible), has since died and disappeared, as foretold, merely because idlers were suffered to pick off a ring of its bark. A shilling's worth of wire netting would have saved it. How much, I wonder, has the sapling cost that now stands in the same spot; and how long will it be before it casts as thick a summer shadow on the dancing fountain?

Further, I would ask whether there can be any recondite reason, political or other—there being none discoverable by ordinary human reflection—for the unsightly and often filthy state of many of the principal walks in the Parks, some of which are pedestrian thoroughfares as important as any sidewalks in the metropolis. The ugliest and dirtiest of all perhaps is the much-frequented walk from the Marble Arch to Knightsbridge. Lord Palmerston (see his 'Life') reproved a certain colleague of his for keeping the public off the grass, and possibly his rebuke still has force; but there is no visible reason why, in the interests of the public itself, this walk, already broad to the full, should not be kept decently trim and pleasant like other similar walks, not left year after year to straggle out into hideous bald spaces without any attempt to protect or renew the sward. Certain smaller paths ought to present asphalte to the feet instead of mud, as for example that which cuts off the angle as you walk from Victoria Gate to the west bridge over the Serpentine.

The multitude of dirty pieces of paper scattered about, which offended Mr. Walker's eyes four years ago, still disfigure the greensward, especially of Kensington Gardens and Battersea Park. Why is not the useful *chiffonnier*, who leaves Paris clear of its rags and orts every morning by eight o'clock, known in our Parks—a British brother of him—and indeed throughout London? An intelligent Park-keeper assured me that the desirable clearance could and would be readily done in the Parks, if only the Authorities would give permission for the bits of paper to be

carried off and sold. He and his fellows would take care it was done in an orderly way. But this permission is refused, and the under-gardeners pick up the said refuse, at indefinite intervals, or as much or little of it as they find convenient, and *bury it in holes*, 'By Order.'

In short, with abundant and superabundant means, the parks and pleasure grounds of London, of far greater importance for the health and solacement of human beings than any equal areas on the globe, are not at all so well managed as they might easily be. Stupidity, apathy, brainless routine, have had and are having their usual effects defective. To apportion the blame is too nice a matter for me, but the exercise in this direction of ordinary human intelligence and activity could do wonders in a single season. It could (to name a few things) have the old trees carefully looked after, the ragged and filthy walks improved, the dirty papers picked up, the female prowlers, habitual after dusk—especially in the Green and Hyde Parks—banished. It could, moreover, have *something* done with the stones of Burlington House Colonnade, pulled down *ten years ago*, if only to pile them away in a corner—the said stones having been carted round at great expense to Battersea Park, and having lain there ever since, scattered along part of the river frontage, most inconvenient and unsightly, and apparently hindering the completion of the much required entrance close to Albert Bridge.

---

At a door in Bond Street, to advertise a picture exhibited within, stands a board inscribed in large gold letters with some stanzas of a highly popular Ballad of a warlike nature. On reading them at the present moment one cannot but feel an anxious hope that, if England should unhappily be again plunged in war, we shall not hear of any more 'wild charges' for all the world to wonder at, or add any new name to our history, our poetry, and our art, so full of uncomfortable associations as 'Balaklava.'

---

I delight to meet my fellow creatures, either on the general ground of humanity, or on the special ground of affinity; but mock intimacy with quasi-friends is intolerable.

---

Bold is the man who can venture to say to himself, 'I am a born thinker; the business of my life is to think and put my thought on record. If I do not this, whatever else I may attempt or succeed in, I shall feel that I have failed.' Yet here and there—very rare, but very real—is a man who might say this without presumption, and ought to say it, in some shape, and act upon it.

---

The fiercest theological antagonists are essentially like-minded men, basing themselves on conventionalities and irrationalities. Hence no changing of sides among them is to be wondered at.

---

Crossing Africa is even more difficult, and presumably more useful, than walking 4,000 quarter-miles in 4,000 ten minutes, therefore I am very willing to give Mr. 'Stanley' ('Stanley,' by the way, is an excellent name, only rather common) a much higher place than Gale on the list of living celebrities; though, on the other hand, Mr. S. has certainly done some very questionable things in the course of his wonderful performance. As to that, however, let the Great Powers chiefly concerned settle it among themselves—the *Daily Telegraph*, the *New York Herald*, and the Geographical Society. He boasted that, if he made war, it was not at the selfish bidding of a Sovereign.

I recollect seeing and hearing Mr. Stanley at Brighton on his

return from his first expedition, and remarking that he looked as like a citizen of the Great Republic (the bold defiant bearing, &c.) as if he had been born there. I heard his address in the Geographical Section of the British Association, and enjoyed the refreshing freedom with which he recommended the Chairman and others who had differed from him on one or two geographical points to 'get out of their arm-chairs and go over to Africa for a few months' before making any further remarks. But what I recollect best is this. In the front row of the audience sat a certain ex-Emperor with sharply pointed moustachios, and his ex-Empress. Mr. Stanley led up his interesting story to the point of the actual discovery of the long-lost Livingstone, and told with energy and dramatic effect how they greeted each other: 'He asked me what news from Europe. I told him,—"the Germans have whipt the French and are besieging Paris!"' These, I think, were the exact words. I was not so placed as to see the ex-Imperial faces, but I believe what happened was this—the waxen features of the *soi-disant* Napoleon betrayed no responsive flicker; the lady's large eyelids drooped, and a faint colour mounted in her cheeks; while the African Traveller strode on triumphantly through his narrative, as he had done across the land of lions and cannibals.

---

In *Macmillan* for February, Mr. Goldwin Smith has a short but noteworthy essay on 'the proposed substitutes for religion' put forward by Mr. Frederic Harrison, Professor Clifford, and other avowed atheists — an essay showing a thorough agreement with the opinions expressed by the writer of 'Modern Prophets' in *Fraser* for last September. This remark is worth meditating: 'The doctrines of Natural Selection, and the Survival of the Fittest, are beginning to generate a morality of their own, with the inevitable corollary that the proof of superior fitness is to survive—to survive either by force or cunning. . . . The feeling that success covers everything seems to be gaining ground, and to be overcoming, not merely the old conventional rules of honour, but moral principle itself.'

Meanwhile it is already beginning to be perceived, up and down, that Physical Science has in some directions not merely reached the limits of her authority in proffering explanations of the nature of things, but considerably overstept those limits, and must retire to her proper ground. Physical Science can give good help in purifying Religion, freeing it from crudities, from gross and unwholesome elements, but can no more be a substitute for it than a filter can for a fountain.

---

Two handsome volumes, full of woodcuts, raised some expectation—*Walks in London*, by Augustus J. Hare. I never looked into *Walks in Rome*, but had a general impression in its favour, and a notion that in this new venture something might be hoped for, on the inexhaustible subject of London, a cut above the ordinary guide-books. But I was utterly disappointed; finding *Walks in London* distinctly a poor book in substance and style, laborious without accuracy, miscellaneous without readability. It belongs to a class of books which deserves to be discouraged, coming forward with a certain air of importance, and occupying the ground appropriate to better things. The worst examples I know of this kind are Mr. William Carew Hazlitt's editions of Old Poets and Dramatists, models of inaccuracy, choking up the small market possible for such things.

---

Many an autobiography which, while as yet unwritten, appeared a most rich and new thing to its projector, being written has proved savourless and unprofitable. The dullest life is to its experiencer more interesting than all ancient and modern history; and the narration of even such a life would have interest for other men—if only the narrator knew what to tell, and how to tell it; but just herein lies the difficulty.

---

There are things that appear trivial at the first glance; on reflection, still more trivial; and, when carefully studied, are found to be thoroughly and essentially trivial; and yet which are allowed to have weighty effects in human affairs. It is one of the chief duties of practical wisdom to guard against injuries from disproportion between cause and effect—tragic effects from trivial causes by reason of human folly.

---

The vulgar are apt to estimate a little man by his highest deeds, and a great man by his lowest.

---

The *Spectator*, I see (February 16), considers that when it criticises *Fraser* it resembles 'the stall occupants of Her Majesty's Theatre criticising Mr. Mapleson's management,' and that when *Fraser* criticises the *Spectator*, *Fraser* resembles 'a playwright criticising his audience.' The *Spectator* forgets that it has no patent or privilege of spectatorship. Each in turn (so far as the figure holds good) is witness of the other's performance. *Spectas et tu spectaberis.*

If the critic had read with more care the paragraphs upon which he comments, he would not have been in such haste to take all the strictures to himself. Many of the remarks are general; those which apply to the *Spectator* are applied with unmistakable directness. The critic declares in his own person that *he* cannot be a disappointed contributor, 'being entirely innocent of the habit of writing in magazines;' and it is presumable that he is also ignorant of the troubles and trials connected with the task of editing a magazine. With a share of that experience he would possibly be sometimes more considerate in his office of critic.

I shall quote the latter part of the *Spectator* critic's rejoinder in full. 'As to the criticism itself which has excited such indignation in Epping Forest, he is obliged in conscience to repeat it. The defect of *Fraser's Magazine* among magazines is snippetiness, a habit of publishing so many articles that they are none of them exhaustive, and many of them comparatively poor. We have, for example, tried diligently in this number of *Fraser* to find articles for praise, and have found none, except what seems to us a very lucid and striking account of Celsus's argument against Christianity. We would gladly be pleased with "Ivy-Leaves," rather appreciating literary pemmican, but though we decidedly enjoy such deliverances as "Sceptics are often Radicals, Unbelievers are always Conservatives," as expressing in a crude form a suggestive truth, we are unable to profess to appreciate this kind of thing,—"In a Palace of Dreams, or at worst, a Hut of Illusions, poor Man strives to shelter himself while he may amid the dreadful Desert of the Universe." That is rubbish, surely only worthy of Bulwer.'

*This* kind of thing undoubtedly is 'criticising the management,' and is just the kind of thing to which I objected. The logic and the English of the whole criticism it were hardly profitable to consider too curiously. But it is evident that to have many articles in a number does not hinder the production of 'exhaustive' articles,

for an article or series of articles may be continued through two, three, or a dozen numbers; and the fact is that *Fraser* during the last three years, and up to the very end of last year, has, if anything, superabounded in papers which might not unfitly be described as 'long and exhaustive.' Does the *Spectator* happen to recollect 'Early Kings of Norway,' 'German Home Life,' 'An Autumn in Western France,' 'Quarter Sessions,' 'Mesmerism &c.,' 'Experiences of Ambulances,' 'Garibaldi in France,' 'Russian Literature,' 'British Trade'? It certainly has forgotten that its own complaint against *Fraser* no longer ago than July last, took the form of blaming it for being 'hampered with serious serials. Five of the papers of this number are continuations, of which one has reached the fifth and the other the eleventh part.' If this character be not the precise opposite of habitual 'snippetiness,' the *Spectator* critic might as well write in Sanscrit at once. The description of Mr. Froude's article as 'a very lucid and striking account of Celsus's argument against Christianity' is an entirely misleading one, as every reader of the article will see; the word 'crude' is inserted to all appearance because a disparaging epithet seemed desirable, and the allusion to Bulwer on account of the numerous capital letters. As to the meaning of the sentence 'In a Palace of Dreams' &c., the critic—who can scarcely be credited with a keen eye for a trope (*vide supra*)—might at least, since he thought it worth fixing on for comment, have given a moment's meditation to this expression of a mood, and to the sentence which follows and refers to it; if, indeed, to meditate on anything he finds within the covers of a Magazine were possible to the regular Magazine Critic.

It may be suspected, in fine, that a gentleman who should go to the opera for the sake of 'criticising Mr. Mapleson's management' would scarce be likely to prove the most sympathetic of auditors, or the one whose opinion would, on the whole, be best worth having. And now, having said thus much, I wish I had said nothing at all. The *Spectator* has often done, and is doing now, good public service in matters of more moment than the readability of a magazine, and I have no feeling to it, on the whole, but a kind one.

---

The usual 'Organs' of the press, big and little, have ground out their new tune, *The Life of the Prince Consort*, with variations each after its kind. By far the most noteworthy criticism of the book I have met is in the shape of five letters reprinted from a Manchester newspaper and now purchasable for sixpence at Simpkin & Co.'s; title, *The Crown and the Cabinet*. The following passage deserves thinking upon:

'That the personality of the Sovereign endures through all the changes of Parliaments and Cabinets and the greater changes which pass over the world, is a distinct source of danger. Old contests and defeats which the nation has agreed to forget, or which a new generation despises, may live on in their pristine greenness within the Sovereign's breast, and overshadow the interests of to-day. We have an illustration too near at hand. Should it have happened, as the Prince Consort's Biography renders but too probable, that the Queen has taken up decided ground against Russia on the Eastern Question, we may fairly suspect that we see in such an attitude a mixing up of politics with the touching homage of a lifetime to the man she loved. The sentiment, considered as an attribute of personal affection, is worthy of respect and reverence,

but as an element of our foreign policy it cannot be too severely reprehended nor too decisively abjured. What we see going on in the East is undoubtedly a reversal of a policy which the Prince adopted with passionate vehemence, and an overthrowing of the fabric which he helped to build up; but why should we adhere to a blunder merely for the sake of maintaining intact the illusion that he and Baron Stockmar were the wisest as well as the best of men? In conclusion, let me say that these remarks have not been volunteered. They are made in answer to a challenge. For when, in however mild a form, and though in reference only to a part of the national affairs, the heresy of personal rule is proclaimed from the steps of the Throne, it is necessary to speak out, lest silence perchance should be construed into assent.'

---

If England should escape calamity it will indeed be wonderful. She, and she alone, has supported through the period of a generation of men, for entirely selfish reasons, the rotten Turkish Empire. She has allowed an Adventurer, whom nobody trusts, to creep up to the head place in her Ministry, and enabled him to put the prejudices and the weaknesses around and above him to his own ambitious uses. Under the Star of Westminster sits a House of Commons which for wisdom, eloquence, and dignity, compares poorly with any other of recent times; no small fraction of its number loudly proclaiming contempt for England and for the Assembly to which they belong. And the chief political antagonist of the successful player has abnegated future office while continuing to take virtually the leading part on the Liberal side. of the game. We have lost an old set of politicians, and have not gained a new.

I for one should not care a straw whether we had a so-called Liberal or a so-called Conservative Government at this dangerous time, if we had only a Government that honest and intelligent men could trust.

---

The People are always for peace the Rabble for war.

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APRIL 1878

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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

## APRIL 1878.

### RECENT ILLUSTRATIONS OF NAVAL WARFARE.

DOWN to a very recent period battles, both by land and sea, were mainly decided by close fighting.

Yardarm to yardarm entangled they lie,

exactly expressed the position of naval combatants. In 1796 it was demonstrated for the first time that one ship could beat off an entire squadron if she were armed with heavier guns than any of her opponents. In that year the celebrated *Glatton* repulsed a squadron of six French frigates, she being armed with 68-pounder carronades. But weapons of this calibre did not come into general use. So late as 1859, three years after the Crimean war, the lower-deck guns of the largest steam line-of-battle ships were only long 32-pounders.

In that year all was suddenly changed. Rifled shell guns made their appearance; ironclad ships were introduced to resist them, and since then the race between guns and armour has gone on with increasing speed and vehemence up to the present time, when the struggle lies between guns weighing a hundred tons and armour two feet thick. With the growth of such tremendous weapons it was generally believed that overwhelming slaughter or simple annihilation would be common in the naval actions of the future. So far, however, as our present experience goes, it seems only to indicate that the rule of centuries will not be broken through, and that the loss of human life will be no greater in the battles of the future than in those of the past.

All the questions connected with naval construction and naval armament have remained matters of theory and experiment throughout this period of eighteen years.

The river warfare conducted with roughly extemporised 'monitors' in the American civil war of 1861–1865, was of too limited and exceptional a character to throw much light on any of the probable results of a genuine naval action on the open sea. The question of torpedo defence of harbours and estuaries, was the only part of the great problem which received any practical illustration in that contest.

The battle of Lissa, in 1866, is the only engagement between fleets which has taken place since the era of ironclads and rifled shell guns. Armour had then only reached a moderate thickness, and guns a moderate size. Wooden steam line-of-battle ships were able to take part in the conflict, and with decisive effect, though in a manner which would have startled their designers. The *Ferdinand Max*, a wooden 'liner,' actually rammed an Italian ironclad, the *Rè d'Italia*. The latter reeled from the blow, righted again with a heavy roll, and 'went immediately to the bottom.' The action ended in a glorious victory for the Austrian arms. Admiral Tegethoff ascribed the result solely to the use of the ram. 'I simply rammed away at every-

thing I saw painted grey,' was his own version of the battle.

The war of 1870, between France and Germany, was decided on land. The German fleet was not of sufficient strength to cope with the French, and it remained for the most part closely blockaded in the port of Kiel. One partial engagement took place in the West Indies, but being in Spanish waters it was interrupted. Ramming was attempted and failed; both vessels scraped past each other, dismounting a French gun and doing some damage to the chains and upper works. The German vessel lost her foremast previous to this, but by great exertions cleared away the wreck and *débris* and continued the action until it was stopped by the Spaniards.

The latest illustration of naval warfare is to English people the most interesting also. The circumstances which led to the fight between the British unarmoured vessels *Shah* and *Amethyst*, and the Peruvian ironclad *Huascar*, closely resemble those of Cartagena in 1873, and illustrate the peculiarly difficult and delicate tasks which our naval officers have often to perform.

In 1873 the Intransigente faction obtained possession of Cartagena, the Spanish Portsmouth, and the strongest fortress in the kingdom, the dockyard, three first-class ironclads, and the two large unarmoured frigates *Almansa* and *Vittoria*. As soon as a 'provisional government' of the usual revolutionary type had been established, a squadron was despatched to levy black mail along the coast, threatening to lay every town in ashes which refused their demands. The rights and property of persons of many different nationalities were of course threatened by these proceedings, and the ironclad fleets of the great Powers promptly repaired to Cartagena. The result was the seizure of the *Almansa* and *Vittoria*, and their forcible removal to Gibraltar by the British squadron, there to be detained until the Spanish Government had reduced Cartagena, and the ships could be restored to their legitimate owners. Up to the last moment it was believed that Galvez intended to prevent the removal of the frigates, and Sir Hastings Yelverton's ships were cleared for action. The Intransigentes, however, declined the engagement, and shortly afterwards the place surrendered to the national troops.

The situation with which Admiral de Horsey had to deal was as follows. Piérola, who was endeavouring to seize the Presidency of the Republic, managed to obtain possession of the ironclad *Huascar* in the harbour of Callao, and proceeded to levy contributions along the coast, much as Galvez and his followers had done in Spain four years previously. The Peruvian Government disowned the acts of the *Huascar*, and offered a reward to anyone who would restore the vessel to the Republic.

The *Huascar* meanwhile had molested four British vessels, detaining one and seizing coals from another; in fact acting in a *quasi* piratical manner. Whereupon Admiral de Horsey, with the *Shah* and *Amethyst* (both unarmoured), proceeded in search of her, and an engagement ensued, throwing considerable light upon the vexed questions of guns, armour, and torpedoes. The *Huascar* is a turret-ship, armoured with 4½-inch plates on the hull, and 5½-inch plates on the turret, armed with two 12½-ton 300-pounder guns, both in a single turret, besides some light guns on the upper deck. She is 200 feet long, and draws 14 feet of water.

The *Amethyst* is a corvette entirely unarmoured, and armed with fourteen 64-pounders. She is 220 feet long; tonnage, 1,400.

The *Shah* is one of the largest vessels in the Navy, and the largest unarmoured cruiser in the world. She is of 4,000 tons old measurement. Her length is 342 feet between the perpendiculars, breadth of beam 51 feet, and she draws over 25 feet of water. Her engines are of 1,000 nominal and 7,500 indicated horse-power. She carries 635 tons of coal, and steamed on her trial trip 16 knots an hour. Her armament consists of two 12-ton guns, sixteen 6½-ton guns, and eight 64-pounders.

The *Huascar* having refused to surrender, the action began at 3.6 P.M. on the 29th of May.

The following are Admiral de Horsey's remarks on the action:

The *Shah's* firing was steady and well maintained, but not so telling as I should have wished. It must, however, be observed that the *Huascar*, only three feet out of water, and frequently end on, was a most difficult object to hit. The *Shah's* fire was also frequently stopped by my order, when, owing to the *Huascar* placing herself close under the town of Ylo, there was risk of injuring the town. The firing was also stopped for a little while in consequence of the *Huascar's* colours coming down, the halliards having been shot away; but subsequently they were re-hoisted. The *Amethyst's* fire was conducted with great precision; but her armament of 64-pounders was, of course, useless, except to distract attention, and to draw the *Huascar's* fire occasionally off the *Shah*. The engagement was partly a following one and partly a revolving one, with occasional attempts on the part of the *Huascar* to ram, which had to be carefully guarded against with a ship so long in proportion to her beam, and therefore so slow in turning, as the *Shah*. The *Huascar* appeared to be steaming about eleven knots, and to be beautifully handled, always contriving to keep her turret guns pointing on us, except when in their loading position. That the *Huascar's* shot and shell never once struck the *Shah* (merely cutting away a couple of ropes), was singular and providential, as her 300-pounder shell entering a ship with a large complement like the *Shah* would have had serious results. At 5.45 P.M., it being dusk, and the *Huascar* having placed herself close inshore and in a line with the town, I caused the firing to cease. The *Shah* and *Amethyst* then took up positions to watch the *Huascar*, and a torpedo expedition was organised and despatched from the *Shah*.

Owing to the darkness of the night, the height of the neighbouring land, under which a comparatively small object like the rebel ironclad could scarcely be seen, and above all to her light draught of water, enabling her to go close to the rocks, the *Huascar* escaped, and eventually surrendered to the Peruvian Government.

The following entry in the *Shah's* 'log' should be carefully read; its principal feature is the extraordinarily small damage done to the *Shah*, though the vessels were at one time within 400 yards of each other:

0.50 P.M. Sighted steamer standing towards us. 1.10 P.M. Steamer altered course and stood into Ylo. 1.15 P.M. Recognised her as ironclad turret-ship *Huascar*, bearing Peruvian ensign at main-masthead and peak, with jack on bowsprit. 1.32 P.M. Sounded to quarters for action. 1.42 P.M. Batteries reported clear. 2.15 P.M. Fired blank gun to attract attention; *Huascar* stopped immediately. 2.17 P.M. Lowered cutter with senior lieutenant to board her; 2.23 P.M. boarded. 2.30 P.M. Cutter shoved off, and returned at 2.37. 2.56 P.M. Fired a second blank charge; *Huascar* distant 4,200 yards. 3.0 P.M. Fired a shot across her bows. 3.6 P.M. Commenced action with port quarter-deck guns at 1,900 yards; port battery firing, independently. 3.7 P.M. *Huascar* replied with one-turret-gun (the other not having been yet run-out) and a small gun; the first shot passing just abaft our fore-top, and the other abaft the mainmast, cutting away royal and topgallant-yard ropes, and sail-tackle whip. 3.9 P.M. *Amethyst* engaged enemy; *Huascar* fired a small gun at her, and with another cut away our fore-royal braces. 3.26 P.M. Bow gun was reported disabled by a Palliser shell jamming in the bore. 3.30 P.M. Starboard broadside commenced firing. 3.40 P.M. Bow gun reported in action. 3.55 P.M. *Huascar* fired a shot from turret-gun, passing between our main and mizen masts. 4.12 and 4.34 P.M. Fired starboard electric broadside at 2,000 yards. 4.35 P.M. *Huascar's* shot fell across our bows (wetting bow gun's crew by the splash). 4.36 P.M. *Huascar* fired at *Amethyst*. 4.48, 4.50, and 4.54 P.M. Fired starboard broadside by directing gun. Very good' ıot. 5.3 P.M. Large shot from *Huascar* ssed over our poop, and another

fell short of *Amethyst*, at 5.8 P.M. 5.11 P.M. *Huascar* fired shell from 40-pounder, which burst half-way. She was then closing us apparently to ram. 5.13 P.M. Gatling gun commenced firing. 5.14 P.M. Fired Whitehead torpedo (track of it traced about half-way to the *Huascar*, which had turned stern on instead of broadside, as when it was fired; apparently it had not speed to overtake her), and port electric broadside at 400 yards. 5.15 P.M. *Huascar's* cross-trees (main topmast) shot away. 5.16 P.M. Bridge, port quarter boat, and funnel-casing ditto. 5.35 P.M. *Huascar* fired two shots from turret between our main and mizen masts. low, one dropping just before Admiral's galley. 5.45 P.M. *Shah* ceased firing. The 'Cease fire' was sounded on several occasions owing to the *Huascar* manœuvring in front of the town of Ylo, or the *Amethyst* getting in our line of fire. 9.5 P.M. Steam pinnace and whaler went away in charge of Gunnery Lieutenant, with Whitehead and outrigger torpedoes to try and blow *Huascar* up. Boats returned at 3.30 A.M. on May 30, having discovered that *Huascar* had got out.

Such was the battle; the part played by the *Amethyst* having been, in Admiral de Horsey's own words, identical with that said once to have been allotted by the Duke of Wellington to some untrained levies—'to draw the enemy's fire.'

Had the *Shah* carried two 25-ton guns, which we believe she could well carry, besides lighter guns if necessary, she could most probably have disabled the *Huascar's* turret and compelled her to surrender; as it was, the turret was struck, but not seriously injured.

Contrary, then, to the general expectation, a naval engagement has occurred lasting nearly two hours between ships armed with guns insufficient indeed for the work required, but of a calibre which would have seemed astonishing in the Crimea, and only one man was killed on board the *Huascar*, which had a few men also wounded.

Elaborate precautions have been taken of recent years to protect armoured ships from shell striking exactly at the water-line, 'between wind and water,' as it is called, and no design of an ironclad is considered complete without a Water-line Belt of armour. In his speech in the House of Commons last session Mr. Reed, formerly Chief Constructor of the Navy, declined to rank any vessel without a water-line belt as an effective first-class ironclad. Yet in this action the *Shah* was not even hulled, and the damage done was mainly to her rigging.

The invention of the Whitehead or 'fish' torpedo would, it was generally believed, exercise an enormous effect upon naval warfare. Ironclads, it was said, will be useless against these new engines of destruction. The total loss, it might be called annihilation, of a small Turkish monitor on the Danube, shortly after the commencement of the present war, by a torpedo of a different kind seemed to strengthen this impression. The ordinary torpedo used on that occasion, though it proved of terrible effect, did not in theory possess the tremendous power of the Whitehead. The latter is a long pointed tube of steel containing an explosive charge in front; it is discharged through a tube in the ship's side, propelled by a small self-contained engine, which is driven by compressed air. Travelling at the rate of 16 or 18 miles an hour under water, and exploding at the moment of contact with any object, it is certainly the most subtle and terrible weapon ever devised for fighting at sea. Its admirers claim for it that the effect of the explosion will be to blow away 75 feet of a ship's bottom; in short, to destroy her. Put to a practical test, however, it does not appear to be quite so formidable as was supposed. A singular confirmation of this is to be found in the order recently issued by the German Government to suspend the construction of torpedo vessels (armed with Whiteheads) for the present. This was owing to some experiments with the Whitehead having given un-

satisfactory results. In smooth water the torpedo travelled quickly and accurately to its destination, but with the slightest 'sea on' the projectile became irregular and uncertain in its operation.

It is clear, therefore, that even with twelve-ton guns and Whitehead torpedoes at work a naval action is not quite such a scene of indiscriminate destruction as was predicted; and that a well contested engagement may under certain circumstances be attended with comparatively little loss.

The reasons for this are obvious. In the first place the use of the ram and the torpedo keeps every ship constantly in motion, and often at considerable speed. This feature alone marks an enormous change from the old battles. Two fleets approaching each other under canvas, especially in light winds, or as at the Nile with one fleet anchored, were the best of all possible targets for each other's fire. As the *Victory* bore down upon the enemy's line at Trafalgar she was exposed to the concentric fire of eight ships. Once fairly engaged, broadsides were often interchanged almost muzzle to muzzle. It is said that a single raking broadside of the *Victory* as she passed across the stern of a French ship, killed and wounded no less than four hundred men. Whether two vessels of the *Hercules* class passing close in a general engagement and each firing her broadside of four eighteen-ton guns would produce an equally destructive effect, may well be doubted, for the shells employed would be the armour-piercing 'Pallisers.' These are necessarily of a more solid description than the 'common shell' which is used against unarmoured ships, and is little else than a huge case of powder; the Palliser fragments consequently, though very large, are fewer. The recent action in Peruvian waters does not afford us much ground for generalising upon the possible results of a great battle between fleets, it is true; nevertheless it shows us at least that in any naval battle the ships will be continually in motion and a good steady shot will be very rare, whilst a direct hit at right angles to the object will be even rarer.

It has also been shown conclusively that armour even of moderate thickness is a genuine protection to a ship.

The *Huascar's* plates were only $4\frac{1}{2}$ and $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in thickness, that is to say no stronger than those of the *Warrior*, our earliest ironclad, launched in 1860, yet the difficulty of getting a direct hit at an object constantly in motion and therefore continually at a different angle—the *Shah* herself being also in constant motion—rendered her almost invulnerable to the fire of her antagonist. This certainly is a surprising result after the wholesale condemnation which has so often been passed upon our earliest ironclads as so much old iron or naval curiosities, and ought to go a long way to reassure those critics who are perpetually harping upon the worthlessness of our fleet and its liability to instant destruction by a few steam launches.

A very important lesson to be drawn from the engagement is the necessity of having our ships, whether armoured or not, of such a moderate length as to be turned quickly. This necessity is also a powerful argument in favour of twin-screws, which enable a ship to turn with extraordinary rapidity and ease. Owing to her unwieldy dimensions, the *Shah* was in serious danger of being rammed by her more nimble antagonist: one blow would have disabled and possibly sunk her. What the effect of such a disaster would have been on the influence of the British flag in the Pacific, and indeed throughout the world, needs scarcely to be told.

But the most important lesson is the decisive condemnation which

this action affords of the system of providing our unarmoured cruisers, and in a minor degree our ironclads, with many guns of small calibre instead of a few of immense power. It is true that if such guns as the 38-ton, or even the 25-ton, are to be used on board ship they must be mounted amidships in a turret, on an open turntable on the Moncrieff system, or as in the gunboats of the *Staunch* and *Arrow* class, where the gun is kept below and raised to the firing position by steam-power. These little vessels are almost invisible at a small distance, yet had one of them been engaged in the action off Ylo she might have decided it by her 18-ton gun.

Nor can it be alleged that such midges as these are not likely ever to be encountered in such distant waters. Great naval engagements have usually been fought near land, and this will, we believe, continue to be the rule. In fact it stands to reason that they should be. They have been and they will be fought for the protection of important places on land, and in many cases the fleet and army of a belligerent act in concert, the latter being dependent upon the former for supplies of every kind, for reinforcements, and even for the means of transport, as in the Russo-Turkish war. The only occasion upon which an English ironclad squadron has been on the verge of opening fire against an enemy was at Cartagena. Had the action taken place the fleet would have had several powerful forts to engage, as well as the rebel Spanish ironclads. In the case of the *Shah* we have seen that her fire was frequently stopped for fear of injuring the town of Ylo.

It is not, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that even on distant stations British cruisers may find themselves suddenly confronted, not only by *Huascars* with 12½-ton guns, but by small vessels armed with weapons of tremendous power. Under such circumstances we may have occasion bitterly to regret the want of a powerful gun. This is no imaginary danger. The Argentine Confederation have in their possession two small gunboats built in England, each carrying a 26-ton gun. The Chinese have gone a step farther. One of the reasons of our easy victories over that nation in the past was the utter inferiority of their arms; and we should do well to watch their increasing attention to the art of war. They are no longer armed as they were at Canton, and their new gunboats may some day prove very formidable antagonists. They are armed with 38-ton guns.

There can be no question that the continually increasing strength of other navies is a matter of the utmost importance to England. So far as the fleets of the great European Powers are concerned, the danger has been seen and to a great extent provided for. But as regards minor States this is unfortunately not the case. Chili, Peru, the empire of Brazil, China, Japan, all have ironclad ships. They may not indeed be possessed of many, but the few they do possess are far more powerful than any British vessel on those stations, China excepted; and no one can read the account of the action off Ylo without feeling that in those waters England is insufficiently represented, and exposed, we venture to say, at any moment to the risk of a great disaster. The ironclads of such States as Peru and Chili are few, fairly powerful, and concentrated in their principal seaports. England has but one ironclad out of European waters. This vessel is the flagship on the China station. Her unarmoured frigates and corvettes, detached in ones and twos to protect British interests, are seldom more formidable than the *Amethyst*.

Vessels similar to the Chinese, and carrying thirty-eight ton guns, have been lately added to the British navy; which is a matter for congratulation; but the vital question is the armament of our cruisers. Undoubtedly the twenty-five ton gun is that with which every large seagoing cruiser should be armed, and to this rule everything else should be subordinated. If governments like those of the Argentine Confederation or China have vessels lying in their rivers armed with the heaviest gun afloat, we are certainly courting defeat by sending vessels to represent us and protect our interests armed with a number of small guns. The *Amethyst* was of scarcely any use in the action with the *Huascar* owing to her armament of fourteen 64-pounders. The question, then, of the armament of our unarmoured ships, and in fact of all our ships, must be reopened. Every conceivable type of man-of-war may now be seen afloat. The ingenuity and skill of naval architects has done so much with ironclads that it would seem incredible if they declined to produce an unarmoured cruising frigate to carry the twenty-five ton or even the thirty-eight ton gun. It is not, however, to them that we believe the insufficient armament of our cruisers is due, but to a 'fad' at Whitehall which at present can only be traced to that mysterious abstraction which has been held responsible for so many vagaries in the official world—'Somebody.'

The British service contains such a variety of vessels, armoured and unarmoured, that it is extraordinary that we have not in our possession a single small handy ironclad of moderate draught suitable for the kind of work in which the *Shah* and *Amethyst* were engaged. It is exactly on such service that small, heavily armed, cruising ironclads would prove invaluable. Perhaps the best example of the sort of vessel we are in want of is to be found in the Portuguese ironclad *Vasco da Gama*. Her tonnage by old measurement is 1,497, length 200, and breadth 40 feet. Her armour is 9 and 10 inches in thickness. She carries two 18-ton guns, one 6½-ton, and two 40-pounders; nominal horse-power, 450. Surely this is the very type of vessel for our distant cruising stations such as the Pacific and the south-east coast of America, and for any service in which vessels of moderate draught are required. The *Vasco da Gama* is of about the same dimensions as the *Amethyst*, yet the difference between the two vessels is enormous. The *Amethyst* was compelled to look on whilst her consort engaged in a somewhat hazardous action; and if she had encountered the *Huascar* alone, would have had flight or surrender as her only alternative. The Portuguese ship is protected by armour as thick as that of the *Hercules* class and thicker than that of the *Swiftsure*. She carries two guns of the same calibre as that of the *Hercules*, capable of piercing a 10-inch plate at 1,000 yards. She is intended to fight bows-on to her enemy, and her armour is very skilfully disposed to protect the ship in that position. Her 'fixed turret,' as it is called by her designer, Mr. G. C. Mackrow, is a breastwork covered with 10-inch armour-plates converging to a point towards the bows. The enemy's fire, therefore, has to be directed against a surface placed at such an angle that penetration is very difficult. No distant station should be without small ironclads, and we certainly ought not to be content with less than four on a station. The question of a heavier, if numerically smaller, armament for unarmoured ships should be taken in hand at once. And lastly, we venture to suggest that vessels otherwise unprotected by armour should be protected when

fighting bows-on, a position which would be very generally adopted if a heavier armament were in use, by an armoured bulkhead shield towards the fore part of the ship.

With reference to the general question of guns and armour, a recent experiment at Shoeburyness has shown that the 38-ton gun, throwing a projectile of 800 pounds, can penetrate 19½ inches of iron in a solid plate. But it has also been shown that 14 inches of iron will afford a complete protection against it if arranged in two plates, the outer one of 10 inches and the inner of 4, *with an open space between.* The projectile went through the outer plate, but broke up against the inner one 'like a dab of mortar.' Here, it would seem, is a system of defence which should enter largely into all future designs, both of ships and forts, intended to resist modern ordnance.

It may be well, in conclusion, to say something of the action between the Russian ship *Vesta*, an ordinary trading steamer converted into a man-of-war (in the manner frequently suggested for English mail steamers), and a Turkish ironclad, also of the destruction of the two small monitors on the Danube and the capture of a Turkish transport carrying 1,000 troops.

The action between the *Vesta* and a Turkish ironclad, though without any influence on the fortunes of the war, is of the highest importance in another sense, and its result, apart from personal or political sympathies towards either belligerent, will be hailed with satisfaction by the seamen of all nations. It proves decisively that a naval engagement will not necessarily be a mere mechanical slaughter in which victory will incline to brute force. The *Vesta*, a light iron steamer of 500 tons, was hastily extemporised as a man-of-war. Her armament consisted of some 9-pounders and 6-inch mortars. The Turkish ironclad was the *Féthi-Boulend.* There are four small ironclads of this type in the Turkish service which our own Government would do well to imitate. The *Féthi-Boulend* is 235 feet long, 43 feet beam, and draws 18 feet of water. Her armour—very heavy for a vessel of her class—is no less than 9 inches, with a 10-inch wooden 'backing,' or cushion. She is of 500 nominal horse-power, carries 220 tons of coal, and is armed with four 12½-ton guns.

A more unequal combat it is impossible to imagine. It lasted five hours, and ended in the defeat of the ironclad. The latter being greatly the superior in speed, the *Vesta* had no choice but to fight. When Captain Baranoff saw the ironclad rapidly approaching he knew that his only chance lay in closing with his powerful enemy, and making a desperate effort to board her or else use the spar-torpedo. The losses sustained by the *Vesta*, however, were so heavy that the battle must have seemed hopeless. Her rudder was disabled, the funnel shot in two, the ship herself was on fire, three officers and nine men had been killed, and several were wounded. Nevertheless, having fired the first and the last shot in the engagement, she succeeded in making her escape after a running fight which reflects the greatest possible credit upon her commander and his subordinates. The first accounts which reached England of this engagement represented that a shell from one of the *Vesta's* mortars had burst in the fore-turret of the ironclad with most destructive effect, disabling the turret, and practically deciding the action. This has since been denied by Hobart Pasha, but enough was done in any case to show that the commander of an unarmoured vessel, when suddenly attacked by an ironclad, need not despair.

The only other circumstance

worthy of mention is the protection afforded to the *Vesta's* engines by a kind of fortification formed of hammocks and bedding. Her engines, of course, were partly above water, and exposed to the enemy's fire; the ironclad's, as is usual with ships of war, would be below the water-line.

The capture of the troopship *Messina* by the *Russia* was not less remarkable for courage than the action between the *Vesta* and the Turkish ironclad. The *Russia*, like her sister-ship the *Vesta*, is merely an armed cargo-boat. Despite Hobart Pasha's blockade, Captain Marakoff steamed to within 'a few hours of Constantinople,' and when off Penderekli fell in with the *Messina*, a large three-masted screw transport. The *Russia* pluckily fired a shotted gun, to bring her to; the signal was obeyed, and almost before Captain Marakoff could hail, the Turkish flag was hauled down and the Ottoman commander surrendered. An officer and thirty-six men took possession of the prize, disarmed the Nizams, and put the ship's head about for Sebastopol. Where the Turk's convoy was we are not told, nor why the captain of the *Messina* did not attempt to show his assailant a clear pair of heels. The *Russia* could hardly have sunk him, and any attempt on the part of 200 men to board a ship carrying 1,000 well-drilled and well-equipped soldiers would have been little short of madness.

These actions, in all their details, confirm the theory we have advanced that the increased power of weapons of offence will be to a great extent neutralised by the rapid movements of the combatants; that skill, daring, and seamanlike ingenuity will often compensate for inferior power; and that the captain of a man-of-war must be, before all things, a sailor and a man of infinite resource.

The destruction of the two small monitors on the Danube at the commencement of the Russo-Turkish war shows the importance of practising high angle firing, and the necessity of keeping 'a sharp look-out'—the one monitor having been struck by a shell fired at a range of 5,000 yards, or nearly three miles; the other surprised and blown up by a torpedo expedition. With the electric light in good working order—and no man-of-war should be without it—a surprise ought to be impossible.

At the present crisis, when all eyes are turned upon the fleet, it may be well to give some account of our naval force in the Mediterranean and at home. Admiral Hornby has under his orders the ironclads *Alexandra*, *Temeraire*, *Sultan*, *Agincourt*, *Achilles*, *Devastation*, *Swiftsure*, *Rupert*, *Hotspur*, *Research* and *Pallas*, and a number of unarmoured vessels. The Channel squadron, under Lord John Hay, has been ordered round to Malta, to be ready for any emergency in the East. It consists of the *Minotaur*, *Black Prince*, *Defence* and *Shannon*. With such a fleet at our disposal we may well be satisfied, but a force quite equal to it in strength is being brought forward in England, and by the time these words are in print the greater part will be ready for sea. It consists of the following ironclads: *Thunderer*, *Monarch*, *Hercules*, *Triumph*, *Invincible*, *Iron Duke*, and *Penelope*; the two new ironclads *Nelson* and *Northampton*, two very powerful ships, recently purchased from the Turks, a still more powerful vessel purchased from Brazil, and the coast defence ironclads *Glatton*, *Hecate*, *Hydra*, *Cyclops*, *Gorgon*, and *Prince Albert*. The *Dreadnought*, an improved edition of the *Devastation*, will, probably, be ready in June; and, lastly, there is the mighty *Inflexible*, which is designed to carry

four 80-ton guns, but will hardly be ready to receive them for a considerable time.

In addition to these there are five ironclads of a somewhat older type now doing duty as coast-guard ships at different parts round the coast: the *Warrior*, *Hector*, *Lord Warden*, *Resistance* and *Valiant*. The repairs to the engines of the *Northumberland* will occupy some time, but by the middle of the year she could be at sea.

The two vessels purchased from the Turks are very important additions to the Navy. The *Belleisle*, originally named the *Paiki Shereef*, is 245 feet long by 60 feet beam, and carries four 25-ton guns in a raised central battery; the *Superb*, formerly the *Mendouhiyé*, is 332 feet by 59, and carries twelve 18-ton guns; she resembles the *Hercules* in design. Both ships are protected by armour of 10 and 12 inches. The *Independencia*, purchased from the Brazilian Government, is a full-rigged seagoing turret-ship, with 12-inch armour, and four 38-ton guns, the heaviest armament now afloat.

The one weak point in this magnificent fleet is its heterogeneous character, and the consequent difficulty of working together in squadron. If, for instance, the passage of the Dardanelles had been disputed, the ships as they passed in succession by the forts would have presented the utmost conceivable variety of armour and gun, and there is certainly much to be said in favour of the system of building ships in classes.

On the whole, then, the recent illustrations of naval warfare are such as English people, and above all English sailors, may take comfort from. Some years ago the seaman's art seemed fast becoming altogether subsidiary. But of late it has been proved more important than ever. To the first maritime nation in the world this fact is of incalculable value, for it insures the future safety of their empire and commerce, and the maintenance of their supremacy at sea.

JOHN C. PAGET.

# AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

## AN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

By Professor John W. Hales.

I

NOT many other distinctions belong to Stratford-on-Avon besides its sovereign honour of being Shakespeare's birthplace and home; which, indeed, is distinction enough and to spare. 'I am sure, sir,' said a worthy inhabitant, who was showing us something or other supposed to be of Shakespearian interest; 'I am sure, sir, we ought to be very much obliged to Mr. Shakespeare for being born here, for I don't know what we should have done without him.' The trade of the place may be described as Shakespeare; and we believe it is not a bad business. The entire town might not inaptly put up above it a gigantic signboard inscribed with the single name of that supreme article of commerce. No town in the Middle Ages ever turned its saint to better account. Nowhere and never have relics been more zealously sought after and treasured up. To think what a single shoe of the hero would now fetch, if only devouring time had spared one; or a doublet—who shall calculate the present market price of a Shakespearian doublet?

The other notabilities of the place are few; not many could be expected, its size and importance considered. It is said to have produced three eminent ecclesiastics in the fourteenth century, two brothers and a kinsman—John Stratford, Archbishop of Canterbury; Robert, Bishop of Chichester; and Ralph, Bishop of London. Southern, too, the dramatist, has been stated to be a native, by Nuttall, editor of Fuller's *Worthies*; but Southern was born in Ireland, co. Dublin. Perhaps the most remarkable historical association that is commonly known, is Queen Henrietta's temporary residence in the town, and at New Place, in the house that had been Shakespeare's, in June and July, 1643.

We propose now to speak of another historical association that may be claimed for Stratford. Strangely enough, it has been little noticed, though an acquaintance with it cannot fail to add interest to a visit there, especially when we remark that it belongs to Shakespeare's own time. There is nothing said of it in Wheler's *History of Stratford*; nor, it need perhaps scarcely be said, in such minor compilations as Black's *Warwickshire*, or Wise's *Shakespeare, his Birthplace and its Neighbourhood*; nor yet in such really well-informed and valuable volumes as Knight's *Biography* and Halliwell-Phillipps' *Life* of the poet, though we have no doubt Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps knows what there is to be known about it. Nor is there a word respecting it in the poem that has for its subject the locality specially concerned—Jordan's *Welcombe Hills*, published just a century ago. Perhaps the knowledge of such an interest might have imparted some vigour into at least one paragraph of that nerveless production. What we mean, and propose now to show, is that Stratford and its neighbourhood are very intimately connected with Gunpowder Plot.

II

Where Shakespeare was in 1605 it is impossible to say. Possibly, he was the greater part of the year in London and the rest at Stratford. 'He was wont to go to his native country once a year,' says Aubrey. More probably, perhaps, he was the greater part of the year in Stratford and not in London;

but he may have been 'strolling' with his company, if the common opinion is not accepted that he gave over acting early in King James's reign. He 'frequented the plays all his younger time,' says Ward, in his Diary, 1662; 'but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year.' Wherever he was, there can be little question that he shared the general horror the discovery of the Powder Treason, as Bacon calls it, excited throughout the land; and that his interest in that hideous affair would be deepened by the fact that one of its chief nurseries lay close by his own home, and another but a few miles off.

The one close by his own home was Clopton House, about a mile north of Stratford, lying at the foot of the western slope of the Welcombe Hills. It belonged at this time to the Baron Carew of Clopton (for so Sir George had been created in the preceding May) in right of his wife Lady Joyce, daughter of William Clopton; but it was let, or rather sublet, to Ambrose Rookwood, one of the chief conspirators, some weeks before the fatal November; and there, during those weeks, Rookwood resided, and from time to time received in his house his partners in the intended crime. Clopton House then was one of the headquarters of the treason.

But a few miles off was Norbrook, of which we will speak presently, and at no great distance were two other spots concerned in the same infamy—Lapworth and Congleton. All these four places are in the hundred of Barlichway, in which Stratford is situated.

At Bushwood, near Lapworth, was born the chief concoctor of the plot, the heart and soul of it, Robert Catesby. Other estates were possessed by his family, notably at Ashby St. Legers in Northamptonshire; but it was at Bushwood (which, oddly enough—who wishes, may see an explanation in Dugdale—was a part of the parish of old Stratford) that his father, Sir William, had mostly resided, and here, in 1573, was born he who was to achieve the notoriety of a Catiline. He was the direct descendant of the Catesby whom Shakespeare had represented in his play of *Richard III.*—the first item of the old doggrel:

> The Cat, the Rat, and Lovell that Dog,
> Rule all England under the Hog.

His mother was a daughter of Sir Robert Throckmorton of Congleton, and so the sister of the Throckmorton on whom the pains of persecution for religion's sake had pressed so heavily. Thus, by race on both sides, as well as by place, he was linked to Warwickshire. These links were further strengthened by his marrying a daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh of Stoneleigh. According to Lingard he was originally a Protestant; and, as has been pointed out, his marriage seems to countenance the statement, as the Leighs were so. Whatever check on his tendencies towards the old faith his matrimonial alliance may have imposed, was presently removed by his wife's death; and he threw himself with all the ardour of a vehement, headstrong nature into the Recusant cause. As we shall mention again presently, he took part in the Earl of Essex's insurrection. He was afterwards involved in all the treasonable projects of the discontented Roman Catholics during the last two years of Queen Elizabeth's reign; and it appears from a letter of Camden's dated only nine days before the Queen's death, that Catesby and several other gentlemen, 'hunger-starved for innovations,' among whom were Sir Edward Baynham and the two Wrights (all of them conspirators in the Gunpowder Treason), were at that time committed by the Lords of the Council

for some seditious movements. Such was the restless, intriguing spirit to whom must be assigned the chief authorship of the Powder Plot. 'At his death,' says Stow, 'he said that the plot and practice of this treason was only his, and that all others were but his assistants, chosen by himself to that purpose, and that the honour thereof only belonged to himself.' We must not forget that the wrongs he saw daily inflicted around him on his co-religionists were sorely oppressive, and such as might well goad him to a fierce indignation. Shortsighted and diabolical as his scheme was, it is yet credible that the motives that instigated it were not altogether base. Certainly he seems to have kindled an admiration and enthusiasm that no merely ignoble nature could have kindled. There is a certain lustre about him, even in the midst of his obstinate folly and horrible guilt. Something of what is Divine, however devilish the work his hands are set about, is yet present in the man for whom and near whom others are ready to die. His comrades seem to have been drawn and attached to him by a singular fascination. He might truly say with Edmund, when 'the wheel had come full circle,' 'yet Catesby was beloved.' King he was amongst them.

Also Lapworth-born was another of the conspirators, of humbler rank —Thomas Bates, an old servant of Catesby's. He was not one of the original sharers of the scheme; but as he had been employed about Vinegar House—the house hired in the Palace Yard, Westminster—and so had inevitably seen something of what was going on, it was thought well to take him into full partnership.

Lapworth is some eleven miles from Stratford; but we have given it precedence of Norbrook because of its connection with the leading conspirator. Norbrook is only some five miles from Shakespeare's town. It lies a little off the Warwick road, to the left, very near Coplow Hill. It was an old manor-house, wherein at the time that concerns us resided John Grant with his brothers, who also were implicated in the plot, though not to the same extent as John; for John was one of the thirteen chief traitors. 'This mansion-house was conveniently placed for the purpose of the conspirators, being in the centre of their proposed rendezvous and of the most populous part of Warwickshire, between the towns of Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon. It was walled and moated, and well calculated from its great extent for the reception of horses and ammunition. At the present day, little remains of it but the name. Some fragments of massive stone walls are, however, still to be found, and the line of the moat may be distinctly traced; an ancient hall of large dimensions is also apparent among the partitions and disfigurations of a modern farmer's kitchen. The identity of the house is fixed, not only by its name and local situation, but by a continuing tradition that this was the residence of one of the gunpowder conspirators; and still more conclusively by the circumstance that an old part of the building, which was taken down a few years ago, was known by the name of the Powder Room.'

To understand the statement that Norbrook was 'in the centre of their proposed rendezvous,' it must be remembered that the blowing up of the House of Lords was to be followed by a general Papist insurrection. The existing Government having been summarily disposed of, a new one was to be formed, at the head of which was to be placed the Princess Elizabeth, she who was in after years the 'Winter Queen' of Bohemia. At this time she also was living in Warwickshire —at Combe Abbey, some four or five miles east of Coventry, in the care of Lord Harington; and the

design of Catesby and his party was, immediately after the explosion, to seize her at Combe and proclaim her accession to the throne. Of all such subsequent operations Warwickshire was to be the base; and Norbrook was to be the Warwickshire magazine.

Lapworth and Norbrook, then, as the homes of three of the chief ringleaders in the Plot, are places of no slight importance in its history. They and the district in which they lie are further distinguished by the temporary sojourn of others of the notorious thirteen. At Catesby's instance the Wrights —John and Christopher—took up their abode at Lapworth; Ambrose Rookwood, as we have seen, at Clopton House; and Sir Everard Digby at Congleton Court, about eleven miles to the west of Stratford, near Alcester. Congleton Court was the seat of the Throckmortons. The present owner was a minor, and it may readily be supposed that Catesby, whose mother, as we have mentioned, was a Throckmorton, would have no difficulty in arranging for its temporary occupation by one of his friends. So thither, in October, proceeded Sir Everard and his family, along with Father Garnet and others, quitting for the nonce, as he thought, his own seat at Gayhurst, or Gothurst, near Newport Pagnell in Buckinghamshire, in effect quitting it for ever.

Thus, shortly before the day fixed for the explosion, no less than seven of the arch-traitors, to say nothing of minor persons, might have been found in the hundred of Barlichway. As the time drew near, Catesby sold his property at Bushwood (to Sir Edward Grevile of Milcote, near Stratford) in order to provide funds for his enterprise. But none the less did Warwickshire remain the general rendezvous.

One other part of the county was to be made memorable by its connection with this wild, execrable folly. This was Dunsmore Heath, on the other side, a few miles south of Rugby, stretching to the east of Dunchurch. 'The bloody hunting match at Dunchurch' was the name given to 'the meet' to which Sir Everard Digby invited the Roman Catholic gentry for Tuesday, Nov. 5. To do these gentlemen justice, it must be noticed that they knew little or nothing of the iniquity that had been concocted, or of what was to follow it. There was a general impression that some Recusant movement was afoot, but no particulars had been vouchsafed. One cannot but believe that, had the scheme of the conspirators been disclosed to them in all its enormity, they would at once have repudiated and denounced it. It is true that they were smarting beneath grievous injustice, heavy and perpetual fines exacted from them, personal penalties occasionally inflicted, but all this persecution had not divested them of humanity and rendered them capable of an atrocity that would justify the old adage, 'homo homini lupus,' or a fresh reading of it, 'homo homini diabolus.' The conspirators themselves had not attained such hardness of heart with 'no compunctious visitings of nature.' Even of Catesby so much may be believed, and of the others with scarcely an exception so much is known. They recoiled when Catesby first revealed his horrid purpose. Not at once were they 'settled,' and could—

> Bind up
> Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Nature, says the old poet, in giving men tears, confesses she gives them most tender hearts.

> Mollissima corda
> Humano generi dare se natura fatetur
> Quæ lacrumas dedit.

And tears cannot harden into frost in an instant; petrifaction, thank Heaven, is a slow process, and oft-times may be retarded, may be prevented. Certainly, those Recusant

gentlemen who mustered at the Lion Inn at Dunchurch and the Bull at Coventry that Monday and Tuesday in November, 1605, were not so lost to all sense of sound patriotism and true manhood, as that they would have aided and abetted such devilry as Catesby and his gang had brought themselves to believe was of God, godly. But there they were, uninformed, wondering, probably expecting that their game was to be something more than hares, and assuredly ready to strike a good blow, if opportunity was given, for what was in their eyes the cause of Heaven.

In this same part of the county, at Shelford, lived John Littleton, who it was hoped would join Stephen and the others on the Heath.

Thus intimately was Warwickshire associated with the Gunpowder Conspiracy. We may just add that Huddington, or Uddington, the home of the Winters—Thomas and Robert, two more of the chief Thirteen—lies but just beyond the western frontier of this same county, no great distance from Alcester and Congleton; that Ashby St. Legers is situated just over the eastern border, but a few miles from Dunchurch; and that Holbeach, where at last the ringleaders were brought to bay, is in Staffordshire, the county which bounds Warwickshire on the north-west.

III

It is clear that the conspiracy would excite a very special interest in every Warwickshire man and in Shakespeare. Counties were more sharply distinguished, and county feeling ran far higher in the old days than now, though it is by no means extinct yet, nor likely to be. Wherever Shakespeare was in the autumn of 1605, there can be no question, as we have already said, that the horrid tale at which men stood aghast would affect him the more deeply for its association with his own neighbourhood. Had a Romanist rising taken place, Stratford itself might have been the scene of bloodshed and outrage. And, as a fact, conspiracy had found close by

> 'A cavern dark enough
> To mask' its 'monstrous visage.'

In the midst of the peaceful hills that rose almost within sight of New Place (the poet's property since 1597) treason had made its lair. Besides the interest of locality, it is fairly certain that he must have felt another interest in the plot, arising from personal knowledge of some of its members. We are not about to advance a theory that Shakespeare was himself a Powder Plotter—that Guy Fawkes was his 'sworn brother;' though, indeed, there is quite as much—not to say more—to be said for such a theory as for many with which the world is favoured. We commend it to the attention of the brilliant ready-made critics with whom our age is abundantly adorned; and, for ourselves, all we wish to point out is, that Shakespeare must in all probability have been brought into personal contact with several of the traitors. If at Stratford in September and October, he would grow familiar, by sight at least, with Rookwood and his brother and their visitors—amongst others Grant, 'Mr. Winter,' 'Mr. Wright' (the document we quote does not specify which of the Winters, or which of the Wrights), Catesby. Grant, too, he may have seen at other times in the streets of Stratford, or on the Warwick road. But it is of a possible acquaintance in London that we are thinking; it is of the fact that Catesby, Grant, Tresham, the Wrights, and Thomas Winter, had all been actively concerned in the rebellion, or miserable failure of a rebellion, attempted by the Earl of Essex in February 1601.

Here again is a fine opening for a theory. What a temptation to prove that Shakespeare was an uncompromising partisan of that unfortunate nobleman. However, as we do not believe he was so, we shall deny ourselves the pleasure of proving it, and be content to remark that, without being a rabid partisan, he yet was attracted by a nature which with all its faults—they were neither few nor slight—seems to have been singularly winning and lovable. The mention of Essex in *Henry V.* deserves especial notice and consideration. It is quite unique in its kind. The poet is wishing to suggest parallels to the enthusiastic welcome the victor of Agincourt received from his people on his return from that famous field. He says, even so did the people of Rome greet their Cæsar when he came home triumphant; and even so would the people of England greet their Essex, were he now returning in glory from his Irish campaign.

But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in;
*As by a lower but loving likelihood,*
*Were now the general of our gracious Empress,*
*As in good time he may, from Ireland coming*
*Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,*
*How many would the peaceful city quit,*
*To welcome him!* Much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry.

This 'loving likelihood'—observe that 'loving'—was never to be fulfilled. It was rather himself than rebellion that poor Essex brought back 'broached on his sword.' But such an introduction of him, and in such language by a writer so chary of such allusions, is surely significant of a more than common feeling of interest and affection. There is another fact pointing decisively in the same direction. It is Shakespeare's intimate friendship with the Earl of Southampton, who was Essex's most intimate friend. 'The love I dedicate to your lordship,' runs the brief letter to Southampton that prefaces *The Rape of Lucrece*, 'is without end. . . . . What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater. Meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life still lengthened with all happiness.' These words, which surely sound a note of sincerity often unheard in such epistles, were written in 1594; but there is good ground for believing that the feeling they express was no transient emotion, but deep-rooted and flourishing to the end. This dear friend was, we repeat, also Essex's dear friend. He was one of his truest and faithfullest supporters that fatal Sunday when Essex, halting between ever so many opinions, half paralysed it would seem by the fearful difficulties amidst which he found himself, confused and confounded by the clamour and fury of the followers who filled the court of his house, and were eager for action, however foolish and desperate, 'extremely appalled as divers that happened to see him then might visibly perceive in his face and countenance, and almost moulten with sweat, though without any cause of bodily labour, but only by the perplexity and horror of his mind,' passed forth into Fleet Street on the way to inevitable disaster and ruin. At his trial, which soon followed, Southampton stood side by side with him, and was condemned at the same time. And, though he did not share his fate—in death they were divided—for two long years he lay in the Tower under sentence of death.

Such being Southampton's devotion to Essex, and such Shakespeare's to Southampton, Shakespeare's confessed relation to Essex being also such as we have seen, we cannot doubt that Shakespeare would have some personal knowledge of Essex's chief partisans, amongst whom, as has been mentioned, were several of the Powder Plotters.

That extreme and violent Papists should rally around Essex may seem not a little surprising, when we call to mind his Puritan sympathies and connections. During the weeks that ushered in the end, 'the most eminent Puritan divines preached daily at Essex House, to hear whose sermons the citizens flocked in great numbers.' We wonder if Catesby and his intimates 'sat under' these orators? We presume that, with a dispensation, they might lawfully do so. The whole history of the Essex riot, or whatever it is to be called, is far from clear. Probably the misguided leader scarcely knew himself what he would be at. He was a governor who did not govern, a leader that was led; and so all kinds of unquiet folk gathered around him. His house was a very cave of Adullam, and with but slight variation one might quote the well-known description: 'Everyone that was in distress, and everyone that was in debt, and everyone that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain [a merely nominal one] over them; and there were with him about' three 'hundred men.' An odd, ill-assorted conflux. 'Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.' But indeed there would be much in these Puritan discourses that the Recusant party would hear with thorough complacency and satisfaction. 'The Puritans were in the habit of justifying resistance to authority, and one of the preachers at Essex House went so far as to say that the great magistrates of the kingdom had power, in case of necessity, to control and restrain the Sovereign.'

Again, the Earl and his friends had a great liking for theatrical entertainments. 'My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland come not to the Court,' writes Rowland White towards the close of 1599; 'the one doth, but very seldom; they pass away the time in London merely in going to plays every day.' We might be pretty sure, if there was no evidence on the point, that the company whose services would be called into requisition, or whose theatre would be frequented, would be that of which Shakespeare was a member. But one piece of evidence there is. 'The afternoon before the Rebellion, Merrick, with a great company of others that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing "King Richard II." When it was told him by one of the players that the play was old, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was.' Whether the play thus performed by special request and arrangement was Shakespeare's *Richard II.* or some other, it was certainly Shakespeare's company that was thus negotiated with; for in another account of the transaction is given the name of the player with whom the bargain was struck. It was Philips, and Philips was one of Shakespeare's company.

Thus Shakespeare was probably brought into contact with several of the Plotters, not only socially but professionally. He had acted before them, and his plays no doubt had been acted before them again and again.

We may confidently believe, then, that besides the general interest in the conspiracy he would feel as an Englishman, there would be for Shakespeare other special interests,

springing both from local and personal associations. The thing would have for him a singular nearness and reality.

IV

HAVING now pointed out fully enough for our purpose the close connection of the Plotters with Shakespeare's county and with himself, we will for a short space turn our eyes again towards Clopton, the suburb of Shakespeare's own town, and see what little is to be seen of what went on there.

It was there, as has been already twice mentioned, that Rookwood and his family located themselves in September 1605.

The house stands in a neighbourhood where Shakespeare possessed property, and with which he had in the very year that especially concerns us formed a fresh monetary connection. In May 1602 he had bought land in that part from William and John Combe—107 acres of arable land. 'In July 1695,' writes Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in that treasure-house of sound and accurate information, bar the acceptance of certain forgeries, his *Life of Shakespeare*, 'Shakespeare made the largest purchase he ever completed, giving the sum of 440*l.* [equal to some 1,750*l.* of our money] for the unexpired term of a moiety of a lease, granted in 1544 for ninety-two years, of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe. In the indenture of conveyance he is described as of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman; and, as he is similarly designated three years earlier, when we know that he was in London, we may conclude that after the purchase of New Place he had taken up his permanent abode in his native town.' This would of course be consistent with long visits to London from time to time. Probably enough his home had been at Stratford all along, only he had been mostly away from it. 'It appears from a letter,' written by Abraham Sturley, January 24, 159⅞, 'that as early as 1598 the subject of Shakespeare becoming the purchaser of these tithes had been mooted at Stratford, and the management of them would probably require great prudential care. It is not impossible that confidence was entertained in Shakespeare's tact and judgment, and that this, as well as his command of capital, produced the desire of the Council of Stratford, who received a rent from these tithes, that he should become the purchaser.' And then follows a copy of the indenture (pp. 210–6). Mr. Phillipps also quotes from a copy of a rent-roll of the borough of Stratford the following note: 'Mr. Thomas Combes and Mr. William Shakespear do hold all manner of tithes of corn, grain, and hay in the towns, hamlets, villages, and fields of Old Stratford, Welcomb, and Bishopton, and all manner of tithes of wool, lamb, hemp, flax, and other small and privy tithes, for the yearly rent of xxxiiij li., payable at our Lady Day and Michaelmas.'

According to the *Beauties of England and Wales*, 1814, 'Clopton House is a venerable mansion, probably erected in the latter part of the fifteenth century; but some modern exterior alterations detract much from the general effect of the building. In different apartments are preserved a few pictures, and some curious articles of ancient furniture, among which is a bed, *said* to have been given to Sir Hugh Clopton by King Henry VII.' Not far from it—a furlong or two—at Welcombe, lived Shakespeare's friend John Combe. His house (the present one standing there is 'quite a recent erection') nestled in a southern recess of the hills that derived their name from it, or rather from the 'cwm' where it stood. 'To the west of Alveston,' says Britton, 'are Welcombe Hills, the celebrated scene of warlike opera-

tions between the Britons and Saxons. Here are extensive entrenchments, termed the Dingles, which appear to have been formed by the latter people [they are probably British, to begin with at least], and numerous other earthworks, some of which were probably thrown up to cover the remains of those who fell in battle. The rugged features of this neighbourhood are softened by Welcombe Lodge, the handsome residence of George Lloyd, Esq.,' 'John a'Combe's' successor. It was in this vicinity that an inclosure was attempted in 1614, and successfully resisted by the Corporation, with whom Shakespeare seems to have cordially acted. There is a brief glimpse of him in that year, in a memorandum made by one Thomas Green, clerk of the Corporation, who had been despatched to London about this business: '1614 Jovis, 17 No. My cousin Shakspear coming yesterday to town, I went to see how he did. He told me that they assured him they meant to inclose no farther than to Gospel Bush, and so up straight (leaving out part of the dingles to the field) to the gate in Clopton Lodge, and take in Salisbury piece; and that they mean in April to survey the land, and then to give satisfaction and not before; and he and Mr. Hall say they think there will be nothing done at all.' Nor was the great poet's sagacity at fault in the matter. Nothing was done at all; though he did not himself live to see the common ground secured to his fellow citizens. 'A petition on the subject was presented to the Privy Council; and in 1618 an order was made, not only forbidding the inclosure, but peremptorily commanding that some steps which Combe actually seems to have commenced in it should be at once retraced.' The other memorandum of Greene's is as follows: '23 Dec. A hall. Letters written to Mr. Manyring [Mainwaring], another to Mr. Shakspear, with almost all the company's hands to either. I also writ myself to my cousin Shakspear [he was still in London?] the copies of all our acts, and then also a note of the inconveniences would happen by the inclosure.' Clearly, for private reasons if not for public, Shakespeare was much interested in this Welcombe district.

In the heart, then, of a neighbourhood so well known to and intimately connected with Shakespeare, came Rookwood to reside, as we have said. The official duties of Lord Carew must have seldom permitted any protracted occupancy of his house by himself, even since his return from Ireland. In his absence at this time, Robert Wilson, Lord Carew's tenant, was persuaded to admit the stranger from Suffolk; Grant and one of the Winters assuring him of the stranger's intimacy with his master.

He came from Coldham Hall, in the parish of Stanningfield, where his house, built in 1574, still stands. He 'was born of Roman Catholic parents,' says Jardine, 'and carefully brought up from his childhood in the Roman Catholic faith. He had received his education at one of the Roman Catholic universities in Flanders; and when he succeeded to his inheritance upon his father's death, in 1600, his house in Suffolk became, as it had been in his father's time, a common asylum for persecuted priests, and mass was constantly performed there; in consequence of which he was subjected to repeated prosecutions and penalties. It is remarkable that he had been indicted for recusancy at the London and Middlesex Sessions in February, 1604, after the Gunpowder Plot had been contrived and arranged. He married a daughter of Sir William Tyrwhit, of Kettleby, in Lincolnshire, by whom he had two or three children. He possessed an ample estate, and was specially remarkable for his fine

stud of horses, a circumstance which made him a particularly desirable acquisition to the conspirators. At the period of which we are speaking he was twenty-seven years of age. He had been long the intimate friend of Catesby, whom he says "he loved and respected as his own life;" and attachment to him, and the contagion of religious enthusiasm, drew Rookwood from the bosom of his family, and bound him to this rash and desperate conspiracy.'

It was not till about Michaelmas 1605 that Rookwood was admitted into the horrid league, which had then existed for some year and a half, it being in Lent 1604 that Catesby and John Wright and Thomas Winter first formed it. This admission must have taken place about the time of the first of the two eclipses, which to the superstition of the age threatened evil things. In September was a lunar, early in October a solar, eclipse; and the popular mind held with Gloucester in *King Lear* that 'these late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us'—a passage we shall consider again by-and-by. It was in London that same September that 'Catesby told him that "for the ancient love he had borne unto him, he would impart a matter of importance unto him;" and then, after administering the oath of secrecy, he revealed to him the design of blowing up the King and the Parliament House with powder. Rookwood states that he was "somewhat amazed" at the proposal, and asked "how such as were Catholics and divers other friends should be preserved;" Catesby answered that "a trick should be put upon them." Then Rookwood objected that "it was a matter of conscience to take away so much blood." But Catesby assured him that "he might be satisfied on that head, for, though he had not yet put that case in particular to any, he had put the like case, and had been resolved by good authority that in conscience it might be done." Rookwood still expressing scruples of conscience respecting the lawfulness of the action, Catesby told him "that he had also asked advice, whether if the act could not be done without the destruction of some innocents, it might still be done, and was resolved that rather than the action should fail they must also suffer as the rest did." By these assurances Rookwood's scruples were quieted;' and he at once fell in with Catesby's machinations. Thus were his better instincts overborne; thus the voice of conscience smothered; and a gallant gentleman degraded into a base assassin. Alas for him that he should have surrendered those Divine remonstrances of his soul to any so-called authority of priest or Jesuit or 'bejesuited' friend. Alas that he was not 'to his own self true,' and obedient to those natural promptings which would have saved him from falsehood and shame. Alas that he ignobly placed himself at the bidding and in the hands of others, and submitted to believe that what was inhuman could be religious, that villany could be holy, that impiety could be pious.

Such was Shakespeare's new neighbour in the autumn of 1605. It would seem to have been just after his joining the plot that the well-known pilgrimage to St. Winifred's Well in Flintshire was made—made, we suppose, to procure a blessing for the nefarious work then in hand. An odd, strange God, the God of these people; or did they confound God and devil? 'The ladies of the company went barefoot from Holt to the Well, where all remained a whole night.' To think of the prayers these pilgrims were praying!

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

It was probably after their return that Rookwood settled at Clopton.

In a list of letters 'come about

this treason,' made by Levinus Munck, one unluckily lost is thus described—it is the document we referred to above: 'A paper reporting that at Clopton there hath been with Ambrose Rockwood [*sic*], John Grant, Mr. Winter [Thomas?], Mr. Ross, Mr. Townshend [of Broughton, Suffolk], Mr. Cee, Mr. Wright [John?], Sir Edward Bushall, Robert Catesbye.' We know also that Rookwood's brother Thomas was there. So the house was often pretty full of traitors. A strange fierce company this in the bosom of the Welcombe Hills.

Rookwood seems scarcely to have outgrown a young man's vanity in dress and such matters. There is mention of a sword of his with its hilt, or hilts, as they used to say, engraved with the passion of Christ; and Sir William Wade, Lieutenant of the Tower, writes about 'a fair scarf that Rucwood [*sic*] made,' a sort of badge, perhaps, as Sir William speaks of 'figures or ciphers on it from which something might be gathered.' 'Rucwood made also a very fair hungarian horseman's coat lined all with velvet and other apparel exceeding costly, not fit for his degree.' A notable object in the streets of Stratford, if ever he rode that way, and one that would exercise the minds of Dogberry and Verges if haply they espied him.

But though the burghers might have their suspicions about their new neighbours, no one would credit them with any design so fiendish as they were presently discovered to have entertained and matured. Some ten or eleven days before Tuesday the 5th, Rookwood disappeared from those parts. He had gone up to London to be in at the death. Then the news reached Stratford of some Papist outbreak near Warwick. There had been some sort of muster, horses had been stolen; and the county was up. Suspicion at once fell on the tenant of Clopton House, especially as his brother Thomas had been seized attempting escape, as it seemed, and his associates Grant and Winter were known to have been actively concerned in the horse robbery at Warwick. The bailiff of Stratford at once proceeded to search the house at Clopton. Mrs. Rookwood was still there. He found a 'cloak bag' of crosses and 'massing reliques,' but nothing that threw light on the disturbance, the rumours of which spread general alarm. Presently came the news of what had been intended at Westminster. A few days later Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Percy, and the wives of other conspirators are apprehended and sent up to London, Mrs. Rookwood amongst them, we suppose; and so there was an end of the traitors' occupancy of Clopton House.

Here, before we quit the scene, is a copy of two documents that mention it preserved at the State Paper Office, in the Gunpowder Plot Book.

The examination of Thomas Rookwood, gent., of Clopton, in the county of Warwick, taken before Sir Fulk Grevil, day and year aforessaid [Nov. 8, 1605]: This examinate being demanded upon what occasion he passeth into these parts, saith he was going to Worcester to meet with one Ingram that had sold him a hawk. Being demanded why he fled from his way at Alcester, said because Townsend and Johnson that were of his company said the town was disquieted, which made them return out of the way to Bidford, when he was with the rest apprehended.

The examination of William Johnson, servant to Mr. Rookwood of Clopton in the county of Warwick, yeoman: This examinate being demanded for what cause he past this way saith he was going to Worcester to see a kinsman he had there. Being demanded how young Mr. Rookwood and Townsend came into this county, saith that they both had a purpose to deal with a hawk with a gentleman in Hereford. ['Young Mr. Rookwood,' said Worcester.] Being demanded why he fled when he came to Alcester after the troops were past, saith when he came and saw the town disturbe [*sic*], he went with Mr. Rook [*sic*] and Townsend the contrary way out of the way to Bidford, when he was apprehended.

There are 'examinations' of other servants of Rookwood, appointed to go from Suffolk to meet him at Norbrook.

Meanwhile the master was fleeing for his life. Early on Tuesday morning those of the Plotters who were in town were aware that their plot was discovered. 'Richard Johnson' had been seized the preceding midnight, and, though he had disclosed nothing, it was clearly time to be gone. One Henry Tatnall met two gentlemen, afterwards thought to be conspirators, in Lincoln's Inn Fields that morning, and heard one say: 'God's wounds! we are wonderfully beset, and all is marred.' They were soon tearing along the road for Dunchurch. Rookwood started last, but, better mounted, soon overtook the others—overtook Keyes about three miles beyond Highgate, then Catesby and John Wright beyond Brickhill; then a little farther on Percy and Christopher Wright; and 'they five rode together; and Percy and John Wright cast off their cloaks and threw them into a hedge to ride the more speedily.' And so to Ashby St. Legers, Rookwood having covered the eighty miles in seven hours. Then on to Dunchurch, where it soon got out that the grand blow that was to be struck, whatever it was, had been thwarted, and all was lost. The assembly rapidly dissolved; and the ringleaders, left almost alone, and it would seem well-nigh planless and desperate, dashed on through the night by or through Warwick—Grant and the others went through, and stole fresh horses, Rookwood went round—to Norbrook, reached about daybreak, where they rested a while, as they well had need; then, on the Wednesday, through Alcester to Huddington, the Winters' house; on the Thursday, at sunrise, to Whewell Grange, when they helped themselves to Lord Windsor's arms and armour; then, with yet thinner numbers, on to Holbeach, the house of Stephen Littleton, where, during the night, they made what preparations they could for the assault certain to be made on the morrow. It was here, on Friday the 8th, that some powder that was drying exploded, and Rookwood and others were severely burnt. Sir Richard Walsh, Sheriff of Worcestershire, with the *posse comitatus*, was soon at the gate. 'When I came,' says Th. Winter, who had been outside at the time of the explosion—

> I found Mr. Catesby reasonable well, Mr. Percy, both the Wrights, Mr. Rookwood, and Mr. Grant. I asked them what they resolved to do; they answered, 'We mean here to die.' I said again I would take such part as they did. About eleven of the clock came the company to beset the house, and as I walked into the court I was shot into the shoulder, which lost me the use of my arm; the next shot was the elder Wright shot dead; after him the younger Mr. Wright; and fourthly, Ambrose Rookwood [shot, not shot dead]. Then said Mr. Catesby to me, standing before the door they were to enter: 'Stand by me, Tom, and we will die together.' 'Sir,' quoth I, 'I have lost the use of my right arm, and I fear that will cause me to be taken.' So, as we stood close together, Mr. Catesby, Mr. Percy, and myself, they two were shot, as far as I could guess, with one bullet; and then the company entered upon me, hurt me in the belly with a pike, and gave me the other wounds, until one came behind and caught hold of both my arms.

One more scene we will look at, in which Mr. Rookwood, of Clopton, plays a signal part. Let us pass over his trial with his surviving fellows—the heads of Catesby and Percy had for some time been grinning 'upon the side of the Parliament House,' that of Tresham on London Bridge; how he spoke of his attachment to Catesby; how he begged for mercy, that he might be punished '*corporaliter non mortaliter*;' and see the last act in his miserable tragedy.

The old sentence in such cases was carried out in all its barbarity, at which, in the then state of public feeling, one can scarcely wonder. Indeed, according to a letter of the time, 'there were some motions

made in Parliament about a more sharp death for the gunpowder conspirators.' Four—Sir Edward Digby, Robert Winter, Grant, and Bates—were executed at the west end of St. Paul's Churchyard; the others—Th. Winter, Keyes, Fawkes, and he in whom we are here specially interested—in the Old Palace Yard at Westminster, opposite the Parliament House, now grimly decorated, as we have just mentioned, with the heads of Catesby and Percy. The procession to the Old Palace Yard 'passed by a house in the Strand in which Rookwood's wife lodged. She had placed herself at an open window, and Rookwood, raising himself as well as he could from the hurdle on which he was drawn, called upon his wife to "pray for him." She replied in a clear, strong voice, "I will! I will! And do you offer yourself with a good heart to God and your Creator! I yield you to Him with as full an assurance that you will be accepted of Him as when He gave you to me."' So a contemporary MS. Evidently of a high and inflexible spirit was this lady—something of the antique Roman in her—who could look on such a sight and speak so firmly as she looked. The rough journey was soon completed. Then kneeling and often bowing their heads to the ground, the doomed men prayed, 'but no voice heard, saving now and then "O Jesu, Jesu, save me and keep me," &c., which words they repeated many times upon the ladder,' and soon all was over.

Such were the ends of Mr. Grant, of Norbrook, and Mr. Rookwood, late of Clopton.

V

As Gunpowder Plot was thus brought near, so to speak, to Shakespeare, those scenes at the west end of St. Paul's and in Old Palace Yard, so linked, as we have seen, with Stratford-on-Avon, it might be expected that we should find in his plays special allusions to an event that was in such a manner intruded upon his special notice. For our own part, we think that expectations of this kind are based upon ignorance of Shakespeare's way of working. But there are one or two passages—we ourselves shall lay no great stress upon them—which have been supposed to be suggested, and may have been suggested, by this same conspiracy.

There is a passage in *King Lear*—we have already quoted a few words from it—which is possibly not impertinent. Certainly it should be remembered that it in all probability was about the close of 1605, or in the course of 1606, that *King Lear* was written. Likely enough it was begun in the one year and finished in the other. 'These late eclipses in the sun and moon,' says Gloucester, who is ready to explain what goes wrong by any theory but that of personal culpability, 'portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature [i.e. natural philosophy] can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies: in countries, discord: in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. . . . We have seen the best of our time; machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves.' Surely this speech would have a very curious significance in 1606; and it can scarcely be accidental that it was written in or about that year.

The Porter in *Macbeth* amuses himself by fancying that he is, for the nonce, the janitor of hell. Knocks come pretty frequent at that door; and amongst other arrivals 'here's an equivocator that could swear in both scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. O come in, equivocator.' The exact date of the composition of *Macbeth* cannot be absolutely ascertained.

Malone assigns it to 1610, which is certainly too late; Dyce to 1606, which is probably not far out. That it is not later than 1606 could be shown pretty definitely, if our space permitted. One could not wish for a truer description of the Powder Plot than that it was a committing of treason for God's sake. That flattering unction the unhappy plotters laid constantly to their soul; it was their misguided boast, that they were championing the true faith.

And then the mention of equivocation. It is true that great scandals had been previously caused by the Jesuits and their practice of this art; but Father Garnet had surpassed his predecessors. To the average Englishman of the day who watched that worthy's proceedings, the distinction between equivocating and what is vulgarly termed lying seemed impossible to recognise. To subtly discriminate between propositions, mental, verbal, written, mixed, was quite beyond his feeble capacity. And in considering the question of Garnet's complicity in the Plot, we must frankly admit we do not see how, all things considered, any weight whatever can be attached to his own denial of it. We know that on one occasion—we refer to his denying that he had had an interview with Hall—he saw his way to absolutely deny a fact, and what he knew to be a fact; and to his contemporaries his conscience seemed to be remarkably elastic in such respects. Equivocation sank into the worst repute; and that equivocators could by no means 'equivocate to heaven,' but verily would succeed in equivocating to a very different region, was certainly the general impression and feeling. On the whole, the passage looks very like an allusion to the Plot, and especially to Garnet, as Malone long ago pointed out. It is just what would be commonly said of him where his participation in the Plot was believed; and it was generally believed, nor has it yet been successfully contradicted. He 'committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven.'

Probably written about the same time, about 1606, *Timon of Athens* contains a passage that the Plot illustrates, if it did not suggest. It is held, and not without reason, that this play is not all by Shakespeare; and it may be that the passage we are about to quote may not be from his hand, though in our opinion it is fully in his manner. Anyhow it appears in a play of which he was joint author, and so we may believe received his assent and approval, if it was not actually penned by him. Sempronius, applied to by Timon for help, has just cloaked the baseness of his refusal with the pretence that he is affronted at not having been applied to earlier. 'Who bates mine honour,' says the mean creature, making a show of dignity, 'shall not know my coin;' and so *exit*. 'Excellent!' cries Timon's servant, when his back is turned; 'your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by 't; and I cannot think but in the end the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strikes to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked, *like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire.*'

Possibly enough other relevant quotations might be made. Knight quotes in this connection certain well-known lines in the *Winter's Tale*, a play of later date, I. ii. 357–61, but the reference there seems rather to the recent assassination of Henry IV. of France.

But what is more important than any such references, real or fancied, is to consider how Shakespeare illustrates the conspiracy in a more general way; to notice how

it not unnaturally belongs to such an age as he depicts for us; how the men who were conspicuous in it are of the same breed with those whom his supreme art had made so strangely familiar to all posterity.

Or, instead of using Shakespeare to illustrate it, we may, with not less convenience and profit, use this conspiracy to illustrate Shakespeare. There is, indeed, an aspect of it which is merely distressing and horrid. When we view it as a masterpiece of bigotry—bigotry at its fiercest and worst—it simply inspires disgust and loathing; we must bow our heads with shame that human beings can fall so low, that the name of religion can be so foully misused, so grossly profaned. But there are other features that inspire rather pity and admiration, and remind us that these Plotters, too, were the children of the great Elizabethan age.

It was an age of passion; of passionate hates and passionate loves; of eager devotions, of fervid abhorrences; of infinite tenderness, implacable fierceness; of the keenest readiness to do or die—to do and die.

These violent, excitable, ardent, faithful, wild, impetuous spirits, are they not, then, the children of their age? Writhing with a fierce impatience beneath the intolerant tyranny which would fain have torn from them the old religious creed of their race—a creed deeply rooted in their nature and with tendrils intertwined with their heartstrings—stung to a burning resentment by the wrongs daily inflicted on them and theirs; mad for revenge; reckless mutineers against the order that oppressed them; defiant of law and defiant of fate; true unto death to each other and their cause; still intrepid and fixed in the midst of desperate fortunes; in the very jaws of ruin unconquered and unconquerable—it is impossible to observe these men without seeing that they are of the same flesh and blood with those heroes that won for the reign of Queen Elizabeth its honour and glory; that, however deluded and damnable were the uses to which they unworthily lent themselves, they were not unendowed with the splendid energy and valour and devotion which on other fields achieved triumphs that to this day we Englishmen cannot remember without a thrill of joy and pride.

What especially characterised the Shakespearian age, both for good and evil, was the comparatively free play of life—the unfettered movement of nature. It was this characteristic that made it so favourable to art. As in the public exercises of their gymnasia and palastræ the Greek sculptor studied the physical form, and attained that intimate familiarity with it that enabled him to reproduce it with a faithfulness and power never equalled; in the same manner in our Elizabethan age our dramatists studied mind and character, and were enabled to represent the humours and the passions of their time with an insight and force that place their works amongst the most precious records of humanity. Shakespeare saw 'the very pulse of the machine.' The springs of action were disclosed to him. He looked into the inmost heart of things. 'Off, off, you lendings;' and nature stood revealed before him, disguiseless, not 'sophisticated.'

We say that the study of Gunpowder Plot, stamped as its chief agents are with certain characteristics of their age, may be of no mean service in helping us to appreciate Shakespeare. Into what close neighbourhood with it he was brought it has been the special purpose of this paper to show.

# MARTIN'S *WESTERN ISLANDS*.[1]

Ponti profundis clausa recessibus,
Strepunt procellis, rupibus obsita.
DR. JOHNSON,
*Ode written in the Hebrides.*

AT the end of the seventeenth century the Scottish western isles were still an undescribed land. It is true that Hector Boethius, Bishop Lesby of Ross, Buchanan, and Johniston, in their respective histories had all given some account of the Hebrides; but, as none of these writers had been in the islands, they could but tell what they had heard. It is also true that a certain Donald Monro, High Dean of the isles, having, in 1547, travelled through most of the islands, wrote a brief description of them; but it was not published till 1773, and was in the beginning of that century lying, in MS., in Sir Robert Sibbald's collection at Edinburgh; moreover, Monro's account is hardly more than a catalogue of rocks and islands.

But about this time the attention of antiquaries was turned towards the Hebrides; it was known that cairns crowned many of the headlands, and that stone circles and other relics of past ages still stood in the level tracts; moreover, the islanders were said to practise many strange customs, which were probably referable to a very ancient origin.

Some of the islands were so remote and inaccessible that they were hardly ever visited by strangers, so that the laws of the mainland, though, of course, theoretically binding in the islands also, could in no way be enforced there. On the other hand, the inhabitants of these more distant islands, who seldom or never ventured into the world which lay outside their rocky homes, knew nothing of mainland laws and institutions.

Again, in the matter of religion these people were more or less independent. At a very distant time their homes had been the chief stronghold of the Celtic religion under the Druids; then St. Columba had brought Christianity to its island home in Tena; and from thence it had spread throughout the archipelago. When in its turn the Roman Catholic religion in these parts fell in ruin, the new and reformed religion established its teachers in the larger and nearer islands, but took no care for the outermost of the little societies. All that the people of these distant places heard of Protestantism was from the very few chance visitors who, on rare occasions, made a short stay among them. Under these circumstances the island folk made for themselves a sort of eclectic religion, in which much Druidism, a little Roman Catholicism, and still less Protestantism, were mingled with a very great deal of more recent superstition.

Society, therefore, was complete in itself in each of these remote islands, for in them was no man of law, no priest, no doctor; each had its own miniature system of custom or law, religion, and physic. This is, of course, fully true only of the tiny and distant isles. Skie, the Lewis, and the islands surrounding these, had even then assimilated much of the mainland civilisation. St. Kilda and

[1] *A Voyage to St. Kilda*, by M. Martin, Gent. London, 1698.
*A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, same Author (1st edition, 1703), 2nd edition, London 1716, with many MS. notes by John Toland.
A History of the Druids, in *The Life and Works of John Toland*. London, 1747.

Rona, on the other hand, had hardly been influenced. The first minister of St. Kilda was only appointed some years later (in 1705), and civilisation has found its way so slowly and with such difficulty into that island, that even at the present day there is no postal communication between it and the mainland.

But in most, and in some slight degree in all, of the islands the old state of things was rapidly passing away. Antiquaries were looking towards these islands in the western sea, and were longing to obtain a record of the old peculiar order before it was swept away by the new common civilisation.

Sir Robert Sibbald, the leading Scottish antiquary, had among his friends a certain Doctor of Philosophy named Martin, a native of Skie, and who was at that time still resident in the island. At Sibbald's request Martin travelled through all the islands, and published the first accurate account of them. This traveller is usually mentioned in bibliographical works, and even in the catalogue of the British Museum, merely as 'M. Martin, Gent.' A few facts as to his life may be gleaned, partly from a tract published in 1773, but written much earlier in the century by Buchan, the first minister of St. Kilda; partly from some of the early volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions*, to which Martin in the first place contributed many of his notes; and partly from certain MS. notes by James Junius, commonly called John Toland. Of these notes we shall make much use.

Their author was personally acquainted with Martin; possibly the two had been fellow-students at Leyden. Their connection, however, seems to have been far from friendly. Toland says of Martin, who was a firm believer in second-sight, 'I knew this poor ignorant Martin, and one day exposed him so much to the ridicule of very good company (whither he was brought to dine), upon y^e^ account of the second-sight, which he pretended to maintain, that he never afterwards durst appear again in that company.'

Martin Martin was a native of Skie. He took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Leyden; and was afterwards for a time governor to the young laird of McLeod. It was probably during this period that he visited many of the islands, and among others the then almost inaccessible rock of St. Kilda, where he stayed for some weeks. Some of the observations which he made during these travels he communicated to the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society. In 1698 he published a separate account of his *Voyage to St. Kilda*; and this was followed, in 1703, by a general *Description of the Western Islands*.

The author was elected into the Royal Society. Toland says that this honour was paid to Martin on account of the two books which we have mentioned; and adds: 'Y^e^ Royal Society were much to blame to admit such a person among them as a philosopher who was furthest from that character that could possibly be.' It seems hardly credible that Martin's only claims to the honour were founded on these deliciously simple, credulous, and entirely unscientific traveller's stories. If, however, Toland's statement is true, it adds not a little interest to Martin's books, which, viewed in this light, afford a quaint picture of some of the scientific thought of those days. It must be added that diligent search through the contemporary volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions* fails to discover any further contributions by this Fellow of the Royal Society.

Our most unphilosophical philosopher, in 1716, published a second

edition of his book on the Western Islands. He died in London three years later.

A copy of the second edition fell into the hands of Toland, the deist. After a life in which his great natural powers had been entirely thwarted by his extraordinary vanity, Toland was living, or rather dying, a poor and disappointed man in lodgings at Putney; here he was supported by the contributions of the few friends whom he had not succeeded in alienating. He amused himself during the last few years of his life in complaining of the desertion of friends whom he had driven away by his own acts; complaining of the friends who were supporting him; writing violent attacks against the doctor who was attending him; and in condensing the history of his own life into an epitaph.

Martin's book, coming at this time, must have been a godsend to the sick man. It is very inaccurate, very unscientific, and in a style which is almost more than indifferent; yet the author had received the highest scientific honours, and was the esteemed friend of some of the foremost men of the day.

Toland himself, on the other hand, had done much literary work. His writings show great natural talent, spoilt though it be by his wondrous conceit; show also that the writer was a man of no mean amount of reading, though we must believe that the knowledge of 'more than ten' languages with which he credited himself in his auto-epitaph was somewhat superficial. And now at the close of his life he had but little result to show for his life-toil. His most celebrated book owed its notoriety to the fact that it had been burned by the common hangman. He had been repudiated by Locke and other great men, whose friendship he had tried to claim. His fame was that of a political renegade, and a broiler in coffee-houses and taverns. But he seems to have acquitted himself of all responsibility in his own want of success; the world was wrong, and John Toland was supremely right.

This man saw in Martin's book the work of a successful but unworthy rival. He pored long and very happily over the pages: he found it a web of faults, faults of commission and faults of omission. On the fly-leaf of his copy he wrote:

> After the first cursory reading of Dr. Martin's book, I perused it a second time, with pen in hand, as is often my custom, and in like manner a third time. My remarks serve partly to explain and partly to correct him; some to supply his defects and others to expose his negligence. These strictures are all extemporaneous, many of them abrupt, and not a few particulars omitted well worthy notice; which was necessarily occasioned through want of room in so narrow a margin, and in some instances for want of competent information.

The remarks, limited as they are 'by so narrow a margin,' form a running commentary of considerable fullness on the whole book. One of the earliest of these notes clearly shows the spirit in which the whole were written. 'The author,' it states, 'wanted every requisite in an historian, especially in a topographer, except simplicity, if even this may be allowed to him: for 'tis sincerity not silliness, an unaffected not an abject style, that is understood by this virtue in any writer.' Bitter words these, and unjust. Johnson's estimate of the book was different. Boswell tells us: 'Dr. Johnson has said in his *Journey* that he scarcely remembered how the wish to visit the Hebrides was excited; but he told me, in the summer of 1763, that his father put Martin's account into his hands when he was very young, and that he was much pleased with it.' It was, according to this writer, Martin's book that

induced the great dictionary-maker to undertake his wonderful journey, with the great biographer, to the Hebrides. This fact alone should sustain the memory of Martin; but his book has great merits of its own.

The enormous simplicity of the author was not silliness. Had he been a deeply read man, or had he had any scientific experience, his books would have been of very much greater value; but he had not deeply studied either literature or science. His travels were through places, the natural features of which were entirely peculiar, and where life was made up of broken and disjointed fragments of a long-forgotten past. He wrote down exactly what he saw, without reasoning as to its cause. The result was that he drew a picture of a most interesting form of society which was even then passing away—a picture differing from that which Toland, or any man of philosophic culture and thought, would have drawn, much as a photograph differs from the finished composition of a painter. Martin depicted the facts as they were at the moment; Toland would have brought his antiquarian and historical knowledge to bear on these facts, and would have read both their origins and their inter-relations. To a certain extent the latter did this, partly in these marginal notes, and partly in the fragmentary *History of the Druids*, which was published after his death.

Toland was well fitted for this work. He had spent his early years in the northernmost part of Ireland, where the people, in their origin, their language, and their customs, were akin to the Hebrideans. His knowledge of languages and his personal experience of several phases of religious thought were also of great service. His notes, therefore, do indeed help to explain Martin. Herein lies our chief interest in his copy of the book, which is now in the British Museum.

But it has a further interest to the student of character; it helps to explain Martin's pages, and it also throws considerable light on the character of Toland, who, as a leader of an extreme form of philosophic thought, is an interesting though but little known figure. His notes, jotted down just as they occurred to him, probably express accurately his ordinary habit of thought. Most of them are bitter and aggressive, while the rest express self-satisfaction. The mere mention of priest or minister sufficed to provoke his irony and abuse.

His parents were Roman Catholic; it has been alleged by his enemies that he was the illegitimate son of an Irish priest, but this is probably untrue. In connection with this slander it is worth noting that against more than one passage, in which Martin alludes to alleged immoral lives of certain priests and nuns, Toland has noted down his assent or dissent. There were several rocks known to the Hebrideans as 'Islands of the Pigmies,' on account of the number of small bones which were found on them. It had been suggested to Martin that these rocks were once the sites of convents or monasteries, and that the bones found were those of the children of the nuns or monks. Toland in one place makes the more reasonable suggestion that the bones of sea-fowl have been mistaken for those of children, but against another parallel passage he adds that the monastic hypothesis may be correct, for that similar iniquities have been known in other places also.

At the early age of sixteen, or, perhaps, even fourteen, Toland, having renounced Roman Catholicism, fell into the hands of certain Dissenters, who undertook the care

and cost of educating him for their own Church. Before long, however, he shook himself free from the shackles of Nonconformity also. Finally it was in Druidism, or rather, perhaps, in the rationalism which he chose to attribute to the Druids, that he found the most perfect and satisfactory religion. The result of all these changes was to make him very bitter against the representatives of all the religions which surrounded him. Throughout these notes he never lost an opportunity of pointing to priestly pride, superstition, or craft.

Toland also comments severely on the South Sea Scheme, in which he had doubtless burnt his fingers. Booksellers, again, seem to have been grievous to him. Martin once alludes to a figure of the common limpet, which he meant to introduce into his book, but no such drawing appears. 'But where is this figure?' Toland exclaims; 'doubtless left out by the avarice of the bookseller!'

Scattered among these complaints of a disappointed man are several anecdotes and allusions to his contemporary thinkers. One such note gives us a glimpse of the geographical and psychological travels of two very prominent members of the then new-born school of free-thinkers.

When Mr. (Anthony) Collins and I asked the sexton's daughter (who showed the two basins at Luisdun, in Holland, in which it was pretended that 365 children at a birth had been baptised) whether the people of the place believed the story? she answered, smiling, that not one in the town believed it, but her father, her mother, and herself.

All these various circumstances lend an interest to Toland's copy, which seems to have been felt by every successive owner from the day when we first see it in Toland's sick room to the day when it was placed on the shelves of the British Museum. After he had read and annotated the book Toland lent it to his patron and fellow-countryman, Lord Molesworth. 'Having lent this book, thus marked, to the Viscount Molesworth, and he adding several other notes, I thought fit to distinguish his by L.M., and my own by J. T., October 25, 1721.'

Lord Molesworth, the first of that title, tells us that he also was acquainted with Martin, of whom he also seems to have formed a low estimate. A few of his other utterances are amusing. 'The reason given why the Devil would not be a sailor,' he says, 'is that in the summer the wind sometimes blows from different quarters at the same time.' In many places he betrays his character as a woman-hater. His annotations are, however, very inferior to those by Toland.

A few months after he had written the last of these notes Toland died. His book passed into the hands of Dr. Richard Mead, whose reputation both as a physician and as a patron of literature and art was then at its height. Mead had published a pamphlet which bears evident marks of Martin's influence, both direct and indirect. It is a strange fact that the influence of either Martin or of Toland may be traced in all into whose hands this annotated description of the Western Islands fell. Mead's pamphlet was on the influence of the sun and moon on animal bodies. A great deal of ingenuity was expended in it in trying to prove that chronic bodily affections are directly related to and dependent on the changes of the moon. Martin's book speaks of many cases, such as that of a man the tips of whose fingers bled at each full moon; of another who always became blind two days before the new moon, recovering his sight when the moon was born. One, at least, of these cases Mead quoted in his pamphlet; and in

another place he speaks of causing a wound on the head of a patient as a cure for flux and dysentery, a cure which would also appear to have been a suggestion of Martin.

After the death of Mead in 1754, his library and other collections were sold. Martin and Toland's book was bought by Sir Peter Thompson, who gave thirty-three shillings for it. This new owner seems to have valued the book greatly; in the fly-leaf he wrote these words: 'Bought at Dr. Mead's sale in May 1755, cost 1*l.* 13*s.* 0*d.*; *the notes are truly valuable.*' Sir Peter transcribed the numerous MS. notes into a second copy of the same book; and then lent this transcript to Richard Heber, who in turn wrote the notes in his own copy. The original was afterwards bought by James Bindley for twenty-two shillings.

Heber, not content with the transcript which was already in his enormous library, afterwards acquired the original—a fact which serves to show the great bibliomaniac's estimate of its value.

After the sale of the *Bibliotheca Heberiana* the book passed into the British Museum.

It is seldom possible to trace the history of a particular book through a century and a half of more eventful life; and in fact this book is one of those suggestive volumes which are of high value in any library. It is a key to many comparatively unknown but not uninteresting lives; its reader will hardly stop without finding out more of the lives and doings of the many men whom Toland seems to bring before us for a brief moment. Round its pages a very wide circle of life and literature seems to centre.

We have thus tried to indicate something of the accidental value of this copy of Martin's book; and we must now turn to the contents of the book itself. With Toland's help we shall try to extract from Martin's confused account a connected picture of Hebridean life as it was before its peculiar features were obliterated by contact with the outside world.

The so-called Picts' or Druids' houses, the stone circles and other artificial erections, are perhaps the most prominent subjects in the original book, and consequently in Toland's notes. But these ancient monuments have since been so often described that we turn from them to the primitive ideas of the islanders as expressed in their habits and superstitions.

Toland shall himself preface our survey of Martin's travels. 'I must say,' he writes, 'what will appear odd because I have not room to give my reasons for it, that a good observation of the manners and persuasions of the most remote islanders is the best commentary on the Oddysea of Homer.'

The great but simple hospitality which is such a prominent feature in the Homeric poem finds a parallel in Martin's pages. Not only the hospitality, but some even of the modes in which it was practised, suggest the comparison. It is, however, necessary to remember how greatly the southern climate of which Homer wrote differed from the northern land of Martin's story. Yet alike in the glorious garden and palace of Alkinoos and on the Hebridean rocks the duty of giving kindly welcome to the stranger was held supreme.

Our traveller himself met with a most kindly reception wherever he went; but an account which he gives of the welcome accorded in the island of Rona to Mr. Daniel Morrison is most striking, and is given in Morrison's own words:

> Upon my landing the natives received me very affectionately, and addressed me with their usual salutation to a stranger: 'God save you, pilgrim; you are heartily welcome here; . . . . . and we heartily congratulate your arrival in this our remote country.' One of the natives would needs ex-

press his high esteem for my person by making a tour about me sun ways, and blessing me, and wishing me all happiness. . . . They conducted me to the little village, and in the way thither there are three inclosures; and as I entered each of these the inhabitants severally saluted me, taking me by the hand and saying, 'Traveller, you are welcome here.' They went along with me to the house that they had assigned for my lodging, where there was a bundle of straw laid upon the floor for a seat for me to sit upon. After a little time was spent in general discourse, the inhabitants returned to their respective dwelling-houses; and in this interval they killed each of them a sheep, being in all five, answerable to the number of their families. The skins of the sheep were entire, and flayed off so from the neck to the tail that they were in form like a sack. These skins, being flayed off after this manner, were by the inhabitants instantly filled with barley meal, and this they gave me by way of a present. One of the number acted as speaker for the rest, saying: 'Traveller, we are very sensible of the favour you have done us in coming so far, with a design to instruct us in our way to happiness, and at the same time to venture yourself on the great ocean; pray, be pleased to accept of this small present, which we humbly offer as an expression of our sincere love to you.' This I accepted, though in a very coarse dress; but it was given with such an air of hospitality and good-will, as deserved thanks. They presented my man also with some pecks of meal, as being likewise a traveller; the boat's crew having been in Rona before were not reckoned strangers, and therefore was no present given them but their daily maintenance.

Again, of the island of Barray, Martin says:

The inhabitants are very hospitable, and have a custom that when any strangers from the northern islands resort thither, the natives, immediately after their landing, oblige them to eat, even though they should have liberally eat and drunk but an hour before their landing there. And this meal they call Bieyta'v, i.e. ocean meat; for they presume that the sharp air of the ocean must needs give them a good appetite. And whatever number of strangers come there, or of whatsoever quality or sex, they are regularly lodged according to ancient custom, that is, one only in a family.

This custom of distributing the strangers, as far as possible, among the inhabitants was common to the other islands, and was doubtless founded on the idea that each family ought to perform an equal share of the common duty of hospitality, as of all other duties. When, as must usually have been the case, the guests were fewer in number than the families, the question as to which families were to undertake the duty of lodging the strangers was settled by lot; but each family, whether a guest came to its house or not, was bound to contribute a fixed and equal amount towards the maintenance of the strangers. All this is but one of the numerous instances in which the social compact regulated the duties and the rights in these island societies.

The kindly feeling of these simple people was not seldom abused, owing to a custom which seems once to have been universal among them, and which yet lingered in some of the islands. Strangers were not only maintained during their stay, but on their departure were allowed to take as much grain, or wool, or other produce, as they pleased, for the mere asking. The Sandwich islander, when questioned as to the ownership of his property, politely answers the inquirer with the words, 'It is yours and mine;' the Spanish gentleman goes yet further when, pointing to some article of his own property, he presses his guest to accept it. The Hebridean surpassed both the savage and the don; for while the two latter would be indignant with the stranger who should innocently accept their offer, the islander, on the other hand, not only offered but actually gave his property. Martin says that some months before he visited Lingay, an island which was especially rich in barley, ten men had been there at one time 'to ask corn gratis, and every one of them had, some one, some two, and some three attendants; and during their abode there were all entertained gratis, no one re-

turning empty.' Toland adds, 'that this custom beggared many of the natives in the north part of Ireland when I was a boy, but I am told they are now grown wiser.'

Hospitality is not the only Homeric feature of Martin's story. Some of his pictures of home life recall such scenes as that of the cluster of women in the palace of Alkinoos, some grinding yellow grain, others weaving close-woven linen. Of this sort are the following descriptions of the Hebridean women's toil:

> A woman sitting down takes a handful of corn, holding it by the stalks in her left hand, and then sets fire to the ears, which are presently in a flame. She has a stick in her right hand which she manages very dexterously, beating off the grains at the very instant when the husk is quite burnt; for if she miss of that she must use the kiln; but experience has taught them this art to perfection. The corn may be so dressed, winnowed, ground, and baked within an hour after reaping from the ground.

This art, says Martin, is called graddan, from a word signifying *quick*.

The description of the women in the act of preparing their home-made cloth forms a companion picture.

> They thicken their cloaths upon flakes, or mats of hay twisted and woven together in small ropes; they work hard at this employment, first making use of their hands and at last of their feet. And when they are at this work they commonly sing all the time, one of their number acting the part of a prime chantress, whom all the rest follow and obey.

These household arts are of so primitive a character that it is a matter for regret that Martin tells us nothing of the potter's art as practised by these same people, except that in some of the islands there is a red clay, which is made into vessels and baked by the women. In all secluded places the moulding and baking of clay into pots and pans has retained so much of its primitive character that details of the manufacture and form of these red-clay vessels would have been of great ethnological interest.

But the habits, laws, and manner of life in these island societies are best seen in Martin's very full account of St. Kilda. This island is at once the most western and the most inaccessible of the whole group. Martin only reached it after two days and two nights spent, in an open boat, among the storms, waves, and rocks of the Hebridean seas; and even after this his landing among its rocky cliffs was a matter of extreme difficulty. We may, therefore, take society as it existed on this island as typical of the state of things which had once prevailed throughout the group.

The only regular visitors to St. Kilda were the steward and his boat's crew. This steward, as the deputy of the laird, was the only representative of sovereign power, both criminal and civil, in the island; all other law and custom rested on a social compact which had gradually grown up. In their intercourse with the steward, and through him with the laird, the people were represented by an officer, chosen from among their own number, who was paid, and was originally nominated by themselves. By the end of the seventeenth century, however, the steward had claimed a voice in the nomination of this officer, who, though he continued to represent the interests of the people, now also exercised some authority on behalf of the steward, except during the short time in each year in which the latter was himself present.

Originally the steward's duty had been to receive that part of the produce of the island which was due to the laird. But on the rocks of St. Kilda the struggle for life was too hard to allow of the production of more than was necessary for the maintenance of its inhabitants; the laird had therefore waived his claim to any share beyond what was barely sufficient to repay the steward for the duties

which he performed in the island. These duties were to settle any disputes which arose in the place, and to perform the civil offices of baptism and marriage; for there was no minister in the island. In return for this, he and his retainers received an ample maintenance while they were in the island, and when he went away he carried with him no inconsiderable presents of the produce of the place.

The officer, on the other hand, was bound to resist on behalf of the people all undue exactions by the steward:

> He is obliged to dispute with the steward for what is due to any of them, and never to give over until he has obtained his demand, or put the steward into such a passion, that he gives the officer at least three strokes with his cudgel over the crown of his head; after these three strokes he (the officer) has done the utmost that is required of him by their antient customs. I inquired (Martin says) of the officer, who told me this custom, what if the steward give him but one blow over the crown of his head; he answered, that the inhabitants would not be satisfied if he did not so far plead as to irritate the steward to give both a second and a third blow.

The steward himself, on being questioned, answered 'that it was an antient custom, which in his short time he had not had occasion to practise, but, if he should, he would not confine himself to the number of three blows if the officer should prove indiscreet.' This conception of custom as exactly regulating the amount of resistance which it was lawful for the islanders to offer, through their officer, to the steward (a laird) is a quaint illustration of the old social compact.

During the absence of the steward the officer married and baptised, assigned to each family the amount of land due to it, settled all disputes, kept the rights of each family within their proper bounds, and enforced a form of criminal law—inflicting, for instance, fines for bodily assaults.

For the performance of these duties the officer was paid an omer (a measure which Toland affirms was introduced by the monks) of barley each year by every family; several acres of land were also especially assigned to him. This form of payment was probably merely that common to all Teutonic village communities. In return for the duties which he performed for the steward, the latter, when he left the island at the end of his summer visit, gave his bonnet to the officer; and the steward's wife left with the officer's wife the kertch or head-dress worn by herself, and she bestowed likewise upon her an ounce of indigo. The significance of these latter payments is less evident, though, just as the office of steward was much more recent than that of 'the officer,' so was the origin of the remuneration to the former than of that to the latter.

A striking and natural form of communism, akin in origin and form to that of the Teutonic agricultural mark, seems to have survived on the island. As a rule, wealth must have been very equally distributed among the various families. Martin found but three poor people, and these were carefully provided for by regular contributions from the other families. It is difficult to account for the presence of even three paupers, for if they were really incapable of self-support it was, as we shall see, the laird's duty to adopt them into his own household.

Coined money hardly existed; a few pieces might be found in the island, but these were regarded merely as curiosities. Their wealth consisted partly of the produce of their cattle and their crops, but was derived especially from the innumerable sea birds which perpetually swarm round those cliffs.

Fishing was almost impracticable round St. Kilda on account of the dangerous nature of the coast. But

in other islands, where it was more possible, there was a customary regulation that all fishing-lines should be of one length. Once more in this we see an absolute equality of rights and opportunities preserved to each member of the community by custom.

Those who have seen those northern islands, and have noticed the crops in them, will readily understand that the amount of grain produced in St. Kilda was comparatively small. Of the cattle in the island Martin gives us an exact account:

> The number of horses exceeds not eighteen, all of a red colour, very low and smooth-skinned, being only employed in carrying their turf and corn, and at the anniversary cavalcade, of which more hereafter. The cows are about ninety head, small and great, all of them having their foreheads white and black, which is discernible at a great distance. They are of low stature, but fat and sweet beef.

Sheep are more numerous. Each householder had the right to graze a certain number of cattle, both on the island itself and on the turf-covered rocks which lay close to the island.

Fishing, crops, or cattle were, however, of little account to the islanders in comparison to the sea birds, which, with their eggs, afforded the principal means of subsistence. Even at the present day the people of St. Kilda depend so greatly on this source of food that when, in 1869, the Act for the preservation of sea-fowl was passed, it was found necessary to exclude this island from the operation of the Act.

Some conception of the amount of food derived from this source may be formed from certain statements of Martin. After a three-weeks' stay in the island he calculated the number of eggs given by way of maintenance to his crew and that of the steward, who happened to be in the island at the same time. 'The whole,' he says, 'amounted to 16,000 eggs; and without doubt the inhabitants, who were triple our number, consumed many more eggs and fowls than we could.' But the eggs formed only a part of the food supply of this sort; the birds themselves were dried and consumed in immense numbers. Another calculation by Martin shows us that in the year preceding his visit 22,600 solan-geese were consumed in the whole island, a number which the inhabitants assured him was below the average. In addition to these, we must remember, that birds of many other kinds were eaten, though not in such numbers as were the solan-geese.

The labour and danger of collecting the birds were very great. Many of them were taken from the terrific cliffs of the island itself; the risk in taking these will be best conceived by those who have seen a sea-fowler dangling at a rope's end midway down some stupendous cliff. But many of the birds and eggs were taken from the rocks lying out at sea, a short distance from the main island. Here the risk to be incurred was twofold; for before the cliffs were climbed an almost equally difficult landing had to be made on the rock. Martin's view of the danger of such an enterprise, though doubtless exaggerated, is striking:

> Betwixt the west point of St. Kilda and the little island Soa is the famous rock Stackdonn, i.e. in their language, a *Mischievous Rock*, for it hath proved so to some of their number, who perished in attempting to climb it; it is much of the form and height of a steeple; there is a very great dexterity needed, and it is reckoned no small gallantry, to climb this rock; especially that part of it called *the Thumb*, which is so little that of all the parts of a man's body the thumb only can lay hold on it; and that must be only for the space of one minute, during which time his feet have no support, nor any part of his body touch the stone except the thumb. During this moment he must jump by the help of his thumb, the agility of his body concurring to raise him higher at the same time, to a sharp point of

the rock, which, when he has got hold of, puts him above danger. Having a rope about his middle, he casts it down to the boat, by the help of which he carries up as many persons as are designed for fowling at this time. The foreman, or principal climber, has the reward of four fowls bestowed upon him above his proportion; and . . . . he has this advantage by it, that he is recorded among their greatest heroes.

In fact, it seems not unlikely that it was originally customary to appoint him to the post of that officer who was cudgelled by the steward; the most capable man in their most important employment, sea-fowling, became their leader in all other phases of their life.

The labour of gathering the birds and their eggs was undertaken by the whole society conjointly. For this purpose they possessed but one boat and three ropes. These might only be used by the common consent of all. Time and place at which they were to be used, and the persons who were to undertake the expedition, were settled by lot. The booty obtained by the expedition was equally divided among all the inhabitants.

The people seem to have believed that they possessed an absolute right to the birds and their eggs. About the year 1695 a ship lay becalmed off one of the small island rocks; and the sailors, seeing the eggs, put off in a boat and took a considerable number.

So careful was one of the seamen as to put them in his breeches, which he put off on purpose for this use; some of the inhabitants of St. Kilda happened to be in the isle that day; and a parcel of them happened to be spectators of this diversion, and were offended at it being done without their consent. Therefore they devised an expedient which at once robbed the seamen of their eggs and their breeches; and 'twas thus. They found a few loose stones in the rocks, some of which they let fall down perpendicularly above the seamen, the terror of which obliged them quickly to remove, abandoning both breeches and eggs for their safety. And those tarpaulin breeches were no small ornament there where all wore girded plaids.

It is curious to read how these vast flocks of sea-fowl coloured the lives of these people. They were not only the principal source of food, but they also influenced the lives of these islanders in countless other ways. The women used the skins from the necks of the solan-geese instead of shoes; they sewed with feathers instead of thread; their dress, as well as that of the men, was pinned together with the bones of the Fulmar petrel. The latter birds also supplied oil for light and food. The cries of the sea-fowl were the music of the island; and the piper of St. Kilda had composed a tune of the notes of a bird which Pennant identifies with the Brent goose. Health, also, in St. Kilda was principally affected by the same cause. Most of the illnesses in the island were the result of gross feeding on food of an oily nature, such as the flesh and eggs of sea-fowl, or by the habit of constantly living in huts half buried in feathers, surrounded by drying and half-putrid birds and by addled eggs. On the other hand, one of the remedies most frequently applied to check this evil was prepared thus. The stomach of a bird was stuffed with the fat and oil, and was then dried in the smoke of the chimney. This was called *gibben*, and was eaten with all food, as a pleasant relish and as a preservative from the ill effects of gross feeding. From a letter to the *Times* of December 7, 1876, a somewhat similar practice seems to be customary among the Eskimo of Repulse Bay, who are said to 'preserve the stomachs or paunches, with their contents, of the deer or musk cattle they kill. These freeze solid during the winter; and a piece, large or small, according to the taste of the person, is chopped off and eaten with each meal, much as we would do bread.'

Monro, writing about 1547, speaks as though, in his day, the stomach

of the great auk, which is now extinct, was exclusively used in the preparation of *gibben*.

These are all ways in which the presence of sea-birds directly influenced life in St. Kilda. We shall now try to illustrate the more curious and interesting indirect action of the same cause.

When, as sometimes happened, the islanders appealed against the steward's decisions to the laird, the messengers sent for this purpose approached McLeod in single file. Martin adds that this manner of walking was customary with the islanders at all times, 'for they walk not abreast as others do.' The cause of this is doubtless to be found in their constant practice of climbing among dangerous rocks and along the face of the cliff. When engaged in this way they necessarily walked singly, one behind the other; and the habit thus acquired in the most thrilling moments of their lives became constant at all times.

A similar and yet more curious instance is told in the following words:

> In the face of the rock, south from the town, is the famous stone known by the name of the Mistress Stone. It resembles a door exactly, and is in the very front of this rock, which is twenty or thirty fathoms perpendicular in height, the figure of it (the door) being discernible about the distance of a mile. Upon the lintel of this door every bachelor wooer is by an antient custom obliged in honour to give a specimen of his affection for the love of his mistress, and it is thus. He is to stand on his left foot, having the one half of his sole over the rock, and then he draws the right foot farther out to the left, and in this posture bowing, he puts both his fists further out to the right foot. And then, after he has performed this, he has acquired no small reputation, being always after it accounted worthy of the finest mistress in the world.

In other words, a man, by performing this dangerous gymnastic feat, proved himself capable of much rock-climbing. As he could, therefore, be sure of obtaining an amount of birds sufficient for the support of a household, he might be allowed to marry and become the father of a family.

Such was the purest form of Hebridean island society as it survived in St. Kilda. In most of the other islands the habits and institutions of the mainland had established themselves more or less securely. One effect of this foreign influence was to bring the people into closer connection with the laird.

These relations between the islanders and the laird are noticeable. The latter was no mere landlord of a set of island tenants; he was, even more than was the chief of a mainland clan, rather the head and lawgiver of a large and scattered family, which included all the smaller families of the islands.

Except in the larger islands, such as Skie or the Lewis, the laird was non-resident, and rarely seen. 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico'—the absentee laird was regarded by the islanders as hardly inferior to anyone. And though this extreme reverence was not paid to the laird in the more accessible islands, yet, even in these, his position was peculiar.

The bond which united him to his people rested mainly on a kindly interchange of many good offices. This was regulated by customs, all of which recognised the difficulty of life in those places, and the fact that in times of special need existence could only be preserved in the islands by the help of the laird.

The chief had certain rights over the soil, for he claimed a portion of the produce; though, in the case of the poorer and more remote islands, this right, as we have seen, seems not to have been very strictly enforced. All superfluous produce was, however, his. For instance, one of twins was always the laird's. The rearing of two children at one time would have been too great a

strain on the resources of a Hebridean household; so, when twin children were born, the laird took one into his own household. Martin speaks of one laird in whose house there were, at one time, sixteen such retainers. So far the customary disposal of twins benefited the tenant. But, on the other hand, if two lambs, or two calves, were born at a birth, one was due to the laird.

Again, if old age or infirmity rendered any of the islanders incapable of self-support, the chief was bound to receive these into his family. But if the chief himself became too poor to live in fitting style, his needs were relieved by the islanders, who, as a matter of course, subscribed for this purpose, each according to his means.

The laird found wives for the men, and husbands for the women, even in the case of widowers or widows. This was in order that the islanders might 'beget followers to McNeil.' He who wanted a wife applied to his chief, and when one had been indicated, 'immediately he goes to her, carrying with him a bottle of strong waters for their entertainment at marriage, which is then consummated.' It may be well to note here that in this rude society marriage was evidently regarded from an extremely utilitarian point of view. Martin even heard that in some islands it had been customary for a man to take a wife on trial for a year, at the end of which, if the arrangement seemed unsuitable, he was allowed to return her, with her dower, to the parents. A strange custom this, which finds its parallel in more than one undeveloped nation.

Another apt tie which bound the Hebridean to his chief was that when, as sometimes happened in a bad season, or after some other misfortune, the people of any island had lost their cattle, other animals were supplied by the laird. Indeed, but for this custom the whole population of small and rarely-visited islands would sometimes have been in great danger of dying of starvation. Some fourteen years before Martin visited the island of Rona, which lies near St. Kilda, a series of misfortunes exterminated the inhabitants; a swarm of rats made their way into the island and devoured all the corn; the sailors of a passing ship killed and stole the one bull of the island. Except during the height of summer this island was never visited, so that the condition of its inhabitants remained unknown for the greater part of a year.

Yet more interesting than the island laws and customs were the superstitions which, fostered both by history and geographical position, formed the island religion.

It was this that attracted Toland's great interest. He attributed all these superstitions to Druidism, and tried to use them as data from which to reconstruct the lost system of the Celtic priests. His *History of the Druids* was designed to give a complete picture of the system, which seemed to him to have been ideally perfect. But the book was never written. Three letters to Lord Molesworth on this subject, and these notes in Martin's book, alone enable us to judge of the way in which he would have treated his theme. The Druids, according to him, were admirable rationalists, who governed the surrounding laity most cunningly, but well. Much of his theory is probably erroneous; much again seems very near the truth. His attribution of the superstitions of the Hebrides and the North of Ireland to priestcraft seems unimpeachable; that they originated in the special craft of the Druids seems less certain. We shall attempt to give Toland's reading of Martin's facts.

History seemed to say that Druidism, driven out from the

mainland, had sought its last shelter in the Hebrides and in the North of Ireland, and there had died, leaving a name and a tradition which yet survived in the eighteenth century.

The geographical position of the islands helped to keep this tradition alive. Their distance from the mainland, their inaccessibility, the hardship and danger which surround life in them, their exposure to the full fury of the elements, all aid in this work. The relics of Druidism were elaborated into a form of Nature worship.

Sun, moon, stars, wind, seas, and all movements of nature, all these had probably been the objects of the Druids' study, though not of their worship. But if the Druids did not worship these phenomena, they were willing to encourage the idea that they exercised some control over them. To understand the object of this apparently unworthy encouragement of credulity it must be remembered that the Druids must now have been driven into their last strongholds. They must have felt, to maintain that ground against the outside world, they were lost. They had, therefore, to keep foreigners out of the island as well as to maintain their supremacy over the natives. Both these ends they could accomplish by encouraging the belief that it lay with them to raise or calm the storms which constantly battle among those islands. An anecdote told by Plutarch, if it really refers to the Hebrides, clearly shows the nature of the dreaded magic line which Druids drew round their island homes in order to keep out the stranger. When one, Demetrius, who was travelling in those parts, came to one of the islands, 'immediately the air blackened and was troubled, and strange apparitions were seen; the wind rose to a tempest, and fiery spouts and whirlwinds appeared dancing towards the earth.' In other words there was a grand thunder-storm among the sea-cliffs, accompanied by much wind; but to Demetrius it seemed supernatural, and worked by the power of the Druids.

The same means gave the Druids supremacy over the islanders. It is not unnatural that it should seem to the simple people, that the storm, destroying their cattle or their fishing-lines, was a mere servant of the Druids; so also was the calm weather enabling them to fish, and the sun ripening their crops; the former an expression of Druid wrath, the latter of Druid favour. According to Toland's theory this idea so thoroughly took possession of the islanders that, when in an unknown time and way, they saw the Druids die, but saw that the storms yet raged, and the sun still shone, it seemed to them that they were yet surrounded by the power of the Druids, now become invisible.

By this remarkable process the purely monotheistic religion of the Druids, who are said to have worshipped but one God, passed directly into a polytheistic nature worship, in which trees, fire, water, and stones were all so far regarded as living supernatural beings, that their good-will was sought by offerings and reverence.

At the time of Martin's visit all knowledge of the real nature and religion of the Druids had long completely died out; but much of the ritual of this worship was extant, and was used, owing to the association of ideas, which has been described, to propitiate beings supposed to exist in the stones and trees among which the Druids had lived, and the elements which they had pretended to control. The Hebrideans, though they performed these isolated ceremonies and acts, no longer knew their reason. The vessel had long been broken and was forgotten, and of the few sherds which remained none knew the

origin. Our author, whose book is full of these traces of an old religion, makes no attempt to fit the fragments together. Toland, as we have said, began to do this in his notes on Martin's book, and in his fragmentary *History of the Druids.*

Fire, which in the Hebrides, as in so many other places, had attracted much superstition, is among the chief subjects of which Toland treats. He argues, with a great deal of probability, that the worship of this element was originated and sanctioned by priests—according to him by the Druids—for a social rather than a religious purpose. He represents fire worship as a mighty means of power in the hands of the Druids.

One common idea seems to connect the fire worship of many different parts of the world. According to this fire when rubbed from wood is especially sacred. Martin gives a very minute account of the way in which this 'forced fire,' as it was called, was rubbed, and was used to cure plague in men or murrain in cattle when there was need of it:

> All the fires in the parish were extinguished. and then eighty-one married men, being thought the necessary number for effecting their design, took two great planks of wood, and nine of them were employed by turns, who rubbed one of the planks against the other until by repeated efforts the heat thereof produced fire. From this 'forced fire' each family is supplied with new fire, which is no sooner kindled than a pot full of water is quickly set on it, and afterwards sprinkled upon the people that have the plague, or the cattle that have the murrain.

It is noticeable that even within the last half century this forced fire was used in the same manner and for the same purpose in Hanover, where it was called 'need fire,' (*Nothfeuer*); the custom has also been common in many other places, in all of which it has arisen from a common and very suggestive origin.

The idea of obtaining fire from two pieces of wood implies no mean amount of reflection; and much labour and time were expended in the actual operation. It is perfectly true that fire may be rubbed from two pieces of wood without much labour; and that if a fire-drill is used the task is yet more easy. But there seem to have been prescribed forms which it was deemed necessary to employ if the rubbed fire was to be sacred. It would probably have been thought impious to produce it in any other way. In the Hebrides, as we have seen, the co-operation of eighty-one men was required.

In the state of society in which fire superstition first obtained, on the one hand, the laity must have been incapable of the requisite amount of reflection, and on the other, their struggle to obtain a livelihood was too constant to allow of their undertaking such extra labour. The priests alone had both the requisite knowledge and the time, and they consequently monopolised the production of this fire. The people therefore received fire as a great gift from the priests, a boon upon which depended much of the power of the latter. Lest, however, the people when they had once received fire should never allow it to die entirely out, and should return no more for a fresh supply, the priests probably resorted to a simple and most cunning device. Fire, they said, retained its sacred virtue but for a time after it had left their hands, and must, therefore, periodically be rubbed anew by them. On a certain fixed day, probably at the end of harvest, every kind of fire was extinguished throughout the islands; then the priests, with all due ceremonies, rubbed the sacred fire; and *on certain conditions* the gift was again given to the people.

It was given conditionally, for

> If any man (says Toland) had not cleared

with the Druids for the last year's dues, he was neither to have a spark of the holy fire from the cairns nor durst any of his neighbours let him take the benefit of theirs, under pain of excommunication; which, as managed by the Druids, was worse than death. If he would brew, therefore, or bake, or roast, or boil, if he would live the winter out, the Druids' dues must be paid by the last of October.

In order to increase the reverence in which fire was held the priests would take care that it should be used for other besides domestic purposes. Many survivals seem to indicate that it was employed to heighten the effect of each solemn ceremony appointed for the great days of the year. The 1st of May, when the corn and other crops were beginning to grow; Midsummer-day, when the crops were ripening; and the 1st of November, by which time the harvest had been gathered in, probably marked the three great seasons of the Druid year.

Toland, in an unusually suggestive passage, imagines a fire lighted on May-day on each of the cairns, one of which, he says, crowned each headland, where it jutted out farthest into the sea. The picture recalls the fiery chain of beacons which were lighted along the coast of Eubœa during the expedition of Xerxes. But the Hebridean fires were for a different purpose: they were solely intended to inspire awe in the people. One was lighted on the top of each cairn, and another at the side. Between these two fires criminals and animals for sacrifice were made to pass.

This view he based partly on traces of May-day worship, which still survived. May-day, the Druid Feast of the Sun, was and is yet called 'Balteine,' or 'Beltane.' This word, which means 'the fire of Bel,' seems to indicate that the day had once been especially connected with the making of sacred fires. Connected with this name was an Hebridean saying, which has since established itself as a common English phrase. The saying that a man who is in some great danger is 'between two fires,' or, in another form, 'between the fires of Bel,' seems to refer to the passage of the criminals and the victims between the May-day fires. While on this subject another Scotch custom, of which we have, however, no notice from the Hebrides, is worth remembering. Fires are made on May-day, lots are cast, and he to whom the lot falls is made to leap three times in the fire; probably thus commemorating former human sacrifices.

On Midsummer-day Martin saw the islanders, holding flaming brands in their right hands, march in procession three times round their crops, their cattle, and their home. This triple tour, used with or without fire, in connection with almost every act of daily life, was the Deiscal Deas or ders—the right-hand, and soil or sul—the sun. Many centuries earlier the Druids had often headed a long procession of worshippers winding three times round the altar, the direction being always from east to west, following the sun's course. Many centuries later, if a boat put to sea it began its voyage by making these three turns; if a welcome stranger visited one of the islands the inhabitants passed three times round their guest; a flaming brand was carried three times round a woman after child-bearing; three times round the child daily until it was christened. Even the commonest acts were scarcely ever performed without this ceremony.

But the 1st of November, the Feast of the Moon, which had been the great day of Druid worship, was the great festival observed throughout the islands. According to Toland's view this must have been the day on which all fires were extinguished, dues were paid to the priests, and new fire was then rubbed from wood. Then all the people met on some sandy grass

tract of the foreshore, bringing with them every available horse. As in most of the islands horses were even less numerous than men, it was considered allowable on the eve of this feast to steal a neighbour's horse by any sort of craft, and to ride it all next day, provided that it was afterwards returned unhurt to the owner. Barebacked, with a rope for sole harness, and urged with a strip of dried sea-weed instead of a whip, these horses were ridden in many a race by the younger men. Then all, mounted, as far as possible, on horseback, fell into a procession which marched three times round some mound or cairn, or other relic of old times. When night came on each family returned home and baked 'St. Michael's cakes,' which were eaten by all the household, and by every stranger in it.

According to Toland this festival was observed in the same manner in the north of Ireland. Very many of his notes are devoted to showing the identity and common origin of the customs on either side of the Hebridean and northern Irish Sea.

We have lingered long on the subject of fire worship, because it was the most prominent superstition; but though the chief, it was not the only, fetish. Trees, streams and wells, stones, the ocean, were all objects of worship, as they are in many other places.

Trees, and especially oak trees, had naturally become centres of superstition, for it was in their shade that the Druids principally lived. There were two small coppices, one near Loch Siant, in Skie, and another on the island of Lingay, both of which were deemed so sacred that no native ventured to cut even the smallest of their branches. The great scarcity of trees in the islands themselves tended to increase this feeling. It is possible, and even probable, that they had not always been so scarce. Toland's opinion on this question was, as usual, decided: 'Tis certain that all these islands, now so bleak and naked, were anciently covered with woods, which is not only attested by the Irish and Norwegian historians, but likewise may be presumed from the multitude of their subterranean trees.' Long before this opinion was expressed, however, trees had become very scarce; indeed, in many of the islands there were none. The way in which the rarity of trees tended to increase the superstitious reverence for the few which did exist is well shown in a story told by Martin. A man from the woodless island of St. Kilda, who travelled as far as Skie, there tried to force his way through a group of low-growing trees. Finding it difficult to make his way through the branches, he exclaimed, 'that the trees were holding him back.'

Stone worship in the islands may be roughly distinguished into two parts. The superstitious regard for cairns, monoliths, and the great stone circles, is due to an association of ideas similar to that which attached reverence to trees. Many of these old monuments, presumably the handiwork of the Druids, yet stood in most of the islands. The reverence which was attached to many small stones or pebbles, and to crystals, is harder to explain. This form of stone worship, which Toland assures us occurred in their own country also, is, possibly, referable to the small circular stones, one of which each Druid wore suspended from his neck; the so-called 'Druid's egg;' or, perhaps, to crystals in which Druids had pretended to foresee future events.

The various forms of water worship claim the next notice. In almost every island there were one or more streams which were personified, and to which marks of respect were paid. In many cases this may merely have been due to

some real or supposed medicinal quality in the water. But the well, or stream, was sometimes actually personified. There was a celebrated well in Skie—

> Called *Tarbir in Knaker*, which, in antient language, is as much as to say, *the well that passed from one place to another*. . . . . This well was first in Colonsay until an imprudent woman happened to wash her hands in it. Immediately afterwards the well, being thus abused, passed in an instant to Ila, where it is like to continue.

Within a few yards of this there was a little fresh-water lake, containing many trout, 'but neither the natives nor strangers will ever presume to destroy them, such is the esteem they have for the water.' In another instance, also, the sacredness of the water sheltered the fish which were in it. In a well at Kilbride, also in Skie, there was a single trout of which special care was taken. A curious parallel case, from the north of Ireland, is told by Toland:

> There is one trout in a well in the county of Donegal, pretended to be St. Columba's playmate; and the mark of his teeth are to be seen where he once bit it in jest. But the cunning priests support this silly story by making it the interest of a poor family to supply this well continually with a trout from the neighbouring rivulet. When the parish grows all Protestant there will be no longer any such trout.

More uncommon and curious than well or stream worship was the custom practised in Lewis of pouring out a libation to the personified ocean. Seaweed was almost the sole manure used by the islanders, who tried to obtain a good supply in this way. When the night between Halloween and Hallowmas came round all the families of the island came together at the edge of the sea. Each household supplied a peck of malt, which was brewed into ale. One of the men, who was chosen by lot, waded into the sea until the water rose above his thighs. In his hand he carried a cup of ale. Then, in the darkness of the night, while all the people on the shore stood listening, he cried out loudly, saying: 'Shony, Shony, I give you this cup of ale, hoping that you will be so kind as to send us plenty of sea ware.' After this he poured the ale into the sea, and then returned to land. Then all went up to the church, where there was a candle burning on the altar. All stood silent for a time until, at a given signal, the candle was extinguished. This done, the people moved back into the fields, where they spent the rest of the night, drinking their ale and making merry.

The ocean deity to whom this homage was paid has been supposed to be the god Nekka, the Neptune of the North, whose fame had been carried to the islands by Norsemen. If so, a Norse element must be added to the other factors of Hebridean superstition. Toland, however, says the Shony was a true Erse deity, and that his name signifies *the Ancient*, meaning *the Ocean*, which is an Homerical epithet.

Such were some of the superstitions which endured at least till the eighteenth century. Most of them were, as we have seen, either parts of Druid ritual, or originated from a perversion of that ritual. When Christianity made its way into the islands it availed itself, either consciously or unconsciously, of certain features of the Druidism which it had expelled. In places which the Druids had declared holy Christians built their chapels; so that in later times it happened that men might be seen praying to the Virgin as they bowed or kneeled before Druid stones. The harvest feasts of the Druids coincided in date with the Christian feast of Hallowtide; so it happened that on the first day of November fragments of Druid ritual were practised side by side with Christian ceremonies. Historical events, in short, had mingled Paganism and Christianity

in a place of which the physical features and remote position were such as to render it a peculiarly apt receptacle for this confusion of ideas.

Land and sea are here strangely intermingled; rocks and rocky islands stud the sea, and innumerable salt water lochs pierce far inland. Fresh-water lochs abound everywhere, and in such numbers, that some of the islands seem hardly more than a network of dry land. Clouds meet the waves; mists everywhere rise up from the sea; storms sweep down from the jagged cliffs. At other times the sun beats down upon islands set in a calm, shimmering sea of water so clear that each waving seaweed, each darting fish, each bright-coloured shell, is visible from the surface. Nowhere, in short, are the moods of nature grander or more varied.

Many of the island rocks were uninhabited, and in others men were scarce and means of livelihood yet scarcer. Hardly a stranger from the outside world ever came among these, so that the inhabitants scarcely knew of the lands and the people beyond their own stormy rock world. Finally they had, as yet, few, if any, religious teachers.

It is among a people situated in this way that superstition is ever most unchecked. To find a companion picture in quite modern times, we must turn to the huge tracts in Central Australia at the time of their first discovery. These deserts, which during parts of the year are vast stretches of water, and at others are dry, waterless land, were so poverty-stricken that the wretched wandering natives tied their belts tightly round their stomachs in order to feel less empty. It is a striking fact that in the midst of this life of almost incredible hardness these miserable Australians saw a beautiful thing in the sky above them. Tight-drawn belts, and solitude, and much watching of the heavens for coming change of weather, had caused these natives to people the sky with a weird and lovely legendary world.

The same causes, though in a different degree, were at work among the Hebrideans, until they felt each touch and aspect of Nature as though it were the touch and aspect of some great living thing. Similar causes have produced most of the religious and much of the natural poetry of mankind; for the madness of the poet is one with the madness of the prophet. The grand and varying moods of Nature are the food of both. The difference between the outpourings of the poet of Nature and those of the prophet is one of degree more than of kind, for each is the result of contact with Nature. This is felt more especially in solitude, in danger, in hunger, or in other hardship; but while the poet sees, feels, and expresses, the prophet sees and feels, and then tries to utter the things which he sees, but fails, finding them too great to be shut up in words. The poet speaks, the prophet stutters.

The Hebrideans themselves had some perception of these facts. In the summer time they were in the habit of visiting the Flannan Isles, the seven sisters, to gather birds and eggs. The stone on which they landed on these occasions was most respectfully treated; for if they failed in this some great calamity would come on the whole crew. When once they had gained a footing on the island they uncovered their heads, and made a tour round sunways, thanking God for their safety. There was a chapel and an altar in the largest of the islands.

'When they came within about twenty paces of this altar they all stripped off their garments; and their upper clothes being laid upon

a stone which stands there on purpose for that use, all the crew pray three times before they begin fowling.' When Martin asked an islander whether he prayed as fervently when at home as in the Flannan Islands, the answer was in the negative; 'for those remote isles are places of inherent sanctity, and there was none ever yet landed in them but found himself more disposed to devotion there than anywhere else.'

There were many acts which were deemed unlawful to be done in the Flannan Isles. Among others one is mentioned which is curiously, but probably correctly, explained by Toland. However many sheep they killed in the islands it was altogether unlawful to take home any of the suet. This, which Martin seems to consider a special mark of respect to the island, is, according to Toland, 'mere policy, lest they should kill more sheep for suet than served 'em to eat.' A religious sanction had been attached to a wholesome law.

But occasionally the Hebrideans even resorted to apt means in order artificially to excite and heighten their imagination. Driven by need the hungry Australian tightened his belt, and saw strange visions in the sky. Of their own accord, in order to produce their Ossianic rhapsodies, the Hebrideans 'shut their doors and windows for a day's time; and lay on their backs, with a stone upon their bellies and plaids about their heads. And, their eyes being covered up, they pump their brains for rhetorical encomium or panegyric; and indeed they furnish such a style from this dark cell as is understood by few.' The last sentence is probably indisputable.

Certain of their methods of consulting the invisible beings which, as they supposed, surrounded them, also rested on this inspiring force of darkness and solitude. One such method was in this way: In some lonely spot, far away from all living places, a party of men came together by night. 'There they singled out one of their number, and wrapped him in a big cow's hide, which they folded about him. His whole body was covered with it except his head; and in this position he was left all night, or until his invisible friends released him by giving a proper answer to the question in hand. This he received, as he fancied, from several persons that he found about him all that time. His consorts released him at break of day, and then he communicated his news to them.'

Lying throughout the night, alone, bound hand and foot in the hide, the boldest who dared to question the supernatural must easily have been terrified into a fit of inspiration by the mere rustle of the grass and the sound of the wind, and by each of the other thousand sounds of night. One man, who confessed that he had lain a night in the hide, told that during that time, 'he felt and heard such terrible things that he could not express them; the impression made on him was such as could never go off; and he said that, for a thousand worlds, he would never be concerned in the like performance, for this had disordered him to a high degree.'

The whole life of the Hebridean was spent in a wild and lonely land of constant storms: in places which, during a great part of the year, were constantly enveloped in mist. Through the darkness of the night, or of the mist, there was a ceaseless sound of waves breaking over jagged rocks, or rushing up, with a tremendous roar, through some bore-hole. Even in the calmer season of the year the necessities of their hard life forced the islanders to earn a livelihood by clinging with toes and fingers to the face of the sea-cliff, or by hanging at the end of a rope half-way between sky

and sea. From the midst of such terrors and dangers, the eyes of their imagination looked out and saw the very air round them crystallising into weird beings—'the great men,' they called them. 'The Irish,' adds Toland, 'sometimes call their supposed fairies "the gentlemen."'

The awe with which the islanders regarded these unseen beings was further shown in the fact that they had double names for many places and things. One name was that which was used in the language of the 'great men;' and this it was unlawful to use. The other name was that of the language of men, and was in common use.

A brief account of the Hebridean system of physic must close these pages. Lord Molesworth has recorded his opinion that the absence of physicians was 'the very reason why they enjoy such good health.' Health in these islands, though good, was, however, not perfect. The cures which were applied were certainly primitive. A plentiful use was made of herbs, and this was probably the most serviceable part of the system. There were also certain stones, the touch of which was supposed to remove diseases; fanning the face of the invalid with the leaves of a Bible was another cure. In the one case the evil of the disease passes out of the man into the stone; in the other, the virtue of the sacred writing passes out of the book into the invalid. In both these cases we once more recognise ideas which re-occur in many widely separated parts of the world.

More peculiar are the following cures. The jaundice seems to have been a troublesome disease, for there were two slightly differing ways of treating it. The patient, face downward and with his back uncovered, was made to lie on the ground. So far the two methods were identical, but here they diverged. Either a pail of very cold water was suddenly and unexpectedly thrown on the patient's back (and this proves successful), or the seventh vertebra was suddenly touched with a red-hot pair of tongs, 'which makes him furiously run out of doors, still supposing the hot iron is on his back, till the pain be abated, which happens very speedily, and the patient recovers soon after.'

One more cure is worth quoting. In the parish of Kilmartin there was a smith who had a great reputation for a cure for 'faintness of spirits!' 'The patient being laid on the anvil with his face uppermost, the smith takes a big hammer in both his hands; making his face all grimace he approaches his patient. Then, drawing his hammer from the ground as if he designed to hit him with his full strength on the forehead, he ends in a feint, else he would be sure to cure the patient of all diseases.' Toland's note on this is to the effect 'that a fright is a common cure for ague.'

Here we must end our search into Hebridean folk-lore, though we leave much interesting matter untouched. There is a long and interesting account of certain phenomena of second-sight, which provoked much comment both from Toland and from Lord Molesworth. Martin also prints—Toland asserts inaccurately—a very curious Christian Litany, used by Hebridean boatmen when hoisting their sails at sea. This was composed by John Kerswell, afterwards Bishop of Argyle; it was printed in 1566.

Martin's description closes with 'A brief account the isles afford by sea and land, and especially for a fishing trade.' This part of the book is remarkable in meeting the approval of Toland.

A reprint of Martin's works is to be found in the third volume of *Pinkerton's Collection of Travels.*

E. F. I. T.

# CHURCH RESTORATION.

By the Rev. George Crabbe.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said against Church Restoration by those who have good right to speak on such a subject, the work is still carried on with energy and earnestness, and does not seem likely to come to an end so long as there are left unrestored any of our ancient buildings. A society for their preservation has been started, composed of men whose opinions even the most determined church restorer has reason to respect, but its usefulness will probably be marred by its indiscriminate condemnation of everything that has been done by the restorers. Anti-restorers in general wish to have the churches made fit for use and not left to decay; they object only to the modern method of restoration, by which so much that is old and venerable and picturesque is destroyed, and in which whatever is new is in general but a poor and lifeless copy of the old. There was apparently in the fifteenth century a church restoring spirit in all parts of England. But at that time, though the old churches were much altered and ornamented according to the then prevailing fashion, they were placed in the hands of men who were imbued with a true architectural taste. The builders of our Perpendicular churches were able successfully to blend a new style with the old, and to alter without vulgarising the works of their predecessors; and if we are often tempted to regret that many of our Decorated churches were not left to us unaltered, at least we are in some measure compensated by the possession of the fifteenth century windows and roofs, which possess such fitness and grandeur that we could not now destroy them without a great sacrifice. But the additions which have been made to our old churches during the nineteenth century, have in most cases sadly marred their beauty and proportion, while the so-called restorations which have been effected through the piety or munificence of Churchmen of this age, have done more real and permanent injury to the fabrics than the neglect of preceding generations. The gain to the cause of religion has no doubt been very great, and for this every Churchman and every Christian must be deeply thankful. The restoration of the church has been in numberless instances followed by the regeneration of spiritual life, with its immeasurable attendant advantages, in the parish and in the home; and the present article will fail in its object if it does not prove that the same effect might have been produced without the disastrous and irremediable losses which have accompanied it.

About thirty years ago the reign of the Restorer began. Till then our churches were, it is true, very many of them, in a lamentable state of dirt, neglect, and decay, varied sometimes by a coat of whitewash or paint, but, at least in most parishes, the fabrics still remained, and were not so far gone as to be incapable of judicious repair. But since that time very many churches have been pulled down and rebuilt, and many more altered and ornamented till we know them no more. The popular taste no doubt is gratified by the substitution of a new and smart building for an old and dingy one, and the majority of Churchmen in any parish will almost always be found in favour

of the fashionable method of restoration, as will also the clergy. But clergymen who are good spiritual guides may be absolutely mischievous when they meddle with art or antiquity. 'Messieurs les curés sont malheureusement trop portés à faire disparaître ce qui est ancien pour le remplacer par des ouvrages modernes' is De Caumont's (*Rudiment d'Archéologie*, p. 763) opinion of the French clergy. We know by sad experience that the same may be said of their English brothers, and yet we do not scruple to hand over to them and to their parishioners indiscriminately, and to the architects they appoint, a work which requires a rare combination of talents for its efficient performance. There can be no doubt that if the restoration of our churches had been taken entirely out of the hands of the clergy and churchwardens, and had been given to those who could reverence art and beauty and antiquity, and who had also of course the needful technical skill, many of England's most precious treasures would have been still safely in her keeping instead of being lost to her for ever.

There is indeed a law which forbids the making even a small alteration in a church without the sanction of the ecclesiastical authorities, but this law has long been almost a dead letter. The clergy 'restore' their churches without leave or faculty, and the transgression is winked at for the sake of the supposed good which is effected. If an aggrieved parishioner makes a complaint, he has to make it to a judge who is probably as ignorant of art and as careless of antiquity as the accused, and the complainant generally finds that the game is not worth the candle. There is always the ready excuse that what was destroyed was in a ruinous state and could not be repaired; it is difficult to prove the contrary; and the Church authorities are generally well pleased to see an old building turned into a new one without inquiring too curiously as to what has been destroyed in the process.

The High Churchmen were the first delinquents, and if they had been content with repairing the fabrics, and re-furnishing, so to speak, the interiors, with filling the windows with coloured glass and the floors with bright tiles—with making, in short, such alterations only as, if they were in bad taste, could afterwards be swept away—we should have had little ground of complaint, nay, we should have had much to be thankful to them for. For they set a fashion which well directed would have made our churches all that we could desire them to be. But unfortunately with this they were not satisfied, and the fabrics themselves were often renewed or improved according to the notions of the church architects of those days.

A stone was thus set rolling which could not afterwards be stopped. The rage for restoration rapidly spread. In some parishes an ignorant taste for art, in others a love of neatness or a desire for change, or a craving for what is new and smart, produced a wish to meddle with what should have been left untouched, and to try to improve what was well-nigh perfect; and so our churches were given over to men who did not hesitate to pull down or to alter what, as Mr. Fergusson says, 'our cleverest and best educated architects find difficulty in copying and scarcely even dream of emulating.' What is the process? The clergyman or some enthusiastic layman, seeing what has been done by a neighbour, and actuated partly, it is true, by the high motive of increasing religious life in the congregation, determines that his church shall be restored. The parish is very poor, and the work must be done cheaply if at all. The necessary funds

are with difficulty collected, and an architect is called in. He is probably a local man, for poverty prevents the selection of one of the best architects, who are, to give them their due, generally the safest and most conservative in their work. The local architect has an ignorance of art that is surprising when we consider that the best examples of the Classic, Gothic, and Renaissance ages may be studied from accurate drawings and casts that are within the reach of every student. He undertakes the work without the slightest misgiving. His designs please, for, as Sir Joshua Reynolds said (*Life* i. 464), 'the lowest style will always be the most popular, as it falls within the compass of ignorance itself.' If he does not raze the whole building to the ground in the spirit of the Jew 'qui gratta un tableau de Titien afin d'avoir une toile nette et qui fût bonne à quelque chose,' he begins by clearing out every bit of old woodwork and ironwork, some of it so curious as to be worthy of a place in an art collection; he scrapes and smoothes all the stones which the original builders purposely left rough; he renews every worn piece of carving; he covers the rubble with squared flints; he pulls down the whole of the old oak roof because parts of it are decayed, and substitutes a smart deal one with much thin Gothic tracery; he sells the lead which covered the old roof, and buys with part of the proceeds a covering of blue slate, which, as Mr. Denison truly says in his book on church building, is 'the ugliest and most un-Gothic of all materials;' he adds ornament in stucco, in wood, in stone, here, there, and everywhere, the more the better, as it pleases the vulgar mind, and will enhance his popularity, and he is rewarded on the day of reopening by the unanimous decision that the church is 'beautifully restored.'

This is unfortunately no exaggerated description of what has been done in many venerable English country churches, where the fabric has been left in great measure untouched. But in hundreds if not thousands of parishes the fabric itself has been destroyed or its whole character altered by so-called restoration. For instance:

On the 29th ult. the church of St. Paul, Rusland, in High Furness, which has recently been restored, was reopened. The old church has been taken down to the foundations, with the exception of the tower, and a neat and well-proportioned building of the blue slate stone of the district, faced with freestone, erected on its site. The tower, which stands at the west end, has been raised fifteen feet, and the Gothic roof of the nave carried up to the height of the original tower. A pretty little chancel has been added at the east end, with a vestry on the north side of it. —*Illustrated London News*, June 13, 1868.

Another instance is worth recording because the restorers, if they are rightly reported, seem to admit without shame or scruple that some of the interesting antiquities will not be preserved.

The church of St. Peter, Pickering, dates, or rather was dated, from the twelfth century. Its Norman tower is to be rebuilt, likewise the north transept. The south transept is to be restored, the chancel reroofed. . . . . The church is full of interesting antiquities, most of which will be preserved in the restoration.—*Athenæum*, October 6, 1877.

Again:

Patney Church, Wilts, a fair specimen of thirteenth century work, was reopened on Wednesday, after a restoration which, with the exception of the walls, the font, and pulpit, and a memorial east window, has made it a practically new edifice.—*Guardian*, February 13, 1878.

In these instances the restorer seems to have been rather more pitiless than usual, to have left but little of the original building, and to have altered that little so that it can scarcely be recognised.

Then as to the fittings of churches. In numberless cases curious and

beautiful relics of the past have been thoughtlessly or ignorantly destroyed during the process of restoration in order that a church might be made to look as neat and new as possible. For instance, at Breckles, a small village in Norfolk, there was one of the most interesting rood-screens in England. From its loft projected, in the form of a large corbel, the base of an ambo or reading-desk. When the church was restored about twenty years ago, the screen was also restored. The whole of the loft with its fan-canopy and desk-corbel was destroyed, and was replaced by a moulding like a modern bed-cornice. The upright portion of the rood-desk had been — probably at the Reformation—made into a pulpit, which also was destroyed. The only instance of a rood-loft with ambo or desk that is mentioned by Mr. Walcott in his *Sacred Archæology* (p. 515) as being in England is at Merevale, Notts, though there may be others still existing.

The present rage for cheapness is, no doubt, partly the cause of the meanness and vulgarity of the modern work in most of the restored village churches. A local architect must please his patrons. They insist on having great show at small cost. The competition among contractors enables this to be done, and the architect strives to hide the poverty of his designs and the scantiness of his material by meretricious ornament. A cheap building need not, however, be false and vulgar. In old days the builders of our village churches gave a sense of complete satisfaction, even when they used the commonest materials and added no ornament of any kind, because they built with simplicity and in perfect proportion.

Excess of ornament is indeed one of the worst faults of modern buildings. Churches almost without number have been what is called restored within the last thirty years, in which this baneful practice of over-ornamentation has been indulged in. And where carving and tracery are too costly, gaudy colouring, or stucco cast in moulds, is a ready and cheap substitute for those who are determined to have ornament in some shape. If, indeed, the work of a man of refined taste and judgment were always to be procured, colour could scarcely be introduced too lavishly on every new dado, and reredos, and screen, and roof; 'dédaigner la polychromie c'est paraître ne l'avoir ni étudiée ni comprise;' but it seems open to doubt, although in the face of great authority, if an architect is justified in ornamenting the stone walls and vaultings of our old churches with gold and colour, merely because he may think they so look better, or because he may know of some precedent in another building of the same date. Many a venerable church that was softened and beautified by time, many a priceless relic of the past teeming with historic associations, has been so polished and bedizened by the restorer as to be now little better than new. These remarks do not of course apply to our Italian churches of the seventeenth century. There is little doubt that St. Paul's Cathedral would gain as much by the use of colour judiciously applied to its walls and arches, as Westminster Abbey would lose.

It is, however, in their proportion and outline that modern buildings fail most. The mediæval architect could construct his buildings and all their details in perfect proportion, and could also, in the process of what would now be called restoration, make additions to an old church so that its graceful outline should not be destroyed. And at a later date Palladio—as Mr. Hare remarks at Vicenza—could design in wonderful proportion the buildings themselves and every part of them; so that windows, doors, entablatures,

columns, were all related to and all balanced one another. And even down to 200 years ago in England our Elizabethan and Jacobean *builders*, followers of Palladio, could put beautiful proportion both into a mansion and into a cottage; and Wren, the architect of the classic Renaissance, could add to one of the most pure and elegant Gothic buildings in the world its western towers, in which, as Sir Charles Barry was fond of pointing out, the beauty of the proportion seemed all but to annihilate the painful impression produced by the badness of the details (*Life*, p. 126). But if we examine any modern English building, and especially any addition made by the so-called restorer to an old building —for here it is more painfully evident—though we may see ornamentation in over-abundance, and though every attention is paid to internal use, convenience, and comfort; yet we look in vain, in most cases, for the graceful proportion which satisfies the eye, and which the old builders seem intuitively to have put into all their work. And even if the modern architect is contented with simply copying his proportions from old buildings, he somehow generally fails in producing the desired effect. If his own drawings and measurements are accurate, it seems almost impossible to get ordinary workmen to carry out his designs. If a gable, a roof, a window, a panel, a vane, is to be copied, and if the workman has the original before his eyes, he will probably either introduce some 'improvement' of his own, or will fail to make a true copy in some one particular, and the work will be in its proportion vulgarised and spoiled. And it often happens that when details are exactly copied from beautiful old buildings, they are so used in the new work to which they are applied that their proportion seems to be utterly spoiled. Yet there is sorry consolation in this, viz. that such copies and additions cannot be mistaken for old work. The mischief is in reality far greater where, in new work copied from old, an accurate architect employs accurate workmen, and where, consequently, the outcome is, as Mr. Fergusson says, that 'our grand old buildings are clothed in falsehood, while our new buildings aim only at deceiving.' (Pref. *Hist. Mod. Architecture.*)

No doubt it is a sort of deception to make an exact copy of an old church in new material. But there is far worse than deception for those who had been accustomed to worship in the old church. For the copy is, in fact, a church that has been robbed of all the interest and the history that five or six centuries gave to it; it is not the one thing that has remained in the parish while all else has changed; it is not the building that many generations have used and reverenced, it lacks the beauty which age alone can give; it is a church that money and not time has provided. 'Les anciens édifices sont les crampons qui unissent une génération à une autre; conservez ce qu'ont vu vos pères.' (Joubert.)

A specious method of our architects, and one followed to a lamentable extent by their French brothers, consists in destroying all the portions of a building that are of a later style than the original fabric. It was said, for instance, that it was proposed to take away all the Perpendicular additions in the choir of one of our finest cathedrals, rebuilding all the Norman work that had been pulled down to make room for those additions. Happily, in this case, the proposal was not carried out. Now, to say nothing of the increased charm which variety of style often gives, the additions that have been made in mediæval times to a building cannot be destroyed without obli-

terating its history and altering its character, without, in short, losing far more than is gained. In an Early English piscina, or a Decorated window, or a Perpendicular arch, or a Jacobean tomb, there is no attempt to deceive, as there is in most modern additions. The date of each old addition is known accurately and instantly, and each helps to make up the history of the church.

By no means one of the least evils consequent upon church restoration has been the deliberate destruction throughout England of the tombstones and monumental slabs. The whole history of many a parish for several hundred years, so far as its gravestones with their inscriptions and armorial bearings tell it, has been utterly destroyed by the misguided, though well-meant, zeal of the modern church restorer. He has, too, in numberless instances, shocked the feelings of those who reverence the dead. It is true that in some churches the slabs which were taken from the graves have been preserved as pavement, and the monuments have been replaced on the walls in other spots, yet the interest which always attaches to them when in their original positions is lost for ever, and, in most cases, this destruction is accomplished for nothing else than to enable the restorer to put a pretty pavement in the aisles and to make the walls look neat and orderly.

It must not be supposed that the anti-restorer would advocate leaving the churches in their old state of dirt and dilapidation; on the contrary, his desire is to treat them as most precious heirlooms, as relics hallowed by the reverence of many generations, as visible proofs of the alterations that have been made in the public worship of our land—Catholic, Protestant, Puritan—yet as symbols of the unchangeableness of Christianity, for these buildings dedicated to the service of our Lord have stood firm and in the main unchanged, while the houses of man around them have all decayed or have been often rebuilt to suit the fashion and convenience of the times. Our churches should be repaired, but it should be done tenderly and with reverence, remembering, as Mr. Street has said, that 'in dealing with old buildings it is absolutely impossible to be too conservative in everything that one does. Often what seems the most plain improvement is just a disastrous change for the worse.'

To see our cathedrals and churches, and often for little else, many an American traveller comes to England. They are what he, belonging to a country where art is new, finds of most value, and envies us before all things the possession of, and he is naturally astonished that we can so carelessly destroy or renovate that which he esteems to be the glory of our land, and the only evidence of native mediæval art which we possess.

And so in the restoration, as it is called, of a dilapidated church, nothing more should be done to the old work than to clean and repair it. If enlargement is required, it should be arranged so as to alter the outline of the original building as little as possible, and, except in the case of enlargement, the fabric should remain exactly as it was, and, mutilated and weatherworn though it might be, should not be touched except where necessary for safety or for preservation. Thus while all the ornamental parts that are essential to 'the stability or reasonable completeness of a building,' such as windows, string-courses, buttresses, parapets, towers, should be, if in a ruined state, rebuilt after the old patterns, and using as far as possible the old stones in the old places, all other ornaments, such for instance as the statuary on the west fronts of some of our cathedrals, should be

allowed to remain in a state of decay; for, as Mr. Ruskin says (*Studies of Christian Art*, i. 18), 'it is the crowning virtue of all great art that, however little is left of it by the injuries of time, that little will be lovely. As long as you can see anything, you can see —almost all; so much the hand of the master will suggest of his soul.' Then too every old bit of carved stone or wood, every iron handle or hinge, or key plate, every encaustic tile should be left in its old position even though it might look better elsewhere, and all work specially characteristic should be carefully kept untouched. If Roman herring-bone work or bonding bricks must be repaired in order to preserve a building from destruction, it should be done without any attempt to imitate the Roman work. If Saxon ribstones or arcades have been partially destroyed, the walls should be repaired flat without copying the old portions. When any part of a Norman sculpture has fallen away, a plain stone only should be inserted if necessary for safety. Early Pointed and Decorated foliage should not be spliced, as has been done so disastrously of late years in so many of our cathedrals; and screens, tombs, sedilia, should be treated like the famous shrine of St. Albans, and should have no new work added to them, however much they may be worn away by time, or destroyed by the hand of man.

And the rules which apply to the repair of the fabric, apply also to the repair of its ancient furniture. The old wood carvings should not be repaired except where necessary to prevent them from falling to pieces. The modern contractor, and also, as may too truly be said, the modern half-educated architect, will always, if he can, make a clean sweep of the old fittings and replace them by new, partly because it is less trouble to him to do so and requires less thought, partly for the sake of neatness and uniformity, and partly because he really thinks that the copy looks better than the original. But every artist and man of taste knows that, however time-worn old carving may be, if a modern copy apparently exactly like the original is placed by its side, even if the copyist have succeeded in giving to his work an appearance of age, the old is far more beautiful than the new. And the reason of this superiority is not far to seek. For the carving of the artist is for the most part executed with a free hand, he can give play to his fancy and can put spirit and variety into his work, while the carving of the copyist is executed by rule and compass, and every leaf is exactly like every corresponding leaf, and one side of a flower is exactly like the other side, and the whole looks lifeless and as if it was cut by machinery. Again, in much modern wood tracery every curve is a perfect segment of a circle, and every cusp is the fac-simile of its corresponding cusps, and the work looks flat and dead and monotonous; but old oak tracery is often so varied by having been outlined with a free hand, that a compass could not be placed so as to mark the lines of the curves—that of opposite cusps some are circular and some are elliptical, while the points are of very uneven lengths—that of corresponding tracery the forms are similar yet by no means identical; and thus the whole looks like the work of an artist who has carved without first accurately drawing or measuring his pattern; and though the work may be and often is very roughly done, it gives a sense of complete satisfaction to the cultivated taste. To gain this artistic freedom in the detail with symmetry in the general plan which characterises old wood carving, we must wait till our workmen are in some degree artists, as they were in medi-

æval times, for Mr. Seddon has publicly said (*Times*, January 12, 1878) of the present race of carvers that 'architects have to rack their brains to produce effect by designs capable of being executed by idiots, and that it is impossible now to get one leaf well carved, although a quantity of carving is being done which looks to half-shut eyes or at a distance like old work.'

Is it too much to say that if our ancient buildings had been treated according to the spirit of the foregoing remarks, England would not have lost many of her chief treasures? for all those churches which have been entirely destroyed or robbed by the restorer of half their beauty and character, and of all marks by which their history and date could be known unmistakably, would now have been standing full of interest and value.

The clergy have been foremost in the work of destruction. But even our greatest architects are not guiltless. Sir Gilbert Scott, when speaking many years ago of his work in the church at Dover Castle, said: 'The course which I have followed, has been to preserve in its place every ancient feature which remained, to restore to their places all fragments whose original position could be discovered, to leave unrestored those ancient features whose restoration was not necessary to the safety or the reasonable completeness of the building, and to restore others as nearly as evidences would permit to the old forms, without an attempt to disguise what was new, or to render it mistakable for old work.' Here are excellent rules and of almost universal application; yet in examining the restorations accomplished by this very architect in our cathedrals and churches, we find practice much at variance with principle. For instance, in the Chapter-house at Westminster, more than perhaps in any building in England, it was desirable to leave every scrap of ancient work exactly as it was found after its long burial. Yet, as anyone may see who looks at the photograph exhibited on the central pillar, portions of the capitals, and also of the canopies on the east side, have been renewed. But was not the mutilated work of the mediæval carvers, unscraped and unpolished, infinitely preferable to the present dexterously joined and accurately carved restorations? There was so little of the old building left, that it seems a great mistake to have meddled with that little. The two statues on the west side and the stone work above them appear to have been cleaned only, and in them, rough as they are and eaten away by time, we have a pattern for the proper treatment of old stone work. From this example, in which the spirit of the architect's own rule seems to have been broken, and that too in one of his most celebrated undertakings, we may judge what measure of mercy to expect from smaller architects when operating on buildings unknown and unvalued. And it is an example that anyone may verify for himself, while he may see in it an evidence of the way in which old carvings have been mended and polished and turned into new by some even of our greatest and most conservative architects. This Chapter-house is indeed in the main an admirable work. It is an instance of its accomplished architect's uncommon skill and knowledge in building up a whole from very minute parts. For the anti-restorer does not deny that some work has been done well by our English church restorers, but he affirms that much has been by them needlessly renovated, altered, ornamented, or destroyed.

The amateur architects and the half-educated architects are, however, the most destructive, and the most ready to replace mediæval work by fancies of their own.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Hundreds of pretty village churches which had lived and grown grey through five or six hundred years of English history, have been pulled down and replaced by structures in vulgar Victorian Gothic; cathedrals and castles have been skinned and covered again with neat smooth stone, their tints and their beauty and their interest all improved away; Norman towers and apses have been destroyed and rebuilt with new material, when they only needed repair, and have been left with about as much value as a copy of a Raphael would have for those who had seen the original. Windows and arches have been added in many a church for the sake only of satisfying the English love of uniformity; the old grey rubble of many church walls, which would have stood in all its picturesque and harmonious beauty for centuries to come, has been peeled off and replaced by black square flints; screens with gilding and colour and saints by fifteenth century native artists, have been scrubbed clean, and covered with snuff-brown varnish; and the silver grey, the slow work of centuries on grand oak roofs, has been turned almost black by a coat of oil; and old stone carvings have been chiselled into new, to the utter ruin of their beauty, their proportion, and their historical interest. Rough mediæval stone work has been in scores of instances spoiled by being worked smooth to make it look neat; frescoes of great interest, some also of great beauty, have been destroyed to give the walls a tidy appearance; stately old Norman fonts, in which thirty generations have been baptised, have been pronounced ugly, and in their places new smart ones from some London shop have pertly reared themselves; and many a Perpendicular font has been sent to the stone mason to be recut, and has been returned to its place 'as good as new;' and Jacobæan pulpits have been robbed of their canopies and doors, and the pulpits themselves and Laud's communion tables and railings, which at least formed part of the history of the churches in which they stood, have been condemned as unfashionable, and either ornamented with Perpendicular mouldings, or, still worse, where money was plentiful, exchanged for structures of neat carpenter's Gothic duly stained and varnished.

Examples of church restoration work like these occur in every county and district of England. Can we wonder that those who reverence the buildings which their forefathers erected and worshipped in, and who would preserve all the old associations that belong to them, should value the few unrestored churches that still remain, and should jealously watch over them when the inevitable restorer appears upon the scene?

# THE LAWS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

By David Fitzgerald.

SOME pages of a former number of this Magazine[1] were devoted to a consideration of the question —Who were the ancient Irish as to race? and to an examination of the evidence on the point offered by the language and the ancient paganism of the country. In the following paper it is proposed to glance at portions of another question, suggested, like the former one, by the Lectures of Eugene O'Curry[2]—What was the state of the arts of life in ancient Ireland? and what were the leading moral and social characteristics of its people?

The translation and publication of some of the Irish MSS. yet existing in large numbers have thrown great light on this subject. The faithful and unaffected record they present of ancient manners and ways of thought enables us to supplement the accounts of Giraldus and of early English writers on the country, in some cases to correct or elucidate their statements, in others to reject, if not their assertions—which are more commonly confirmed than upset—at least their judgments, as misapprehensions of a state of things which was unintelligible to them because not to be met with in any country to which their experience extended. The greatest aid, however, towards a right understanding of Celtic Ireland has been the publication of its ancient native Laws. These have now been in process of translation and publication, under the direction of the Commission for Publishing the Ancient Laws and Institutes of Ireland, for some twenty years, and their importance was fully recognised by scholars. Yet it may well be doubted if the valuable evidence they contain on all that relates to the ancient nation they were framed to govern could be at present appreciated had they not found an expositor specially qualified, by his thorough knowledge of ancient and of comparative law, to interpret the relation of old Celtic legal usages to those of other Aryan peoples. The problem of the origin and the relation to each other of the Celtic languages found its scientific and detailed solution at the hands of a German, Zeuss, and to an Englishman, Sir Henry Maine, must Irishmen be indebted for a singularly able, lucid, and concise analysis of so much of the ancient law code of their country as is at present before the public.[3] On one point, however, the analogy between the Irish Distress Procedure and that under the older English Common Law, he had been anticipated by an acute and learned Irish writer, Dr. Samuel Ferguson, to whose work we shall have occasion to refer farther on.

Of the wider question, or set of questions, indicated above—the laws and social usages, the arts of life, dress, weapons, dwellings, religious festivals, territorial divisions, of the ancient Irish—this second paper will chiefly have to do only with one section. It will briefly consider, with the aid of the light afforded

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[1] *Fraser's Magazine*, July 1875.

[2] *On the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish: a Series of Lectures.* By Eugene O'Curry, M.R.I.A. &c.; edited, with an Introduction, Appendixes, &c., by W. K. Sullivan, Ph.D. &c. London, 1873.

[3] *Lectures on the Early History of Institutions*, by Sir Henry Sumner Maine, K.C.S.I. LL.D. F.R.S. London, 1875. The author makes occasional reference to *unpublished* Irish legal tracts, as well as to the *Senchus Mór* &c.

by the Lectures of Sir Henry Maine, some features of the old Irish Law, an examination of which occupies the major portion of his book. The Irish legal rules and maxims were at some early period, not easy to fix precisely, thrown into form in various ancient compilations. Of these tracts the two largest have been published, the *Senchus Mór* and the *Book of Aicill*, and it is on them that the work of Sir Henry Maine is chiefly based. From their verbal forms Mr. Stokes has conjectured that these books were compiled in the eleventh and tenth centuries respectively. Their contents, however, bear sufficient relationship to other early bodies of Indo-European law, and sufficiently plain tokens of a high antiquity, to show that if they cannot possess the age which native antiquaries claim for them, their composition must at least be referred to a date much beyond the presumed time of their compilation. The date of transcription of the existing MSS. is again uncertain. One of the MSS. of the *Senchus Mór* was at least in existence in the year 1342, as is shown by a note in it by Aodh, son of Concubhar Mac Aodhgáin, one of a race of hereditary lawyers. The importance attached to this treatise, the *Senchus Mór*, by native scholars, is indicated by the tradition respecting its origin, and by its name. The legend attributed its composition to three kings, three bishops, and three files (a sort of bard professors), of whom the chief were Loegaire mac Néill, high-king of Erin in Saint Patrick's time; Saint Patrick himself; and Ros, the chief file('fílla'). The name *Senchus Mór*[4] was translated by the accurate Colgan 'antiquitas magna,' and such is the literal meaning of the words, though their force is better given in the translation of the title adopted by Maine, the *Great Book of the Ancient Law*. This book exhibits other traces of antiquity in the rhyme in which portions of it are written, and in some curious astronomical or philosophical disquisitions contained in its preface, which seem to suggest the teaching of the Druidical schools. The other leading law tract—the *Book of Aicill*—was said to have been written by that Irish Arthur, Cormac mac Airt.[5] The *Book of Aicill* is so called from the alleged place of its composition. Aicill was the old name of a once celebrated eminence, now the hill of Skreen, near Temair or Tara, to which, and to other hills in the same neighbourhood, we may take occasion to refer hereafter, in offering some observations on the nature and origin of certain ancient Irish festivals, the celebration of which was associated with these localities.

The body of ancient Celtic law, portions of which are contained in these tracts, is generally called, from an Anglicised form of the name of the class who were its depositaries and interpreters, the 'Brehon Law.' *Breith* (pronounced 'brĕh') is a judgment, and its derivative *Bretheamh*, in the genitive *Bretheamuin* (pronounced 'brĕhoo,' 'brĕhoon'), is a judge or jurisconsult. *Breith* is something spoken or said, from *beir*, the same word with the English

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[4] The *s* before *e* is pronounced *sh*.

[5] Yet in King Cormac's time, if tradition is to be believed, there was not much need of law. They have an Irish *rann* in Donegal to the effect that

There was peace and wealth in the Irish land in good King Cormac's golden day;
Nine brown fat nuts in every clutch, and clusters nine on every spray.

Once when a countryman had sold another a cow, he lay awake afterwards in his bed, accusing himself of having asked more for her than she was worth. Next day he set out to find the buyer and return him the overcharge. But the buyer was also afoot, and had come to tell the other that the cow was so good a cow that his conscience accused him of giving too little for her. King Cormac heard of the meeting of the two countrymen, and he sat down and wept to think how different Ireland would be in after times—for he foresaw them—from what she was in his own.

*bear* and Latin *fero*, in the secondary sense of to *utter*, to *speak* or *say*; so that *Bretheamh* may remind us of the Latin *iudex* (from *ius* and *dico*). So long as paganism held possession of Ireland we may assume that the Irish, like the Gallic Druid, was at once priest, judge, and man of learning. 'Fere de omnibus controversiis publicis privatisque constituunt,' says Cæsar of the Druids of pagan Gaul, after speaking of their functions as priests and instructors of the noble youth of the country,—if any crime has been committed, if murder has been done, if there is dispute concerning succession or the boundaries of land,[6] they decide it; fix the amount of rewards and penalties. If any individual or people refuse to abide by their decision, they excommunicate them (*sacrificiis interdicunt*). This is accounted the greatest of penalties.'[7] When Ireland became Christian, the judicial functions of the Druid passed to the *Bretheamh*; his sacerdotal attributes to the Christian priesthood, and with them the power of excommunication.

As the Irish priest has to-day a hold on the Irish mind which in part represents the old tradition of sacredness which attached to the order to which he has succeeded, the pagan Druids, so there are many signs of the dignity and influence, in ancient Ireland, of that other order—which no longer survives in the country—the class of native judges, invested with the judicial functions also inherited from the Druid; their profession hereditary in certain learned families like the Mac Egans; possessed of estates, and therefore of means and leisure; the depositaries of the law, and sometimes called on to decide civil or criminal cases by it, but perhaps much more frequently, in a disturbed country where there was seldom or never a strong centralised government to support the legal tribunals and enforce their awards, the referees to whom disputants voluntarily brought their disputes for decision. The ancient law treatises furnish evidence enough of the acuteness and ingenuity of these Irish lawyers, and offer a satisfactory answer to Sir Richard Cox, who, in his *Hibernia Anglicana*, writes, 'We may be sure that some of these hereditary judges and doctors were very sad tools, and perhaps all of them will justly fall under suspicion, unless their advocates can show some ancient learned tracts on law or physick which might remain as monuments on record.' While, however, such a body of men must have had a certain dignity and consequence, it is not inconsistent with this that their style of life should have been rude and poor enough. That this was so we may perhaps suspect from the account given by Fynes Moryson, not indeed of the native lawyers, but of the Irish medical schools, as he found them in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The researches of scholars go to show that the first bond which united communities of primitive men was kinship; and that society in the race designated Aryan, and also in some other races, has gradually passed, through clearly

[6] In the *Word-teaching of Cu-Chulaind*, in the *Book of the Dun* (*Lebor na hUidhre*), where that hero, in a speech crowded with technical terms, is made to instruct his pupil, Lugaidh Reoderg, he makes the following allusions to the province of the law:—'You shall not let prescription close on illegal possession. Let witnesses be examined (as to) who is the heir of land. Let the historians combine in truthful action in your presence. Let the lands of the brethren be ascertained in their lifetime, and their increase. If generations have multiplied in branches, whom has each been generated from? Let . . . their ancient claims be reëstablished on oaths. The place that the dead [their ancestors] have resided in. Let the heir be preserved in his lawful possession.'—*The Bed of Decline of Cu-Chulaind and the One Jealousy of Emer*, ed. Curry, Atlantis, 1858.

[7] Cæs. *Bell. Gall.* lib. vi.

traceable intermediate stages, to its later forms from a beginning in the Household. Its germ was the patriarchal family, with its head invested with the practically unlimited Paternal Power—that Patria Potestas of the Roman jurists which permitted a father even to kill his child. To this primitive state in embryo succeeds the Joint Undivided Family of the modern Hindoos; when the parent being dead, the sons, and *their* sons, their wives and children, perhaps for several generations, still live together, labouring for the good of all in common, joint in food, worship, and estate. The eldest male of the eldest line is the fittest representative of the original stock, and to him accordingly in such associations is generally handed over the management of the family property. The land owned by the family collectively is divided among the several members for cultivation, but no one has a special claim to any portion of it. Moreover, the members of the Joint Undivided Family, as now observed in India, though sharing the ownership of landed property, by no means invariably confine their labours to the land. Sometimes they engage in trade or work at a handicraft. The land is not the tie that binds them, but the relationship of consanguinity.

Much of this is changed when the Joint Family, long settled on the land, has expanded into the House Community, found at present existing in Croatia, Dalmatia, and Illyria. The members of this association have still the common hearth and common board; the proprietorship is joint, and the property administered by an elected manager; above all, they still account themselves kinsmen. Yet this last assumption is in part fictitious, since the community has admitted strange blood into it; the land, too, and not blood, is becoming the real bond of union; and though, as we have seen, it is owned by all collectively, private proprietorship begins to appear in cattle or moveables.

The next phase of social organisation is the Village-Community, which, like those just named, lingers in actual existence (in India, Russia, and elsewhere), and has been subjected to specially successful study by Sir Henry Maine. But the common hearth, common board, and community of ownership have almost disappeared. The villagers—in Russian villages at least—still believe, what is often a partial fiction, that they are the descendants of a common ancestor; but the dwellings are strictly separate; the arable lands have been divided, and are periodically redistributed among the several households; a partial division has been made of the grazing land; the waste only remains in common. The tradition of common origin is day by day becoming weaker and more obscure; and its only practical effect is seen in common rules of tillage and pasturage, in the understanding that land cannot be alienated without the Community's consent, or that a member of the fraternity is entitled to better terms of rent than a stranger.[8]

From the Village-Community the transition is to severalty of ownership, when the notion of kinship has entirely disappeared, and the only bond which unites men is that they share the same land and are subject to one authority. The power and wealth of the chieftain has perhaps acquired preponderance; and the Germanic Mark, 'formed,' according to Mr. Freeman's definition, 'of men bound together by a tie of kindred, in its first estate natural, in a later stage either of kindred natural or artificial,' is transformed by gradual

[8] Maine, *The Early History of Institutions*, pp. 77–82.

changes, which ancient Irish society largely illustrates, into a feudal manor. The Community of kinsmen, headed by an elected Manager, the eldest male of the eldest line, gives place to the relation of the Lord and Vassals, under which, as Maine observes, 'there would have been no deadlier insult to the lord than to attribute to him a common origin with the great bulk of his tenants.' Finally, Feudalism itself dissolves, and modern society comes into being.

There appears to be ample evidence that the progress of Indo-European social institutions has followed the general order indicated above; that, in the words of Sir Henry Maine, 'many, perhaps most, of the differences in kind alleged to exist between Aryan sub-races are really differences merely in degree of development;' and that every development now observable in Teutonic land-systems had at least its embryo in the system of the Celts. The English found in Ireland a pastoral nation among whom society still retained a tribal if not patriarchal form, a social order mainly based upon assumed kinship, and therefore entirely novel to them; and in the state of historical studies at the time, even the most intelligent observers among them were ignorant that this same order had once existed in their own country, and in every other in Europe. To them, therefore, used to Feudalised England, or to countries where Feudalism had but begun to be in its decadence, the Irish social system seemed utterly strange and barbarous; and for that ancient Celtic Law—which we must regard as for the most part but the formal declaration of long-established customs, once widespread among the Aryan races—they had nothing but vituperation. The Parliament held at Kilkenny in 1367 declared it to be no law, but a 'lewd custom;'[9] another statute, passed at the same place in the 16th Edward IV., speaks of 'the wicked and damnable law called Brehon law;' Spenser designated it 'a rule of right unwritten, but delivered by tradition from one to another, in which oftentimes there appeareth a great show of equity, in determining the right between party and party, but in many things repugning quite both to God's law and man's;' and Sir John Davies uses language equally condemnatory, contrasting the Irish lewd and unreasonable custom with the 'just and honourable law of England.' The language of a modern English jurist is very different.

> I am not afraid to anticipate that there will some day be more hesitation in repeating the invectives of Spenser and Davis, when it is once clearly understood that the 'lewd' institutions of the Irish were virtually the same institutions as those out of which the just and honourable law of England grew. Why these institutions followed in their development such different paths it is the province of History to decide; but, when it gives an impartial decision, I doubt much its wholly attributing the difference to native faults of Irish character.[10]

The same cause which made mediæval Ireland so unintelligible a spectacle, because so opposed to all his previous experiences, in the eyes of an Englishman of the period, namely, the unusually long survival of ancient custom and usage among a race always remarkable for their attachment to old tradition, isolated from Continental influences, and, above all, never subjected to the heavy rule of imperial Rome, suppressing some institutions, transforming others, and leaving its ineffaceable stamp on the laws and social life of the nations with which it had to deal—this same cause has had most to do with the preservation in Ireland of a mass of evi-

[9] So rendered by Davies. *Malveis custume* in the original, as cited by Ferguson.
[10] Maine, *The Early History of Institutions*, pp. 18, 19.

dence on ancient life and manners there of great value and interest to the historical student, and not now existing to the like extent among any other people of the Celtic family.

The present writer quoted on a former occasion[11] the words of Zeuss on the leading place which must be given to Ireland in all studies which relate merely to the ancient Celtic language; and that country will claim an equally marked share of the attention of the student whose investigations have for their object the institutions, the manners, and the pagan religion of the primitive Celtic family. Next in importance come the Cymru and the Gaidel of Alba, the Gaelic Highlanders of Scotland. The old Welsh laws are no doubt of great value in the comparative study of ancient Celtic usages; but the Cymru are the remains of a people once subjected to Roman rule, and they have been since in continual contact with another foreign conquering race. Welsh scholars themselves discern the marks also of an ancient Irish occupation, if not conquest, of North Wales, and find traces of the various influences to which their race has been subjected still impressed upon the traditions of the Principality. 'The earliest Welsh legends are nearly all connected with South Wales or with North Britain,' says the present Bishop of St. David's; and the same writer conjectures that national vanity has led his countrymen 'to pervert the traditions concerning the Gwyddelian (or Irish) occupation of North Wales.'[12] We may perhaps discern equally plain traces of some strange disturbing force in those Welsh traditions which are of a mythological or pseudo-mythological character. These were investigated with undoubted ingenuity and some learning by Davies, but the results, it is pretty well agreed, are as untrustworthy as those arrived at by General Vallancey on the paganism of ancient Ireland; and a recent laborious and able student of Celtic antiquity, Mr. W. F. Skene, expresses the mistrust with which examination has led him to regard the trivial and purposely obscure bardic literature out of which Davies spun his system, in the phrase, 'the so-called mythology of the Welsh.'[13]

Another Celtic family, the clans of the Scottish Highlands, have received much attention—'have engrossed more than their share of the interest of this country,' Maine observes—as preserving many relics of primitive ways of thought and life; but the clans of the *Scuit* draw their name, their language, and the name of their country from the island to the west; and learned Scotsmen have admitted, like Chalmers, that for the origin of and the key to what is most distinctively Celtic in the nation we must look to the *vetus et maior Scotia* which sent out the Scotic colony.

The last of the leading branches of the Celtic race, the Armorican, notwithstanding its long separation from its ancient seat, the opposite shores of Britain, still preserves many Celtic characteristics. The survival of this interesting and primitive Celtic people within its borders, and the fact that the basis of the entire nation is Celtic, have given a special stimulus to Celtic studies in France. It may be questioned, however, whether such studies have not been sometimes misdirected; for, knowing that the Celts of Brittany came in the main

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[11] Zeuss, *Gramm. Celtica*, I. xii. *Fraser's Magazine*, August 1872, 'The Pronunciation of Latin,' p. 238.

[12] *Vestiges of the Gael in Gwynedd*, by the Rev. William Basil Jones, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford (London, 1851), pp. 54, 55.

[13] *The Four Ancient Books of Wales*, Edinburgh, 1868, vol. ii. p. 324.

originally from the present Wales, and that Cæsar makes Britain the primary seat of Druidism, certain French scholars have sought for light on the past of Gaul or of Britain from a study almost exclusively of the remains of the literature and traditions of the Cymru. Such sources of information have of course their own value, and cannot be neglected by anyone whose investigations regard the Celtic race as a whole. They do not, however, supply the most ancient evidence available. One would certainly at first sight expect to find more in ancient Welsh traditions bearing on the people of the lesser Britain, who can claim an old connection with Wales, than in those of Ireland or of the clans of Scotland; but, owing apparently to the disturbing influences to which they have been subjected, an examination of the traditions of Wales does not as a matter of fact yield such results; and a striking illustration of the agencies that have been at work seems to be presented in the fact that 'folk-lore' and ancient Celtic mythological legend are much more abundant to-day in Brittany itself than in Wales.[14] Besides the other differences in the history of the two races, the circumstance that there has been a change in the religion of the people in the one case which has not taken place in the other, has no doubt much to do with the disappearance in Wales—the older Celtic country—of many traditions or Celtic characteristics still in existence in Brittany.[15]

If Brittany, with its derived Celtic traditions, its contiguity to Romanised Gaul, and the effect exercised for so long by feudal chivalry, yet preserves in some respects more that is truly Celtic than Wales, much more should we look for remains of the Celtic past in the last and westernmost resting-place of the Celt, an island isolated for ages by its position from all the external forces which could modify or destroy its primitive institutions. Such vestiges are indeed numerous in Ireland. It has the most ample and important monuments of the old Celtic language, some existing in MS. at home, some, in the form of ancient glosses, in libraries abroad; those at Milan alone being, as Mr. Whitley Stokes tells us, 'so abundant and so legible that a tolerably complete Old-Irish grammar and lexicon might be constructed from them alone;' has in these same MSS., especially the Annals, romances, and partly historical traditions, copious documentary evidence as to ancient Celtic life and manners; possesses alone among the Celtic races a distinctive written character (a legacy from Latin ecclesiastics) for the language; alone preserves a Celtic epic, the *Spoil of the Cows of Cuailnge*; and, as we now see after the publication of Sir Henry Maine's work, has a body of ancient Law, throwing new light at once on the life of the early Celts and on the beginnings of some of the most important of Aryan institutions. That the Celts of other countries should be occasionally induced by an excusable vanity to exalt the importance of their own branch to the prejudice of another, or that the researches of foreign students of Celtic antiquity should be often somewhat misdirected, is much less

[14] The present writer may, however, take occasion to repeat a remark already made by him elsewhere (in the *Academy* for Nov. 1875), that the unwritten traditions of Wales still await a collector. No methodical attempt seems to have been made by a scholar of the Principality to do for its traditions what MM. Souvestre, Luzel, and others have done and are doing for those of the other Cymric family, the Bretons.

[15] Higden testifies that Wales had become in part decelticised in manners in his time:

'So like the English are they grown,
Scarce is the difference to be known.'

remarkable than the extraordinary and discreditable neglect which the language and early history of their venerable nation has commonly received from Irishmen themselves.

Ancient Ireland was held by a collection of clans or tribes, the tribe divided into septs, and these again subdivided into families or households. We have used the word patriarchal to characterise this social organisation; and though such a term could only be partially applicable in a state of society where the tribes have long been settled on the land, where, as usually happens, the proprietorships in common of primitive groups of kinsmen had begun to give place to several ownership, and where, above all, the claims of the chief, as we find them, at least, developed in the disturbed times following the arrival of the English, were fast coming to override those of all others, yet the form which society still retained, the theory which was supposed to underlie its formation, the phraseology by which the native law described its elements, all give the term patriarchal a certain fitness. The *Clann* were, or believed themselves to be, the kindred descended from a common ancestor, the word meaning 'children.'[16] In Ireland as elsewhere, the Chief may be supposed to have been originally but the leading male representative of that branch of the body of kinsmen which was supposed to best represent the blood of the founder of the clan. Chosen by the community to take charge of and administer its property, he would have, either from the first, or as his consequence increased, a certain share of land as his own special portion. In all such cases the influence and authority of this leading relative and administrator of the clan tend to aquire larger and larger proportions, often finally becoming all but absolute, and the conditions of life in ancient Ireland were peculiarly favourable to such a change. Society there was at once pastoral and warlike.

The main peaceful occupation of the people was—as indeed it is yet—the tillage of the ground, or the care of flocks and herds. After citing Giraldus's testimony to the excellence of the Irish pasture, Camden adds, 'Hence it is that they have such an infinite number of cattell, as being indeed the chiefe and principall wealth of the inhabitants, and many goodly flockes of sheepe.' Writing of 'Breany,' as he calls Breifne, the territory of O'Ruairc, now Leitrim, he says, 'So much cattell it feedeth, that within the little circuit which it hath, it may reckon at one time above a hundred and twenty thousand head of beasts.' His informant, Good, speaks to the same effect: 'Cowes are their only wealth, and of greatest esteeme.' In such a primitive society cattle were of course one medium of payments, the Annals, for example, recording the redemption, by a certain nobleman, of a valuable ancient book for a number of cows. Cattle, again, if not the absolute qualification for rank, when possessed in sufficient number, at least led to ennoblement; and if the conjecture advanced in the previous paper were correct, *airech*, one of the titles of rank, would have originally meant simply a keeper of herds, a grazier.[17] The main spoil taken in war was, it

[16] In the *Revue Celtique* Mr. Whitley Stokes points out that *clann*, older *cland*, (1) anything planted or set, (2) children, Welsh, *plant*, is probably the same word with the Latin *planta*, what is set or sown. *P* in Latin is ordinarily represented by *c* in Irish. The original final *d* of *cland* is apparently preserved in Clandeboy = *Cland-Aeidh-Buidhe* (the 'Posterity of Yellow Aedh,' or Hugh).

[17] Further consideration has, however, led the writer to think that *Airech* in Bó-airech, &c., may be a different word from *airech*, a tender of cattle. Zeuss (i. 67) has *airech*, primus, anterior, from *air*, the east, the region in front of one at sunrise.

need hardly be said, cattle; and the Irish epic has for its subject a mighty cattle raid.[18] To such a people land, which is generally plentiful enough as a commodity among early communities, would be of less importance than the oxen needed to till it; and as the owning of multiplying herds of kine surely led to a man's elevation in the scale of Irish society, so the importance of a man already ennobled, or having some position and influence, must have been greatly enhanced by the possession of this primitive form of property. Now the chief male of the eldest line of the family, elected to the headship of its concerns, was the natural leader of the clan in battle, and he thus had a special means of acquiring cattle, namely, by the edge of the sword.

For if the peaceful occupations of the people were those named above, they were also not seldom occupied in making or repelling war; and the warlike character is strongly impressed on almost every institution of the Irish kinsmen of that race whose two great ambitions, according to the remark of a Roman writer,[19] were to excel in arms and to speak eloquently. Every reader of the old native annalists knows how uniform is the record they present of warfare in Ireland, how monotonous their list of hostings, this year of Aedh or Eoghan, 'and the Cinél-Eoghain about him,' into the lands of the Connachta or the Laigne, the next, of the Connachta or the men of Midhe into Uladh; how it is regretfully said of some chief who died in his bed that it was little thought *he* would find such an end; and how the very formula used by the monastic chronicler in describing a chieftain's devout death, represents him as adding one to the number of his victories.[20] The hot and impetuous spirit of a warlike race often broke out in men who had abandoned the world for the peace of the cell or the practice of solitary penance. 'Doe any of them betake themselves to religion, a wonder it is to see how they mortifie and keepe their bodies under, with a devout kind of austerity, watching, praying, and making themselves leane with much fasting: so that it is no marvell which is written of their monkes in the age aforegoing.'[21] Yet Giraldus observes that there was a peculiar irascibility even among those of the Irish who had betaken themselves to and had advanced in a devout life; and Higden includes in a like remark the monks of another branch of the Celtic family, those of Wales.[22] Saint Colum-cille accompanied his clan—the race of Conall Gulban, the Cinél-Conaill—into the field of battle; and the MS. Gospels of the same saint were called the *Cathach*, that is, the Battle-book, and were carried, most probably sun-wise—*deisiol*—round the host that possessed them, before joining battle with the enemy; just as Saint

[18] The proper names also of certain Irish chiefs referred to in the Annals are significant:—*Moel-na-mBó, Donn-na-mBó*, 'Chief-of-the-Kine,' 'Lord-of-the-Kine.'

[19] 'Pleraque Gallia duas res industriosissime persequitur: rem militarem et argute loqui.'—Catonis *Orig.* lib. ii. frag. 3.

[20] See the Annals known as those of the Four Masters *passim*:—'he died in —— Abbey, after unction and penance, and the victory over the Demon and the World.'

[21] Good, in Holland's *Camden*, 2nd edit., 1636, p. 144.

[22] After describing a wonderful island (probably Priestholm) in Wales, and the preternatural punishment which attended the quarrels of the hermits there, Higden goes on—

'Here also, as on Irish ground,
The gloomy wanderer is found;
And th' holy men of either nation,
Are vengeful when they're in a passion.'

The doggrel English version is by Peter Roberts, in his *Cambrian Popular Antiquities*, 1815.

Finnchuan's crozier was the *cenn-cathach* (battle-head), a name of like import. The monasteries were often fortified like an ordinary *dún*; and their inmates, the *Families* (Muintire) as they are called, had not unfrequent fights with each other—brotherhood against brotherhood—which are recorded in the native annals.

The form of construction of the tall towers, attached to early Irish churches, and invested by many writers with such needless mystery, probably also suggests one of their principal uses, and points to a time when war, foray, and pillage were matters of occurrence so common that it became of great importance to have some stone building capable of affording refuge both for the ecclesiastics and the sacred vessels, and of defying fire, and arrow, javelin or stone, the only weapons which could be directed against it.

If layman and cleric, the monk as well as the chief's warlike follower who had no profession but that of arms, and no interest in peace, the herdsman and the tiller of the ground, had all in turns to fight in ancient Ireland, we may not be much surprised to find animosities carried beyond the grave, or to hear that in living popular belief the battles of this world find their parallels in the conflicts of the Dead themselves in the other. 'The Connaughtmen had the victory this year,' the country people say in Limerick, when a bad crop is attributed to the influence of the malignant spirits of a rival province, prevailing in fight over their hereditary enemies.[23]

It is not surprising, then, that among a race engaged in almost constant warfare, and without a strong central authority to subject all others to itself, the power of the leader of the clan should have gone on increasing till it had assumed the dimensions we know it to have attained by the sixteenth or seventeenth century. The publication of the ancient native law tracts, and the learned expositions these have called forth, enable us to conclude, with a fair amount of probability, that the principal causes from which the gradual augmentation of the chieftain's power arose were, in Ireland as in other countries, first, the fact adverted to above, that he was the leader of the clan in war, and in war could acquire cattle; secondly, the increase by degrees of his personal demesne lands; and lastly, the influence he acquired through the settlement on the waste lands of the tribe of broken and fugitive men from other tribes, whose numbers tended to increase, and who, often of turbulent and daring character, and without tribal rights or any claim to the land, must have formed a body of personal followers ready to support in all things the man on whom they had to depend for everything. Of course the power of the chieftain necessarily grew with the multiplication of such followers.

The following observations by an African missionary on the Zulu Kafirs illustrate in too striking a way the important place held by cattle in all primitive societies, and the character of the influence wielded by a chief, to be omitted:

> As cattle constitute the sole wealth of the people, so they are their only medium of such transactions as involve exchange, payment, or reward. The retainers of a chief serve him for cattle; nor is it expected that he could maintain his influence, or indeed secure any number of followers, if unable to provide them with what at once constitutes their money, food, and clothing. He requires, then, a constant fund from which to satisfy his dependants; and the amount of the fund required may be judged of from the character of the demand made upon him. His retinue, court, or whatever

[23] *Ro buaig na Connachtaig an bliadhan seo.* There are similar sayings relative to other provinces.

it is to be called, consists of men from all parts of the tribe, the young, the clever, and the brave, who come to do court service for a time, that they may obtain cattle to furnish them with the means of procuring wives, arms, or other objects of desire. On obtaining these they return to their homes and give place to others. Thus the immediate retinue of a chief is continually changing, and constitutes a permanent drain on his resources.

The sources of the Zulu chief's wealth are the inherited cattle of his father, offerings made to him on the occasion of his circumcision, benevolences raised from the tribe, fines and confiscations, and the cattle taken in war.[24]

Notwithstanding the wide interval of time and locality which separates the present Zulus from the ancient Irish—and, let us add, the difference in the degree of advancement of the two races—we may easily recognise, with Sir Henry Maine, features in the above description directly applicable to mediæval Ireland. Like the Kafir chieftain, the Irish chief appears in the native annals and in the laws as constantly acquiring cattle by force from his enemies, and distributing this cattle among the tribesmen—'giving stock'—no doubt in many cases to reward his friends. We shall find ground, too, for the opinion that ancient Irish usages, read in connection with this picture of modern African tribal society, furnish a clue to the origin of some obscure features of Feudalism.

The Irish cultivating tribesman probably felt at times the severest need—especially after his tribe had had a marauding visit from some hostile clan—for cattle, with which to plough his land. Now the chief, what with his inherited kine and those obtained in war, had generally more stock at his disposal than anyone else, and *his* want would seem to have been the opposite of that which pressed upon the tribesman. The tribesman had land, but not sufficient of the necessary stock to till it; the chief had more stock on his hands than his pasture could accommodate. Under such circumstances, the tenant, as the phrase was, 'took stock' from the chief. There is reason to think that the relation thus established was analogous to and in many cases explains the origin of that of lord and vassal; that the tenant became in effect the chief's 'man;' and that the Irish custom of receiving stock was related to the phenomenon of Feudalism known as Commendation, whereby the tenant placed himself and his possessions under the protection of some powerful lord. 'The *Fer-fothla*' (perhaps 'dividing man,' 'man of division,' from his dividing his herds) 'or leader of *Bó-Aireach*,' says Curry, writing of the Irish distinction of social ranks, 'was wealthier than the *Bruighfer*, for he had a greater quantity of cattle than he could support on his own land, and so let them to other persons, who became his tenants or vassals (if that be an appropriate word) in return for the stock they hired from him.'[25]

Irish law and ancient Irish usage, as recorded in the old native literature, offer evidence on another difficult and much-disputed question—the origin of Nobility. No doubt its origin has been diverse in different ages and countries. The conclusions suggested by the new evidence now available appear to be that among the Irish Celts—and we may well suppose that that primitive people had only long preserved in their ancient form social features originally common to the leading families of the Indo-European race—it

[24] The Rev. H. Dugmore, *A Compendium of Kafir Laws and Customs*, cited by Maine, *E. H. I.*, pp. 143, 144.

[25] Curry, *Manners and Customs*, ii. p. 36.

had two main sources. One of these was wealth: the chief is described by the law-tracts, and in the old romances which best preserve the minuter details of old Irish society, as rich in herds, rich also in the other things of most value in a primitive society, gold rings, jewels and valuable clothes, arms, dogs and horses, precious chess-boards. As the noble was generally wealthy, the wealthy man was in the way to become noble. The law defined the respective qualifications and privileges of the seven degrees into which the order of nobility, the rank of the Flaith, was divided. The lowest of these seven divisions was that of the *Aire-Desa*; and below this was the class of *Bó-Airechs*, cow-keepers, which again was divided into four sub-classes. Now the process by which a man could pass from the important but relatively inferior class, the Graziers, into the ranks above him, is clearly indicated in the Irish law; for this declares that when a member of the highest of the four grades of Bó-Airechs has acquired twice the wealth of an Aire-Desa, and has had it through some generations, he himself becomes an Aire-Desa. And of the Brugh-fer, the second class of Bó-Airech, Curry observes that 'he was already on the way to hereditary nobility; for the law required that he should have for wife "only the daughter of an equal, and one who had never been married before."'

We have already seen how the highest but one of the four grades of Bó-Airech, the Grazier whose herds were so numerous that he found it necessary to divide and distribute them, and who hence, perhaps, got his technical name of *Fer-fothla*, 'dividing, distributing man,' 'let' his cattle 'to other persons,' who were in need of them for tillage of their ground, and 'who,' as Curry says, 'became his tenants or vassals . . . . in return for the stock they hired from him.' These last words, so suggestive of Feudalism, may bring us to the consideration of another source of ennoblement beside the wealth which a man had amassed or inherited. The relation established between the Bó-Airech and a tribesman by giving and taking stock was apparently that subsisting between a feudal lord and his tenant; yet the Bó-Airech, even if an Aire-Coisring, the highest grade, whatever his actual wealth, influence, and privileges, was not yet in the Irish rank of nobility. As regards the original growth of this latter order—the seven ranks of Aires—it is probable that among the Irish, exactly as in countries where Feudalism was in vigour, there sprung up, as the power of the greater chiefs and kings increased, a class of dependent chiefs whose rise had less to do with wealth in stock than with services rendered to some powerful lord. The reader has probably not failed to note the words cited above, in which are described the body of young men who attach themselves to a modern Kafir chief in the expectation of reward at his hands in the shape of cattle. 'Retinue,' or 'court,' are the terms used by Mr. Dugmore; and we are reminded of the legal privilege of an Irish heir-expectant, or second in rank to a king, the *Tanaise-Righ*, to be 'always attended by ten men.'[26] We know also that in much later times than those in which the Irish law-tracts were composed, and in a society of institutions identical in most cases with those of ancient Ireland, namely, the Highland clans, the chiefs, both great and small, kept up a retinue or petty court; and it seems certain that the similar following of an old Irish king or leading chief-

[26] Curry, *Manners and Customs*, ii. p. 38.

tain—an O'Neill, O'Domnaill, Mac Cártha, or Meg Uidhir—furnished military service in expectation of some consideration which was often ennoblement, and that from these Companions of the King came a nobility analogous to the feudal lords and the English Thanes. Such a nobility could not have much in common with that other older nobility (corresponding to the English *eorls*) which had owed its rise to long possession, or co-possession, of the land, and to stock inherited from generations of ancestors. There would be rather a natural antagonism between the two.

Whilst indicating the importance of the possession of wealth, which could bring a man to nobility, the law tracts show that rank, especially hereditary rank, was held in higher honour than any amount of riches. The Brugh-fer—who was not a nobleman at all, but one of the higher ranks of the class below, the Bó-Airechs—could have, as we have seen, only the daughter of an equal, and one 'who had never been married before'—perhaps never *repudiated* is the meaning—and there was a like provision in the case of the Aire-Desa. So of the Aire-Túise, Curry, giving an abstract of the law, writes, he 'took precedence over all the former' (the three lower classes of Aire) 'by being of superior race or family. . . . . Whatever the wealth of an *Aire*, it was family alone that could give him this rank.'

The tribesman who accepted stock from an Irish *Flaith*, or noble, became thereby his *Céile* (Kālā, companion, servant, vassal); and the legal number of such vassals which a chief could have was proportioned to his rank. Thus the prescribed number for an Aire-Desa was five free and five un-free Céiles; while a noble higher by four grades, the Aire-Forgaill, or Aire of Testimony (from the legal value attaching to his evidence) could have twenty bond and twenty free. The distinction, which will have struck the reader, of the Céiles into free and unfree, Soer (sēr) and Doer (dhēr), was based upon the amount of the stock received.[27] If the quantity was comparatively small, the tribesman became the Free Vassal, Soer-Céile, of the lord. In so doing he retained his full tribal rights. His tenancy was for seven years, at the end of which time the cattle—which he had used to till his land during that period—became his own. During the seven years the calves, the milk, and the manure belonged to the Lord; and the Lord was further entitled to homage, to manual labour (at harvest time, or in building his fort),[28] or to military service from his vassal. If the necessities of the tribesmen obliged him to receive much stock in the first instance, or large additional stock afterwards, he sank to the position of an unfree vassal (Doer-Céile). The *Soer*- and *Doer*-stock tenants of an Irish lord corresponded to the

[27] 'Free' and 'Unfree' are but approximative renderings of *Soer* and *Doer*. Words beginning in Irish with *so* and *do* have what grammarians and lexicographers sometimes call a 'good' and 'bad' sense respectively. Thus *sonas* is good luck; *donas*, ill luck; *sorcha* is bright, *dorcha* dark, &c.

[28] To this, I presume, is the allusion in the old unpublished Irish romance of the *Cath Muiġe Tuiredh*, the 'Battle of Magh Tuiredh.' *Ó ro geb iarum Bres riġe, ronaisceatar Fomore. i. Indeoc mac Deidomnand ocus Elutha mac Delboeth ocus Tethri, tri rig Fomore, a cios for Erinn. . . . Do bṁa din na trenfirae a foġnamḋ dou. i. Oġmae fou cualae conad ocus an Daġdo na rathbuide, gonad sé roclad Raṫ mBrese.* 'From the time, then, that Bres took the kingship, the Fomore, namely, Indeoch son of Dedomnann, and Elatha son of Delboeth, and Tethri, three kings of the Fomore, set the burden of their tribute upon Erin. . . . The heroes, too, were brought in servitude to him (to Bres), to wit, Ogma carrying faggots of firewood *and the Dagda as rath-builder*; so that it was he that dug Rath-Brese' (or 'Bres's Fort.' It was somewhere in Connaught). Harleian MSS. Brit. Museum, 5,280, fol. 53a.

free and higher base tenants of an English manor.

The stock received from the chief by the Doer-Stock vassal was divided into two portions, one proportioned to the legal rank of the latter, the other to the rent in kind to which he became liable. The amount of the first portion was measured by the legal 'honour-price' of the tenant—the fine, that is, payable for injuring him. The second portion of the stock was proportioned, as stated above, to the rent paid by the tenant. The rent in question is remarkable in two respects. (1) In the nature of the obligations imposed on the tenant, who paid back his lord for the stock by handing over to him the young born to the animals; by working for him; and by providing a certain amount of refection at his, the tenant's, dwelling when his lord should come to visit it. This obligatory refection is a remarkable feature in old Irish legal usage, and it had developed in the days of Spenser and Davies into a most oppressive exaction. It seems to have applied to the upper as well as to the lower ranks of Irish society. It is apparently to the legal banqueting at stated times of the High-King of Ireland at the dwellings of his tributary princes that the old romancist alludes when he makes Cu-Chulaind enjoin on his pupil to be not 'an ale-polluting flea in the house of a [provincial] King.'[29]

(2) The rent in kind (observes Sir Henry Maine), or food-rent, which was thus proportioned to the stock received, unquestionably developed in time into a rent payable in respect of the tenant's land; but it is certainly a curious and unexpected fact that the rent of the class which is believed to have embraced a very large part of the ancient Irish tenantry did not, in its earliest form, correspond in any way to the value of the tenant's land, but solely to the value of the Chief's property deposited with the tenant.[30]

The limited space at the present writer's disposal will only allow of his selecting a few of the features of society in ancient Erin for notice and illustration. That society, however, comprehended one class, the Fuidhir tenants, of which for several reasons a word requires to be said. In the first place, their multiplication had probably a great deal to do with a matter already referred to—the gradual aggrandisement of the power of the chief: the law tracts, indeed, explicitly say as much, where they state of the chieftain, 'He brings in Fuidhirs to increase his wealth.' Secondly, if an ingenious conjecture of Professor Sullivan is correct, the Fuidhirs, and not the tribesmen proper, were the true prototypes of the rack-rented tenants of the later times of Irish history. A Fuidhir was a man who, for one reason or other, often for his misdeeds, had been obliged to leave his own clan, with his tribal rights, and enter, on a servile tenancy, some strange tribe. The old annals, or recorded historical traditions, of the country contain frequent indications of ancient social commotions, and instances even of whole tribes forced to abandon their ancient seats and seek a settlement elsewhere. Such an incident forms the subject, and probably the historical basis, of the ancient tale of the *Driving-out of the Déisi*, though the native romancists wove about it many a wonderful embel-

[29] *The Bed of Decline of Cu-Chulaind and the One Jealousy of Emer*, edidit Curry, Atlantis, 1858.

[30] In connection with some of the terms used in the foregoing paragraph, it may be noted that *Flaith* and *Céile* are living Irish words. The former, at least, appears in its derivative *flaitheas*, a lordship, a kingdom; *Flaitheas Dé* (the lordship or kingdom of God) is Heaven. *Flaitheamuil* (lordly, gentlemanly) and *flaitheamlach* (flahoolagh) are constantly used (even by English-speaking natives) to describe a person of portly presence and freehanded ways. *Céile* is familiar to us in the compound *Céile Dé*, 'servant of God,' which Scottish writers, and even some Irish ones, have turned into 'Culdee.'

lishment.[31] There is every reason to believe that the number of individuals, also, who had to leave their own and seek admittance into strange tribes was large, and that the following case—which though occurring in the other younger Gaidelic family, the Celts of Alba, may help us to a clearer understanding of what an Irish Fuidhir was—is a typical instance. The letter is, or was, preserved in the charter-chest of Mac-Lean of Coll, and is addressed to the Laird of Coll by the friends of one Evan or Ewen Cameron. Logan, who prints it, has these prefatory remarks:

The slaughter committed on a member of a subordinate clan was resented with characteristic spirit. The principle of blood for blood was rigorously pursued in this case, and Cameron was not the first man whose friends, powerful as they might be, were unable to save him from retributive justice. Many a Highlander has been obliged to seek protection with a neutral tribe, where he has been saved from his pursuers, and where his descendants have amalgamated with their adopted clan.

'Strone: 6 March, 1737.

'Dear Sir,—The long standing tract of firm affectionat ffriendship twixt your worthy predecessors and ours, affords us such assurance as that we may have full relyance on your favour and undoubted friendship, in recommending the bearer, Ewen Cameron, our cousin, son to the deceast Dugal Mc Conil, of Innermaillie, sometime in Glenpean, to your ffavour and conduct, who is a man of undoubted honestie and discretion, onlie that he has the misfortune of being alleged to have been accessorie to the killing of one of McMartin's familie, about 14 years ago, upon qch alledgeance the MacMartins are now sanguine on revenging, that they are fullie resolved for the deprivation of his life; to the preventing of qch you are relyed on by us as the onlie fit instrument, and a most capable person. Therefore your ffavour and protection is expected and intreated during his good behaviour, and failing of qch behaviour, you'l please use him as a most insignificant person deserves.

'Sir, he had upon the alledgeance foresaid been transported, at Locheal's desire, to ffrance, to gratify the McMartins, and upon his return home, about five years ago, married, but now he is so much threatened by the McMartins, that he is not secure enough to stay qr he is, being Ardmurchen, which occasions this trouble to you. Wishing prosperitie and happiness to attend still yourself, worthie lady, and good ffamilie, we are in the most affectionat manner, Dr Sir,

'Yr most obliged, affectionat, and most humble servants,

'Dugall Cameron, of Strone,
Dugall Cameron, of Barr,
Dugall Cameron, of Inveriskvoalline,
Dugall Cameron, of Invermallie.'[32]

Dr. Sullivan attempts to connect the Irish word *Fuidhir* with the root seen in *feodum*, feud-al, &c., but such analogy can hardly exist, though the *fuidhir* must indeed have in many ways closely corresponded to the feudal villein. *Feodum* seems to contain, as Continental scholars have held, the root seen in the modern German *Vieh*, cattle; and the Irish laws now enable us to understand how investiture with a *fee* could be the original equivalent of the transaction called in primitive Ireland 'Giving Stock.' As to *fuidhir* itself, one is reminded of the words *fuidheal*, *fuigheall*, *fuighlleach*, remnants, leavings, and led to surmise that all these vocables contain a root signifying 'to leave,' and that the *fuidhir* meant primarily a man who had *left* his own tribe.[33]

Sir Henry Maine points out that the evidence contained in the Irish law tracts goes far to at last furnish the key to a remarkable feature of ancient societies as recorded in the earliest history—the

[31] *Deece* Barony, in Meath, preserves the name and indicates the ancient position of the race. *Déisi* is probably, as Todd conjectures, the *South-Folk* (*des*, the right hand, the south), from their situation in respect of the hill of Temair, now Tara.

[32] Logan, 'Extracts from an Unpublished MS. History of the Clans,' *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, 1833, p. 518.

[33] *Fuighlleach táillúra*, e.g. at present means 'tailors' leavings.' *Fuigh* may be a form akin to *fág-aim* ('I leave'); as *fuigh* (a different word) is an inflection of *fágh-aim* ('I find'). If the root of *fuidhir* is not that here suggested, the word would probably contain the preposition *fo*, *fai* (under).

indebtedness of the old democracies to the classes above them. The lower class in Greece had, at a remote period, become hopelessly in debt to the Eupatrids, and the solution of this relation was the achievement which gave such renown to the name of Solon. In the earliest Roman times the plebeians appear as the debtors of the patricians. And in a society in every way more closely related to the ancient Irish—namely, that of Gaul—Cæsar found the poor cultivators the villeins of the upper class. 'The common folk,' he says, after speaking of the two great divisions of the wealthy and influential class, the priests (Druides) and the Mounted Men (Equites), 'are kept in an almost servile condition, daring to undertake nothing of themselves, and never taken into counsel. For the most part, feeling the pressure of debt, or weighed down by taxes, or suffering injury at the hands of some man in power, they bind themselves in slavery to the noble class: over such their lords have all the rights that masters hold over slaves.'[34] Elsewhere the same writer describes a powerful Gaul, one Orgetorix, an Helvetian, whom his countrymen had cited to appear before the tribunals to stand his trial for treason, as coming to intimidate his judges attended by the whole ten thousand of his *familia*—apparently the body of kinsmen of whom he was the head, but perhaps also including his slaves—and by a following of Clients and *Obaerati* as well. Mr. Long, in his edition of Cæsar, observes that these *Obaerati* (debt-bound men) would appear to have been debtors reduced to a state of slavery; and he mentions the instance of a mob of such (*vulgus obaeratorum*) who, in an insurrection among the Treviri in the time of Tiberius, driven desperate by their misfortunes, betook themselves to the defiles of the Ardennes, where the Romans dispersed them. The same judicious commentator considered that 'the debt' in such cases 'was probably money borrowed by poor cultivators.' Using, however, the light now afforded by comparison of the ancient usages of Ireland with those of Gaul, we may perhaps arrive at a truer estimate, both of the nature of the loan and the origin of the indebtedness. Inheriting hardly anything beyond a mere share in the land, and not having the oxen wherewith to till it, the Gallic cultivator would seem to have had to go to the class—generally the chiefs—whose warlike power and inherited pre-eminence in the tribe had given them almost a monopoly of that ancient form of capital;[35] and in thus 'taking stock' from the chief he became his servile tenant, his villein or slave.

Irish law sanctioned one usage which the English writers on the country strongly denounced. This was the *eric*, or blood-fine, varying in amount with the rank of the person slain, exacted in cases of homicide from the kinsmen of the offender. This usage—more repugnant to English notions than any other Irish custom, except, perhaps, the Cosherings, or enforced refections of the lord at the dwellings of his vassals—was, however, a feature of other systems of ancient law beside the Irish; and at a time when there was a corporate respon-

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[34] Cæs. Comment. *de Bello Gallico*, lib. vi. cap. 13. The conqueror of Gaul could plainly apprehend no analogy between this state of things and the similar relations of the Plebeians and Patricians in the early ages of the Roman Commonwealth; just as in later times the English observers in Ireland thought they found in its institutions something monstrous and unheard of, whereas kindred institutions had prevailed in their day in all the countries of Western Europe.

[35] The reader does not perhaps need to be reminded that *cattle* and *capital* are etymologically identical; just as *pecunia*, money, meant originally value in beasts.

sibility among communities of kinsmen for the acts of individual members, it was possibly at least as effective a check upon violence as the death-penalty. When the criminal had powerful friends he might in many cases, we may fairly conclude, set at naught the claim of the law on his life; but even were the punishment of death enforced, it would simply make one tribesman the less—no unfrequent occurrence where chief and clansman might any day fall in battle—and the tribe itself could suffer in no appreciable degree for the act of one of its members. It was otherwise where the *eric* had to be paid; for that fine was payable in a commodity of all others most valuable to the cultivators, namely in cattle; and the whole body of kinsmen suffered a direct and sensible loss.

There were few things in which ancient Erin differed more from the Ireland of the present than in the matter of Marriage and Divorce. Another branch of the Celtic race, the Gauls, were polygamous when Cæsar wrote his *Commentaries*, and we may infer that a like custom prevailed originally among the Irish. In one part, indeed, of the old tale of *The Spoil of the Cows of Froech*, edited by Mr. Crowe, from the Book of Leinster, it is clearly implied that Froech was already married, and had three children, when he came to sue for the hand of Findabair, the daughter of Medb and Ailell, the king and queen of the Connachta; but it seems doubtful whether this is anything more than one of the inconsistencies in these stories, resulting, perhaps, from the blending of different versions of ancient mythological traditions. Whether or not this narrative really contains evidence of the existence of polygamy in what may be called the Irish heroic age—that extra-historic period to which the Táin-Bó-Chuailnge, and the other ancient legends of Medb and Ailell, of Cu-Chulaind and his fellow-champions are referred—the Irish of still early but less shadowy times are found to be monogamous, but with such laxity of usage in the matter of divorce, as to suggest, according to the opinion of Sir Henry Maine, a sort of transition period from the one marriage system to the other. While the husband himself could break the marriage bond on various pretexts, Irish law also duly defines the grounds on which the wife could separate from him. The latter provisions illustrate the frequently fanciful character of a system which was not built up, like modern English law, on actual cases, but in large part elaborated by a special class who *assumed* the cases for which they sought to provide. The strict protection extended to the rights of the woman, whether as a wife or as the associate of her husband in the headship of the household and as a member of the tribe, is a noticeable feature. If the husband slandered her; if he made her contemptible by ridicule; if he beat her so as to leave a mark on her face; if he was unfaithful to her; if he had given her a love potion before marriage; or if—the vaguest provision—he denied her her full rights in all things, conjugal, domestic, and tribal—in each of these cases she could leave him, and generally was entitled to keep her *coibche*—that is, the kine or other value wherewith the husband 'bought' her at marriage—and to claim, moreover, compensation proportionate to her rank.[36]

The native annals, and the notices of English writers, bear constant witness to the evils resulting from the loose matrimonial system which the laws sanctioned, and which even Christianity had not been able to largely affect.

Town-dwellers seldome make any contract

[36] See the interesting remarks of Dr. Sullivan, *Introd.*, clxxii.–clxxvii.

of marriage with them of the country, and these passe their promise not for present, but for the future time: or else give assent without any deliberation. Whence it is, that for every light falling out they part asunder, the husband to another woman, the wife to another husband; neither is it ever knowne for certainty whether their contracts have been true or false, before they give up their last gaspe. Hence rise contentions about the possession of lands, hence grow robberies, depredations, manslaughters, and deadly hatred. The women that are cast off goe to witches for counsell. . . . Nothing is there so common as divorces under pretence of conscience.[37]

At the synod held by the Irish prelates at Cashel, after the arrival of Henry II., we find them framing canons against polygamy and incestuous marriages. Pope Adrian IV. says in one of his Briefs:

To pass by other enormities, men openly bring in their stepmothers, and blush not to beget children by them, frater uxore fratris eo vivente abutitur, unus se duabus sororibus miscet, et plerique illorum, matre relicta, filias introducunt.[38]

The references of contemporary writers show that this is not exaggerated language. Thus Saint Anselm, in a letter given by Usher, says:—'Husbands (in Ireland) change their wives for the wives of other men as readily and openly as one should exchange one horse for another.' Four centuries later, when Seán or John ÓNéill, the son of Conn the Lame, had beaten and imprisoned Calbhach ÓDomhnaill, Lord of Tír-Chonaill, he openly took and lived with that chieftain's wife, who bore children to her new lord. ÓNéill had previously cast off his own wife, one of the Scottish Mac Domhnaills. The next possessor of the honoured title of *The ÓNéill*,[39] Aodh or Hugh, who had received in marriage the daughter of Toirdelbach Luineach, soon repudiated her, taking another wife. Of the father of Aodh, Ferdorcha ('dark man'), Baron of Dungannon, it was alleged by his enemies that he was not of the seed of the ÓNéills at all, but the son of a blacksmith of Dundalk, whose wife Conn Bacach had taken from her husband. This act of Conn led in after years to the murder both of his son Ferdorcha and his grandson Brían. In the same way the repudiation of his own lawful wife and the taking of ÓDomnaill's brought the Seán ÓNéill named above to a bloody end. Coming, after certain reverses, to ask harbour of the Mac Domnaills, he brought his new consort, ÓDomnaill's wife, along with him, and a quarrel soon arising about the slight offered to his own wife, her brothers, 'being hot set upon revenge, after a signall given, with their drawn swords set upon *Shan*, and with many a wound hacked and hewed him to death.'

It would be easy to enlarge the list of historical instances of this kind, but we will only allude to one other, the abduction of Derbforgaill, wife of Ó Ruairc of Breifne, by Diarmaid mac Murchadha Cabánach, an incident of which poets and poetical historians have made so much, but which was no doubt connected with the prevailing laxity of the marriage law. It seems worth noting here, too, that there was a large class of ancient Irish tales, part of the stock which the professional bardic storyteller was bound

[37] Good, in Camden, Holland's Trans., 2nd edit., 1636, p. 145.

[38] *Lib. Nig. Scaccarii*, pp. 42–49; *New Rymer*, 45, *apud* Lingard.

[39] 'These [the O Néills of the North], supported by the powerfull authority of the Earles of *Kildare* (who, verily, for many yeeres were Deputies of Ireland), carried their heads aloft, tyrannising cruelly upon the people, and transported with the insolent spirit of pride, disdained all the titles of Prince, Duke, Marquesse, and Earles, in comparison of the name of *O-Neal*.'

The Aodh Ó Néill referred to above is the same who, to again quote Camden, 'edged with fretfull malice, assailed most furiously Sir Henry *Bagnall*, the Mareschall, neere nto *Armagh*,' and gave him the disastrous overthrow of the Blackwater .

to have by rote, which were grouped under the head of *Elopements*.[40]

In the Ireland of to-day all this has been changed, but it is curious to find existing oral traditions preserving the memory of usages long passed away. Thus at the place in Meath, now corruptly called 'Telltown'—the ancient royal cemetery of *Tailltin*—where a great fair and games, closely related to the funeral games of ancient nations, were held in the beginning of August—they yet show you the 'Hollow of the Fair' (*Lag-an-Oénaigh*), and relate how a woman seeking a husband had but to thrust her hand through an opening in a wall here: whoever approved the hand, and grasped it, became, so the story is, the woman's lord for a year and a day. At the end of that time the pair could if they chose continue together; if not, they had to come to a certain mound still shown at Tailltiu, and there standing back to back, they walked off in different directions and were so divorced.

Odd as these traditions are, there seems to be no doubt that they preserve the memory, more or less correctly, of facts. In the old Irish settlement in *Airther-Gaidhel*, or Argyll, we find a corresponding tradition attached to the old church of Saint Couslan, Cantire, where 'there was a large stone, with an open space in the centre, through which runaway couples caught hands.' After this they could not be lawfully separated, though they might be wedded with greater ceremony. This joining hands through the 'hole in a rude pillar . . . was held an interim tie of mutual fidelity, so strong and sacred, that it is generally believed in the country, none ever broke it who did not soon after break his neck, or meet with some other fatal accident.'[41] One of the stones of the Brogar circle in the Orkneys was used for the same ceremony; and was this not the probable use of the perforated stones which occur in some old Irish churchyards, as at Conwal, in Donegal? The provisional matrimonial unions once made at the fair of Tailltiu find many parallels elsewhere. In Upper Eskdale, Scotland, where the White and Black Esk join, such marriages were made by *hand-fasting*, as the ceremony was called, at an annual fair. The provisional marriage could be confirmed or broken at the year end, but the man was to take charge of the offspring, if any.[42] The usage had prevailed, as Martin records, in the Western Isles; and it is more remarkable to find Amadeus, Archbishop of Lyons, testifying by a

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[40] See the curious passage cited by Curry from the Book of Leinster (*MS. Materials*, 583-4). 'Of the qualification of a poet in Tales and in Achievements here down, to be related to Kings and Lords, namely, seven times fifty tales; five fifties of Chief Tales, and two fifties of Lesser Tales, and the Lesser Tales are not allowed but to four degrees tantum, to wit. an *Ollain*, and *Anrath*, and *Cli*, and *Cano*. And these are the chief-tales, namely, Demolitions [of famous royal forts &c., like Emain-Macha], and Spoils [like the Táin Bó-Chuailnge], and Courtships [as Cu-Chulaind's of Emer], and Battles, and [wondrous] Caves, and [famous] Voyages [as of Moeldúin's Boat, or of Saint Brendan], and Tragic Deaths, and [mighty] Feasts, and Sieges, and Heroic Adventurous Deeds, and *Elopements*, and Plunderings.'

Of course a tale may often be classed under more categories than one. 'The Tragic Death of Eochu mac Máiredo,' edited with his usual learning by the late Mr. Crowe, is the account of the elopement of Ebliu, daughter of Guaire, and wife to Máirid, King of Munster, with Eochu, whose name survives in that of Lough Neagh. It seems quite to our present purpose to note that Ebliu is stated in this ancient legend to have been *her lover's stepmother*.

[41] *Statistical Account of the Parish of Campbeltown*; *Glencreggan*, by Cuthbert Bede, Lond. 1861, vol. i. p. 206. See also the same writer's reference to the traditional divorce ceremony at the church of Saint Coivin.

[42] Pennant, *Tour in Scotland*, 1772.

charge of his in the year 1438, to the existence of a like custom at that period in France.[43]

The passing of the woman's hand through an aperture was perhaps originally related to certain Hindu religious ceremonies. Of the old pagan marriage ceremony as practised at Tailltiu, there is probably no remembrance now in Wales; but that it once was as well known there as in Ireland and Scotland we may perhaps infer from a significant tradition relating to Twm Sion Catti, a Welsh robber, about whom have grouped themselves many legends much older than the time in which he lived. It is related that once, while talking with his reluctant mistress, the heiress of Ystrad Fin, he seized her hand as she extended it to him through a window, and *extorted a promise of marriage*, under the threat of cutting off the hand if she refused.[44]

The divorce by standing back to back, and walking away in different directions, recalls so forcibly the radical meaning of the Roman term *divortium* (that is, 'a turning different ways,' from *vortere*, an archaic form of *vertere*, to turn), as to suggest that the usage of Roman and Celt in this matter was once identical.

From what has been said in the foregoing pages of the process by which among most European peoples the modern social order has gradually been developed from a simple beginning in the Household, and of the resemblances between many Celtic usages and ideas and those prevailing among neighbouring races, the reader may be prepared to find that, loudly as English lawyers and writers have denounced the Irish native law, that law had, nevertheless, many features in common with the law of England. Dr. Ferguson, of Dublin—better known, to Irish readers at least, as the author of various poems marked by power and originality, and faithful to the spirit of the land that produced them—was the first to call attention to some of these resemblances in a paper 'On the Rudiments of the Common Law discoverable in the [then] published portion of the Senchus Mór,' read to the Royal Irish Academy in 1867. In this tract he shows that the proceedings under the old Irish law of distress (*Athgabhail*)[45] closely corresponded to those under the ancient Common Law of England. The following summary, from the Preface to the late edition of the Senchus Mór, so clearly details the Irish process, and so well illustrates the careful and equitable character of the system on the point in question, that we give it without curtailment:

> The plaintiff or creditor having first given the proper notice, proceeded, in the case of a defendant or debtor not of chieftain grade, to distrain. If, however, the defendant or debtor were a person of chieftain grade, it was necessary not only to give notice, but also to 'fast upon him.' This fasting upon him consisted in going to his residence, and waiting there for a certain time without food. If the plaintiff did not within a certain time receive satisfaction for his claim, or a pledge therefor, he forthwith, accompanied by a law agent, witnesses, and others, seized his distress. The distress when seized was, in certain cases, liable to a 'stay' ('anadh'), which was a period, varying according to fixed rules, during which the debtor received back the distress, and retained it in his own keeping, the creditor having a lien on it. Such a distress is ('athgabhail ar fut') a 'distress with time;' but under certain circumstances, and in particular cases, an

[43] The engagement was called *Fiancayles*, and this word is Englished in an old grammar, 'an assurynge or *handfastynge* of folkis to be maryed.' (*The Saxon and the Gaël*, Lond. 1814, vol. iv. pp. 110–14, apparently following Jamieson.) With the usages referred to above the Irish betrothal custom of the *Hand and Word* is probably connected.

[44] *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, vol. iv. p. 28. Colebrooke, *Hindu Mythology*, 151, 175.

[45] Probably 'lawful seizure,' from *ata*, *ada*, lawful, and *gabháil*, taking, seizure.

'immediate distress' ('tul athgabhail') was made, the peculiarity of which was, that during the fixed period of the stay the distress was not allowed to remain in the debtor's possession, but in that of the creditor, or in one of the recognised greens or pounds.

If the debt was not paid by the end of the stay the creditor took away the distress, and put it into a pound. He then served notice of the distress on the debtor whom he had distrained, letting him know where what was distrained was impounded. The distress remained in the pound a certain period, fixed according to its nature ('dithim,' translated 'delay in pound,' is the name of this period), and the expense of feeding and tending ran against the distress, and was payable out of it for this period. At the end of the delay in pound the forfeiting time ('lobadh') began to run, during which the distress became forfeited at the rate of three 'seds' per day until entirely forfeited. If the entire value of the distress thus forfeited was exactly equal to the original debt and the subsequent expenses, the debt was liquidated: if it was less than this, a second distress was taken for the difference; and if more, the overplus was returned. All this proceeding was managed by the party himself, or his law agent, with the several witnesses of the various steps, and other necessary parties.

But if, instead of allowing his cattle to go to pound, the debtor gave a sufficient pledge ('gell')—e.g. his son, or some article of value—to the creditor that he would within a certain time try the right to the distress by law, the creditor was bound to receive such pledge. If he did not go to law, as he so undertook, the pledge became forfeited for the original debt.

At any time up to the end of the 'dithim' the debtor could recover his cattle by paying the debt and such expenses as had been incurred. But if he neglected to redeem them until the 'dithim' had expired, then he could only redeem such of them as were still unforfeited.[46]

Dr. Ferguson remarks that the three initiatory steps of the Irish action—first, the notice; secondly, leaving the distrained beasts under a lien in the hands of the owner during the stay; and thirdly, the driving them at the expiration of the stay to the pound—correspond in a remarkable manner to the summons, attachment,[47] and distress under the old Common Law; that the provision by which the debtor might at any time before forfeiture regain possession of his goods on giving sureties to try the validity of the distress at law, is nothing but the Common Law right of Replevin (an action which has been ridiculously alleged to have been invented by Chief Justice Glanvil in the time of Henry II.); and that the apparent discrepancies between the ancient Irish and English practice are perhaps due less to original diversity of the two than to modern developments or modifications of the Common Law. It should be added here that the Irish distress procedure also closely corresponded to the English in the circumstance that it required no assistance or permission from a Court of Justice. The same writer, speaking of the ancient Irish Law against removing distresses of cattle from the districts in which they were taken, a prohibition not appearing in English and Scottish legislation till the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, observes:

> The explanation of so strange an appearance of superior social arrangement in this country (Ireland) is doubtless to be found in the declaratory nature of these English and Scottish Statutes; and we must deem those historians to be mistaken, who, from the introductive appearance of such enactments, have concluded that before their passing no law existed against the mischiefs which they profess to remedy.

He shows that the English legislature in Ireland, in an Act of 18 Edw. IV., adopted the usage sanctioned by the native law in respect of the sale of unredeemed distresses. Two years before this same legislature had styled the Irish legal system 'the wicked and damnable law called Brehon law.'[48] 'The very

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[46] *Senchus Mór*, vol. i., Pref. xlvi. xlvii.

[47] Sir Henry Maine considers that the Irish stay of proceedings corresponded more closely to some provisions of the Leges Barbarorum.

[48] Stat. 16 Edw. IV., cited by Ferguson, *op. cit.* 16.

existence,' says the modern English jurist, 'in ancient Ireland of the law [of distress] . . . summarised [above] is almost enough by itself to destroy those reckless theories of race which assert an original, inherent difference of idea and usage between Teuton and Celt.'[49] It is to be observed that the Irish Law of Distress was not merely a remedy against a debtor, but a primitive procedure resorted to in a great variety of cases. It differed from the Common Law of England in this particular, and also in the circumstance that under the Celtic system, as we have seen, the cattle distrained became liable to forfeiture. When, after the coming of the English to Ireland, the native inhabitants continued of course to distrain cattle for debt, according to their own ancient practice, the English legislature made such distraint felony if carried out contrary to the forms of English Common Law. In the words of Sir Henry Maine,[50]

> The Irish used the remedy of distress because they knew no other remedy, and the English made it a capital felony in an Irishman to follow the only law with which he was acquainted. Nay, those very subtleties of old English law which, as Blackstone says, made the taking of distress 'a hazardous sort of proceeding' to the civil distrainor, might bring an Irishman to the gallows, if in conscientiously attempting to carry out the foreign law he fell into the smallest mistake.

Besides the light thrown by it on several obscure historical questions, the study of the old Irish legal system has a peculiar importance from the fact that traditions and ideas derived from it continue to influence the mass of the Irish people to-day. Among these 'survivals,'[51] as Mr. Tylor would call them, may be classed some ideas of the modern tenant about land. There is ground for concluding that some considerable time at least before the arrival of the English, private ownership had come into existence in Ireland, but this would not appear to have been on a very extensive scale. In general cases, so far as we know, the tradition survived more or less distinctly of the common origin of the tribe and their joint ownership of its land. With ideas derived from this state of things is, we presume, to be connected the deep-lying feeling of the Irish farmer that so long as he pays rent for the land he has a right to live on it, and that to evict him from his holding is in a certain sense to deprive him of his lawful property. 'It is one of the facts,' says Sir Henry Maine, 'with which the Western world will some day assuredly have to reckon, that the political ideas of so large a portion of the human race, and its ideas of property also, are inextricably bound up with the notions of family independency, of collective ownership, and of natural subjection to patriarchal power.'[52]

To the survival of old tribal ideas must also, no doubt, be attributed the extraordinary combination of kinspeople, often still witnessed in Ireland, in a quarrel which properly concerns one only, as also the traditional dislike to surrender up an ill-doer to justice. Some three centuries ago, the Borderers of Northumberland, whatever was the constitution of their own mixed race, had a form of society presenting many features common among the Celtic population of the two islands. We are told by Gray, whose *Chorography* was published in 1649, that the Northumbrians, who were held aliens by the good men of Newcastle, had 'one barbarous Custome amongst them; if any two be displeased, they expect no Law, but bang it out bravely, one and his

[49] Maine, *Early History of Institutions*, p. 282. [50] *Ibid.* 294.
[51] A word which seems parallel to the primary sense of the Latin *superstitio*.
[52] *Op. cit.* pp. 2, 3.

kindred against the other, and his; they will subject themselves to no Justice, but in an unhumane and barbarous manner, fight and kill one another; they run together *clangs* (as they terme it) or names. This fighting they call their Feides or deadly Feides, a Word so barbarous that I cannot express it in any other Tongue.'[53] Mackenzie, who cites this passage in his *History of Northumberland*, remarks also that in 1581 the Scottish legislature so far recognised the Celtic usage in the matter of the corporate responsibility of the tribe as to make a whole clan answerable for the delinquencies of its individual members; and that in another statute shortly after the chief of each tribe was made responsible for all the misdeeds of the surname. The reader will perhaps not have failed to note how the 'feides' mentioned above find their parallels in the animosities of what are called Irish 'factions,' animosities which seem to be generally the successors of ancient clan feuds.

The old feeling that one's tribe alone could claim his sympathies, and that every outsider was but an enemy, may be apparently discerned in the toast yet drunk by the Munster peasants, *Grádh mo chrídhe mo ḋaíne féin*—'The love of my heart *my own people.*' So the former enmities of tribes sometimes find modern representatives in the antipathies of different provinces or counties, the respective peoples of which would seem to sometimes consider themselves of entirely different races. A writer in the *Dublin Penny Journal* for January 1835, tells us how an old Clare man, the coxswain of the revenue pinnace, when shipping back to their own side of the Shannon a number of Kerry beggars, whose crowding into Clare had long been an annoyance to the people of that county, raised his hand, and cried with vehemence, 'Go; and *if ever you're caught in Ireland again* 'tisn't this way we'll serve ye.'

Among a people so slow to part with the traditions of the past, it is to be expected that their daily speech, as well as their opinions, should bear occasional traces of an order of things long passed away. A Galway man will still say of some arduous matter, 'The Head of my Tribe wouldn't do it' (*Ní ḋianfadh mo Ceann-fíne é*). This very title *ceann-fíne*, the term by which the law tracts designate the chief, was claimed so late as 1822 by an old man called John MacSwyne, who maintained that he was the lineal head of his once powerful family—the MacSuibhne, or MacSwyne, of the Districts. Otway, in his *Sketches*, presents the words in the barbarous form 'caunfinny.'[54] A common living Irish word for a thief, pronounced 'behoonagh,' is apparently a curious and suggestive survival from pastoral times, for it means 'always stealing,' 'always trespassing,' *bithbenach*, and was originally a technical word for a thievish cow or other animal.

From even the few features of it selected for illustration in the foregoing necessarily very imperfect sketch, the reader will perhaps have

[53] *Chorographia, or a Survey of Newcastle-upon-Tine*, London, 1649, p. 34. The word so barbarous (=*feud*) is akin to the Gothic *fijan*, to hate, probably also to the English *fight*, and the Irish *fich*, to fight, to avenge. We may, perhaps, compare the Corsican *vendetta* (=vindicta), so far as regards the transfer of meaning in the word.

Many of the words in frequent use among the Borderers, as *slogan*, *clann* (Gray's 'clang'), were purely Celtic. Cattle-lifting, again, for which they were so notorious, was a survival from a pastoral society formed like that of the Celts of Ireland and Scotland. The keeping of cattle in the house, an ancient usage in Wales and Ireland, was another remnant of the times when they were of such value that it was of paramount importance to protect them from nocturnal foray.

[54] C. Otway, *Sketches in Ireland, descriptive of Interesting and hitherto unnoticed Districts in the North and South*, Dub., 1827, p. 80.

been able to judge of some of the leading characteristics of the old Irish law system. Notwithstanding so much ignorant denunciation, it is now seen to have been but a sister of the old English law, sometimes closely resembling it, and with it, and with the Twelve Tables themselves, no doubt derived from some early body of customs, relating to the tillage and holding of land, the keeping of cattle, and the mutual rights of tribes or families, in force among a primitive race from whom most of the European nations have sprung. As such customs were probably first decided upon, as the most elementary rules of equity and convenience, by the deliberation of the Head of the Household and his council of kinsmen, or of the Seniors of the tribe, in a very simple and natural form of society; afterwards handed down till they became venerable from immemorial usage; and finally thrown into solemn form, as law, by the Chief, Priest, and Judge; it need not surprise us that the provisions of the Irish law are often found so simple, judicious, and equitable, compared even with modern law, as in the case of the procedure for Distress. Some portions of the system, however, e.g. those relating to the *eric*, and some respecting Marriage and Divorce, were undoubtedly merely relics from the ruder stages of society which had called them forth, and were unsuited to the times in which they are found operative. In laying down the law, again, the *Bretheamh* invented his cases, and parts of the code bear witness to the curious and fanciful character of the Celtic mind. The system, however, taken as a whole, was suited to and venerated by the race that it had grown up among; its hereditary expositors had a great hold on the respect of the people; it seems to have had in itself the capabilities of development and improvement; and candid inquirers—looking especially to the misconception of its real nature among former English lawyers—Sir Richard Cox, for example, believing that it was entirely unwritten—will agree with Sir Henry Maine that its abolition was at once a mistake and an injustice.[56]

[56] 'A great mistake and a great wrong,' *op. cit.* 161. Thaddeus Roddy, a Leitrim gentleman, discovered to Cox the error named above as to the supposed unwritten character of Irish law, showing him, in 1699, a number of Irish law books, but it does not appear that he took any steps to rectify the mistake. Ferguson, *op. cit.* 5, note.

# THE LIMIT OF THE HABITABILITY OF LONDON.

By F. R. Conder, C.E.

TWO thousand two hundred years ago the greatest political writer whom the world has yet seen spoke of the number of 50,000 citizens as unwieldy for a State. If we multiply that number by a thousand we do not far exceed the population which more than one first-class Power is likely soon to include. We then only arrive at five-eighths of the population of Russia—using the term as a political rather than as a geographical expression. Our own normal rate of increase may be taken, in round numbers, at one per cent. per annum. The nation has doubled its size within the present century. Viewed in detail, the increase is, in some cases, far more rapid. London, for instance, doubles its population in forty years. It is swelled, to the degree in which it exceeds the normal rate of national increase, by a displacement of part of the country population. In fact, it is swelled in a higher ratio, because the conditions of city life are less favourable to the natural increase of population than are those of many country districts. We have but to glance at the statistics of countries in different stages of national growth to be aware of the extraordinary differences in density of population which are effected in course of time. Over the vast area claimed as their patrimony by the citizens of the United States, the mean density of population is such as to allow a square mile to every eleven souls. That is at the rate of 58 acres apiece. In Turkey, wasted as much of the fertile soil is by bad government, there are 120 souls to the square mile. In France, where republican institutions and thrifty habits have kept down the rate of increase far below its natural level, the number rises to 180. In Italy it is 225; in China, 267. Over the whole area of British India the ratio of population is only 204 to the mile, but this includes wide ranges of barren country. In Bengal the density rises to 269, in Oude it is 469 per square mile. Among the countries of Europe, Flanders is the most densely populated. The United Kingdom contains 254 souls per square mile, Belgium 421, Flanders 718. But if we regard England and Wales alone, the density of population rises to 384 souls per mile. In Middlesex it is 680, in London it is 25,666, or as many, in the denser parts of the metropolis, as 40 souls per acre.

It would be hard to exaggerate the influence of conditions so varying on the institutions, laws, habits, and general civilisation of mankind. The particular point to which it is now wished to call attention is the influence of density of population on the physical welfare or otherwise of a people. The relations of man to the elements that surround him—to earth, water, air—must be extraordinarily different if we compare those of the backwoodsman with those of the citizen. It is, no doubt, the same planet which is inhabited by each. But we may well conceive that a less violent contrast might be presented between a landscape in Mars and one on our own globe, than is exhibited between the abode of those who may pass days or weeks without seeing any human beings but the members of their own family, and those who are pent within walls, with roofs above, pavements below, and forty inhabitants packed on an acre.

Slowly, very much more slowly than the increase of density has proceeded, have certain nations become aware that special provisions for the maintenance of health be-

come imperative when the accretion of population has reached a certain point. How these matters were regarded of old we are not fully aware. Health, there is reason to conclude, was formerly regarded as a religious rather than as a scientific question. Many of the provisions of the most venerable sacred laws appear to have had health principally in view. Aristotle himself suggests how attendance on the temples was to be made use of for important hygienic ends. The production and the maintenance of a pure, sound, healthy breed was an object which ancient legislators believed it to be their duty to promote. In the laws that regulate food, labour, rest, marriage, education, interment, whether we turn to the *Germania* of Tacitus, to the elaborate provisions of the Mishna, or to the *Dialogues* of Plato, we still find the same idea. Public health was a main object of legislation; and, in order to promote and to maintain it, the sanction of religion was continually invoked.

We know less of the degree of experience obtained by early investigation of natural law as to the results of density of population than could be wished. We have the evidence of ruins, cisterns, and other traces of the abode of man in many parts of the East, which show that countries, now wild and desolate, were formerly densely peopled and highly cultivated. With regard to Rome, we possess records of the census taken from time to time. The irregularity in the numbers given suggests the same inference that we may draw from the ruins of Nineveh or of Kerac. The density of population in early times must have been periodically checked by the ravages of war, pestilence, and famine. The grim theories of some modern political economists represent the no less grim facts of a time when their science was unborn.

From the time when the downfall of the tragi-comedy—or rather the tragical farce—of the Napoleonic empire was wrought by the hands of Arthur Duke of Wellington and his small but unconquerable band of English soldiers, the citizens of London have been more and more distinctly made aware of the evils, inconvenience, and danger that trod on the heels of their rapid increase in numbers. Down to the year 1815 it was a penal offence to dispose of any of the fouler refuse of domestic life by turning it into the Thames. Subsequently to that date, drainage into the common sewers was permitted; and in 1847 the first Act of Parliament which rendered it imperative to adopt this method of drainage in London received the Royal Assent.

At this time the sewers of London were under the management of eight distinct and independent Commissions. These were, for the City, Westminster, Holborn and Finsbury, Tower Hamlets, Poplar and Blackwall, Kent and Surrey, Greenwich and St. Katherine's. No harmony of action existed between these authorities. Each appointed its own officers, adopted its own plans, and carried out its own works, without any regard to the good or evil effect which they might have on any adjoining district. No engineering or structural principles were laid down. Sizes, shapes, and levels of drains were promiscuously determined. Large sewers were made to discharge into smaller ones; egg-shaped sewers were connected with sewers built with vertical side-walls, and egg-shaped sewers with the big end upward ran into egg-shaped sewers with the big end downward, or the reverse.

In the year 1847 these enlightened guardians of the public health were superseded by a single body under the title of the Metropolitan Commission of Sewers. The members of this Commission were nominated by the Government. The

leading idea which inspired the labours of the Commission—it might be thought disrespectful to term it a craze—was that the domestic service could be best carried on by the introduction of earthenware pipes of small size; the view being that a velocity would be thus attained which would keep the pipes much more free from deposit than would be the case with a larger sewer. The fundamental fallacy of the view was due to the neglect of the fact that the velocity of water is directly as the head, and, to some some extent, inversely as the friction. A given quantity of water flowing through a pipe which it completely filled would have nearly double the surface friction of an equal flow through a pipe of double the size, supposing the inclination to be the same. Any increase in the discharge from the smaller pipe, as compared to the larger, can be due only to the heading up of the back water, which it is the main object of sewerage to prevent. Within about six years, under the impulse of the Commission, thirty thousand cesspools were done away with; and the entire refuse of London, from houses and from streets, was turned directly into the Thames.

Brevity of life seems to have been a characteristic of corporate sanitary bodies. Within nine years six distinct Sewer Commissions were successively appointed. The second dated in 1849, the third in 1850, the fourth in 1851, the fifth in 1852, the sixth in 1855, and the seventh, the present 'Metropolitan Board of Works,' in 1856.

In consequence of advertisements for plans issued by the second of these Commissions, under pressure of the daily fouling of the river, one hundred and sixteen schemes were sent in for examination. Mr. Robert Stephenson, Mr. Rendel, and Sir William Cubitt, which three eminent engineers formed members of the third Commission, reported that not one of these projects could be recommended for absolute adoption. After long examination and discussion, the system of intercepting sewers was adopted in principle; and in 1854 Mr. (now Sir Joseph) Bazalgette, and Mr. Haywood, the engineer of the City Commissioners of Sewers, were directed to prepare plans on this principle, which have formed the basis of that eventually carried out.

The City of London proper, the nucleus of the vast brick-and-mortar province which now forms the metropolis, stood on a low hill, sloping down to the banks of the Thames. The extension of the town gradually spread over the surrounding districts, not only following the low level of the river banks, but climbing, on the north, towards the summit of the hills of Highgate and Hampstead, which rise to between 400 and 500 feet above the level of high water at London Bridge. During the gradual and spontaneous growth which is usual in English towns, little regard is paid in the first instance to the accidents of the ground. Such as it is, it is built on, and made the best of. Hills of any great severity, indeed, check the expansion of building; a fact which becomes very obvious when the north of London is compared with the districts in which the metropolis is so rapidly extending on the east, the west, and the south. The steep pitch of Muswell Hill has preserved a fine area of wooded land as yet free from the grasp of the builder. For a long series of years the steep ascent of Snow Hill was a constant source of cost and delay to the entire stream of traffic towards the City from the west. But it is not until the differences of level affect hydraulic works that their real importance becomes clearly manifest. From the discussions of the various Commissions above mentioned, one ruling idea may be deduced. It is one that has been, to a certain extent, acted upon by the projectors of the

metropolitan drainage works. It is one that must not be lost sight of in the corresponding service, that of the water supply of London. It has been entirely overlooked—as far as the published report can be relied on—by Messrs. Bazalgette, Easton, and Bramwell, in their recent crude proposal to combine a fresh supply of water for drinking purposes, with a constant high-pressure service for the extinction of fire. The principle which must underlie any thoroughly efficacious system for sending water into, and removing it from, the metropolitan area, is that of the division of the territory in question into hypsometric zones.

This important principle, if now for the first time distinctly formulated, has been to a certain extent acted on in the sewerage of the metropolitan system. In the part of that system where it has not been adequately taken as the rule, there is reason to suspect the presence of very serious mischief. The main channel of the NORTHERN HIGH LEVEL SEWER runs from Kentish Town, by Upper Holloway, Upper Clapton, Homerton, and Hackney, to Old Ford, receiving the sewage of the whole metropolitan area on the outer side of the irregular curve thus described. The MIDDLE LEVEL MAIN SEWER runs in an approximately straight line from Bayswater, along Oxford Street, Holborn, Old Street Road, and on the north of the Great Eastern Railway, falling into the northern line a little to the west of Old Ford. A third line, that of the NORTHERN LOW LEVEL SEWER, skirts the course of the river valley from Chiswick to Limehouse, and then runs in a north-easterly direction, to join the other two united lines at Abbey Mills.

It is in this low level northern line that an economy has been practised to which it is probable that the bad sanitary condition of the public offices, Marlborough House, and much of the low-lying part of Westminster, is principally due. The section of the Thames Embankment subway and low level sewer which is appended to the report on the main drainage of London, from which we take the preceding details (which is to be found in the Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers for 1865), shows that the centre of the 8 feet 3 inch barrel, which is there marked 'low level sewer,' is only about 15 feet below the Trinity high water level, the bottom of the invert being just 18 feet below that level. This is 20 inches above the low water of the average spring tides, so that the drainage effected by that sewer, allowing 2 or 3 feet of flow, is but little deeper than was that of the old sewers into the river at low water. The effect of this on a large area of highly valuable property is but too evident. How serious it is appears from the fact that a district of about 14½ square miles, forming the western suburb of London, and thus lying higher up the river valley than Westminster, is drained by a sewer 17 feet 6 inches lower in level than the so-called low level sewer; the sewage being actually pumped up for that number of feet at Chelsea, to run through the latter conduit. A second lift of 36 feet is effected at Abbey Mills. The fact that the sewage of Fulham, Chelsea, and the neighbourhood is pumped up for 17½ feet to run along a channel the bottom of which is 20 inches above low water, is one of very serious gravity. It is not always safe to express a decided opinion on plans and reports, apart from practical acquaintance with circumstances which may have modified works by the occurrence of unexpected difficulties. But, with this reserve, it can hardly be questioned that the low level line found necessary for Chelsea and for Fulham should have been carried on at the same level to provide for the drainage of Westminster. In that case we should

have been spared the terrible and dangerous nuisances of which we have heard so much in the case of the royal palaces and great public offices at Westminster.

That a great error has thus been committed, is a view which is not invalidated by the example of the low level sewer on the south of the Thames. This conduit, commencing at Putney, takes an approximately direct line through low ground, forming the bed of a former channel of the Thames; and drains an area of twenty square miles between Putney and Deptford. The surface of this area is in most places below high water mark, and in some places five or six feet below it; and the misery caused by the overflow of exceptionally high tides will be fresh in the memory of our readers. The lift at the outlet of the ten miles of sewer in question is 18 feet. The effect of the work has been admirable, and has been almost equal to that of an elevation of the entire district to an equal height. The sewer was constructed through a stratum of sand and gravel, copiously charged with water. Under Deptford Creek, and below the foundations of the piers of the Greenwich Railway, considerable difficulties had to be overcome. But the successful completion of this line, together with the Bermondsey branch, gives additional reason for regret that the sewage of Westminster has been carried at a level which is so far from meeting the requirements of that important district.

The HIGH LEVEL SEWER on the south of the Thames, together with its southern branch, drains an area of about twenty square miles, lying between Tooting, Sydenham, and Greenwich. The fall is rapid, ranging from 53 feet in a mile at the upper end, to 9 feet per mile at the Brixton road, and to 28 inches per mile at Deptford; where the contents of the low level sewer, before referred to, are pumped into the outfall channel. From Greenwich the whole volume of sewage flows through a single channel to the Crossness reservoir and pumping station, at a distance of thirteen miles, measured on the river, below London Bridge. Barking Creek, in the vicinity of the northern outfall, is a mile and a half nearer the centre of the City.

It will be observed that the provision for the low level drainage of the Borough appears, so far as the levels are indicated, to be not carried deeper than that for Westminster eastward of the Pimlico lift. But the conditions of the two provinces were widely different. On the marshy ground of Southwark, foundations, drains, and cesspools were necessarily carried only to a comparatively short depth below the surface. In the long occupation of Westminster as a building site, low water line was taken as a guide for the construction of drains, and cesspools went much deeper. Thus the ground is honeycombed and pierced by various kinds of old drains, sumps, and pools, which it was essential, for the thorough purification of the soil, to underdrain. It seems impossible to justify the low level of the main sewer to the west of the Pimlico lift, without condemning the higher level adopted for the continuation of this conduit. There seems to be some good reason to anticipate that it will prove necessary to lay a deeper line of main sewer in order to provide satisfactorily for the complete sanitation of Marlborough House, St. James's Palace, Pall Mall, Spring Gardens, and the public offices in and about Parliament Street, provided with a separate lifting pump. To relay the low level sewer at the level of its western continuation would now involve engineering difficulties of a high order. But the principle of making a large body of sewage thus run uphill, is one that the engineer must always view with the utmost disfavour.

As the case now stands, independent of the special reasons for regarding the drainage of Westminster as imperfectly effected, the entire sewage of London is poured into the Thames, without any attempt being made to filter or to disinfect the poisonous stream, at two points, one of which is eleven and a half, and the other thirteen miles seaward of London Bridge. The width of the river in each locality is nearly the same, being about seven hundred and seventy yards. The depth of the channel below low water *datum* is about twenty feet, but the profile of the bottom of the river is very irregular. The amount of sewage pumped into the Thames at the points cited is about 120,000,000 gallons per diem. The minimum measure flow of the Thames at Hampton is estimated by Mr. Bateman at 308,720,000 gallons per diem for a considerable period together. The Brent, the Fleet, the Tyebourn, and other affluents increase this minimum considerably. But, on the other hand, these contributions can hardly be regarded in the light of pure water. Mr. Harrison estimates the number of days in which the mean flow of the Thames was below 400,000,000 gallons at only twenty-five in a dry year. Thus the admixture of sewage and Thames water, which is now constantly in process between Barking and Crossness, may be taken to consist, under the most unfavourable circumstances, of from one-third to one-fourth sewage, to two-thirds or three-fourths river water; the river water itself being to some extent contaminated by drainage from above London.

It is thus plain that the result of the expenditure of 4,600,000*l.* on the main drainage of London, is to pour into the Thames, at a mean distance of twelve and a quarter miles below London Bridge, sewage of 117 square miles of country, covered by a dense population of more than 4,250,000 souls. The differences between the nuisance created at this spot, and that which, commencing in 1815, had become intolerable in 1849, are mainly these: In the present case provision has to be made for a population increased by the additions made during twenty years—the actual rate of increase being such as to double in forty years. Secondly, the spot selected for the mixing operation is in a part of the river of at least double the width and double the depth of the Thames above bridge. The downward current therefore will have only a fourth of the velocity of that through London. On the other hand, there is a removal of the nucleus of the nuisance to the distance stated; and there is, or rather was proposed to be, a further gain by the discharge of the sewage at high water, or continuously during a certain state of the tide, instead of at low water alone, as in the former case. The difference has been estimated as equal to a gain of twelve miles in distance. According to float experiments made by Mr. Frank Foster, and repeated by Mr. Bazalgette and Captain Burstal, R.N., the space gained in the seaward movement of floating matter, being the gain of the ebb over the flow, was in one case five, and in another seven, miles in fourteen days. It was thus argued that the travel up and down the river of the mixture made at Barking would not reach London itself.

A gallon of water weighs 10 lbs., or 70,000 troy grains. The mean quantity of suspended matter in London sewage is stated by Sir Joseph Bazalgette, from the analyses of the River Pollution Commissioners, at 48·65 grains per gallon. This is equal to 66·66 grains in 100,000. The standard of river purity fixed by the first report of the River Pollution Commission determines any water that contains 13 grains by weight of suspended matter in 100,000 to be polluted. Thus,

taking the outflow of the river alone in summer, the pollution effected daily at Barking and Crossness is about five times that regarded as inadmissible, as far as suspended matter is concerned.

But it must be remembered that, on the most favourable view of the case, which is that founded on the float experiments, there is only a seaward advance of from 5 to 7 miles a fortnight. Let us take it at 6 miles, which is equal to 754 yards a day; while the original mixture is making that progress, a second dose of the poison is poured in. And this process is so continuous, that the pressure of an oscillating mass of increasingly foul matter in the Thames, such as Captain Calver, R.N., states that he has observed, is a fact as to which there can be no denial. The effect of the influx of sea-water was, no doubt, in the first instance enough to dilute the mixture above stated, of 48 grains of suspended matter per gallon, at least thirty fold. But there seems to be no escape from the argument that the water is continually growing fouler. Take it how we will, when the sewage of the actual population of Greater London is now turned into the Thames, 370 tons of insoluble poisonous matter, and 28 tons of soluble salts, which are usually regarded as noxious, will be mixed up daily with the flow of the river.

As to the intolerable nuisance which had gradually intensified in the Thames from 1815 to 1850, it is unnecessary here to speak. Those who remember the state of the river will agree that the escape of London from devastating pestilence was matter of marvel. And the first question which it is necessary to put is, Is it satisfactory to carry on, 12 miles below London, a constantly intensifying nuisance of this serious and dangerous nature, even if we hold that the polluted mixture is not likely, under any circumstances, to ascend above London Bridge? Is it well to interpose a pestilential zone in the water way from London to the sea?

The urgency of this question has hitherto been veiled by two causes. The first of these is the great and sensible relief that was given to the Thames, as regards the purity of the stream, by the first interception of the sewage of London, and by its diversion to a point nearly 12 miles below London Bridge. The second is, according to the statement made by the engineer to the Metropolitan Board, the fact that, by the existing 'arrangement, the sewage is not only at once diluted by the large volume of water in the Thames at high water, but is also carried by the ebb tide to a point in the river 26 miles below London Bridge, and its return by the following flood tide within the Metropolitan area is effectually prevented.'

With regard to the first question, the satisfaction due to the improved state of the river between the bridges must depend on the two conditions, first of its permanence, and secondly of its not being produced at a cost, in a sanitary point of view, which may prove to counterbalance the advantage actually gained.

With regard to the second, an accurate investigation of the known facts of the topography of London, and of the hydraulic movement of the river, leads to a grave impeachment of the exactitude of the statement. The infall at Barking Creek is not 14 miles below London Bridge. London Bridge is not the eastern boundary of London; it is more nearly the centre of the metropolis. Barking Creek is little over 11½ miles below the bridge, measured along the centre of the channel. London extends along both banks of the Thames, certainly as far as the entrance to the West India Docks, 3 miles below London Bridge; and may be said again to skirt the river, on its left bank, at Black-

wall, 7 miles below bridge. Between the former point and the infall of the northern sewage, then, there only intervenes a distance of $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles instead of 14. Blackwall is only $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles above the infall. This is the topographical state of the case.

As to the movement of the river, it is shown by the float experiments on which Sir Joseph Bazalgette bases his calculations, that in the July tides matter suspended in the Thames works up the river 9 miles during the strengthening of the tides from neaps to springs. In the equinoctial tides the ascent must be more considerable. It is true that in the falling off of the the tides the action is in the other direction, and that there is a balance, or nett seaward motion, of from 5 to 7 miles in 14 days. But this does not affect the fact, that the upper course of the river is fouled every spring tide, to at least half a mile within the pool, by the regular action of the tide.

This calculation, however, deals with a floating substance put into the river at high water when it has its maximum seaward movement. Supposing it was put in at low water, it would be carried $12\frac{3}{4}$ miles up the river by flood tide at springs. Thus, if it were put in at low water neaps, it would ascend the river $9 + 12\frac{3}{4} = 21\frac{3}{4}$ miles by the succeeding high water springs, or to above Chiswick. The whole calculation of Sir Joseph Bazalgette is based on the assumption that the sewage is thrown into the river at turn of tide. How does this accord with the facts?

We have seen that the sewage of London, when it does not rain, amounts to more than 120,000,000 gallons per diem. This is from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{5}$ of the mean minimum flow of the river at Hampton. Supposing that the sewage at present serves a population of only 3,000,000 souls out of 4,225,000 actually resident within the area of the 'Greater London' of the Registrar-General, 260 tons of suspended polluting matter and 20 tons of soluble salts are daily pumped into the reservoirs. The pumps at Abbey Mills are calculated to lift 15,000 cubic feet of fluid per minute, those at Crossness lift 10,000 cubic feet per minute. The united duty, which is equal to 156,000 gallons per minute, will require 13 hours' work in order to pump 120,000,000 gallons of sewage. In how short a time can this great mass of pollution be turned into the Thames?

The limit of the ascent of the poisonous matter into London depends on the time within which it is turned into the river after high water. We must choose between two evils. To keep the sewage from ascending the channel with the flood, it must be poured in one dense undiluted mass into the stream. To prevent the constant oscillation of vast islands of putrescent matter up and down the waterway, the infall must be so distributed through the whole period of the ebb that the partially poisoned water will ascend above Westminster Bridge. The more we dilute the sewage the higher it will ascend the river.

These are no vague or imaginary statements. They may be verified by reference to the *Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers* for the year 1865, which contains the report on the subject, by Sir Joseph Bazalgette, from which the main facts above cited have been taken. They show that the actual state of the case has not yet been laid before the inhabitants of London. Further, they show beyond controversy that a steady, though gradual, deterioration in the river is certain, if this quantity of crude sewage be daily turned into its channel at the existing outfalls.

According to Mr. Rennie's Report of 1834 the mean velocity of the current of the Thames is two

miles per hour, and the quantity passing over Teddington weir is, in round numbers, 80,000 cubic feet per minute, or a little more than three times the capacity of the pumping apparatus of the Metropolitan Board. We have, however, allowed four times the amount of pure water instead of three. The question which now waits for solution is this: Taking the nett seaward movement of the sewage at half a mile per day (which is a little over the mark) for what is put in at the top of the tide, taking volumes and velocities as above, and estimating the flood at Barking and Crossness at from thirty to thirty-three times the volume of the current, at what rate is the Thames actually fouling?

This question assumes an importance even greater than that which at the first blush attaches to it. For it relates, not only to the actual and the future condition of the great highway of our foreign commerce, but to the safety with which the vital interests of London can be entrusted to the care of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Not content with the magnitude of its actual responsibilities, and apparently heedless of the fact that in relying on the immunity afforded by Parliamentary powers, which have been somewhat of the nature of a surprise, to violate without scruple the whole tenour of recent legislation as to our rivers, this body holds a position perilously unsafe, the Board has attempted the forcible expropriation of the property of the London water companies. Not only has it entirely failed to show any ground for anticipating that the inhabitants of the metropolis would derive any benefit from such a change, but it has, within the last few months, given the most signal proof of the want of scrutiny which it exerts as to any estimates which it allows to be brought forward under its sanction. In November last the Board adopted a recommendation, by following which they expressed a hope that a saving of 70,000*l.* per annum would be effected to the ratepayers. The proposal was no less than that of the introduction of a duplicate set of water pipes over the whole area of the metropolis, for the purpose of supplying water for drinking, presumably more pure than that now supplied, and, at the same time, for keeping a constant supply of water, under a considerable hydraulic pressure, available for the extinction of fire.

If we glance at the main features of this extraordinary proposal, we shall be in a position to judge of the advisability of the more recent effort by the Board, namely that for the forcible acquisition of existing rights.

The report assumes that the existing water supply is impure in quality. In reply to this, the medical officer of health for Islington publishes analyses of the water supplied by the eight existing companies for the last ten years, and declares the plain result, 'that the water supplied to London, the healthiest city in the world, is as excellent in quality as it is liberal in quantity.' To supply in each of the 533,000 houses of the metropolis about an eighth part of the quantity of water already supplied, and to do this by a duplicate set of pipes, is the suggestion approved by the Board. They modestly estimate the cost of their new works at rather less than half that of the existing works, to which they are to form a supplement. But while the cost of distribution now amounts to a little over 460,000*l.* per annum, only 32,500*l.* per annum is allowed for the same item over the new works! In a case of distribution from house to house the expenses depend on the detail, not on the quantity, of the supply. The special kind of fittings designed for the two gallons per head to be dribbled out on the new plan would cost, there can be

little doubt, far more in superintendence and maintenance than the present long-established organisation. It would be almost exclusively in the item of pumping that the difference of quantity would tell on cost, and the utterly inadequate amount set down for distribution is alone sufficient to condemn the scheme. Further, the 16,000,000 gallons of daily supply proposed are to be taken from the source from which the East Kent Company already draws about half that amount, and from which it is the assertion of that company that thrice the present yield is not to be obtained.

The advantage to be derived in any case of re-distribution of supply, from the division of London into hypsometric zones, as already practised by one great company, is entirely overlooked by the new scheme. A head of 400 feet is proposed, which, while exerting a pressure of twelve atmospheres in the low-lying parts of London, would be unable to throw a jet to the upper part of the houses on the slopes ascending towards the northern limits of the metropolis. An addition of from *2s. 6d.* to *3s. 6d.* to the existing water rate of *6s. 6d.* per head on the average through the metropolis, would be the most tangible result of the adoption of this scheme.

At the same time, as an argument in favour of their plan, the reporters, in August last, speak of the acquisition of the existing water companies as likely to cost the governing body of the metropolis from 20 to 25 millions of money, a sum which would probably be afterwards doubled. The mover of the report observed that the Board 'were not afraid of the magnitude of the work before them, nor were they afraid of the expense.' How far the ratepayers will encourage this heroic scorn of cost on the part of their 'governing body,' remains to be seen.

When we compare the wild and boundless magnificence of the plans supported by the Metropolitan Board of Works with the actual result of the expenditure of nearly five millions sterling, under their control, in the drainage of London, it is plain that some check must be imposed on the imagination of this governing body. We see them condemning, without trial, the quality of the existing water supply, in order to support a scheme for introducing a partial supply of their own, which there is no reason to anticipate would be even fractionally more pure than the water taken from existing sources. We see millions of cost spoken of as immaterial. We see no evidence of any appreciation of the sole advantage that is to be expected from the consolidation of the existing companies under one management—namely, the saving of pumping and of pressure by proportioning the height of reservoirs to that of the area they are to supply with water. And at the same time that on the one hand we are called upon to admire the zeal of the Board for purity of supply, we see, on the other hand, that their main daily operation results in the pollution of the Thames in a manner that everyone outside of the Metropolitan Board of Works must regard as extremely dangerous. The entire course of legislation, and indeed of scientific inquiry, for the last half-century, points to the conclusion that sewage poison sent into water maintains its pernicious character even in a very high degree of dilution. Against the conversion of our rivers into sewers every impartial inquirer loudly protests. There is reason to believe that it was never anticipated that the Metropolitan Board of Works would permanently throw crude sewage into the Thames. But, certainly, to entrust the body, which is doing more than any other in England to counteract the efforts of the Legislature to improve the purity of our

rivers, with the function of disposing at will of the water supply of London, doubling its machinery, and doubling, or trebling, the nominal capital invested in the necessary works, would be a measure proving the most utter indifference to the public welfare on the part of any authority that sanctioned it. How far the President of the Local Government Board may feel called on to oppose the Bill or Bills of the Metropolitan Board remains to be seen. That their conversion into law would be a sore evil for the metropolis, it is hoped that the readers of the foregoing remarks will agree.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has called attention to the pressing need of the devotion of some systematic care to the water supply of England. So far as the numerous disconnected local authorities called into existence by the Act of 1872 are at work, it may be well questioned whether they are not engaged in a race to make England uninhabitable. The hydrology of each river basin is an indivisible question. No works of any magnitude can be attempted in any portion of such a basin, without great risk, until the whole series of hydrologic phenomena are known. If we want water, we have to study rainfall, percolation, evaporation, and river discharge. If we bring water to a spot by artificial means, we have to provide for its proper removal, when its domestic work is done. If we employ water as a scavenger, we have to see that it be not also made the distributor of pestilence. Each step that is taken, or each point at which puzzled sanitary authorities find themselves in doubt what step to make, reads us the same lesson. We require such an accurate knowledge of the hydrography of England as shall enable the engineer to work with certitude, instead of, as at present, by guess. We require to stop tentative measures, until it be known how far they may prove, not only inefficient, but injurious. We require some more vigilant oversight of the vagaries of local authorities than at present exists. The case of the Thames is the most pressing, but it is far from being the only one where terrible mischief is threatened. Messrs. Robinson and Melliss (whose work on the *Purification of Water-carried Sewage* gives a more complete idea of the mischief that has been set on foot by the enforcement of independent operations throughout the country, uninformed by any general survey, system, or principles of action than can be elsewhere met with) give instances of the pestilential nuisances now in course of accretion at various points on our seaboard.

The problem of an urban supply of water is in itself extremely simple. The entire population of the country can be supplied with as copious a daily service of water as that which is distributed in the metropolis, without demanding more than one per cent. of the rainfall of England. A daily distribution of equal amount would destroy all the pestilential refuse of our cities, towns, and rural villages.

In the concentration of this refuse we confront a great danger. It is one which, unless met by adequate forethought and intelligence, may prove almost unmanageable. At no time in the history of the world can we find an instance of people who did at the same time so much and so little as we are now doing—so much to remove from immediate view that which is unpleasant, so little to prevent the creation of nuisances ten times as deadly as those which we hurry from our houses. Unless some wise, patient, exhaustive theory be directed to the entire question of the urban and outfall circulation of the waters of England, we shall find our dangers and difficulties in this matter increase year by year.

# THE HON. MRS. NORTON AND MARRIED WOMEN.

IN the qualities of brilliancy and eloquence, Mrs. Norton was the most distinguished literary woman of her time. As a novelist she was chiefly known; but Mrs. Norton's most brilliant and eloquent compositions were not works of fiction. Her style was not employed in its perfection to protest against any other wrongs or to depict other sorrows than those which had pierced her own heart. This is not an imputation of selfishness; it is merely an illustration of the fact that the highest and most successful efforts of genius are those which have their inspiration from the deepest feelings.

Mrs. Norton's finest writings related to her condition as a married woman, and these have been brought but little to the notice of the public; not because she desired privacy—in a letter to the present writer she said, 'I do not shrink from publicity as to a single word I have printed'—but because of the personality with which those writings are pervaded. It is not my intention to revive by any unnecessary allusion the recollection of those wrongs the burden of which forced from Mrs. Norton such passionate eloquence. It is to her legal disabilities as a married woman, illustrated by herself, that the present reference will be confined. No hope is more anxiously urged in those appeals than that the outpouring of her own indignation may, by producing amendment of the laws concerning married women, have a useful result. 'I do not consider this MY cause,' she wrote in her 'Letter to the Queen'—'though it is a cause of which (unfortunately for me) I am an illustration. It is the cause of ALL the women;' and as a knight devotes his sword, so she consecrated her pen first and chiefly to enmity against those laws which still deny legal equality and even legal existence to married women. In some minor points, the laws relating to married women have been amended; but the 'non-existence' against which she protested, and, substantially, the *status* of a married woman, remain unaltered. There has been no change since the time when Mrs. Norton wrote—when Sir Erskine Perry proposed in the House of Commons to give them legal existence in terms very similar to those of the Bill which Mr. Shaw-Lefevre again introduced in a most able speech in 1868, and to those in which Lord Coleridge made an equally ineffective proposal last year.

A husband cannot now confiscate the earnings of his wife, but he can paralyse her power of earning by prohibition. When inquiry was made into the amount of Mrs. Norton's literary earnings, which, as the law then stood, were the property of her husband, she declared the proceeding had made her dream that her

> . . . gift of writing was meant for a higher and stronger purpose—that gift which came, not from man, but from God. It was meant to enable me to rouse the hearts of others to examine into all the gross injustice of these laws—to ask the 'nation of gallant gentlemen' whose countrywoman I am, for once to hear a woman's pleading on the subject. Not because I deserve more at their hands than other women. Well I know, on the contrary, how many hundreds, infinitely better than I—more pious, more patient, less rash under injury—have watered their bread with tears! My plea to attention is, that in pleading for myself, I am able to plead for all these others. Not that my sufferings or my deserts are greater than theirs; but that I combine with the fact of having suffered wrong, the power to comment on and explain the cause of that wrong, which few women are able to do.
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> For *this*, I believe God gave me the

power of writing. To this I devote that power. . . . I deny that this is my personal cause; it is the cause of all the women of England. If I could be justified and happy to-morrow I would still labour in it; and if I were to die to-morrow it would still be a satisfaction to me that I had so striven.

Mrs. Norton suffered because she was a woman. Had her case been that of a man, the result could have left no such trouble in the path of life. She had the personal sympathy of the King (William IV.); the friendly aid of the King of the Belgians:

He who learned perhaps to feel more, having suffered more than others; and who remembered me in my early girlhood, and in my mother's home; he who was husband and father to the heirs of the English Crown; and who in the pride and prime of his own youth saw the sun set one December night on that triumphantly happy position, and saw it rise—a childless widower.

She had with her—

Public opinion and the good wishes of good hearts. To what end? Vain, though not valueless, has been this accumulation of kindness, from friends, relatives, and strangers, for want of such laws of protection! They could pity, but they could not help. . . . It is a glorious thing that the Law should be stronger than the Throne. It is one of dear boastful England's proudest blind boasts. But it is *not* a glorious thing that, being stronger than the Throne, it should be weaker than the subject: and that that which even a king can only do within a certain limit—(oppress or uphold)—may be done with boundless irresponsible power in the one single relation of husband and wife.

When Mrs. Norton wrote thus in 1855, the Law relating to Husband and Wife was in a somewhat different condition from that which obtains at present. It was different in regard to Divorce, to the Custody of Infants, and to the Property of Married Women. I propose to show, as far as possible in Mrs. Norton's own words, but entirely in harmony, as I believe, with her opinions, what has been the extent of those reforms, and in what directions they have been insufficient. At that time, divorce was a 'luxury for the rich, to be obtained only by special enactment in the House of Lords.' But for women there was neither justice nor divorce. Lord Brougham had lately affirmed in his place in Parliament concerning a case which had come before him as one of the Law Lords: 'In that action the character of the woman was at immediate issue, although she was not prosecuted. The consequence not unfrequently was, that the character of a woman was sworn away; instances were known in which, by collusion between the husband and a pretended paramour, the character of the wife has been destroyed. All this could take place, and yet the wife had no defence; she was excluded from Westminster Hall, and behind her back, by the principles of our jurisprudence, her character was tried.'

No Law Court could then divorce in England. A special Act of Parliament annulling the marriage was passed for each case. The House of Lords granted this almost as a matter of course to the husband who could pay for it, but not to the wife. In only four recorded instances (two of which were cases of incest) did a wife obtain a divorce. Addressing the Queen, Mrs. Norton wrote:

In an old-fashioned book (written by a favourite of your Majesty's uncle, George IV.) the author says: 'If a poor man were to appear in the lobby of the House of Lords, praying to be divorced *gratis* from his wife, it is likely that the Sergeant-at-Arms would take him for some poor lunatic, and send him to Bedlam.

The law on this great matter has since that time been changed by three statutes. The Divorce and Matrimonial Act, passed shortly after the publication of Mrs. Norton's eloquent pamphlet, established the new Court; and it was provided that either husband or wife might obtain a divorce on the ground of adultery, but the wife

can only present a petition for divorce upon allegation that the marital offence has been accompanied by cruelty or desertion. By a subsequent Act the power of decreeing divorce was given to the Judge Ordinary, without reference to colleagues, with the provision that the decree must be '*nisi*,' and not final, for at least three months. The third statute relieved the clergy of the Church of England as by law established from obligation to perform the religious office at the marriage of any divorced person. The supplementary provisions of the law are;—as to condonation—that parties who, after the offence charged, have consented to live again as husband and wife, cannot obtain a divorce. Judicial separation may be decreed on the ground of adultery (on the part of the man without desertion or cruelty), or upon proof of cruelty or desertion. After such separation a woman is as a single woman in everything except remarriage; and even prior to a decree of separation, a woman may obtain legal protection for any property which may result from her own industry.

Mrs. Norton's infant children were taken from her under circumstances which could be repeated to-day, the blameless wife having power to reclaim them only by petition. The natural claim of the mother to the care and guardianship of her infant children is not acknowledged by the law. But there was no power of petition when she wrote:

> At that time the law was (and I thank God I believe I was greatly instrumental in changing that law) that a man might take children from the mother at any age, and without any fault or offence on her part. There had been an instance in which the husband seized and carried away a suckling infant, as his wife sate nursing it in her own mother's house. Another in which the husband, being himself in prison for debt, gave his wife's legitimate child to the woman he cohabited with. A third (in which the parties were of high rank), where the husband deserted his wife; claimed the babe born after his desertion (having already his other children); and left her to learn its death from the news papers! A fourth, in which the husband, living with a mistress, and travelling with her under his wife's name, the latter appealed for a separation to the Ecclesiastical Court; and the adulterous husband, to revenge himself, claimed from her his three infant girls. In all these cases, and in all other cases, the claim of the father was held to be indisputable. There was no law then to help the mother, as there is no law now to help the wife. The blamelessness of the mother signified nothing in those days, as the blamelessness of the wife signifies nothing in the present day.

It was upon the occurrence of this cruel addition to her wrongs that the most eminent of the distinguished counsel who had been opposed to Mrs. Norton's claims, stated concerning her, that 'there never was a more deeply injured woman.' She herself wrote of it:

> What I suffered respecting those children God knows, and He only; what I endured, and yet lived past—of pain, exasperation, helplessness, and despair, under the evil law which suffered any man, for vengeance or for interest, to take baby children from the mother—I shall not even try to explain. I believe *men* have no more notion of what that anguish is than the blind have of colours; and I bless God that at least mine was one of the cases which called attention to the state of the law as it then existed.

As it now exists, the English law defining the mother's rights in regard to the care of children is, as Mrs. Norton has said, far from justice. The natural claim of the mother to guardianship on the death of the father is denied by Parliament; and in case of separation or divorce, a blameless, virtuous woman, the only proper and efficient guardian of the children of a vicious and profligate father, is mocked by processes of law which, being complied with, enable her to obtain possession of her children, but only to the age of sixteen. To get even this measure of justice she must exhibit the fact that it is not hers by law; she must petition a Judge of the Chancery

Division, who '*may*' thereupon order that her claim, founded on natural right, upon most obvious equity, and fraught with nothing but the clearest benefit to the infant children, shall be acknowledged. When this claim is again urged in Parliament, the following appeal by Mrs. Norton will surely be remembered:

Ah! how often in the course of this Session—in the course of this year—will the same men who read this appeal with a strong adverse prejudice, be roused by some thought in a favourite author; struck by some noble anecdote; touched by some beautiful pageant of human feeling, seen among glittering lights from a side box, chanted, perhaps, in a foreign tongue! And yet I have an advantage over these—for *my* history is *real*. I know there is no poetry in it to attract you. . . . There was none of the 'pomp and circumstance' of those woes that affect you, when some faultless and impossible heroine makes you dream of righting all the wrongs in the world! But faulty as I may be—and prosaic and unsympathised with as my position might then be—it was UNJUST, and unjust *because your laws prevent justice*. Let that thought haunt you, through the music of your Sonnambulas and Desdemonas, and be with you in your readings of histories and romances, and your criticisms on the jurisprudence of countries less free than our own. I *really* wept and suffered in my early youth—for wrong done not *by* me, but *to* me, and the ghost of whose scandal is raised against me this day. I *really* suffered the extremity of earthly shame without deserving it (whatever chastisement my other faults may have deserved from Heaven). I *really* lost my young children—craved for them, struggled for them, was barred from them—and came too late to see one who had died a painful and convulsive death, except in his coffin. I *really* have gone through much that, if it were invented, would move you; but being of your every-day world, you are willing it should sweep past like a heap of dead leaves on the stream of time, and take its place with other things that have gone drifting down—

'Où va la feuille de Rose
Et la feuille du Laurier!'

The third matter is that of the Property of Married Women. When Mrs. Norton first wrote on this subject, a married woman had no property, could have no property—'the power of earning, by literature—which fund (though it be the grant of Heaven and not the legacy of earth) is no more legally mine than my family property . . . the copyrights of my works, my very soul and brains are not my own.'

In concluding her 'Letter to the Queen' she wrote:

Let the Lord Chancellor, whose office is thus described in Chamberlayne's *State of England*—'To judge, not according to the Common Law, as other Civil Courts do, but to moderate the rigour of the Law, and to judge according to Equity, Conscience, and Reason; and his Oath is to do right to all manner of people, poor and rich, after the Laws and Customs of this Realm, and truly counsel the King'—let the Lord Chancellor, I say, the 'Summus Cancellarius' of Great Britain, cancel, according to the laws and customs of this realm of England, my right to the labour of my own brain and pen; and docket it, among forgotten Chancery Papers, with a parody of Swift's contemptuous labelling—

'Only a Woman's Pamphlet.'

But let the recollection of what I write remain with those who read; and above all, let the recollection remain with your Majesty, the one woman in England who *cannot* suffer wrong, and whose Royal assent will be formally necessary to any Marriage Reform Bill, which the Lord Chancellor, assembled Peers, and assembled Commons may think fit to pass, in the Parliament of this free nation, where, with a Queen on the throne, all other married women are legally 'NON-EXISTENT.'

That plea for 'existence,' thus put forward in 1855, Mrs. Norton renewed in 1874. But since 1873 no change whatever has been made in the law affecting the property of married women. In 1874, she distributed a few copies of a pamphlet entitled *Taxation by an Irresponsible Taxpayer*, which bears neither a date nor the name of any publisher. The *brochure* deals with the grievances of the London ratepayer; for humour, it might have been written by her grandfather. Still she was 'non-existent as a married woman. Non-existent for protection, but not non-existent for extortion. . . . Liable as a "female

occupier" to pay taxes, but not able as a "female occupier" to hold my house except through trustees, or to compel by any process of law the payment of an agreed income.' She had been libelled and 'informed that being a married woman, I could not prosecute of myself, that my husband must prosecute. There could be no prosecution, and I was left to study the grotesque anomaly in law of having my defence made *necessary*—and made *impossible*—by the same person.' She was overcharged in respect of her house, and the condition of the street in which she lived was neglected. She set herself to work upon the local authorities, and soon discovered that 'the ways of vestries (one of those corporate bodies without a conscience of whom Sydney Smith speaks) are past finding out.' At last, 'beginning to feel that curly irritation attributed proverbially to "the worm that is trodden upon,"' she insisted 'on knowing whose business it was to survey.' In the course of endeavouring to compel attention to the second head of complaint, she says: 'I tried the simple and useful experiment of placing some waste sand, birdseed, withered chickweed, and refuse from a cage in the centre of the street opposite my door, where I had the satisfaction of seeing that it remained for more than ten days without being swept away.' She proposed to the Vestry 'that the elegant title of Chesterfield Street should be changed to Rumble Row, Oozy Lane, Parish Passage, or some other appropriate title.' She asked to be informed 'why *music* should be hawked without a licence more than any other commodity?' She complained that while the '"place of settlement" of any one of the dirty loungers who slouch along with greasy leather straps supporting discordant organs on their shoulders is "no affair of the parish," another man is incarcerated for spouting passages from Shakespeare's *Richard III.* and bidding a policeman (in that esteemed dramatist's words) "take any form but that," while English children "found begging" or "sleeping under archways" are (very properly) packed off to schools and reformatories to learn more regular habits of life.' She declared that 'the vigorous grasp of justice which squeezes pence from penny earnings for the compulsory education of the little truant who prefers the furrows of the plough to the path of knowledge—grows delicately helpless and relaxed when dealing with aristocratic neglect;' and cited 'Lord Justice James, who in deciding a Chancery suit this spring, observed: "A man may leave a good wife and deserving children penniless, and bestow the whole of his fortune upon the vilest companions of his profligacy and most wicked accomplices of his crimes, and the law cannot gainsay him."'

The Law relating to the Property of Married Women has been amended, not in the spirit of justice, but with a grudging sense of expediency which has left it more full of anomalies than before. It is doubtful if the power of a married woman to engage in any remunerative occupation is not dependent on the will of her husband; it is certain he may prohibit her from earning anything. But if her occupation brings profits, those profits are now unquestionably her own. The payment due for her brain work or handicraft has, since 1870, ceased to be legally due and payable to her husband. If she inherit property by intestacy of the late owner, that is her own, but no bequest above 200*l.* can belong to a married woman. No amendment of the law has touched her *status*; she is now as non-existent as she was before Mrs. Norton was born; she may be libelled with impunity; she cannot sue or be sued; all her personal property passes to her husband at

the day of marriage, and his by the same process is the rental of her real property. When the Married Women's Property Bill was passed to the House of Lords in 1870, it contained two harmonious and interdependent provisions. One provided that a wife might retain as her own the property she possessed before marriage; the other, that a husband should no longer be liable for debts which his wife had contracted before marriage. The House of Lords held the former to be revolutionary, and struck it out; but their lordships, in their wisdom, retained the latter, and so left unmarried female traders with injured credit, and tradesmen generally with no remedy against a defaulting bride. The Act of 1870 thus provided women—it has been suggested by way of dowry—with a mode of cheating creditors. Women who could obtain goods on credit before marriage could avoid payment by matrimony; and one case is on record in which a costly pianoforte was obtained in this way. The Act of 1870 absolved the husband from liability; and the wife, remaining non-existent, could not be sued. But this legislative blunder had cruel consequences for women traders, who could obtain no credit when there was ground for suspicion that by accepting the non-existence of married women they might defraud a creditor. That tradesmen—electors and fathers—should be cheated, was to Parliament intolerable, and haste was made, upon discovery of the defect in 1874, to put a patch upon this loose place in the Act of 1870. It was enacted—*not* that the wife should be responsible for the debts incurred before marriage, which would have implied the legal existence of a married woman too strongly—but that a husband should be liable for such debts to the extent of the property she brought him at the marriage. As a measure of justice, this is, perhaps, the most faulty that was ever enacted, not only as to women, but as to creditors. Suppose a great singer or artist to have owed 1,000*l.* on her marriage day, and to have no cash but that in her purse, and the saleable value of her *trousseau* and ornaments, and that afterwards she earns 1,000*l.* a month in the season, her creditors cannot obtain a penny; she cannot be made to pay, though her personal income should rise to 10,000*l.* a year.

When it was proposed, in 1870, that by contracting marriage a woman should not forfeit her property, Lord Penzance, then Judge Ordinary in the Divorce Court, made a speech, of which the *réchauffée* was again served up in the last Session of Parliament. His lordship suggested that if a married woman could hold property, she would go into partnership with some cousin 'who need not be a woman.' Lord Westbury had a fear that if some one left her 20,000*l.* she would spend it on a diamond necklace. The *Times*, in a most liberal article, ridiculed these absurd alarms, suggested that Lord Penzance's judgment had been 'warped by the nature of his duties;' that being 'accustomed to see nothing but the ugly side of matrimonial nature,' he might 'be excused for taking a sort of Old Bailey view of the marriage state, and particularly for looking upon wives as a set of extravagant queans, with whom flirtation is only kept short of adultery by the fear of himself and the machinery he directs.' And with regard to all such arguments the *Times* asked, 'Is there any reason to suppose that she will be the less faithful to the marriage relation when she has the responsibility of property, and when society looks to her to advance the interests of her children, than when she is dependent for everything upon her husband; and, on his failing her, must

look to some friend who, to use Lord Penzance's phrase, "need not be a woman"? We believe that the case of a married woman does not differ from that of all other human beings, in the fact that a certain degree of pecuniary independence tends to the promotion of morality and the proper fulfilment of the duties of life.'

Lord Coleridge, in the past year, introduced a Bill which would have given effect to these sentiments, and full legal existence to a married woman. But it was hustled out of the House of Peers by the Lord Chancellor, who for the occasion reproduced the 'Old Bailey view' of Lord Penzance. Lord Coleridge has the support in this matter of another very distinguished Judge. The Master of the Rolls has declared that to him 'it is not intelligible upon what principle a woman should be considered incapable of contracting, immediately after she has, with the sanction of the law, entered into the most important contract conceivable.' Sir George Jessel has further pointed to the fact that 'the slavery laws of antiquity are the origin of the Common Law upon this subject,' and has expressed his astonishment 'that a law founded upon such principles should have survived to the nineteenth century.' 'The rule in this matter'—I am quoting the words of Mr. Mill—'is simple; whatever would be the wife's or husband's, if they were not married, should be under their exclusive control during marriage; which need not interfere with the power to tie up property by settlement, in order to preserve it for children. Some people are sentimentally shocked at the idea of a separate interest in money matters, as inconsistent with the fusion of two lives into one. For my own part, I am one of the strongest supporters of community of goods, when resulting from entire unity of feeling in the owners, which makes all things common between them. But I have no relish for a community of goods resting on the doctrine that what is mine is yours, but what is yours is not mine; and I should prefer to decline entering into such a compact with anyone, though I were myself the person to profit by it.'

In no point did Mrs. Norton find the law relating to the Property of Married Women more galling than in the nullity of a contract, securing her income during separation, which was 'repudiated on the legal technicality that "man and wife being one, a man could not contract with his own wife."' But at all points she was met and injured by the laws.

When Englishmen beat General Haynau in rude recompense for his alleged flogging of Hungarian women, a charge which the General denied, Mrs. Norton asked: 'Is there no pain and degradation except *physical* pain and degradation? Is there no indecency but in ideas of nudity? No barbarity but in stripes and blows? The Haynaus of England are they who will not help to change such laws! Had I been a man I would have worked out their revision and reform; but I am only a woman—and, in the land which my Queen governs, women count for nothing in important matters.' Then, with reviving eloquence, she resolved, 'woman though I be,' she would do what she could, and saying, 'This is not a day to smile at *any* boast of what accidental circumstances or individual energy may bring about,' drew this beautiful illustration:

Sixty-eight years ago, on the deck of a vessel struggling through a stormy passage to the Isle of Martinique, sate the mournful mother of a little girl only three years old. This mother was young, beautiful, forsaken. Her husband, being weary of her, had become 'a little profligate'—and the wife, yearning—as many a broken-hearted girl has yearned before, under such circumstances of neglect and disappoint-

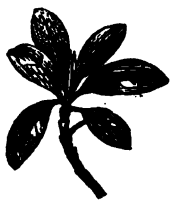
ment—for the old dear home of her childhood, was returning to her parents and friends. There was no fierceness in that woman's heart. Her grief was the gentle grief of Faust's Margaret:

'Ich wein'—ich wein'—ich weine!'

In love and generous devotion through life, she had scarcely her equal; and she had through life the fate those women who seem to deserve it least, oftenest obtain. For that mournful Creole, weeping alone on the stormy seas—helplessly returning to her own family—was Josephine de Beauharnais, the neglected wife of the Comte de Beauharnais, afterwards the repudiated Empress of Napoleon I., and that little child—who sate trembling in the storm by its mother's side—was Hortense, afterwards Queen of Holland, and mother of Napoleon III.

'The greater part of what women write about women is mere sycophancy to men.' That was Mr. Mill's opinion, and it is true to a certain extent even of Mrs. Norton. She resembled Madame de Staël in this amiable weakness. 'Un homme peut braver l'opinion; une femme doit s'y soumettre,' is the motto of *Delphine*. The title-page of Mrs. Norton's boldest and best work, 'A Letter to the Queen,' from which some of my quotations have been made, has for a motto, 'Only a woman's hair.' Injustice called from her eloquent and passionate protest; she claimed 'protection' from the law. The true right of women—that of equality before the law—she never put forward; she was apt to confuse that claim with a plea for natural equality, which can be no creation of Parliament, and has nothing whatever to do with law. She declared her 'honest conviction to be' that 'women have one RIGHT (perhaps that only one). They have a right, founded on nature, equity, and religion, to the protection of man.' She was bitterly conscious that in her own case even this pitiful claim had been denied. Had she been less unhappy, less conscious of her personal petition, she would have been more stubborn; her claim would have been a larger petition of right. She was over-weighted with the burden of her own sorrows. She was the victim of bad laws. But her hope that her sufferings would be the seed of reform, was a well-grounded hope. Her belief that such examples are 'the little hinges on which the great doors of justice are made to turn' had a sure foundation; and the only prophecy on which she ventured has been verified, and will be further verified. It was this: 'In our little corner of the earth—where so much besides is busy and fermenting for change—the time is ripely come for alteration in the laws for women. *And they will be changed.*'

ARTHUR ARNOLD.



# PAUL JONES, 'THE PIRATE.'

IN the January number of this Magazine I related one of our past experiences of a bold and energetic corsair; but Thurot is not the only man who, in spite of our naval power, has spread alarm along our coasts; and the lesson is too important to be lightly set aside. I propose, therefore, to follow up that story with an account of the remarkable man whose name served for many years as the controller of the peace of northern nurseries—a police duty that has more recently, as I am told, been entrusted to the Jabberwock or the Bandersnatch.

It is close on one hundred years since an unnamed minstrel of the streets sang in a ballad more frank than polite:

Of heroes and statesmen I'll just mention four
That cannot be matched if we trace the world o'er;
For none of such fame ever stept o'er the stones
As Germaine, Jemmy Twitcher, Lord North and Paul Jones.

Of the first three members of this quartette, I have nothing to say here: their misdeeds are chronicled in every English history. The fourth is, to most English readers, only a name, or if he is anything more, he is 'the pirate.' Paul Jones strongly objected to the word as applied to himself; he had, he said, looked in the dictionary, and found the meaning of pirate to be 'an enemy of mankind.' Now, he was not the enemy of mankind, but only the enemy of England.

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy.

With a *tu quoque* argument, not wanting in ingenuity, he urged, that as England was then at war with the whole of America, the greater part of Europe, and much of Asia, not to speak of a bit of Africa, she, in point of fact, came as near being the enemy of mankind as could well be conceived; that England was therefore the pirate, not Paul Jones.

But pirate or not, the centenary of his appearance as an enemy in English waters seems a fitting time to relate the story of his career and to examine into his conduct. In doing so I shall endeavour to write as becomes a student of naval history, not as a professed eulogist, still less as an angry reviler. If I can do this I may claim some degree of merit; for though the life of Paul Jones has often been written, it has never yet been written except in a tone of extravagant praise or of senseless disparagement. It is not so that any man's life ought to be written. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* If Paul Jones did us great harm at a very trying period of our history, it is worth our while seriously and calmly to inquire what he did, how he did it, and how, in the future, similar harm, injury, or insult is to be guarded against.

The lives of Paul Jones, to which I have just referred, divide themselves broadly into the two classes I have named. The latter are either chap books or are based on chap books: they were dictated by ignorance, or spite, or panic: they have little or no foundation in fact, and, as historical records, they are of no value whatever. The others, whatever pretext of originality they make, may be virtually resolved into two, which, being written or edited under a strong personal as well as national bias, call for great caution in accepting their statements. Of these, one was published as far back as 1825: its author, Mr. Sherburne, was Regis-

trar of the United States' Navy, and had access to many public records and papers, which he quotes from or embodies: he was also able to collect various private or semi-private letters, and was on terms of familiar and domestic intimacy with men who had themselves taken part in the events he has described. He is thus, in many respects, a competent witness, and is entitled to every consideration which his avowed partisanship permits. The other, published in 1830, is based on certain private papers in the possession of Miss Janette Taylor, a niece of Paul Jones: it supplements the first in many interesting points, but is, more even than Mr. Sherburne's, Jones's own account of his conduct under circumstances which writers less partial than himself might well speak of in less favourable terms.[1]

John Paul was born in Scotland, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in the parish of Kirkbean,[2] on the 6th of July, 1747. About his birth and early years there was no romance whatever, and there is no mystery. He was of respectable though humble parentage; his father, John Paul, being head gardener to Mr. Craik, of Arbigland, and his mother, Jean Macduff, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. He was the youngest of five children—two, still younger, dying in infancy. He received the ordinary education of a Scottish peasant lad at the parish school, and at the age of twelve was bound apprentice on board the *Friendship*, of Whitehaven, a ship belonging to Mr. Younger, a merchant in the American trade. His first voyage was to the Rappahannock.

Neither is there anything remarkable, romantic, or mysterious in his early career. He is described as steady, anxious to learn, and devoting much of his spare time on shore to study. His elder brother had settled in Virginia, where he was doing well; and with him, in a society above what he might otherwise have had access to, young Paul seems to have resided whilst in America. After he had made a few voyages in this service, Mr. Younger failed, and the boy, thrown out of employment, obtained a berth as third mate on board the *King George* of Whitehaven, a slaver. He remained in her, or under the same owners, for some three or four years. He was nineteen when he was appointed first mate of the *Two Friends* of Jamaica, also a slaver, and in her he continued for two years. Altogether, he would appear to have served in the not very ennobling capacity of mate of a slaver for not less than five years, up to the critical age of twenty-one; and though he then left the *Two Friends* and the slave trade, there is not the slightest authority for saying, as Captain Mackenzie has said, that he did so 'impelled by an irresistible feeling of disgust at the cruelties and horrors with which it was attended.' There is simply no evidence as to the cause of his leaving the *Two Friends*: he

[1] Of the other Lives of Paul Jones, I may mention one by Captain A. Slidell Mackenzie, U.S.N., which, take it all in all, is the most satisfactory that has been published; and a short one by Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper, in his *Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers*. In these there is nothing original, and their value is purely critical. There is also one more, which is of no value, but which, on account of its pretensions, ought not to be overlooked: its title is, *Mémoires de Paul Jones . . . . écrits par lui-même en Anglais, et traduits sous ses yeux par le citoyen André*, An. VI. 1798. It is probable enough that the subject-matter was furnished by Jones, but rather, I incline to think, as current gossip than in a written form.

[2] A distinguished officer of our navy was also born in Kirkbean—Admiral John Campbell. He was the son of the parish minister; entered into the service as a volunteer from a small coasting vessel in which he was apprentice; served as a petty officer with Anson, in the *Centurion*; was Flag Captain to Hawke at Quiberon Bay, and Captain of the Fleet under Keppel in the action off Ushant.

may have quarrelled with the skipper; but as he went home a passenger in a brigantine, the *John* of Kirkcudbright, it is perhaps more likely that five or six years of a tropical climate, of the coast of Africa and the slave trade, had told on his health, and had made him desirous of a change. It is also likely enough that, after serving actually at sea for nine years, he thought himself fit for a higher rank than that of mate of a slaver, and had determined to chance the finding it.

Fortune stood his friend. The master and the mate of the *John* both died on the homeward voyage; the passenger, John Paul, took the command and brought the vessel safely to Kirkcudbright; and the owners, to whom he was thus introduced, appointed him, in acknowledgment of his services, to the joint office of master and supercargo. In command of the *John*, he made two voyages to the West Indies; and his owners having then dissolved partnership, he seems to have been engaged for some time in smuggling between the Isle of Man and the Solway Frith.

It is only natural that there should be some little doubt as to this period of Paul's life. A smuggler, who afterwards attains some social distinction, is scarcely likely to speak too plainly of the past; and his American biographers, jealous of their hero's reputation, have maintained that he was engaged in legitimate trade. They have argued that between home ports—between the Isle of Man and England or Scotland—smuggling was out of the question. A reminiscence of Dirk Hatteraick might have corrected such an error, even had they no other sources of knowledge; for, in point of fact, smuggling continued to be carried on between the Isle of Man and England until the customs dues were equalised in 1853.

Whether smuggling did or did not agree with Paul's prospects we have no certain knowledge. A year or two later he was in command of the *Betsey* of London, in the West Indian trade, and was afterwards trading on his own account at Tobago and Grenada. To enter on this business he must have had some capital, and that, we must suppose, he got together by his smuggling speculations. In 1773 his brother in Virginia died without children and intestate, leaving, it is said, a considerable property. John Paul 'took charge of the estate on behalf of his family,' but it does not appear that the family ever got one penny of it. It is impossible to say what became of this money: perhaps it had no real existence; perhaps it was swallowed by the ventures in Tobago or Grenada; perhaps it was squandered in reckless dissipation: there is simply no evidence. A confused letter written by John Paul four years later speaks of some 1,200*l.* as due to him from Tobago; but how or why these debts had been left outstanding for so long a time is not explained. All that seems certain is, that after his brother's death he spent the next two years in America, and most of the time, according to his own statement in the letter just referred to, in a state of poverty, almost of destitution.

Whether a bustling, energetic man like John Paul would subsist for twenty months on a small sum if he had a good business, may seem more than doubtful. Of his reasons for so subsisting, for abandoning, at the age of twenty-six, both his business as a merchant and his calling as a seaman to go into hiding so close that all the researches of his admiring biographers have not been able to find out where he was or what he was doing, there is not a trace; and we cannot be surprised that the world, and those who know the world such as Sir Peter Teazle described it, have been ready to doubt both the honesty of

John Paul and the purity of John Paul's character.

From this mysterious hiding he emerged in December 1775, and, under the assumed name of Jones—an *alias* which his future career rendered notorious—joined the revolutionary navy, then first forming.

I have been thus particular in tracing the early life of John Paul, because its detail, uninteresting in itself, appears to offer some explanation of both his character and his choice of a career. A peasant lad, who had been knocking about the world in small trading ships from the time he was twelve years old; who had served during five or six years, as he was growing from boyhood into manhood, on board a slaver; a Manx smuggler, a ruined merchant, a possible fraudulent bankrupt, or too clever executor, is not the man whose path we should expect to find obstructed by needless or even customary scruples. The world was his oyster: with his sword he would open it. He felt himself capable of achieving distinction, if only he had a field for his talents; and he had seen enough to make him believe that in the war then breaking out, the revolutionary side would give him the greatest opportunities. To him, country was an idle word, patriotism an unknown idea. Through life, the one object of his worship and admiration was himself. It has been urged plausibly enough, that mere selfishness or greed would have prompted John Paul to have sought for service rather in command of a privateer, and to have cruised against English commerce, which would have been decidedly more lucrative than service on board a ship of war. It does not, however, follow that John Paul so considered it. He may—for aught we know to the contrary—have been unable to find a merchant willing to entrust him with a command. He may have felt that a commission in the national navy would gratify his vanity more than sacks of dollars or doubloons. He was—his whole after life proves him to have been—the vainest of men; and it is quite possible that on this, the turning point of his career, it was his vanity that steered his selfishness. It may, indeed, be called—as Captain Mackenzie has called it—'a spirit of adventure and a chivalrous longing for glory:' I have no objection: it is merely another and euphuistic way of saying the same thing: but I altogether deny the 'enthusiasm in the cause of America.'

But whatever were the guiding motives of Paul, or Jones as he now became, what is certain is that he applied for and obtained a commission in the newly born continental navy; that in December 1775 he was appointed first lieutenant of the *Alfred*, a frigate of thirty guns and three hundred men, the flagship of Commodore Hopkins; and that he served in her in the first operation undertaken by an American squadron—the attack on and capture of New Providence—and on the 6th of April, 1776, as they were returning, in the engagement with the English twenty-gun frigate, *Glasgow*. The six American ships, badly fitted, badly manned, badly officered, were beaten off: notwithstanding their enormous superiority in numbers, the *Glasgow*, after a running fight of several hours' duration, had one man killed and three wounded; a fact that speaks for itself as to the worthlessness of an improvised navy and untrained gunners.

After this, Jones was appointed to the command of the *Providence* sloop, carrying twelve 4-pounders and employed in convoying American ships along the coast, or in cruising against English commerce, in which he had a very marked success. On the 1st of September, he fell in with the *Solebay*, of twenty-eight guns, nine-pounders, near Bermuda, and, mistaking her for a merchant ship, ran down to

engage her. Between a frigate such as the *Solebay* and the little *Providence*, there could be no contest: the sloop hauled her wind and endeavoured to escape; but the frigate outsailed her, and, after a chase of four hours, got within musket-shot on her lee quarter. The situation was critical. Jones edged away to leeward, so gradually that Captain Symonds of the *Solebay* probably thought that he was weathering on the chase; but having thus, without awakening suspicion, brought the frigate on her weather quarter, the *Providence's* helm was put sharply up, and, crowding sail, she went off dead before the wind. The *Solebay's* lee ports were closed, her lee guns apparently not cast loose; and before she could follow, or get a gun to bear, the *Providence* was well away, on her best point of sailing. Jones's escape is by no means without a parallel: that of Lord Dundonald in the *Pallas*, from under the guns of three French line-of-battle ships, will probably at once recur to the reader, and other similar instances might easily be found; but it is no light praise to compare, even with a difference, the deed of an untried man and an untried crew, under the guns of an English frigate, with one of Dundonald's smartest pieces of seamanship.

A few days later, the *Providence* was again chased by the *Milford*, a frigate of the same force as the *Solebay*, but her she outsailed with ease, and the occurrence is no further noteworthy than as having given Jones the opportunity of writing a grandiloquent despatch. He was shortly afterwards appointed to the *Alfred* for a cruise, and then again to the *Providence*; and finally, after various plans and changes of plans, to the command of the *Ranger*, a new frigate-built ship of 26 guns, which was ordered to cross over to France.

His appointment is conveyed in a resolution of Congress dated June 14, 1777; the same which also decreed that 'the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation;' and it is said, principally—I believe entirely—on Jones's own authority, that this flag was first hoisted on board the *Ranger*, and by Jones's own hands. But Jones also claimed to have hoisted, on board the *Alfred*, two years before, the earlier revolutionary flag—a pine-tree, with a rattlesnake coiled round its root, and the motto, DON'T TREAD ON ME; and though it is undoubted that these flags were first hoisted at or within a few days of the dates named, and though there is nothing impossible involved in the statement that Jones hoisted them both for the first time, the coincidence is improbable; and on such a point, flattering to his vanity, Jones's unsupported testimony, difficult to contradict, is entitled to very little weight.

The difficulties in the way of fitting out the *Ranger* were very great. The supply of stores was very scanty, and there was no money; it was the 1st of November before she sailed, and then with only a single suit of sails and one 30-gallon cask of rum. The ship herself was of a scantling so slight that Jones determined not to take the quarter-deck or forecastle guns on board; and her armament was thus reduced to 18 guns on her main deck[3]—probably 9-pounders. On the passage, she showed herself extremely crank, and after her arrival at Nantes her masts had to be shortened and her stowage re-

[3] I have here, and throughout, used the term main deck in its modern sense; in the last century what we now call the main deck was called the upper deck, and really was so from the main to the foremast.

arranged, in hopes of making her stiffer; but when all was done, she was still very far from being an efficient cruiser.

The relations between England, France, and the revolted States of America were at this time peculiar. The Peace of Paris, in 1763, which had wound up the Seven Years' War with England, still rankled in French bosoms. It was felt that, by its terms, this peace was a standing injury and insult to France, to which the war had been a series of disasters and humiliations, sustained—it is difficult to apportion exactly the praise or blame—at the hands of Hawke and Conflans, Boscawen and De la Clue, Saunders, Wolfe, Pitt, and Madame de Pompadour. The French navy had been destroyed, the French colonial empire had been wiped out, and now, after fifteen years' peace, nursing their strength, enlisting soldiers and building ships, under a new king and a male government, it was hoped that the time for revenge had arrived. There was no present cause of quarrel with England, but the French people caught eagerly at the idea of England's embarrassment, and brought the pressure of what public opinion France had on the Government, which gave a not unwilling friendship to the American States, extended it into an official recognition, and, on the 6th of February, 1778, to a distinct treaty of alliance with 'the United States of America,' in which stand, amongst others, such articles as these:

II. The essential and direct end of the present defensive alliance is to maintain effectually the liberty, sovereignty, and independence, absolute and unlimited, of the said United States, as well in matters of government as of commerce.

VIII. Neither of the two parties shall conclude either truce or peace with Great Britain without the formal consent of the other, first obtained; and they mutually engage not to lay down their arms until the independence of the United States shall have been formally or tacitly assured by the treaty or treaties that shall terminate the war.

Notwithstanding this, and though the American Commissioners, Benjamin Franklin and his colleagues, were publicly and officially received at the French Court, though the English seas swarmed with French privateers under the American flag, there was no declaration of war; and when, some few months afterwards, the English Government, weary of the duplicity of the French Ministry, and of the real though veiled hostility of the French people, forced their hand by seizing the *Licorne* (June 18, 1778), they and their partisans in England complained bitterly of the breach of international faith, in commencing hostile operations without a formal declaration. An amusing sample of this is contained in one of Mason's letters to Horace Walpole, August 14, 1778:

Our poor country (he says), from being once a well-bred gentleman, is now turned a downright blackguard. A gentleman, when he has received an affront, sends his challenge, and then fights his duel. A blackguard, in similar circumstances, drives his fist directly at the jowl of his adversary, and waives the ceremonial of the challenge. I leave you to make the application; only I protest that had Keppel been victorious, I should have hesitated about ringing the three cracked bells in my country steeple; for I can never think a fair victory can be gained over an enemy before war has been declared.

We may think it strange that Mr. Mason, living in the society of the eighteenth century, should be so ignorant of the customs of the *duello* as not to know that disputes or quarrels between armed gentlemen were, by almost legal right, settled off-hand in a 'casual rencounter,' or that his poetical reading did not furnish him with many a precedent; for, according to the text of the *Fairy Queen*, a mere unwelcome presence was, in the days of chivalry, sufficient reason for couching the 'steele-headed speare.' His ignorance of historical

precedent is not so singular, for writers of the present day, men far above Mason in both knowledge and ability, have been influenced by a similar error.

But, looking back through our modern annals, the fact stands out clearly that a declaration on either side, as a beginning of war, is very exceptional. The wars with Spain in 1588, in 1718, and in 1739; the wars with Holland in 1652, in 1665, and, infamy and all, in 1672; or with France in 1744, in 1755, and now again in 1778, were all opened by actual hostilities on the one part or the other, which, after a more or less long interval, a declaration sometimes followed. It is well that this should be remembered; for though international lawyers lay down the rule that hostilities, actually undertaken, may be considered, at the option of the injured party, as equivalent to a declaration of war, there is a very general, but, as I have just shown, a very mistaken idea that such a course is irregular, one that is not to be looked for—one, therefore, that need not be guarded against.

Jones, having taken the *Ranger* from Nantes to Brest—and having on the way obtained, after some negotiation, and, as he asserted, for the first time, a return salute and the formal recognition of the American flag from M. de la Motte Piquet, commanding the French fleet in Quiberon Bay—refitted at Brest, and from there sailed on April 10 for a cruise. His local knowledge had suggested to him the possibility of harrying the coasts of the Irish Sea, of Cumberland, Wigton, or Kirkcudbright, Antrim, and the Isle of Man. He arrived on what may be considered as his station on April 18; and having a fair wind, determined to commence operations by burning the shipping in Whitehaven, a considerable port at the present time, but relatively of more importance a hundred years ago, when Liverpool and Glasgow had not yet swallowed up all the American trade. But the next morning, as he was off the harbour, the wind freshened to a gale blowing dead on shore; and, far from being able to land his men, Jones had to exert himself to the utmost to save his ship. It was not without difficulty that he escaped from this very serious danger.

On the 21st, being off the entrance of Belfast Lough, he learned that the *Drake*, a sloop of war, was at anchor inside, and conceived the bold idea of carrying her by surprise. His plan was to run in in the dark, let go his anchor on top of the *Drake's*, swing down across her bow, and board. It was not known, not even suspected, that an American cruiser was on the coast; some privateers had, indeed, been giving trouble, capturing and destroying coasting vessels and others; but the idea of one of these attacking a ship of war had probably never been entertained: for all practical purposes, to the officers and men of the *Drake* at anchor, it was a time of peace; and as was then, and for long after, the custom of the service, the watch was most negligently kept. It was a cold night, blowing fresh, and the chances are that not a dozen men on board were awake, whilst on shore there were neither forts nor soldiers. In any case, the *Ranger* was a heavier armed ship, and had a larger ship's company than the *Drake*; and the plan, though dashing, was by no means extravagant. As it happened, however, the *Ranger's* anchor was not let go at the exact moment; the ship drifted clear of the *Drake*, and brought up a hundred yards or so on her quarter. Even then there was no alarm; and Jones, with apt presence of mind, immediately cut the cable, so as to make it appear that it had parted, and stretched out to seaward, intending to return and try again. But this he was not

able to do, for the wind freshened to a fierce gale, and he had again to provide for the *Ranger's* safety, and to shelter under the lee of the Scotch coast.

The next day, April 22, the weather had moderated, and he determined to have another try at Whitehaven. A light breeze brought the *Ranger* off the town in the early part of the night; and by midnight the two boats, carrying thirty-one officers and men, all told, shoved off from the ship. They had hoped to be inside the harbour while it was still dark, but the strong ebb tide delayed them somewhat, and, by the time they reached the outer pier, day was beginning to break.

The harbour was, as it still is, dry at low water; this Jones knew, and had counted on. The ships, to the number of nearly 300, of all sizes up to 400 tons burden, were helplessly aground; nor, if they were set on fire, could water possibly be got to extinguish the flames. One of the boats was sent to burn the ships on the north side; Jones, with the other, landed on the New Quay; the West Pier had not then been built. At the land end of the quay stood a battery, which had been built eighteen years before, after Thurot had frightened the burghers into some sense of possible danger; but the danger had been forgotten, and the battery had been neglected: it was little more than a ruin, armed with a few worn-out and honeycombed old guns, in charge of a few equally worn-out old pensioners, who at four o'clock in the morning were sound asleep in their beds. Jones, with a few men, clambered over the rampart of the 'battery,' captured 'the guard,' and spiked 'the guns,' of which, he says, there were thirty; he does not say what condition they were in. Then, leaving his party to set fire to the ships on the south side, he, with one man, went off to another so-called battery, 200 yards distant, on the point of the beach opposite Tom Hurd's rock: this had apparently no guard at all, and its guns, such as they were, were spiked without opposition.

When he returned to the quay he found that his orders to set fire to the ships had been disobeyed; the candles had burnt out and there was no light. The boat had come back from the north side without doing anything; the lieutenant in charge of it said that 'nothing could be gained by burning poor people's property;' the officer left in charge of the second party had, possibly, the same idea. It was almost sunrise; the inhabitants were beginning to wake up, to assemble in alarm; and nothing was done.

Jones, excessively angry, did at the last moment get a light, kindle with his own hands a large fire in the steerage of one ship, high and dry amongst a number of others, empty a tar barrel into the flames, and, having seen it well a-low, make off to his boat. It was time, for the sun was now up, and the townsmen were gathering in numbers that threatened every moment to become formidable. But the guns, even if there were any that could be called serviceable—which is doubtful—had been spiked, and the boats effected their retreat without loss. One man only was missing, and he had deserted; he seems to have been a Whitehaven man, David Freeman by name; to have slipped away from his party in the grey of the morning, and to have done his best to wake up his fellow townsmen. It was thus to the double treachery of this rascal, as much as to the incapacity or sentiment of the subordinate officers, that Whitehaven owed its safety.

The injury to the English or Irish trade might have been enormous; as it was, the affair was regarded rather as an insult, the irony of which was heightened by the fact that it

was offered on St. George's Day; but that this insignificant little party, notwithstanding all delays of wind and tide, of fools and traitors, came still so near to the destruction of the town and the shipping, is a fact that no lapse of time should permit us to forget.

Jones had a particular weakness, common perhaps to most self half-educated men, for fine writing, and his report of this attempt is very 'fine.' 'The inhabitants,' he says, 'began to appear in thousands, and individuals ran hastily towards us; I stood between them and the ship on fire with a pistol in my hand, and ordered them to retire, which they did with precipitation. The flames had already caught the rigging, and began to ascend the mainmast; the sun was a full hour's march above the horizon, and as sleep no longer ruled the world, it was time to retire. We re-embarked without opposition, having released a number of prisoners, as our boats could not carry them. After all my people had embarked I stood upon the pier for a considerable space, yet no person advanced. I saw all the eminences round the town covered with the amazed inhabitants.'

As soon as the boats got on board, the *Ranger* stood across into Kirkcudbright Bay, and anchoring there, landed a small party on St. Mary's Isle, a prettily wooded peninsula about a mile below the town, on which stood the house of the Earl of Selkirk. From early childish recollections, Jones had an exaggerated idea of the political importance of the Earl: it was therefore his intention to carry him off as a prisoner; to hold him as, in some measure, a hostage for the safety of several self-called Americans, prisoners of war, and compel, or through his influence persuade, the English Government to acknowledge a system of exchange. Kidnapping a private gentleman, and constituting him a prisoner of war, is an idea that in modern times has occurred only to Captain John Paul Jones; but it did occur to him, and Lord Selkirk's accidental absence from home was the only reason why effect was not given to it.

Jones, on learning that his project had thus fallen through, ordered his men down to the boat. They remonstrated. They said that the English, landing on the American coast, did not spare private property, and they thought it very hard that they should be made to do so, now that they had a chance of reprisal. They demanded, rather than requested, leave to go up and loot the house. As a compromise Jones sent them up under the orders of two lieutenants, Simpson and Elijah Hall, the last of whom was afterwards Mr. Sherburne's father-in-law, and may fairly be supposed to have biassed his judgment in respect to this affair. The robbery seems to have been committed with almost burlesque civility; the men stayed outside, and drank Lady Selkirk's health in prime Scotch whisky, whilst Messrs. Simpson and Hall, indoors, cleared the breakfast table of the silver tea equipage—the teapot with the tea leaves still in it. With this they returned to their boat, went on board, and the ship immediately weighed and stood out to sea.

The value of the booty is said to have been, at the outside, not more than 100*l.*, though vulgar report absurdly magnified it. Jones's share in the transaction seems to have been altogether against his will, and caused by the rowdyism and want of discipline of his men, whom he was unable to control; none the less, it was on Jones that the weight of popular indignation fell; he was cried down as a pirate, a buccaneer, or a burglar of the lowest and most brutal type, and it is as such that, in the minds of many, his fame has been preserved, thanks to sundry outrageous pictures and

jingling ballads. A few verses of one of these will be sufficient:

You have heard o' Paul Jones?
Have you not? Have you not?
And you've heard o' Paul Jones?
Have you not?

He was a rogue and a vagabond;
Was he not? Was he not? (*bis*)

. . . . .

He came to Selkirk-ha',
Did he not? Did he not? (*bis*)

And stole the rings and the jewels a',
Did he not? Did he not?
Stole the rings and the jewels a',
Did he not?

And so on, and so on, till the hearers have had enough of it.

The morning after this ill-judged or unfortunate affair, April 24, Jones was again off the entrance of Belfast Lough, intending to find some opportunity of attacking the *Drake* should she be still there. As if to meet his wishes, she was seen slowly working out against the tide and a light easterly breeze.

The *Drake* had been warned of the *Ranger's* presence on the coast, whether by signal smokes or otherwise; she is said even to have received information of the previous day's attempt on Whitehaven: evidently, however, what information she had was very vague; and seeing the *Ranger* hove-to off the mouth of the Lough, she unsuspiciously sent her boat on board to ask the news. The boat, boat's crew and officer, were of course detained. It was evening before the *Drake* got outside clear of the land; the *Ranger* ran down towards her, hauled up her courses, and lay-to, with the main-topsail to the mast; but as the *Drake* came within hail on her lee quarter she filled again and gathered steerage way. The *Drake* hailed: 'What ship is that?' Answered the *Ranger* in the Jonesian dialect, 'This is the American continental ship *Ranger*; we wait for you, and beg you will come on; the sun is little more than an hour high, and it is time to begin.'

In language, Jones was the most wordy of men; in deed, he was short, sharp, and to the point. Almost whilst the answer to the hail was being shouted back he put his helm up, and as his ship paid off, passed slowly across the *Drake's* bows and poured in a raking fire at very close range. The *Drake* thus began the action at a serious disadvantage, and as she in turn bore up and engaged broadside to broadside, the heavier armament of her opponent knocked her to pieces: in 65 minutes she was a wreck and struck her flag; her captain shot through the head, her lieutenant mortally wounded, and about half her ship's company dead or disabled. The loss of the *Ranger* was in comparison trifling—one officer and two men killed, five wounded.

This action, such as it was, was the first naval success of the Americans; they had captured, in open fight, a British ship of war, and their exultation was very great. But Jones's vanity was not to be restricted by a slavish adherence to fact in making his report. He described the *Drake* as a 20-gun frigate, mounting two guns more than the *Ranger*; and stated further, that she had taken a number of volunteers on board for the occasion, and had actually in the fight 160 men. This is simply false; and as Jones captured the ship and all on board her, he knew that it was false. Our official lists are perfectly clear. The *Drake* was a 14-gun sloop, carrying 14 six-pounders, and probably half-a-dozen swivels—an extinct species of blunderbuss throwing an iron ball of half a pound weight. The statement that the *Drake* mounted 20 guns is an exaggeration far beyond what would at first appear; for a 20-gun ship carried 9-pounders, had a much heavier scantling, and many of her guns were under cover of the quarter-deck and forecastle, whilst those of the sloop were on a flush deck. The *Ranger*, built as a 26-gun frigate, was of at least as heavy scantling as an English ship of 20

guns, and very much stouter than a 14-gun sloop. The nature of her armament is not quite clear, for the American service at that time had no establishment, and their ships were, no doubt, armed with such guns as were easiest come at. But from the first the Americans aimed at having a heavy battery. A frigate built for them at Amsterdam, and which, under the name of the *South Carolina*, was in the fight on the Dogger Bank, August 5, 1781, carried a battery, till then unheard of on a frigate's main deck, of 36-pounders; and I see no reason to believe that the *Ranger's* guns were lighter than those of an English ship of her rate. I think, therefore, that she carried 9-pounders on her main-deck; her quarter-deck and forecastle guns had been left in America.

According to this, the weight of the *Ranger's* broadside, as compared to that of the *Drake*, was as 81 to 42; the ship's company was, in numbers, as 150 to 120; and altogether, when her heavier build and sheltered guns are taken into consideration, the effective force was in the ratio of at least three to one. Against such an adversary, ably commanded, and with a crew, badly enough disciplined, but of good raw material, the *Drake* could have little chance; and what chance she might have had, she threw away in permitting the *Ranger* to rake her at the outset, and in afterwards engaging broadside to broadside. Nothing but superior skill and seamanship could possibly have given her the victory, and these she does not seem to have had. The *Ranger* was well handled and well fought; the *Drake* was neither the one nor the other; and, in point of mere pluck, there could be little difference between the two.

Her expiring efforts, however, were sufficient to cut short the *Ranger's* cruise; and when he had somewhat refitted, Jones, with the two ships, stood away to the northward, rounded the north coast of Ireland, and passing down the west side, returned to Brest, where he arrived on May 8, having thus been absent rather less than a month. He seems to have occupied some of his leisure during the return voyage in concocting a letter to Lady Selkirk—a letter which his American biographers, after some extraordinary process of reasoning, have called romantic, but which is, in reality, as offensively silly as anything that even Jones ever wrote: it is, indeed, only its extreme silliness that prevents its being called by some worse name. The purport of it is his extreme admiration for Lady Selkirk, his regret that his men had taken her plate, his intention of buying it in, and his hope that she would accept it as a present from him: his only object had been to mitigate the horrors of war, by carrying off the Earl, her husband. The description of the fight with the *Drake* is, however, too rich to be slurred over; it is unique of its kind. It runs:

> Had the Earl been on board the *Ranger* the following evening, he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea engagement; both affording ample subject for the pencil, as well as melancholy reflection for the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back from such scenes of horror, and cannot sufficiently execrate the vile promoters of this detestable war. The British ship of war *Drake*, mounting twenty guns, with more than her full complement of officers and men, was our opponent. The ships met, and the advantage was disputed with great fortitude on each side for an hour and four minutes, when the gallant commander of the *Drake* fell, and victory declared in favour of the *Ranger*. The amiable lieutenant lay mortally wounded, besides near forty of the inferior officers and crew killed and wounded; a melancholy demonstration of the uncertainty of human prospects, and of the sad reverses of fortune which an hour can produce. I buried them in a spacious grave, with the honours due to the memory of the brave.

As a note to the letter, I may add that, after a delay of some years, the plate was restored—teapot, tea leaves and all.

The strong feeling against England which agitated France in May, 1778, gave a certain welcome in that country to Paul Jones. A short, thick-set man, with a vulgar type of face, swarthy and sunburnt, bright sparkling eyes, perky expression and a restless manner—anything less like the courtly old French *noblesse* can scarcely be imagined. But he seems to have been the fashion for a time, the hero of the people, the lion of the Court, and —principally on his own assertion—the darling of the ladies. How far his overweening vanity and unblushing mendacity gave a brevet rank to his fair admirers there is no occasion to inquire. But when he attempted to turn his popularity and the applause of the vulgar to good account, he found, as others have done, that, in the affairs of the world, such froth does not weigh much.

He wanted money both for the necessary repairs and the current expenses of his ship. The Commissioners could not and would not give it him; and when Jones drew on them for 24,000 livres—say, 1,000*l.*—they promptly dishonoured the bill. On this, naturally enough, an angry correspondence ensued; and it appears that for some time Jones was left absolutely dependent, not only for ship's stores, but for men's provisions, on what money he could raise by the sale of various small prizes which he had sent in.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the ship's company, bound together by no tie of patriotism or discipline, became discontented and mutinous. Simpson, the first lieutenant, headed the mutineers at Brest, as he had headed the robbers at St. Mary's Isle. He said that Jones had formally promised him the command of the *Ranger*, and that, at any rate, he and the ship's company were Americans, and were not going to be put upon by a foreigner such as Jones. Neither Jones nor the Commissioners had authority to stamp out this mutiny. It seems that the command of the *Ranger* really had been promised to Simpson, when it was hoped that the Amsterdam ship—the *Indienne*, or *South Carolina*, as she was eventually called—would be ready for Jones; and though this hope had been rendered vain by the energetic or threatening remonstrances of the English Minister at the Hague, the only plan that could be devised for quieting the disturbances on board the *Ranger* was to give Simpson the promised command, and send the ship and him and the mutinous crew home together.

Meantime Jones had been anxiously proposing several schemes for, as he conceived, forwarding the American cause by harrying the coast of his native country. Amongst these, the burning the shipping and town of Whitehaven occupied a prominent place; others were the sacking and burning of Ayr, of Greenock, of Port Glasgow, of the shipping in the Clyde; on the other side, Newcastle might, he thought, be burned, and the Baltic trade might be cut off. There is no doubt that many or all of these schemes might have been carried out, had the means at Jones's disposal been equal to his will; but he had no ship, no men, and no money, and the Commissioners were unable, the French Government unwilling, to entrust him with them. At first, indeed, there seemed a chance of his being put in command of a French ship, or even of a French squadron, to cruise against England under the American flag, but when in July war between England and France was declared, there was no longer any occasion for this duplicity, and the French ships sailed under the French flag. The Minister of the French Navy, M. de Sartines, who had before then rather encouraged his pretensions, would

no longer hold out any hopes of employment, and in his rage and vexation, Jones's correspondence passed through various and amusing phases of vanity, self-love, flattery, and invective.

It was not till the following spring that he could obtain authority to commission, as a ship of war under the American flag, the *Duc de Duras*, an old East Indiaman, then lying at L'Orient, and capable of mounting forty guns. She was to be fitted out and armed by the French Government, and Jones was to endeavour to pick up a crew of Americans. 'But,' writes Sartines, 'as you may find difficulty in raising a sufficient number, the King permits you to levy volunteers, until you obtain men enough. It shall be my care,' he adds, 'to procure the necessary officers, and you may be assured that I shall contribute every aid in my power to promote the success of your enterprise.' He—the French Minister—goes on to give him—the American captain—his instructions: 'As soon as you are prepared for sea, you will set sail, without waiting for any ulterior orders; and you will yourself select your own cruising ground, either in the European or American seas, observing always to render me an exact account of each event that may take place during your cruise, as often as you may enter any port under the dominion of the King. So flattering a mark of the confidence with which you are honoured cannot but encourage you to use all your zeal in the common cause; and I am persuaded that you will justify on every occasion my favourable opinion of you.' In conclusion, he gives him permission to change the name of his ship from *Duc de Duras* to *Bonhomme Richard*, as Jones had requested, out of compliment to Dr. Franklin, whose *Poor Richard's Almanac* had given him the hint,[4] 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send,' on which he had acted at the turning point of the negotiations regarding the ship.

The armament of the *Bonhomme Richard* was peculiar—it consisted of 12-pounders on the main-deck, 9-pounders on the quarter-deck, and 6-pounders on the forecastle; but in addition, in the gun-room, on the lower deck were six 18-pounders; and extra ports were cut, to permit her to fight these all on one side. She thus mounted forty guns in all. The ship, a converted merchantman, was a makeshift throughout, but I know of no other instance, in modern times at least, of a frigate-built ship thus carrying a partial lower battery.[5]

The crew was as mixed as the armament. A few self-called Americans were got together: merchant seamen out of employ, loafing about the French ports, or renegade prisoners of war; but even these did not at first amount to more than thirty. About 150 were French volunteers, peasants newly enlisted by promises of bounty and booty, the rest were outcasts from every nation in Europe and from some in Asia: English or Irish, Swedes, Norwegians, Portuguese, Lascars, are all prominently named. Before, however, the ship was finally ready for sea, a cartel arrived with 119 American prisoners of war, and of these it is believed that a large proportion entered on board the *Bonhomme Richard*: some of them certainly did: but when all is said, it is doubtful whether of the 380 men with which she sailed from L'Orient on August

[4] *Poor Richard's Almanac* had been translated under the title *La Science du Bonhomme Richard*.

[5] I say *know*, for I am not sure that Thurot's *Belle-Isle* was not armed in a similar manner on her last cruise; and if so, the practice may have been not uncommon amongst French corsairs, privateers, or private ships fitted out by Government.

14, 1779, even the eighty were Americans.

With the *Bonhomme Richard* were associated the *Alliance*, an American-built frigate of 36 guns, manned, for the most part, by Americans, but commanded by a Frenchman, Pierre Landais, the master of a French merchant ship, who had taken service under the American Government, a man, it would appear, of low birth and disreputable antecedents, a man of neither temper, courage, nor conduct; the *Pallas*, a French ship of 32 guns, commanded also by a Frenchman, Cottineau; the *Cerf*, 18; and the *Vengeance*, 12, French, like the *Pallas*, in all respects, but like her also sailing under the stars and stripes. In the whole squadron the only American of character or reputation was Richard—afterwards well known in American naval history as Commodore—Dale. He was now twenty-three years of age, and having just escaped from an English prison, joined the *Bonhomme Richard* while she was fitting out, and was appointed her first lieutenant.

The first proceeding of the squadron was as remarkable as its composition. The several captains of the five ships signed an agreement, or *concordat* as it has been called. By it they pledged themselves to act together under the commission from the United States Government, unless ordered otherwise by the French Minister: the proportion of prize money to each ship was to be regulated by the French and American Ministers jointly; but the division to the men was to be made according to American prize law. The practical effect of this *concordat* was to constitute the command of the squadron a petty republic, of which the several captains formed what may be styled the Directory, and according to their individual pleasure or whim obeyed or disobeyed the orders of the nominal Commander-in-Chief.

The squadron put to sea on the 14th of August; on the 23rd, being off Cape Clear, a number of men, twenty in all, with one of the officers—the third lieutenant of the *Bonhomme Richard*—took the opportunity of a calm and fog to desert with two of the ship's boats; the *Cerf* also parted company and did not rejoin. The independent feeling of the captains showed itself as insolence and insubordination. Landais came on board and reproached Jones in the most disrespectful manner for losing his boats, saying that he—Landais—was the only American in the squadron, and that he meant henceforth to act according to his own judgment. It may perhaps be thought doubtful how far all this is true; but it does not rest merely on Jones' report; it is fully corroborated by other and independent witnesses; for Landais's conduct was afterwards officially inquired into and his gross misconduct throughout the whole cruise officially proved. Party intrigue, indeed, prevented his being punished; but he was eventually retired from the service as insane.

From the neighbourhood of Cape Clear, where several prizes were made, the squadron passed to the north, along the west coast of Ireland. The rendezvous seems to have been Cape Wrath, and the ships, separated by carelessness or bad weather, rejoined each other in that neighbourhood, where they captured two valuable prizes estimated as worth 40,000*l*. These prizes Landais, without orders, sent to Bergen, where the Danish Government gave them up to the English, a restitution which afterwards gave rise to some curious negotiation.

A day or two later, the *Alliance* again parted company, and the other three ships sailed down the east coast of Scotland. On the 14th of September they were off the Forth, and having a leading wind up the Frith, Jones conceived that

he might lay Leith and Edinburgh under a heavy contribution, capture a 20-gun ship that was at anchor in Leith roads, and might second the attack which he had been given to understand the grand fleet of France and Spain was about the same time to make in the south of England. The idea was formed with correct judgment; though, in point of fact, that fleet had been already repelled, beaten back, not by the prudence and forethought of the English Government, represented by Lord Sandwich; not by the tactical skill of our admirals, represented by Sir Charles Hardy; not even by the valour of British seamen, compelled by a shameful parsimony and their inadequate numbers to shelter behind the sandbanks of Spithead; but by the culpable ignorance and criminal carelessness of M. de Sartines; by the bad provisions, the dirt, and the uncalled-for hardships of the French and Spanish sailors and soldiers; by scurvy, dysentery, and putrid fever. M. d'Orvilliers, with his utterly disorganised fleet, anchored in Brest roads on the same day that Jones, hoping to make a diversion in his favour, was off the Forth.

But Jones, although commodore of the squadron, was powerless: he could not order, he could only advise; and neither of his colleagues, the captains of the *Pallas* and *Vengeance*, would agree to the bold measure he advocated. It was only after a long discussion carried far into the night, and the argument that 200,000*l.* were waiting to be picked up, that they at last consented. But in the morning the wind was foul, and the progress of the squadron working against it was slow. A small collier was captured, and the master—Andrew Robertson by name—agreed, as a ransom, to pilot them into Leith roads. On the next day, the 16th, as they were in with the coast of Fife, under English colours, a boat came off from a gentleman of the neighbourhood to ask for some powder and shot to defend himself against 'the expected visit of the pirate Paul Jones.' Jones, in the quality of a king's officer, sent him a polite message and a barrel of powder, regretted that he had no shot of the size wanted, and had taken the liberty of keeping one of his boatmen as a pilot. These little incidents are important as showing that a bold corsair has no difficulty in laying hands on the requisite pilots.

The wind continued westerly, and during the 16th and 17th the squadron beat slowly up the Frith. Its character had by this time been recognised. The alarm was extreme; the excitement was intense. A rude pretext at a battery was hastily thrown up at Leith, but the confusion and panic were too great to permit hopes of any serious resistance. In making a tack to the northward, the ships headed towards Kirkaldy, and stood over to within about a mile of the town. The minister—celebrated amongst even Fife eccentricities—held a prayer-meeting on the beach. On both sides of the Forth the game seemed to be in Jones's hands. The ships were almost within gunshot of Leith, when the wind, foul all along, freshened suddenly to a fierce gale, and drove them back: they were obliged to bear up and run out of the Forth.

When the squall had passed, they were too far to seaward to return at once; and Jones, thinking that the alarm had been given too effectually to allow him to repeat the attempt, determined to direct his course to the southward. His wish was to carry out in the Tyne what he had failed to do in the Forth. He fully understood that the wholesale destruction of Tyne shipping would, by stopping the supply of sea-coal at the beginning

of winter, be a most severe blow to London; but Captain Cottineau, whom, by the terms of the *concordat*, he was bound to consult, was obstinate in his refusal. They accordingly continued their voyage, and on the morning of September 23 fell in with the *Alliance*.

Landais's conduct throughout would seem to have been directed by hatred of Jones and by cupidity, rather than by cowardice, or even treason. Had he wished merely to provide for his own safety, it would have been easier to return, as he had come, by the west of Ireland. As he decided to go rather by the east of England, it would seem that he was quite aware of the possible advantage of cruising in a sea alive with English commerce, and of doing so by himself. Such considerations will, I think, explain many of his so-called 'vagaries.' He was disgusted at meeting again with the squadron, and did not pretend to be otherwise when, an hour or two later, they sighted a large fleet of merchant shipping—pronounced by the pilot to be the Baltic trade—coming southwards round Flamborough Head. It was under the convoy of two ships of war, the *Serapis*, of 44 guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, a hired vessel, mounting 20 guns, presumably 6-pounders, on a flush deck. These, on making out the American ships, of which they probably had warning, stretched to the southward, with the wind at about south-west, so as to place themselves between their charge and the possible enemy; whilst the convoy stood in shore on the other tack. Jones made the signal to form line of battle, a signal to which the *Alliance* paid no attention, but stood towards the convoy, hoping perhaps to be able to pass by the ships of war, and to capture a number of the merchantmen. Jones's idea was to fight, Landais's to plunder.

About six o'clock the two English ships, which had been standing together towards the south, tacked, thus crossing ahead of the Americans, and keeping between them and the convoy. It was a lovely autumn evening, and Flamborough Head, distant barely a league, was crowded with people, whom the rumours of the day had drawn to the neighbourhood: as the sun set the full harvest moon rose and lighted up the scene, permitting them to see, or to fancy they saw, the events that were passing off their coast.[6]

About half-past seven the *Bonhomme Richard* was within hail of the *Serapis*, to windward but somewhat on her quarter, both ships standing in for the land on the port tack. The hail was answered, as it was followed, by a broadside; the fire seems to have been simultaneous; and in this way began a fight which, in modern naval history, has no parallel. I will therefore pause a moment to take an exact view of the opposing forces.

The *Pallas*,[7] a 32-gun frigate, mounting, in all probability, 9-pounders on her main-deck, bore away for the *Countess of Scarborough*, a ship utterly unable to contend effectively with such an opponent. She did indeed offer a very creditable resistance, but after an hour was obliged to haul down her colours, and the *Pallas*, occupied for the rest of the time in taking possession of her prize, had no share in the fight with the *Serapis*.

The *Alliance* is spoken of as of 36 guns, but being American without any establishment, it is difficult to say what her armament was.

[6] There was meantime great excitement at Hull. See Albemarle's *Memoirs of Rockingham*, vol. ii. p. 383.

[7] The French frigates of 32 guns were of two classes, one mounting 12-, the other 8-pounders (French weight) on the main-deck. I fancy this *Pallas* was of the smaller class—if indeed she was a king's ship at all, which is not quite clear.

In the English or French navies, 36-gun frigates at that time carried 12-pounders on the main-deck; and I should think it most likely that the *Alliance* did so too, though it is of course possible that she had only 9-pounders. I believe that, of the squadron, the *Alliance* was most like a ship of war had she only been properly commanded; but under a man like Landais she proved of little value. In the early part of the engagement she is described as sailing at some distance round the *Pallas*, and the *Countess of Scarborough* firing promiscuously at both of them, which, in the dark, while the moon was only yet rising, did as much harm to friend as to foe; and she does not seem to have at any time really engaged the *Serapis* in support of her consort, the *Bonhomme Richard*.

But the force of the *Serapis* was such as might be considered not a very unequal match for the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Alliance* together. She was of a class then much esteemed for service in the narrow seas and smooth water, being particularly handy by reason of their shortness. She was a 44-gun two-decker; on her lower deck she mounted 18-pounders, 12-pounders on her main-deck. The double battery and the heavier guns gave her an undoubted superiority over the *Bonhomme Richard*, two of whose makeshift 18-pounders in the gun-room — old worn-out guns—burst at the second round, killing and wounding a number of the men, and partly blowing up the deck overhead. The accident spread a panic amongst the ship's company, which Jones, by personal exertions, was able to stop; but, naturally, no further attempt was made to use the rest of these guns.

But, more even than in armament, the *Serapis* was superior to the *Bonhomme Richard* in rate of sailing and handiness. She seems to have had it in her power to sail round her enemy and to weather on her at pleasure. Although she began the action to leeward, broadside to broadside, she presently shot ahead, and crossed the *Bonhomme Richard's* bows, passing to windward and raking her as she did so, then back again, again raking her. The advantage lay entirely with the *Serapis*, which ought, beyond a doubt, to have won an easy victory. Captain Pearson was a brave man and a good seaman, but he was not equal to unwonted emergencies; and when, after about an hour's engagement, Jones, finding the *Bonhomme Richard* seriously ill-treated by the heavier guns and superior sailing of the *Serapis*, resolved to grapple with her, Pearson had not the tactical skill nor the presence of mind to prevent him or to free his ship.

It may be left an open question by what manœuvre Jones caught the *Serapis*. In their official reports, Jones said, and Pearson said, that the *Bonhomme Richard*, by keeping away from the position to windward, ran across the bows of the *Serapis*; and these were the men in charge of the two ships at the time. On the other hand, Dale, who was in command of the *Bonhomme Richard's* main-deck, and could not possibly see what was being done, wrote in a private account that the *Serapis* 'wore short round on her heel,' and tried to pass astern of the *Bonhomme Richard* to rake her; and his statement made in greater detail to Mr. Cooper described the *Serapis* as having been 'box-hauled,' an evolution now practically obsolete, but then in favour amongst short ships in smooth water. Except from a purely technical point of view, it is not of much consequence; but the fact is certain that the jib-boom of the *Serapis* was caught in the starboard mizen rigging of the *Bonhomme Richard*; that Jones, with his own hands, lashed it to the *Bonhomme Richard's* mizen-mast; that the *Serapis's* starboard anchor hooked the *Bonhomme Richard's*

quarter; and that the two ships swung together bow and stern, their starboard sides touching each other.

Pearson, hoping that the *Bonhomme Richard* might drift apart, let go his other anchor; but he did not know, and was probably unable to learn, how it was that the two ships were so closely locked: they swung together with the tide, setting to the north-west, and so continued. In number of men the adversaries were nearly equal, but whilst the lower deck battery of the *Serapis* gave her an overpowering superiority below, it employed more men, and left the *Bonhomme Richard* with a marked superiority above. The 18-pounders of the *Serapis* smashed the *Bonhomme Richard* into chips, and silenced her main-deck guns; but the men, thus driven on deck and to the tops, swept the quarter-deck and forecastle of the *Serapis* with musketry and hand grenades, and drove her men below. There was some skirmishing below, through the ports; some above, across the nettings, but on neither side was there any organised attempt to board.

Meantime the *Alliance*, which might, under the existing circumstances, have anchored athwart the stern of the *Serapis*, and without danger to herself, have ended the action in a few minutes, contented herself with sailing round the two ships, firing indiscriminately at either or both, not only with round shot but with grape. Pearson in his report naturally speaks only of the damage he sustained from this fire; but American writers maintain that the loss which it inflicted on the *Bonhomme Richard* was much greater; and it seems well established that the material assistance rendered by the *Alliance* was worse than useless; though, of course, Pearson could not know that at the time, and her presence had a very positive and dispiriting effect.

Still, even under the disadvantageous circumstances in which the *Serapis* was placed, the crushing power of her 18-pounders against the rotten timbers of the *Bonhomme Richard* must, sooner or later, have ended matters in her favour, had not a singular accident, or rather the union of ingenious daring on one side and unpardonable carelessness on the other, changed the appearance of affairs about ten o'clock. A seaman of the *Bonhomme Richard* had laid out on the main-yard, carrying with him a bucket full of hand grenades. One of these he succeeded in throwing down the *Serapis's* main hatchway on to her lower deck. A number of cartridges had been placed there in the rear of the guns; amongst these the grenade fell. The explosion ran from the mainmast aft, disabled many of the guns, and killed, wounded, or horribly scorched every man at them. The effect was disastrous, and for a minute it was debated whether the *Serapis* should not surrender.

But on board the *Bonhomme Richard* things were as bad. The carpenter came up to Jones and said the ship was sinking; the gunner hearing this ran aft to haul down the flag; but finding that the flagstaff and flag had already been shot away, began to bellow 'Quarter! for God's sake, quarter!' till Jones stopped his noise by staving in his skull with the butt end of a pistol. Pearson, on this, attempted to board, but was repelled; a counter attempt by Jones was also repelled. The master-at-arms of the *Bonhomme Richard*, hearing the carpenter's statement and the gunner's outcry, released the prisoners from the hold. More than a hundred of them rushed on deck; they might and should have rendered themselves masters of the ship, or at least have enabled their friends of the *Serapis* to do so, but they were bewildered and panic-stricken; Jones, with a presence of mind and

an impudence that rises to the sublime, set them to work at the pumps, and at the pumps they continued. One only amongst them retained his self-possession, and escaping on board the *Serapis* through a port, told Captain Pearson the state the enemy was in. It was too late to be of any real use. Both ships were, in fact, thoroughly beaten, and it was almost a matter of chance which should give in. I believe the *Alliance* decided it. She had not assisted the *Bonhomme Richard* as she ought to have done; her fire had caused as much damage to friend as to foe, but she served to discourage the *Serapis*, and that discouragement was sufficient to turn the scale. About half-past ten the *Serapis* struck and was taken possession of. The *Bonhomme Richard* was with difficulty kept afloat through the night, and sank about ten o'clock the next forenoon. There is no trustworthy return of killed and wounded; the numbers are said to have been about 200 on board the *Serapis*, 120 on board the *Bonhomme Richard*; but this is little better than a guess, and it is very probable that they were much larger: the accounts are widely different, rising to nearly 300 for each ship, and all that can be positively said is, that, as compared with the numbers engaged, it is the bloodiest combat on modern record.

Throughout the action, Jones's conduct as the captain of a ship of war is beyond all praise. His ship was in every way very inferior to the *Serapis*, and Pearson was a man of known courage and good repute. I do not think, though every American writer thinks, that Jones took the *Serapis*, not only single-handed, but against the treasonable assistance of Landais, in the *Alliance*. I think, though contrary to the position of every American writer, that it was the mere presence of the *Alliance* that determined the result. The presence of the *Pallas* was also not without effect. In this I think that Pearson's report is agreeable to common sense, untrammelled by national prejudice, if indeed national prejudice has anything to do with the matter. But, on the other hand, I think that it is impossible to overrate the ability, the pluck, the determination, and the presence of mind with which Jones fought and won the battle. The *Alliance* gave Pearson an excuse for striking his flag. It was Jones, Jones alone, rather than the *Bonhomme Richard*, who first beat him to a standstill.

The *Countess of Scarborough* was captured, the *Serapis* was captured; the convoy, valued at 600,000*l.*, was saved; the *Bonhomme Richard* was sunk, and Paul Jones's cruise was of necessity ended. Putting the credit or discredit of the affair on one side, the material advantage was held to be in favour of England, and the statesmen of the time, the illustrious trio of the ballad, did not care to examine too critically into the rest. Neither did the merchants of London, whose merchandise was safe. They presented Pearson with a sword of honour; and the king knighted him. He was a decent, honest man, and had done his best; but his best was not what ought to have been rewarded. A government that wishes its officers to achieve impossibilities should not reward even the best intended failures. Jones's remark on hearing of it is characteristic and pardonable: 'Should I have the good fortune to fall in with him again, I'll make a lord of him.'

With the sinking of the *Bonhomme Richard*, leaving the conqueror, with his mongrel crew, afloat in the dismasted ship, the interest of Jones's career as affecting English naval history ends. Jones wished to go to Dunkirk, but his orders were to put into the Texel, and thither his colleagues insisted on his going. The ships lay there for some time, but as Sir

Joseph Yorke, the English Minister at the Hague, protested against their being admitted, asserting that Jones was a rebel and a pirate, the prizes flew French colours, and were afterwards bought in, at a low figure, by the French Government.

The space at my disposal will not permit me to enter on any detailed account of Jones's stay at the Texel, of his taking the command of the *Alliance*, of his breaking the blockade established by the English squadron under Captain Reynolds, and of his passage to L'Orient. Neither will I more than mention his quarrels with Landais, with the mutinous crew of the *Alliance*, and with the Commissioners at Paris. Franklin alone appears to have supported him; and as our information concerning the whole affair is based almost entirely on Jones's own reports, it is impossible to pronounce any decided opinion about it. Eventually Landais was restored to the command of the *Alliance*, sent to America, and retired from the service. He lived to an extreme old age, and to the last maintained that it was he, and not Jones, that captured the *Serapis*.

After hanging about the French Court and Parisian society for some months, making love, as it would appear, in very indifferent verse to women of very indifferent morals, Jones was ordered to take the *Ariel*, a 20-gun ship lately captured from the English, across the Atlantic. He did not, however, sail till December 18, 1780; and having in the course of his voyage interchanged shots one dark night with an unknown vessel, an English, or possibly an American, privateer, which his report magnified into a large English frigate, he arrived at Philadelphia on February 18, 1781.

This was the end of his service in the American Navy: there was either no command for him or no willingness to entrust him with one. His deeds had been brilliant. His aptitude for command in actual fight was undoubted, but we may very well believe that his aptitude for command under the every-day circumstances of long-continued cruising was seriously questioned. His whole service had been one prolonged quarrel with his subordinates, and it is impossible to suppose that everybody he had to deal with was always in the wrong, he himself always in the right. He was vain, greedy, and selfish. Whatever was done he claimed the whole credit of it, and he is, perhaps, the one only instance of a commander of daring, skill, and good luck, who was always unpopular, whose men, in all ranks, were always on the verge of mutiny.

After the peace of 1783, Jones proposed to the American Government to commission a large frigate at once for the instruction of young officers, and to show the flag in European waters: he, of course, would be the proper person to command her, with the rank of rear-admiral. Congress did not see things quite in the same light, and Jones was not employed. He then, as none of the prize money due by the French Government had yet been paid, volunteered to go to Paris and urge a settlement. His offer was accepted. He went to Paris, and after many delays, extending over nearly two years, and much chicanery on the part of the French Government and its agents, he did recover the money—181,000 livres. Of this sum Jones claimed 13,000 livres as his own share, but, in addition, he charged against the fund 48,000 livres as his expenses during the two years; and as he had the money in his own hands, he paid himself first.

Even his biographers have been unable to see in this that philosophic indifference to money of which he used to boast. The only excuse that he condescended to make was that he had to go to Court and to

keep good society; that the ambassador, who did the same, was allowed 2,000*l.* a year, and that he therefore was certainly entitled to 2,000*l.* for two years. He professed great indignation that his claim should be questioned at all. 'The Board of Treasury,' he wrote, 'have been pleased, in their report, to treat me as a mere agent, though employed in that delicate concern. In France I was received and treated by the king and his Ministers as a general officer and a special Minister from Congress.' 'Eventually,' adds Captain Mackenzie, 'his claim was allowed, the fact of his having already received and disposed of the money contributing, no doubt, to narrow down and simplify the question.'

In 1787, after this business had been settled, he returned to America, and, a few months later, back again to Europe with a special but carefully defined mission to Copenhagen to push the claim against the Danish Government on account of the two prizes which Landais had sent into Bremen. These had been valued at 40,000*l.* There had been some negotiation at London and Paris about this, and the Danes had offered 10,000*l.*, but the offer had been refused. Jones was now sent as 'agent,' but with no power to settle anything without authority from the United States Minister at Paris, or to receive the money; and he was to be allowed for expenses five per cent. on whatever should be recovered. This, we may suppose, Jones thought paltry; and, as the Danish Government found it inconvenient to pay up, it seems to have had no trouble in persuading Jones to accept the patent of a pension of 1,500 crowns—about 350*l.*—and say nothing more about it. Jones naturally kept his share in this transaction secret; and when, after a year or two, the knowledge of it leaked out, he urged that the patent was given purely as a mark of esteem, and that the pension had never been paid. How much of this is true there are no means of knowing, and I am content to rest my opinion on the remark of Captain Mackenzie, that 'an awkward coincidence with regard to this pension is that it was dated on the very day that he agreed to suspend the negotiation and remove it to Paris.'

Meantime Jones had entered into a correspondence with the Russian Government, and had agreed to take service in the Russian Navy with the rank of rear-admiral. In April, 1788, he started from Copenhagen for St. Petersburg. He got easily enough as far as Stockholm; but as the sea was still partially frozen, he had some difficulty in getting farther, and it was only after an adventurous passage of four days in an open boat that he landed at Revel.

In Russia he remained for about a year, serving creditably enough for some months in the Liman against the Turks; but as before with his subordinates, so now with his superiors, he could not agree. He was under the orders of Potemkin, with whom he speedily got up a quarrel. Potemkin was as vain as Jones, and had the advantage of uncontrolled power. Jones was sent back to St. Petersburg, and while living there, very much in the shade, a charge was preferred against him of having committed a criminal assault on a little girl, twelve years old. It was possibly false: it certainly was never proved, nor was it insisted on; and Jones was permitted to leave the country. He retired to Amsterdam, and seems to have entertained the idea of entering the service of Sweden: the negotiation fell through; so also did his endeavours to return to Russia. He was anxious to fight somebody, but does not seem to have cared very much as to the flag he was under or opposed to. In the

course of 1790 he went to Paris, where, on July 18, 1792, he died of dropsy, induced or aggravated by disease of the liver.

The character of Paul Jones resolves itself very distinctly under two different heads—professional and moral. As a commander, Jones's merits and faults will sufficiently appear from the account I have given of his services. He was a man of distinguished talent and originality; a thorough seaman, and of the most determined and tenacious courage. On the other hand, his vanity was excessive; his desire for 'glory,' as he himself wrote, was 'infinite;' and in aiming at it, he never hesitated to throw over the claims of all others. His life was thus spent in a never-ending series of squabbles, all more or less discreditable, with his subordinates, with his equals, with his superiors. The Governments which he served showed their sense of his conduct by awarding him, in America, a gold medal; in France, a sword of honour; and in both, by not employing him again. His biographers have lamented that a man of his genius had not greater opportunities of distinction: if, they have argued, he had only had command of an efficient squadron, what might he not have done! Judging from the invariably mutinous conduct of his men and officers, we may doubt whether he could have held command of an efficient squadron.

His moral character may be summed up in one word—detestable. I do not here speak only of the great damning fact that, without sense of injury on the one side, or of affection on the other, but merely as a matter of vulgar self-interest, he waged war against his native country. I speak equally of his character in its more personal relations. The same selfish vanity which made him a renegade, made him a calculating liar, incapable of friendship or love. He is said to have been free with his purse; his conduct relative to the Paris or Copenhagen prize money shows that he was unscrupulous in filling it.

But the points of importance are his manner of carrying on war, and the probability of that being repeated. I have sufficiently described the first; I would urge the necessity of considering the second.

Many of our seaports, with shipping and warehouses far more valuable than any of 100 years ago, are still as utterly defenceless; nay, more so, for the offensive powers of an enemy are increased enormously. Shoals and sandbanks will not stop a commander of skill and determination: even if every Englishman or Scotchman was of approved honesty, if there was none ready to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, there are hundreds of Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, Russians, men of every nation in or out of Europe, who know the way into the Forth or the Tyne, the Clyde or the Mersey, just as well as do the local pilots. A firm of engineers has recently issued a prospectus describing a steam launch fitted to squirt blazing petroleum over ships or buildings. With such a boat, incalculable damage might be done before the presence of an enemy was thought of; and I conceive there would be no difficulty in scattering liquid fire in a more destructive manner and from a much greater distance than by a squirt. What we have to ask is not whether it is right to use such weapons, but whether there is a possibility of their being used. I have been endeavouring to show, from the story of the past, that we ought to be armed against the future.

J. K. Laughton.

# A ROMANCE OF THE EAST COAST.

THERE has been no systematic research or connected relation of the touching history of loss and stirring event, that belts our island below the waves that encircle its coasts. We frequently hear of encroachment of the sea in one place; of land hardly fought for and hardly regained in another; yet few people trouble themselves to recall the circumstances under which the sea stole in and the soil crumbled and fell. Many a time-worn cliff and shifting sand-beach could testify to histories as strange and tragic as any fiction could invent.

It was with an attempt to unveil the oblivion that has covered one of the most interesting spots in the England of former years that the present paper was begun. Keble's bequest of a lifeboat drew momentary attention to a place known best to lovers of ecclesiastical history, and led us to investigate a history of its growth and decline, which an antiquary of the last century, Gardner, made it his work to record, leaving a history as strange and touching as any in our annals.

On the edge of a cliff, on a desolate part of the Suffolk coast, stands in solitude a grey, ruined tower, looming grimly over the yellow sandstone rock which the sea has eaten and furrowed with wave lines down to the bar of white sand which stretches below. That ruin is almost all that remains of a considerable city, one of England's principal towns and seaports, a flourishing place that was member of the Cinque Ports at one time; while now the white-tipped waves and pale blue sea roll heavily over tower and spire, streets and houses, which for six miles to seaward lie buried beneath, to the border of the horizon where we see the breakers lashing over the bar, and where the waste cliff was washed up and piled to the destruction of many a good ship.

Dunwich (or Don Wyc), now represented by a small fishing village, was, as Gardner tells us, a royal residence, and the first episcopal see in the kingdom of East Anglia; and not merely from his record, but from other sources, it is easy to trace its history as it was torn away bit by bit, and street by street fell into the merciless sea. An account of Dunwich is given by Bede. It was first distinguished through Sigebert's establishing his court there with his favourite, Bishop Felix, who founded the see, and he 'graced it with many royal palaces.' If chroniclers be trustworthy, this king must have been an able ruler and reformer to have so quickly established 'civility, morality, and Christianity throughout his domains.' Stow relates of him that 'his great desire was to suppress idolatry, and in this he was assisted by Felix, a pious priest from Burgundy, who was consecrated first Bishop of East Anglia by Honorius, Archbishop Cantuar, who sent him to preach the Gospel in 636.' Many famous men then resorted to Dunwich to be coadjutors in promoting the grand design of conversion, which by their zeal was effected. Seminaries were established there, 'and the sable cloud of paganism dispelled.' We find in Speed's chronicle this curious rhyme:

At Donmok there was Felix bishop
Of East Angle and taught the Christian Faith,
That is full hye in heaven I hope.

The fourth Bishop—Bisus, or Bosa—in his old age divided the

see into Dunwich for Suffolk, and Elmham for Norfolk.

Goodwin mentions nine bishops of Dunwich and eleven of Elmham. Humbert, the last of Elmham, was consecrated about 826. He crowned Edmund king of East Anglia, and with him was martyred by the Danes in 870, Nov. 20. Wibred, Bishop of Dunwich, succeeded him, and again united both sees at Elmham.

There can be no doubt that Dunwich was a town of considerable size. Suckling gives a tradition 'that the tailors of Dunwich would formerly sit in their shops and see the shipping at anchor in Yarmouth roads.' To do that, the coast must have been convex on the south, and Dunwich six miles to eastward.

In Edward the Confessor's Survey, Edin de Laspuld held Dunwich for one manor, two carves of land besides one in the demesne, 12 bordari, and 120 burgesses, 1 church.

When Robert Malet held it, only one carve of land remained, for the sea had already commenced its destructive work.

The town has been fully described by more than one historian. It was built on a cliff forty feet high, with a rampart of earth east and west, fortified with palisades, at the foot of which was a deep ditch. To frustrate ascent from the river on the north side, artificial mounds were raised on the ridges, also fenced with palisades adjoining 'Pales dikes.' Within, a spacious plot was encompassed, of hills and hollows, replenished with buildings fair and magnificent, called 'Cite de Denwyk' and 'Civitas Dunwic.' Gardner also relates how a forest called 'Eastwood' or 'King's Forest' extended for several miles south-east of the town, 'for many ages destroyed by the sea, and become a road where boats and vessels now sail.' Another forest, 'Westwood,' stood westerly. Weever states that the men of Dunwich required aid of William I. against the rage of the sea, affirming that it destroyed their forest. In 1739, the sea uncovered the roots of a great number of trees, supposed to be a part of the submerged forest, and still occasionally to be seen. Gardner had seen a MS. which mentioned that the Conqueror gave leave to the Rouses of Baddington to hunt and hawk in his forest of Dunwich.

The town boasted of a mint with its own coinage; and Stow speaks of the 'coynes which many men of the town can yet show,' sterling pence—with this inscription, 'Civitas Dunwic, XX.'—which weighed an ounce, 12 ounces of a pound troy, and so, being twenty shillings in money, were both a pound in payment and in weight. During Felix's time the city was governed by a mayor and three bailiffs, with inferior officers. We hear of ten churches, and others that fell, monasteries, and hospitals, at a very early date. The entrance to the haven was on the north side, where a pier was erected. In Gardner's time a part of the quay was visible, and about 200 of the piles exposed at low water. Some ancient writings speak of the road of St. John, a king's highway to Norwich. Dunwich was besieged by Robert, Earl of Leicester, and was strong enough to withstand his army of 3,000 Flemings and other troops sent by Lewis of France for Henry's assistance—an army which had subdued Ipswich and Norwich, but retired in despair from before Dunwich. Remains of the earl's fortifications are still to be found on Westleton Heath close by. Dunwich ranked itself under the White Rose later, and afforded considerable aid to Edward IV.

Before entering into any further historical details, it may be well to sketch Dunwich as it now appears. We were curious to see the last remains of the city, and as no rail-

way comes within some miles of the place, we chose the pleasantest route, going from the village of Thorpe by sea.

For some time the coast on our left presented the same unvarying features—long banks of grey shingle, a bar of white sand between each, rising tier on tier to the cliff, which was always of sandstone fringed with dark corn grass and harebell, and a barren country with stunted trees, few and far between, alternating with patches of wild common, all golden and purple with gorse and heather.

The sea moans a ceaseless knell over the treacherous bar, and spars of wreck continually strewed on the shore tell a melancholy tale. At Sizewell the bay extends widely, and Dunwich first becomes visible at a dark wooded point descending abruptly to the line of white sand, and the gaunt drear ruin of All Saints Church on the cliff, stands sharply against the sky. Beyond Dunwich are fainter reaches of rock and cliff, broken only by the large half-ruined church of Walberswich; and Southwold, a white sun-tipped mass, glistens at the farthest point of the bay. No other buildings break the line of desolate beach. No sounds disturb the silence, but the lashing of the waves, the melancholy curlew's song and the plover's cry.

Landing near the point, we climbed up the side of the cliff by sand steps to a path which led through a wood of gnarled oaks and ancient firs (a weird spot, whose audible stillness was broken by the wild dove cooing hoarsely) to a massive ivy-grown wall. Passing through a low arch and a little wicker gate, we found ourselves in a barley field inclosed by a heavy grim wall with lofty gateways. In the centre of the field before us a noble pile of ruins arose, thickly clothed with ivy, but even in decay most beautiful and stately.

We could discern much of the building, and arches and numerous entrances invited closer investigation, unfortunately forbidden by the ripe barley through which we could find no path. To our right the wall jutted out abruptly into the field, above which rose the ruined grey tower of All Saints Church. We were within the walls of the Grey Friars, whose monastery, the so-called 'Monks' Palace,' was before us. Gardner gives a very complete account of the Grey Friars or Friars Minor, which was in his time very much in the same dismantled state as we now see it.

The monastery was founded by Richard Fitzjohn and Alice his wife, and augmented by Henry III. A part of the rampart was pulled down to make room for it on the east. Gardner says, 'This Friary contains seven acres encompassed with a stone wall, and had three gates eastward (one demolished) and two adjoining west, whose arches continue pretty firm, not without some curiosity of workmanship, but clad as most of the wall with ivy. The bigger gate was the entrance to the house, the greater part of which now lies in ruinous heaps, and the standing remains converted into a good tenement and hall with apartments where affairs of corporation are transacted, and a gaol having a red brick front built of late years. The lesser gate was the way to the church.' The inhabited portion he speaks of has now disappeared. The common garden was a plot of ground, whereon grew large crops of thyme, which was washed away in 1770. The seal of the Grey Friars was oval and had a ship under sail, the king at the prow, a bishop with mitre and crozier at the stem; the inscription, '* Sigillu. + Frm. — Minor. — Dominic.' At the dissolution of monasteries, the Grey Friary was granted to John Eye.

We retraced our steps through the wood and entered a lane which took us into the road on the other side of the Friary wall, then down a steep incline, and a path led us up to the edge of the cliff and into the churchyard and ruined church. The latter had been pulled down at no very distant period. The date on one of the tombstones was 1814. The sea has worked to the very foot of the building, and a few years later must witness its fall.

Standing between the roofless walls and broken arches and pillars with the tower behind us, we enjoyed a view unusually beautiful, an almost unbroken expanse of fine sea and distant coast, only a ruined fragment of grey wall in the foreground, deep in the clefts of which the 'Dunwich rose' was springing and throwing long sprays and wreaths of blossom over the crumbling stone. Even nature's productions in this spot have an historical interest. Tradition relates that this flower was brought by the monks from Normandy centuries ago, and that it will grow nowhere else. It certainly degenerates under cultivation, and partakes of the nature of the Scotch rose—hardy, and spreading rapidly. It grows all over the sand cliffs and pentlands about there, creeping along the ground when it can find nothing to cling to. The flower has a powerful scent; it is a single blossom of purest white velvet, with anthers of black or brown, a smooth brown stem, with long sharp thorns, and smooth, pointed, dark-green leaves, growing like the blackberry leaves, for which at first we mistook them.

The church is of flint and freestone. Gardner describes it as 'old, but pretty strong, and indifferently handsome, crowned with a battlement, each angle supporting the statue of an angel, Gabriel, Michael, Raphael, and Uriel, whereof one is blown down and destroyed; it formerly enjoyed a clock, but now possesses three bells instead.' In the aisle were magisterial seats, decorated with curious carved work, and some very ancient tombs, with inscriptions 'illegible to any.' In a later account we find All Saints mentioned as the only church in being, where Divine service was celebrated fortnightly from Lady Day to Michaelmas, and monthly afterwards. The minister's stipend was not to exceed 12*l.* a year, with a small allowance for refreshment in consideration of his journey there. The church at that time was but mean externally, and in a tottering state, especially the chancel; and our writer speaks of the walls inside 'being infected with an incurable, spreading leprosy,' probably damp; but of remains of grandeur in the roof, and of the antiquity of the gravestones and brasses. He also praises the painted glass windows, and the image of St. Mary Magdalene. Most of the churches at Dunwich and in the neighbourhood seem to have been profusely decorated. In *Dowsing's Journal* we find a note of one church in Dunwich marked for destruction, St. Peter's, N.E. of All Saints, and that alone 'contains 63 cherubims, 60 at least of Jesus, writings in capital letters on the roof, and 40 superstitious pictures, all promised by churchwardens to be destroyed.'

It would be difficult to recall all the ornamentation, or reconstruct mentally the bare and shattered ruin we saw. Yet Gardner's descriptions are so vivid that the entire city is made to rise before our eyes and seem a familiar place. He follows its history from the building of the first church in Edward the Confessor's reign, and only in the steady catalogue of loss can the size of the place be realised. The following list may give some idea of his patient research in chronicling the churches and buildings which fell into the sea:

The church of St. Felix and a cell of monks, lost very early.

A hospital of St. James for lepers, of Richard I.

Several churches washed away in 1286, on the night after New Year's Day.

The old port destroyed in the 1st year of Edward III., and in the 23rd year of his reign a great part of the town—400 houses, with shops and windmills.

1331. St. Michael and St. Bartholomew's (Register of Eye); St. Leonard's and St. Martin's church in 1335.

1385. The 8th year of Rich. II. The sea ate away the shore to Black Friars.

1540. The churches of St. John Baptist, St. Anthony, and St. Francis; also the South Gate and Golden Gate; not a quarter of the town left standing.

1570. Great damage. St. John's Church was large, and in the centre of the town lay the market-place. The inhabitants took it down to save the material, and found in the chancel the tomb of one of the bishops, 'with a pair of boots (still remaining on his feet), and on his breast two chalices of coarse metal.'

The losses at this period excited great commiseration in England. Dunwich suffered greatly in Henry VIII.'s reign, both by the religious houses and in the fishing trade, through the removal of their port. Queen Elizabeth gave them, in compensation, the money arising from the sale of bells and other material of Ingate church, and the chancel of Kissingland church. St. Leonard's fair, which was very profitable, survived for many years.

In Charles I.'s reign the foundation of the Temple building was reached.

1677. The market-place suffered, and the cross was taken down and sold.

1680. All the buildings of Maison Dieu Lane destroyed.

1702. St. Peter's Church and the Town Hall pulled down.

1715. The gaol undermined.

1729. Utmost bounds of St. Peter's Cemetery.

1740. Terrible devastations in December.

And this last storm destroyed Dunwich as a town. The picture of devastation and the irresistible force of its energy is so striking that we must give it in Gardner's words:

> The wind blowing very hard N.E. for several days, occasioned great seas, doing much damage on the coast by inundations, breaking down banks, and overflowing marshes, the sad effects of which were felt at Dunwich; much of their cliffs was washed away with the last remains of St. Nicholas churchyard and the great road leading to the town from the Key, leaving several naked walls and tokens of antient buildings.
>
> From Maison Dieu Lane northwards was a scene of confusion. Part of the Old Key, built with stone, lay bare, making canals across the beach, through which the river had communication, hindering foot passengers. King's Holm or St. Leonard's Marsh under water, and much shingle and sand thrown on it, ever since of little worth. The sea raged with such fury that Cock and Hen Hills (140 feet) had their heads levelled with their bases, and the ground about them so rent and torn that the foundation of St. Francis' Chapel, between the hills, was discovered, where besides the ruined walls were five round stones 4 feet in diameter, also a circle of large stumps of piles 24 feet in circumference. The bounds of the cemetery were staked, within which the secret repositories of the dead were exposed to view, several skeletons, divested of their coverings, some in order, others interrupted and scattered as the surfs carried them. A stone coffin lined with tiles broken by the sea in two pieces, which now serve as steps at each foot of Deering bridge.

Another writer describes 'how while wind and sea roared, the dead were seen sticking to the sides of the cliff in ghastly and terrible fashion.' Gardner also relates of the old quay, the foundations of earlier buildings, and the pipes of an ancient aqueduct 'of lead and grey earth, like that of some Urns being laid bare, all reduced to beach, over which the sea plays at high tide.' He gives

a carefully drawn map of Dunwich in 1542, marking the line of cliff in his own time, so that its former dimensions might be estimated. Since he wrote a large portion has been washed away.

From time to time we find mention of Dunwich in history. In Richard I.'s reign the town was fined 1,060 marks for the illicit practice of supplying the enemy with corn. They seem to have redeemed their character later, for Edward I. allowed the men of Dunwich 200*l.* that his father granted them for faithful services. In the twenty-fourth year of his reign they, at their own cost and charges, built eleven ships of war, furnished with munition. These sailed with the king's brother, Edmund, Earl Leicester, for France, and remained on the coast of Gascoign from St. Andrew's Day till Pentecost, serving the king without pay, and had four ships, with their artillery, taken and destroyed by the enemy.

In 1282 there is a grievous complaint against the pirates of Zetland and Holland, who spoiled and robbed them, slaying many men, and carrying away their ships and goods. Dunwich suffered much loss from time to time by these raids. One noted man only we find living there after the dissolution of its monasteries in 1518: Fox, the first who printed in Saxon characters in England. He was imprisoned and exiled by Mary.

With an antiquarian delight Gardner devotes a large part of his book to the descriptions and drawings of the curiosities and relics he found in large numbers at Dunwich, some of which were very curious. Whether Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Norman, or relics of a later time, all receive full description, the circumstances of their discovery and their history are impartially given with equal care. The book may be commended in this respect to the curious in such matters, while the recollections of our excursion must be now limited.

Descending by the road to some cottages, we walked under the Grey Friars' wall again, past the lane before mentioned, which really led to Scott's Hall, a fine old tri-gabled house, now a farm, and we gained the open common—Westleton Common—when we turned and looked our last at Dunwich remains, of which we had the finest view. Perhaps the beauty of its situation is better manifested from this point than any other. At the top of the hill, clearly outlined against the purple lowering evening clouds, rose All Saints tower, a light grey mass of stone, above a crown of trees. From this leafy crest descended a steep incline of common, richly clothed with many-hued heather of crimson purple and brown, and with green and gold bracken, a sandy road winding tortuously down the hill, in one curve of which a corn-laden wain crept its slow way. Between the elm coronal and a broken bit of common was a peep of blue sea, with white-sailed motionless ships; right and left of us trees and woody ravine. We were not strictly in Dunwich then, but in the parish of Westleton, by which route we wended our way to the nearest station, nine miles distant; a pleasant walk through old-world villages with round-towered and thatched churches and gossip-seats on the green, through pleasant fields, where the cattle stood in the after-glow, and rustic bridges spanned the tiny streams, till the railroad brought us back to a modern busy world once more.

EMILY L. CORNISH.

# IVY-LEAVES.

## FROM THE HERMITAGE, EPPING FOREST.

COME from your firesides and narrow rooms, your prisoning streets and walls. Come out into the fresh air and the fields, for Spring is there. See the white clouds and azure interspaces swimming in breezy light, aerial bloom spread along the russet hills. The Skylark from a shining cloud shoots down rays of music, brighter than light; green fields and blue distances overflow with joy. Under the golden-budded willow-wands the glassy brook runs shivering in the breeze. On the warm bank are plenteous tufts of sweet yellow primrose, and the purple violet hiding in heart-shaped leaves; but the tawny little ferns are still curled-up asleep. This west wind, after the rain, is full of light wandering smells. Thorn-bushes breathe balm, the fresh grass replies with fragrance to every foot-fall. The clear-voiced throstle sings tirelessly, for joy of the twigs burgeoning with promise, the rain-sprinkled grass-field fluttering in sunlight, and the pure blue sky. His gladness rings through the woodland. Hedges are intertwined with woodbine sprays, braided with buds, besprinkled with green. The frog croaks in his pool, sprouting with fresh-leaved weeds that thrust up their green javelins. New cresses are growing in the well-stream. Beast, bird, fish, plant, all that lives, and much that seems as dead, rejoice in Earth's renewed infancy.

Come, children of men, from your stone walls and hard-trodden ways, if but for an hour or two, into the field and the open sky; to see with your eyes, and feel with your hearts, that Spring, Spring is returned!

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All things freely flow
  In the starry current;
  Sullen, or abhorrent,
Peevishly we glide;
Know too much, too little;
  Turn our strength and gladness
  Into gloom and madness,
Struggling with the tide.

Fine and complex germs
  Travel unconfounded;
  Planets simply rounded
Make gigantic way;
Terms of fate protect them,
  Ignorant of treason:—
  Well when human reason
Chooses to obey.

Fatal flowing time,
  Strong thy liquid fetter;
  Yet I swim thy better,
Nor compassion crave:
Prime of thee and all things;
  Nature's secret essence,
  Lives to its own presence
Where we break thy wave.

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I don't like preachers of gloom, and avoid their churches; but the most depressing of all people in their effect on the spirits are the parrot-preachers of cheerfulness, inculcating it in season and out of season as matter of duty, with little feeling or sense. At the same time I feel sure that every wholesome view of life conduces to cheerfulness.

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Mr. Henry Irving lately gave a noteworthy lecture on Acting, presumably as the chief living representative of that art in England. He rated high the actor's office, and complained that it is undervalued by the world in general. An impartial member of the latter body can hardly be expected to take just

the same view. Reckoning arithmetically, a popular actor may reach the level of a judge or an ambassador. As to contemporary fame ('A great fame is a great noise,' said Napoleon), few names are so familiar in men's mouths as his. The Prime Minister of the day has hardly so large a share of the newspapers. Ephemerality? Is not the glory of even the Prime Minister, in most cases, but a passing brilliancy? Can he hug himself in the certainty of posthumous reputation beyond the shadow of a name? The actor, for his part, may hope to be written up *in æternam memoriam* along with Garrick, Siddons, and Kean. Nay, if he will consider, he is exempt from that pitiless future revision under which so many reputations, apparently firmer than bronze, crumble away like sand-castles.

But let us hear Mr. Irving: 'From a variety of causes has arisen a foolish inclination to undervalue acting as an interpreting and illustrative art—to be sceptical as to its inspirations—to question the service which it renders in realising to the mind and the heart the conceptions of great poets. It is thought by some to be a mark of superiority to say that one appreciates Shakespeare far more in reading him than in seeing him acted.' And this notion is declared to be 'a conceited and silly delusion.' It assumes, we are told, that 'an unprepared reader . . . will see on the instant all that has been developed in hundreds of years by the members of a studious and enthusiastic profession. It should surely be allowed that a man whose business it is to comprehend and represent dramatic authors may have acquired in the mere routine of his business at least such aptitude for perceiving points and bearings as we should concede to a conveyancer who had spent his life in scrutinising title-deeds.' The lecturer adds: 'I am the last man to admire a slavish or even an unthinking adherence to the interpretations and conceptions of tradition. My own conviction is, that there are few characters or passages of our great dramatists which will not repay original study. But at least we must recognise the vast advantages with which a trained actor, impregnated with all the practical and critical skill of his profession up to the date at which he appears, addresses himself to the interpretation of any great poetical name, even if he have no originality whatever.'

The next passage is practically interesting as referring to the Art of Acting in its simpler sense of stage representation, apart from questions of 'interpreting' poetry: 'There is something more than this in acting. There is a natural dramatic fertility in everyone who has the smallest histrionic gift, so that as soon as he knows the actor's text and obtains self-possession and feels at home in a part without being too familiar with it, the mere automatic action of rehearsing and playing it at once begins to place the author in new lights, and to give the personage being played an individuality partly independent of, and yet consistent with, and rendering more powerfully visible, the dramatist's conception. It is the vast power a good actor has in this way which has led the French to speak of creating a part when they mean its being first played; and French authors are so conscious of the extent and value of this co-operation of actors with them that they have never objected to the phrase, but, on the contrary, are uniformly lavish in their homage to the artists who have created on the boards the parts which they (the authors) have created on paper.'

Mr. Irving's peroration was as follows: 'We actors have in charge a trust and a deposit of enormous value, such as no dead hand can treasure. Upon our studies, our devotion, our enthusiasm, must

depend thoughts and emotions of coming times which no literary tradition can pass down to the future. The living voice, the vivid action, the tremulous passion, the animated gesture, the subtle and variously placed suggestion of character and meaning—these alone can make Shakespeare to your children what Shakespeare is to you. Only these can open to others with any spark of Shakespeare's mind the means of illuminating the world. Such is our birthright and yours. Such the succession in which it is ours to labour and yours to enjoy. If you will uphold the Stage, honestly, frankly, and with wise discrimination, the Stage will uphold in future, as it has in the past, the literature, the manners, the morals, and the fame of our country. But is it not somewhat strange—is there not a painful and irritating irony in it, that three hundred years and more after the birth of the man Shakespeare—the dramatist and actor who has probably added more lustre than any other to the name of Englishman—we should be at this time of day pleading before his countrymen the cause of the Stage that he so loved, and of the actors who are his brethren? There must be something wrong, as there is something poignant and lacerating, in prejudices which have thus partly divorced the conscience of England from its noblest pride, and stamped with reproach, or at least depreciation, some of the brightest incidents of her history.'

I am not sure that I understand all of this. To be frank, I am sure that I do not. The last sentence probably means that an actor is hurt by the prejudices which he conceives to be felt against his occupation. Without attempting to calculate what these prejudices may amount to at present, one may doubt whether at any former time actors and actresses had to encounter fewer prejudices in society than they do now; or, indeed, whether an able and well-behaved man or woman in that line of life has any prejudices to encounter at all in the social circles to which they are most naturally attracted, and whether they are not, on the contrary, accustomed to be received with more than ordinary welcome. In Shakespeare's own time the actor's social position was low indeed; nor, as far as we have the means of judging, was he himself inclined to claim any high place for the 'poor player.' I have already touched the questions of money and fame. Where, then, is the grievance? I gather that Mr. Irving conceives that the actor's importance is not sufficiently recognised as *the interpreter of great poets*, the best interpreter—nay, the necessary interpreter.

It is in no carping spirit that I wish to ask a few questions on this point. First of all, who are the great poets who are interpreted by a popular English actor?

A certain Warwickshire man, three hundred years ago, was urged by genius and fate into the business of composing pieces for the stage. He did it supremely well; his dramas are still actable and interesting, and therefore frequently played, and likely (*pace* Mr. Charles Reade) to continue to be played. This excellent Dramatist happened to be also a great poet, one of the greatest, perhaps the very greatest poet yet born into the world. Now, it is true that Shakespeare flourished in an opulent literary time, and that from Spenser to Ben Jonson wonderful wealth in many shapes poured into our poetic treasury. Within the bounds of one generation an incredible number of dramas were produced, written in a most remarkable style, and in recent times a revival of literary fame has given our 'Old Dramatists,' in a body, a place of peculiar honour.

I well remember with what

eager expectation, bred by Lamb's extracts and comments and Leigh Hunt's enthusiasm, I plunged into Dodsley's and other collections of Old Plays, and Marlowe and Webster, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and their famed compeers. It was in my non-critical and all-devouring epoch, and I was by nature omnivorous, especially in poetry. I heartily believed in, and honestly tried to enjoy these glories. But, though finding many a brave thing here and there, the result on the whole was, alas! disappointment; and since that time I have tried again and again with no better fortune. It is very usual to speak of Shakespeare as a *primus inter pares*, or something like it, and so Mr. Irving seems to speak. I said as a boy, and I say the same now—among the Dramatic Poets of England, Shakespeare first, the rest nowhere. Those practical men, the Managers of Theatres, have arrived at just the same conclusion. Name, but his, one English poetic drama which holds the stage, with the exception of Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, played at long intervals for the sake of one vehement part. What has the Modern Theatre to do with Beaumont and Fletcher? Nothing. With Marlowe? Nothing. With Heywood, Chapman, Middleton, Greene, Peele, Decker? Nothing. With Webster? An adaptation of *The Duchess of Malfi* was revived for a short time, some twenty years ago. With Ben (whose plays are more ship-shape than most)? Nothing: but the Dickens amateur company played *Every Man in His Humour* with success. And *since* Shakespeare what has been added to our classical poetic Acting Drama? Nothing — unless you choose to count such plays as *The Hunchback* and *The Lady of Lyons*. Even the lovely *Blot on the Scutcheon* could not take hold. It is really very curious to think of it—how thoroughly the Poetry of the English Stage and *Shakespeare* are one and the same thing.

And now to come back to Mr. Irving. The 'great Poets' whom it is the business of the ideal English actor to interpret, reduce themselves to one great poet. When Mr. Irving is playing in *The Bells*, *Eugene Aram*, *The Lyons Mail*, *Louis the Eleventh*, and many other pieces, the interpretation of great poets is not a function which he can claim to be discharging. He is at best helping to picture out effectively certain dramatic characters and situations by means of his histrionic skill; and in succeeding, does not fail to receive the usual rewards. When Mr. Irving plays Shakespeare, other considerations come into view. He regards himself as an 'interpreter,' charged to convey the great poet's conceptions to the world, conceptions which even able and studious men, he argues, will fail to receive into their minds and hearts without the actor's intervention. But may it not easily happen that an actor, even an able one, may *mis*interpret Shakespeare, may lower, vulgarise, and confuse the conceptions which lie magically contained in the great Poet's words? He may do so by ambition, by over-emphasis, by want of repose and dignity, or in a hundred other ways. He may succeed in one Shakespearian part, and fail in another. There is the continual danger of an actor's personality obtruding itself, and especially when that personality is a peculiar one, and when he becomes of such note as to take the leading part in every play he appears in. We then see instead of Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, the famous Mr. X or Mr. Y, in different fancy costumes, and detect the voice of Jacob under the coat of Esau. As far as the 'interpretation' of high dramatic poetry depends (as Mr. Irving rightly tells us it largely

does) on voice, action, passion, gesture—that is, on the personal qualities and acquirements of the actor—to that extent it is put into the actor's power to spoil or damage for the nonce the beauty of 'the deposit of enormous value' which he is taking upon himself to display to us. One thing in the matter of this joint-stock company of Poet, Actor, and Audience, curiously enough, Mr. Irving never once touches on, and it seems to me more important than all besides, namely *Elocution*—the vocal delivery of the Poet's words, fitly, beautifully, impressively. This is the best thing an Actor can do in the way of interpreting real poetry; it is the rarest thing to find done on the stage; and I must own I have 'a foolish inclination' to believe that it is oftener attained by the home lamp than in the vulgarising glare of the footlights.

A loving and studious reader of Shakespeare might learn something from a performance of *Hamlet*, but he would scarce be likely to accept any given actor's 'interpretation' of the character—much less of the Great Poet's conceptions all round.

Still, the actor who, with fine elocution, joined to histrionic capability, entirely avoided temptations to make his own art predominant, and eclipse his author by means of stage business and tricks of voice, would be an actor whom I should like to see in any of Shakespeare's plays. And I should not expect to find him complaining of neglect or depreciation, but enjoying success and good repute, while holding no extravagant notions of an actor's position in the general scheme of things.

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There are men of penetration and reflection, men of extraordinary gifts, who for want of a spice of *savoir vivre* spill most of their usefulness and nearly all their agreeability; and the same holds of certain writers.

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No number of half-successes in art will reckon for one whole success.

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A Writer ought not to be satisfied until he has expressed his thought in the best way possible to him. But he ought never to quest about, whether proseman or poet, for curious and artificial effects. To rely on fashions of language is to insure your going out of fashion.

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Most men you meet are constantly engaged in trying to conceal their conscious weakness. Their sternness, jocularity, civility, punctiliousness, subserviency, haughtiness, or whatever the chief quality of their manner, is mostly a veil, a shield, a defence, got up according to their natural resources, because of a deep-seated timidity, the consequence of want of clear principles and perceptions, want of self-possession, want of firmness, want of originality. In any gathering, from a committee to an insurrection, one who merely takes a definite line is apt to draw the others after him, by something like mechanical force. But in such cases, too, the least display of intellect has the chance of dominating all.

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Schopenhauer proved a more interesting figure to me than I had expected; not merely one more Pantologist—Professor of the Universal—vain assailant of the Sphinx—but a *character*, as we say; obstinate and harsh, but also shrewd, consistent, and in his way, almost dignified; with a faculty of original insight, and a sting of scornful humour. I found many of my own thoughts in him, and this always interests one; as when he declares leisure the one good of a contemplative man—to be able to

say every morning when he wakes, 'This day is mine,' and so to set about his own work in his own way. (Too seldom in this world doth such lot befall!) His remarks on Art and many other things are excellent.

But when he offers us his particular scheme of *Die Welt*, it is an old story over again. The new panacea for all ignorance is eagerly swallowed by many, and for a short while they believe themselves cured and exult greatly; but by-and-by their former condition reasserts itself, they find they have not really acquired one glimmering of insight into the Nature of Things; are just as ignorant as ever.

'The existence of the Phenomenal World is explained by regarding it as the result of the craving of the Eternal Will (the substratum of all existence) to manifest itself in an external form. This Will, in a word, is a will to live.' 'The World is one enormous Will constantly rushing into life.' As to Intelligence—Mind—Thought—this is 'a function of the Body, while the Body is a function of the Will.' He is a kind of Pantheist, but separates the Ego into two factors—Will and Intellect (*Vorstellung*, mental representation), of which the first belongs to Eternity and the second to the fleeting world of phenomena.

Alas, Schopenhauer's New Panacea for Human Ignorance has cured and can cure nobody! The main interest of the man is autobiographic. Without knowing himself and his life the philosophy would make no impression on us. His Face—that always important piece of evidence—shrewd, suspicious, irascible, intensely obstinate, with indication of brain-power, but none of reverence, affection, sensibility, or artistic feeling, completely agrees with what we learn of his history.

He inherited a competency from his father and had imperturbable health. He took great care of his money, and avoided anxiously every chance of catching illness. Having soon quarrelled with his mother, and quitted her, he travelled; resided where he found life suit him best; spent his time in pleasure and contemplation, in such proportions as he preferred; put down in his note-books the notions that came into his mind, and gradually built them up into a book by writing for a couple of hours every morning after breakfast. The Book—his metaphysical System of the World, with floating matter given as 'parerga and paralipomena'—was in his own firm conviction the greatest production of modern times, certain to give its author, sooner or later, a lofty place in the Temple of Fame. 'I have lifted the veil of truth higher than any mortal before me.'

One would think this a comfortable sort of existence, but Schopenhauer was suspicious and contemptuous, and of so violent a temper that he one day threw down his landlady in a fit of rage, crippled her for life, and was forced by the law to give her an annuity. He accordingly declared himself a Pessimist, the Universe a grand Mistake, and *Not to Be* certainly better than *To Be*. His father (also of violent and obstinate nature) died when Arthur was a boy: if he had lived, one can fancy how they would have quarrelled! His mother, a gay, lively widow, he could not tolerate for an hour, and she, on her part, was only too glad to be able to live away from such an only son as this. He despised women without exception, rating them as distinctly lower than men; but at the same time he felt a strong sexual propensity, and in his younger days indulged it without scruple. An Old Bachelor of the rigidest type, his housekeeper was forbidden to speak to him save at certain times of the day. He rarely admitted

any visitors, and never but when they presented themselves as admirers or worshippers. He kept a succession of poodles, and spoke of these as beloved companions—one of the commonest notes of the real or affected misanthrope. After writing and publishing his Great Work, the occupation of his life was looking out to all quarters of the compass for tokens of its recognition by the world, and these at last came abundantly, and were intensely relished.

He expected, with his unbroken health and undivided attention to himself, to live to 100, but broke down suddenly and died at 72. This was in 1840, at Frankfort, where he had lived during the later years of his life, becoming gradually one of the chief celebrities of the city, and especially of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where he dined daily at the one o'clock *table-d'hôte*. He left an annuity to his reigning poodle (whom the people used to call 'young Schopenhauer'), his books to one admirer, and his MSS. to another.

He was certainly not the man from whom one could be content to take even the rudiments of a scheme of the Universe, and turning from his memoranda to Goethe's, one sees how lacking are the former in poetic insight; but he was a superior and interesting kind of man, this grim old Arthur.

---

Men who have done extraordinarily well we are apt to blame, because they have not done better. So large is our latent notion of human power. The insignificance of common men escapes all comparison with an ideal.

---

People differing in opinion are often not on different roads, but at different stages of the same road.

---

False morals usually meet their correction quickly, false opinions very slowly—therefore the latter are the more widely pernicious.

---

False doctrine may go along with good practice. 'He can't be wrong whose life is in the right,' is a fallacy. Good people often hold and spread wrong opinions, and do the more hurt because they are good people.

---

Sir Samuel Ferguson is the designation by which a true and admirable English poet will hereafter be known, and possibly better known than heretofore. He is a native of the County Down, and has passed most of his life in the obscure city of Dublin.

His literary fortune has been a curious one; his very first publication was a lyric which has already borne the wear and tear of more than forty years, and promises to prove a permanent addition to English literature. It was published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and entitled 'The Forging of the Anchor.' This was read and applauded, and copied and re-copied into collections of verse; but the author kept quiet, and nobody took any particular further notice, or guessed the Rabelaisian 'Father Tom and the Pope' in the same magazine to be the work of the same pen. Father Tom, I may say, I have myself seen in the flesh, a stout sporting priest of the old school, well-known at coursing matches in Connaught and elsewhere.

Our author's series of romantic stories from Irish History, called the 'Hibernian Nights' Entertainment,' appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*, then in the pride and flower of its youth. These have long ago been reprinted in America, but not, I think, elsewhere. He also contributed many notable essays on Irish Scenery, &c. to the same periodical.

In 1865 Mr. Ferguson published a volume of collected poems in London, *Lays of the Western Gael*, a

name altogether enigmatical and uninviting to the Sassanach in general. It accordingly was a dead failure, although it included a number of poems thoroughly and justly established in public favour in Ireland and America. After this the author published his wonderfully spirited and striking epic poem of *Congal*, with the same result, or worse. The Cockney critics in general took no notice of the book, but the *Saturday Review* did review it, and was magnificently contemptuous. An account of it, to quite a different tune, will be found in *Fraser* for May 1875.

It seems very likely that a poem of Ferguson's which appeared in *Blackwood* the other day, called 'The Widow's Cloak,' expressing tropically Victoria's dominion over India, is the proximate cause of the public honour now done to him. But be that as it may, it is gratifying that here at least the luck has fallen to the right man, and that a gentle public may have its sagacious eyes turned a generation or so sooner in the direction of this particular poet, and—who knows?—of ancient Irish literature, of which he is the best exponent in English. Sir Samuel Ferguson, Q.C., LL.D., Deputy Keeper of the Irish Records (long life to him!), is moreover a highly distinguished archæologist,[1] and—may it be permitted to add?—one of the kindest and most genial of men.

---

Honesty and Frankness may be found in the same person, but they are distinct qualities.

---

Remarks on the present time need not be less real and penetrating, and may be much more important, than comments on past events.

---

We often bewilder our judgments by over-ingenuity: in very many cases the simplest theory to account for a man's conduct is the true theory, such as children and common people would at once hit upon.

---

I have not done with the London Parks and their neglected Trees. I mean to go on till some notice is taken. The trees in Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, the Green Park, St. James's Park, are, *as a whole*, in a very bad state, and sweeping measures of reform are needed. These cannot be taken without more money, and this money cannot be got without the consent of the House of Commons. Let some member of the House take the matter up, and move for a Committee.

But meanwhile, much might have been done during many years back to arrest the decay and prolong the lives of many picturesque individual old trees which will by-and-by be sorely missed. Rotten branches ought to have been lopt off, holes filled up with cement (to name some of the simplest things); in short, what is done to preserve the trees in many private parks, and what is done in Kew Gardens, ought to have been done long ago in the Metropolitan Parks above-named, and is not done to this hour. For such neglect, which I do not hesitate to call gross and glaring, who is responsible if not the Superintendent? Is there no one in authority who will call him to account?

---

I think most of us would, after a gasp, feel relieved to learn from indubitable authority that the End of the World was come.

EASTERN HERMIT.

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[1] Reference to Sir S. Ferguson's learned essay on a matter of ancient Irish law will be found in our present number.—ED.

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MAY 1878

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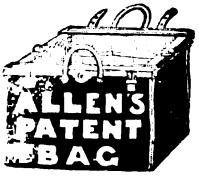


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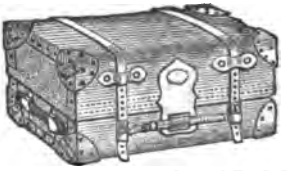

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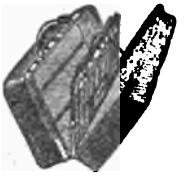

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CONTAINS

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CHURCH RESTORATION.

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PAUL JONES, 'THE PIRATE.'

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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

## MAY 1878.

## CAN ENGLAND EASILY BEAR THE COST OF A GREAT WAR?

FEW questions are at the present moment more important than this. The nation has been agitated with the prospects of a war with Russia for many months now, until it may be said to have given up hopes of maintaining peace. That portion of the press which has in one shape or other fomented the jealousy of the country against Russia, had at first a hard task before it, for the country has been gloomy about its trade for some years, and by no means felt itself prepared to pay for a great war. Much has, however, been done recently to dispel this gloom, the Vote of Credit alone having put heart into not a few languishing concerns. This profuse outlay of money has worked wonders in exciting the belief amongst merchants, farmers, and manufacturers all over the country, that the expenditure of a few hundred millions on a great war would do good. It would, people think, absorb the bankers' balances, for which trade offers now no employment, it would raise the price of bread stuffs, and affect favourably many shipping interests, and therefore they have become reconciled to the idea of war. 'If we can only stand the expense.' That is just the point; and for months past the more warlike section of the press has been diligent in proving that there need be no doubt about it. England could afford, one paper triumphantly concludes, to spend some 300,000,000*l.* a year for several years, and never be a penny the worse. According to such journals, England is so gorged with riches that she might almost defy the world; and one does sometimes doubt, after reading their hopeful estimates of our national position, whether it would not be better to challenge the world all round at once, and get the business of fighting well done with for ever. Why not at least annihilate all the Powers that lie between us and India, as the best way of putting an end to the tremors and terrors beneath which we periodically groan? If that be a matter of mere cash, we could do it, and then we might have peace. It seems, as the *Spectator* suggests, likely to come to this, or else to our surrendering India, and with our great wealth the latter alternative is not to be thought of.

In all seriousness, the marvellous revelations of our spending power, which some of the oracles of war have been treating us to, are enough to take our breath away. We can spend, it appears, 800,000,000*l.* or 1,000,000,000*l.* and it will only be a flea bite to our total wealth. The nation would never feel seriously the extra thirty or thirty-five millions a year thus laid on its shoulders for ever; and when the war was over, and the bill paid, we should be as supreme in trade as before. This is a startling proposition, but

it seems to be making way with the public. A much more warlike tendency prevails in, at all events, the southern and midland parts of England than was to be found a couple of months ago. The doubts which bad trade engendered have given way to greater confidence, and it would not be at all surprising to see us plunge headlong into strife with a 'light heart.'

I cannot but think that this hastily bred confidence is mistaken. On the mere money basis we should find that fighting meant much more serious loss to us than the sanguine think, and I therefore beg the reader's attention to a few considerations bearing on this question.

One of the greatest godsends which the war party have had in helping them to turn round the country to their views, was a paper published in January last by a very eminent statistician, which contained a kind of inventory of the wealth of the country. His figures excited much attention, and deservedly so. Working on well-recognised lines, cautiously and most ably reasoning out his position, and making every allowance for possible errors, Mr. Giffen came to the conclusion that for the ten years between 1865 and 1875 this country has been saving money at the rate of 235,000,000*l.* a year, and that its realised wealth has thus increased in that period by something like 2,400,000,000*l.* The country is now worth, he says, more than 8,500,000,000*l.*, a sum which is beyond any human conception. We look at it, turn it over, try to disintegrate its parts, but fail altogether to get any but the vaguest idea of something prodigiously great. In short, the figures take our breath away, and just because they do so they have been laid hold of by the war party, and dinned into people's ears till we hardly know where we are or what to think. 'Not afford war!' they shout; 'why, we are worth nearly 9,000 millions sterling. We could spend twice the amount of our National Debt, and should never feel it.'

Now I should be very sorry to be compelled to enter the lists with Mr. Giffen as a statistician. His reputation is deservedly high; indeed he is perhaps one of the ablest statisticians now living in this country, and his means of information are exceptionally good, so that any mere amateur attempting to assail his position would probably fare exceedingly ill. There is, however, a momentous political issue which has been attached to his calculations by the war party in the country, and has given these an interest quite outside mere statistics, and probably altogether apart from his purposes. This emboldens me to approach the subject raised by him from a side which he has not touched, but which is now forced into high relief. I shall not question his estimates, except where I may think them too low, nor shall I impugn his careful reasoning. It seems to me to be almost unimpugnable, but I must ask the reader to follow me in a brief discussion as to the nature of the enormous wealth which we are so proud to possess, and whether it is of a kind which warrants us in treating a huge and costly, even supposing it not to prove a disastrous war, as a thing to be entered on with composure. I desire, in short, to pass from statistics pure and simple to political economy in its widest sense, and to consider the condition of the country from a point of view which the war party has chosen systematically to ignore.

In order to make my position clear, I must begin by borrowing certain figures from Mr. Giffen which I find condensed in a table given in his admirable paper.

AMOUNT OF INCOME IN INCOME TAX RETURNS, DERIVED FROM CAPITAL, NUMBER OF YEARS' PURCHASE AT WHICH THE SAME MAY BE CAPITALISED, AND APPROXIMATE AMOUNT OF CAPITAL; TOGETHER WITH ESTIMATE OF REMAINING INCOME AND CAPITAL IN THE COUNTRY.

| | Income | Years' Purchase | Capital |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Under Schedule A—* | £ | | £ |
| Lands | 66,911,000 | 30 | 2,007,330,000 |
| Houses | 94,638,000 | 15 | 1,419,570,000 |
| Other profits | 883,000 | 30 | 26,490,000 |
| *Schedule B—* | | | |
| (Farmers' profits) | 66,752,000 | 10 | 667,520,000 |
| *Schedule C—* | | | |
| (Public funds less home funds) | 20,767,000 | 25 | 519,175,000 |
| *Under Schedule D—* | | | |
| Quarries | 916,000 | 4 | 3,664,000 |
| Mines | 14,108,000 | 4 | 56,432,000 |
| Ironworks | 7,261,000 | 4 | 29,044,000 |
| Gasworks | 2,630,000 | 20 | 52,600,000 |
| Waterworks | 1,869,000 | 20 | 37,380,000 |
| Canals, &c. | 1,007,000 | 20 | 20,140,000 |
| Fishings | 207,000 | 20 | 4,140,000 |
| Market tolls, &c. | 842,000 | 20 | 16,840,000 |
| Other public companies | 25,647,000 | 15 | 384,705,000 |
| Foreign and colonial securities, &c. | 6,836,000 | 15 | 102,540,000 |
| Railways in United Kingdom | 26,215,000 | 25 | 655,375,000 |
| Railways out of United Kingdom | 1,330,000 | 20 | 26,600,000 |
| Interest paid out of rates, &c. | 2,647,000 | 25 | 66,175,000 |
| Other profits | 1,120,000 | 20 | 22,400,000 |
| Trades and professions—one-fifth of total income of 175 millions | 35,000,000 | 15 | 525,000,000 |
| Total under income tax | 377,586,000 | — | 6,643,120,000 |
| Trades and professions omitted, 20 per cent. of amount assessed, or 35 millions, of which one-fifth is | 7,000,000 | 15 | 105,000,000 |
| Income of non-income tax paying classes derived from capital | 60,000,000 | 5 | 300,000,000 |
| Foreign investments not in Schedules C or D | 40,000,000 | 10 | 400,000,000 |
| Movable property not yielding income, e.g. furniture of houses, &c., works of art, &c. | — | — | 700,000,000 |
| Government and local property, say | — | — | 400,000,000 |
| | £484,586,000 | — | £8,548,120,000 |

This table deserves very attentive study. To parts of it I might not perhaps be disposed to subscribe. Some capital items may seem to me too small and others too large, and I should be disposed to question the mode by which the incomes under some heads are capitalised; but these are not points on which it is my purpose to dwell, and I may say at once that I believe the money value of the wealth of the country as here summarised to be on the whole very moderately stated by Mr. Giffen. If allowance be made for the still common frauds practised on the income-tax assessors, and for other unrevealed sources of wealth,

the perhaps excessive estimates in some instances will, I believe, be more than counterbalanced.

Accepting these figures, then, I wish to point out, first of all, that in many instances they do not indicate an increase in the war-spending capacity of the country, but the reverse. A few examples will, I hope, establish this point. Mr. Giffen, for instance, includes the national debt amongst the national assets, and is quite right, from his point of view, in doing so, but the national debt is surely in no sense a help towards bearing the burden of a fresh war. It means neither more nor less than that, rich as the nation is, it has not yet paid for the wars of the beginning of the present century. As an asset of the nation, this debt belongs only to a very limited class, and the rest of the people are disabled by the amount of its annual charge from bearing the weight of additional war burdens. The direct tendency of this debt, in short, is the enrichment of the few and the impoverishment of the many, and it is consequently a drag on the resources of the nation as a whole. We must therefore deduct it from the available resources of the people. Assuming that Sir Stafford Northcote's sinking fund arrangement is kept up, the available yearly income of the nation from capital will therefore have to be reduced by about 28,000,000*l.* Not quite by that amount, of course, since for the few who hold the debt this sum represents a limited taxable resource. It is, however, very limited.

Another asset of the same order appears to me to be found in the capital which this country has spent on railways. The actual amount of this now stands at about 700,000,000*l.*, and this money has been already spent. Part of it is direct debt due by railway corporations, and the rest sunk capital yielding an income which varies constantly with a tendency lately to diminish. Here again, therefore, we have a kind of wealth which does not materially strengthen the war-spending power of the country. In other words, this is not stored wealth which we could spend, nor is it accumulated property which we could mortgage, because it is heavily mortgaged already. Can we even be sure that the revenue-yielding capacities of this sunk capital will be sustained should anything compel us to face a war strain? That is a question worth pondering, and to which I for one should not like to give a sanguine answer.

If we examine other items in Mr. Giffen's interesting table from the same point of view, we cannot fail to be impressed with the striking fact that a great deal of the wealth which he startles us by demonstrating that we possess is, at best, wealth only so long as values retain something like their present level. Everything depends on their continued utility as yielders of revenue. Who could say that our mines and iron works, for example, will together be capable of yielding 21,000,000*l.* of revenue should the industries of the country become further disorganised? And is not all the capital which they represent in some sort a pledge given by the nation to peace? Or what shall we say to our mercantile marine, a branch of national investment of which Mr. Giffen takes no account in this table, except in the most indirect manner possible? Our shipping at its depreciated value probably represents a capital of some 70 to 80 millions at the present time, and can anyone assert that this is a kind of wealth that would retain its value in time of war? Is it not probable that our shipping interests would be much damaged by the mere diversion of the energies of the nation into an unprofitable channel, and without reckoning the chances of its de-

struction by hostile ships of war? Our mercantile marine is only good either to sell in order to get back part of the capital sunk, or to yield the revenues it has hitherto done.

It may be said that these are questions which no one can answer with any degree of assurance, and I admit them to be so, but that does not hinder us from trying to obtain some idea of what this parade of wealth really implies, taken at its fullest and widest estimate. We can well see that for the most part, and in capital form, it is not spendable wealth, having been already spent; and that it is only out of the revenue or earning the Government of the country can derive taxes, which is all this spent wealth can continue to give. Should anything happen to overthrow or merely to check the prosperity of the country in any direction, the leap from wealth to poverty might therefore be sudden, disastrous and complete, so far as the tax-yielding area open to the Government is concerned.

This is but a small part of the question, however, although it may imply a good deal. Of higher immediate importance are those points to which I should now like to turn the reader's careful attention. These are: (1) The great extent to which the ten years' progress of the country, which is so strikingly shown by the figures we have quoted, is mere inflation of values, not the sign of real hard money saved or invested, and now yielding legitimate revenue; (2) The small extent to which our great wealth, assuming it to be genuine, has permeated and benefited the masses of the nation; and (3) The neutralising influences which the growth of taxation has had on the capacity of the nation to bear fresh burdens. On the first two of these points it is impossible to get exact data, but there are some facts which cannot fail to arrest attention, and, as I think, to modify the views of those who cheerfully contemplate the prospect of our spending several hundred millions a year, and for several years in succession, on the waste of a mighty war.

Take, for instance, the enormous extent to which the practice of mortgaging private property of all kinds has been carried under our modern system of banking and industrial credit. We see patent examples of how this mortgaging is done in the railways, but it is less obvious in the case of the owners of houses, mills, and landed estates. We know, however, that it prevails to an immense extent with all these. The insurance companies of the United Kingdom alone have, for instance, lent to the extent of some 60,000,000*l.* on real estate; and almost countless building societies throughout the country are for ever building, mortgaging, and selling, on the annuity system, house property and land plots which remain deeply mortgaged after passing into the hands of their nominal owners. There is a demand for these plots and houses, of course; but that demand does not prevent the whole system from being one of extreme inflation. This building and buying on credit is, in short, as much a mode of inflating values in a particular direction as the issue of unlimited paper currency would be in all directions, because it creates, to some degree, its own demand. People would not buy and build as they do but for the extent to which they can obtain credit. Hence the floating wealth of the country, which is in the hands of the few, is here also drawn into channels from which there would be no possibility of withdrawing it were the tide to turn. We may, I think, reason fairly from the smaller to the larger in this instance, and conclude that large estates are mortgaged just as freely as houses; that mines, iron

works, machine works, mills, and even stocks, are more or less in the same position: and, if this be so, what reliance can be placed upon gross estimates of the money value of the general wealth of the country, or what help can be expected from that wealth when the pinch comes? Paradoxical as it may seem, I am disposed to think that an inventory of our wealth made with due attention to these drawbacks would convince us that we are now much less able to endure a heavy war outlay than we were ten years ago. Ten years ago the amount of property which the nation had accumulated was, no doubt, less than it is now—much less: but the lock-up, the mortgaging of the future, was also much smaller. As a nation we now hang together on a far-ramifying system of credit which not only makes it impossible to arrive at a true estimate of our wealth, but which places us also in great danger should the existing balance be disturbed.

But this opens up the second question to be discussed: the extent to which our vast wealth has benefited the masses of the nation. If it be true that there has been great inflation of values brought about through the extended credits given by lending institutions such as land societies, banks, building societies, insurance companies, mortgage companies, &c., it follows almost to a certainty that the distribution of wealth must be very unequal. In other words, the taxable basis of wealth has not been enlarged to the extent which the swollen total of our riches would at first sight lead us to suppose. The accumulations of the many may, indeed, be said to be gathered up by such institutions as we have named, so that these are merely instruments for redistributing the stored wealth of the entire community: and this is, no doubt, partially true, but still it is only the wealth of a limited class which is thus collected. We have evidence in abundance not only that the borrowing class must be much larger than the lending, but that the masses of the community have not made that progress in riches which would enable them to stand the strain of increased taxation without being materially crippled. We find, for example, that during the time that the entire nation is said to have added some 2,500 millions to its wealth, the classes that put their money in savings banks have only increased their resources by about 24,000,000*l.*, including interest. The total savings of this class were but 70¼ millions at the end of 1876. It is no doubt the case that the artisan class have other channels open for investment. They buy cottages or build; they dissipate money in supporting sham burial or insurance companies, and some may even put money in the funds. But making allowance for all that, we think the fact that the actual cash savings have been so little amongst a class forming about nine-tenths of our population is most significant of the nature of our national progress.

The number of our pauper population is almost equally startling. It has diminished of late years, it is true, and much has been made of the fact that in a time of dull trade this should be the case. We still support about a million people, however, in spite of our great prosperity; and the cost of their support has not been growing less at all in proportion to their numbers. It rather tends to increase. And it is, moreover, a remarkable fact that the effects of a time of trade depression do not appear to be at any time immediately felt by that part of the population which contributes to the list of our paupers. We had more paupers to maintain in England in the inflation years of 1863 and 1864, and in 1870 and 1871, than in the dull years of

1866 and 1867, or since 1872. To some extent this remarkable divergence between what would at first sight seem a mere matter of cause and effect is owing to the variation in the price of bread. When bread is cheap, as it has been for several years now, paupers diminish; and when it is dear, they increase. The very fact, however, that they do this with but a remote regard to the abundance or scarcity of work, or to the expanding totals of the national wealth, proves almost conclusively that the masses do not share to a large extent in the prosperity of the nation.

Great stress is laid upon the fact that the returns from the income tax have been on the increase of late years, and a good deal of Mr. Giffen's estimate of our present wealth is founded on the indications of growing prosperity which that increase gives. But this is, to some degree, fallacious on several grounds. For instance, we know from the reports of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue that the assessments are looked after much more closely now than they were in former years, so that more money is obtained from individuals with large incomes. But even these returns, taken at their best, prove to us how narrow is the range over which the wealth of the nation is distributed. Thus, the raising of the *minimum* income bearing assessment from 100*l.* to 150*l.*, had the effect of reducing the numbers assessed under Schedule D from 789,900 in 1875–6 to 585,000 in 1876–7. In other words, out of the former total no less than 205,000 had incomes below 150*l.* per annum. The Inland Revenue Commissioners place the actual difference 40,000 higher than this by estimating the increase which could have taken place under the old form of assessment at that figure, and this is by no means all. That the total number of persons assessed to income tax should be only some 580,000 out of a population of 33,500,000 is striking enough, but what is still more astonishing is the fact that the number whose incomes are large is so extremely small. We have no data as yet for the last financial year, and at best the particulars given by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue are not of a very complete kind, but we learn that for the financial year 1875–6 the number of incomes under 300*l.* a year was 478,164 out of a total of 789,900. There were, consequently, only 311,736 persons in the United Kingdom with incomes above 300*l.* in that year. Allowing for deceptions, and for the wide-reaching effects of the tax on profits of corporate institutions, this is still a most startling fact, which must not be lost sight of in an attempt to estimate the staying power of the country under a heavy unproductive outlay.

And there is another fact, perhaps more remarkable still, which is that only some 49,000 persons claimed abatements on their assessment for insurance premiums paid. This proves that the bulk of the insurance policies in force must be held by persons who are not assessed at all, and who are therefore possessed of very small incomes.

The truth of the matter seems to be, that a great proportion of the incomes of the people which come under income tax is derived from corporate sources in which the few only are interested as sharers in profits, while the great bulk of the people are mere recipients of wages. Now on many grounds, as already hinted, corporate property is a most precarious source of permanent and extended taxation. You can only reach such property by one tax, the income tax, and even that cannot be pressed too far lest it endanger enterprise and bring the whole fabric down about

people's ears. The income from corporate property—banks, railways, mines, ironworks, and the like—is a very fluctuating kind of income at the best, and we cannot be sure always that it is real. Put on it a 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* income tax, and then consider to what extent the capital value of such property would fall off. Our railways offer a most apt illustration of the dubious nature of much of this wealth. We see that their nett income apparently keeps up in spite of bad trade, but alongside of this we also see a most enormous capital expenditure, much of which there can be no doubt ought to be charged to revenue. Moreover their revenue, even if all fairly earned, is liable to be reduced at any moment by a falling away in trade, by a reduction in charges forced on the railways through the bad trade, or by a rise in prices and wages. Under such influences their 27,000,000*l.* of nett income might easily dwindle to 20,000,000*l.* within a very short period, and were we to rush into war such a falling off might sooner or later be expected, bringing with it a proportionate decrease in the tax-yielding revenue of the country.

Then, again, the fact that the greater proportion of the community belongs to the wage-earning class, that we are a nation composed of a few masters, corporate and individual, and a multitude of servants, renders it highly dangerous for a country like ours to engage in any operation likely to lessen work or reduce wages. Now whatever diverts the energies of the nation from peaceful employments, and its money from the support of its enormous industries, must tend to produce these results. If we spend our earnings in a great war they will not benefit trade, nor will our position as the leading manufacturing nation of the world stand so securely as it does now. Directly our industries are weakened, and the wage-earning classes pinched by the withdrawal of part of the capital now available for paying them, the vaunted wealth of the community is certain to experience a most severe reduction, and the taxable area must then become much smaller. In other words, the life of this nation is now extremely artificial, its population is for the most part dependent on the few large wielders of capital, individual or corporate, and is crowded into towns and mining districts, where the area of misery and want spreads with extreme rapidity when any event supervenes to check employment, or, which would be practically the same thing, to withdraw money. With all our wealth, it cannot be said that this is a safe or satisfactory position to be in, and it is certainly one which precludes us from being sanguine about the power of the country to spend a few hundred millions a year and be none the worse for it. No one who has taken note of the amazing extent to which the nation has gathered its wealth into pools as it were, and spent it upon works whose very existence depends on the maintenance of peace, and of the concentration of our working power on the labour which makes this sunk capital profitable, can look with pleasure on the prospect of a heavy war outlay.

I may indeed say that at least three-fourths of the increase in the valuation of our national wealth within the last ten years ought to be taken in the light of a bond entered into by us to keep the peace at almost any hazard, for it may prove lost wealth if we do not. Consider what a loan of say merely 50,000,000*l.* of Consols would mean to our money market at the present time.

Closely connected with this question of the distribution of wealth among the people is the further point to which I have promised to

refer—the extent to which the growth of taxation may have already neutralised the power of the nation to go on spending large and ever larger amounts. In one view if the taxation has expanded within the last ten years, it must be taken to have neutralised the growth of wealth to at least the extent of that expansion. Now it must be first confessed that on this point the aspect of the situation is strongly in favour of those who hold that the nation is prepared to spend large sums without inconvenience. According to the *Statistical Abstract* there has been a nett reduction of imperial taxation amounting to 26,685,000*l.* since 1862 up to the end of last year, and at the same time the yield of the remaining taxes has been almost uniformly growing. The gross revenue was not quite 70,000,000*l.* in 1862, only 67,812,000*l.* in 1866, and for the year ending March 31, 1877, which was the last year of the low income tax, it amounted to 78,565,000*l.*, an increase of more than 10,000,000*l.* since 1866. This is a remarkable fact, explain it how we may, and full allowance must be made for it. Making that allowance, however, I must still ask the reader to consider whether we can say that the remission of taxation and the growth of the yield taken together mean all that the optimists advance. For one thing, the growth in the yield is to some extent explained by the growth in population, and, further, it is not more than might be fairly expected from the nature of the taxes, and the expansion of our trade within the decade. The growth of that trade, and its consequent demand for labour, have greatly raised wages, making the working classes spend more on tobacco and beer, and therefore the revenue has increased. At the same time habits of luxury have spread through the salaried classes immediately above the artisans, and by this means it has happened that customs and excise returns have swollen, while duties were being narrowed or reduced. It does not follow, however, that the bulk of the people are better able to bear an extra strain now than they were ten or twelve years ago. In some ways we might almost say the reverse follows, for if the extended revenue is due to the freer spending of higher wages it is merely so far a sign of unthrift. There can be no doubt, I think, that the increase in the excise receipts since 1866 or 1877 is a sign of this unthrift to no small extent. These receipts now amount to about 27,500,000*l.*, and in 1867 they were only 20,708,000*l.* The whole of this increase is due, with the exception of some readjustments in licence duties, to the increase of drinking among the people. Customs duties to some extent tell the same story. Remissions have led to increased consumption. All this is very natural, and might continue did the circumstances which have produced it continue; but there is nothing in the indications of our revenue returns to warrant us in supposing, for example, that the consumption of tea and tobacco would go on increasing were the duty on the one raised to 1*s.* per lb., at which it stood in 1864, or to 2*s.* 2¼*d.*, at which it stood in 1854, and, on the other, to 7*s.* or 8*s.* per lb. Nor can we feel sure that an extension of duties to other articles now free would not be followed by a compensating reduction in the yield of these now existing. It might, no doubt, be possible to frame a tariff which would yield a larger revenue at a pinch, and for a few years, than we get now; but probably the only really elastic tax is the income tax, and even the maintainance of that, at its present high rate of yield, would depend on the continuance of the present

or a higher state of industrial activity. The yield of customs and excise duties has shown symptoms of falling off for some years. As things are, there is no ground for believing that higher duties would compensate for the greater and inevitable falling off which must follow any dissipation of the energies and absorption of the working capital of the nation in war.

For we must remember that local burdens have been increasing at a great rate of late years, and in many districts already make up for the remissions of Imperial taxation. The total expenditure for local purposes within the United Kingdom was no less than 44,529,000*l.* in 1874, of which 29,248,000*l.* was raised by taxation in one shape or other and 8,480,000*l.* by loans. Each year this burden is growing. The local taxation was only 25,000,000*l.* in 1870; it is now probably considerably over 30,000,000*l.*, and the borrowings for all kinds of purposes are becoming something quite alarming. It seems probable, therefore, that in spite of the reduction in Imperial taxation, the amount levied in taxes per head is not now materially lower than it was ten or even twenty years ago, and there can be no question that the local burdens press year by year more and more severely upon large masses of the people.

As another offset—and it is the last I shall mention—to the 'big asset' which the estimate of our gross wealth presents, we must, I think, include the increased cost of living which has been the natural outcome of the greater artificiality of our modern habits. Bread may be no dearer, or, on the average, hardly as dear as it was a generation ago, but almost everything else is dearer, in many cases considerably so. We have gathered our population into close-packed centres of industry, where they have to pay high rents for poor lodging, where provisions of almost all kinds cost more, where health is less robust, and the result is that wages, even when high, do not yield that advantage to those who earn them that they formerly did. Not only so, but the value of money itself is less than it was. The world has been glutted with gold within the last thirty years until money has lost some of its purchasing power. A sovereign buys less meat, fewer vegetables, a lower quality of accommodation, more shoddy in its garments, than it did even ten years ago. This depreciation in the value of gold may not be great, and may not perhaps affect the artisan and labourer classes so severely as the better educated people of small incomes, but it exists, and must be to some extent set against the credit side of the balance-sheet of our national wealth. So far as it exists it makes the capitalised value of that wealth a fiction.

If we gather together these negative considerations and positive facts, and place them beside the figures of our national wealth as given by the statisticians, it seems that they must modify very much the sanguine views which have lately been current. It is not, of course, possible to reduce much of what we have advanced to a money equivalent, and to draw up a national balance sheet, but none the less should the subject be weighed and discussed at a time like the present. General considerations may, indeed, be of almost more value than figures in enabling us to gauge the real progress of the community, and to test whether we are in a position to bear an enormous drain upon our resources. Our distinct conviction is that we are not; that our great wealth is nearly all invested wealth, and therefore not available for spending

again; that it is distributed with extreme inequality, and in a manner which makes it most difficult to impose taxes in a fair or endurable way, and that, even were it possible to impose such taxes, the margin for their operation is not nearly so broad as the advocates of war have given out.

I do not, of course, deny the capacity of the country to sustain a great a war of several campaigns, if needs must. We could do that without doubt, and at the end of the time would not be bankrupt. But we could not do it easily, nor even without enormous misery, and the probability is that any such war, whatever its nominal 'success,' would be either accompanied with or followed by a financial crisis of the most disastrous and far-reaching kind. It is the most difficult thing in the world for a nation whose wealth is invested or pledged up to the eyes, as ours is, to find suddenly huge masses of capital, and our efforts to do so must inevitably cripple our industries, raise the value of money, and place us at a disadvantage in many respects as peaceful competitors for the trade of the world. It is most important, therefore, that we should count the cost before we take the plunge. Are we prepared to risk what we have got for a chimera? Shall we play the gambler, as poorer semi-barbaric nations can do without much danger, and stake our supreme position for the sake of a wild desire to humble a rival for we hardly know what? If we do, it needs little penetration to enable one to declare that the country will come out of such a struggle sadder, perhaps wiser, and certainly shorn of its wealth and greatness to an extent of which the passion-ridden or self-seeking advocates of strife, and the unreflecting multitude who cheer them on, take no thought.

W.

## THREE LETTERS ON 'ORIGEN AND CELSUS.'

MY DEAR FROUDE,—Your article on 'Origen and Celsus'[1] is to me very interesting and very instructive. I read it with the heart of a learner, because I am ignorant of Origen's own writings, and have learned concerning him only what one meets in history. That which most amazed me is the quotation in which Celsus avows his earnest belief and esteem of the doctrine of future rewards and punishments. I have sought for this doctrine in vain in Seneca: we know that Cicero had no serious belief in it: the avowal ascribed to Socrates by Plato rather implies willingness to believe than stable conviction. I think the Stoics did not hold it any more than the Epicureans. The Pythagoreans and Empedocles do not appear to have succeeded in transmitting it to after-ages: and the Platonic reasonings in its favour have always made me say to myself, 'No wonder that no one got any solid belief from them.' I think it impossible that Celsus could have been in Lucian's estimate an Epicurean, if he (Celsus) spoke of this doctrine as one which it was shocking that anyone should deny. Romans did not submit to the dogmas of a sect: Seneca culled what he pleased from Epicurus as well as from other schools. You rightly say that material science (such as it was) lay with the Epicureans: Cicero says they stole their physics from Democritus and their ethics from Aristippus: but I do not think anyone would have been called an Epicurean who did not hold Epicurean ethics, or held such an un-Epicurean doctrine of physics as the survival of the soul. Your account of Celsus would make me suppose he was a Platonist with Pythagorean leanings. By-the-bye, you say Epicurus had taught unvarying law in the moral or material world. But Epicurus marred this idea (as one sees in Lucretius) by ascribing to the atoms voluntary, or say arbitrary, deviations from the straight line at uncertain times and places. To this he was necessitated, first, because his atoms, if they moved in parallel lines to all eternity, could never meet nor create anything; secondly (as Cicero tells us, who is a very trustworthy reporter), because he thought such a power in the atoms was necessary if he meant to hold fast the doctrine of human free will, to which he was as strongly attached as any of us. Oddly, it was the Stoics, not the Epicureans, who undermined free will by Divine predestination.

Many have said that the doctrine of a future state was taught in the Mysteries: what you gather as the words of Celsus seem to confirm this. In p. 160, where you make him say that the Christians 'have no outward *services*,' I suppose the Greek is Liturgies. Ought not the English rather to be, 'no public ceremonies in the open air,' or to this effect?

I am surprised at the prominence which you give to the refusal of Christians to serve in the army. No allusion is found in the Apostolic epistles to any difficulty and persecution hence arising. No accusation on this head is sent by Pliny to Trajan. I do not remember, in ecclesiastical history, that such general refusal was specified as a ground of attack. I think it was only a part of the essential hostility felt, and not dissembled,

[1] *Fraser's Magazine*, February 1878.

against the 'Devil-supported' Imperialism which was to be trampled down by the descent of the Son of Man. After Nero's persecution and the subsequent publication of the Apocalypse, the pagan Church and State were personified to Christian imagination by the False Prophet and the Beast, whose speedy doom was the lake of fire. Henceforth, I think, the pagan consciousness quickly detected that Christians essentially *hated the public institutions*, of which the army was only one.

While I thank you for the article, I find some unjust omissions in it, and an unsatisfactory conclusion: on both which I will comment. First, you run in the common groove of ignoring the merit of Judaism in the Roman and Greek world before Christianity had appeared. This is too large and important a topic to develop here: but I just drop a remark as to what I think to be the truth: (1) That in Brahmanism and Buddhism alike there inhered a tenderness to the weak, a sensibility to the rights of lower animals, and a practical regard for them (apparently in Egypt also) in which Greeks and Latins were generally deficient: (2) That the Jews, whether by the severe suffering of their exile or by adopting influences from the East, were (*before* Christianity arose) propagators of the more merciful side of morals and religion: (3) That they were very effective and acceptable teachers to the intelligent part of the pagans, and were only hindered from developing this mission on a greater scale by the Roman misgovernment of Judæa, which led to mutual embitterment and the national destruction of Judaism. A wrong estimate of the working of Judaism before that sad time seems to me to vitiate Christian reasonings and unduly swell Christian glorification. This suggests to ask you parenthetically whether before John Howard's career Christendom had much to boast of from *hospitals*; and whether the scientific eagerness of modern medical men for a school of study has not played a large part in promoting them. Improved administration, quite independent of religion (say, in a king like Frederick the Great of Prussia), develops in modern Europe institutions complacently called Christian.

But what is most unsatisfactory to me in your article is its conclusion, where the weapons which you fling at the philosophers of antiquity seem to glance off from them and wound such as myself and, I timidly add, yourself also. As to the moral character of the philosophers, I cannot accept from you Lucian's estimate of them. A satirist *of course* attacks a vicious minority; and when some of these put forth a monstrous justification of vice, he has a glorious theme for his art. I do not suppose that I have read Lucian so completely as you; but I have no belief that the philosophers *collectively* were 'the foulest brutes within the circuit of the empire.' It is every way probable that in a dissolute community many of the philosophers partook of the public corruption, in spite of the nobler pretensions of their particular school. If a Lucian had depicted the Anglican clergy of the last century (for I need not say the French or Spanish clergy), we should not regard his satire, however just, as a proof of the essential weakness of Christian doctrine to 'expel the devil.' As a schoolboy, I used to read of the young profligate Polemo, converted when half-tipsy by a discourse of Xenocrates. Horace believed the tale, and I know no reason to doubt it. Moral enthusiasm and noble pleading are the great converting influences; and certainly they were not wanting in Xenocrates and Plato, in Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, any more than

in John Wesley and Luther. I cannot endure the assertion, often made as though it were axiomatic, that barbarian and low minds are unsusceptible of the love of goodness and admiration of virtue. If it were true, they would be at least as proof against any Christianity worth having, as they are against M. Aurelius's doctrine: for what is the love of God to one who has no love of goodness and no aspiration for nobler excellence? I do not assent to your praise of M. Aurelius and his philosophers, as having 'large-minded statesmanship:' in that exactly, Cicero and Cato, Augustus Cæsar and Trajan, Tacitus and M. Aurelius seem to me to have been fatally deficient: hence the hopeless ruin of the empire. But you complain: 'They had no spell to cast out the vicious self-indulgence of their age:' and your argument implies that the Christians *had* such a spell, not in the *Truth* which they held in common with the philosophers, but in historical errors and fancies peculiar to themselves. You add, that the philosophers 'could not reach the enthusiasm of emotion, which should choose a better life for its own sake, independent of *motive*.' Of course you mean independent of *extrinsic* considerations. Now I think you here misrepresent Plato, Aristotle, Zeno and his school, Cicero and Seneca. They all teach that virtue is to be loved and chosen for its own sake. 'Enthusiasm of emotion' of course was not in all philosophers, nor in all Christians, then any more than now, and probably the calm study needed to avoid intellectual error represses emotion with many, while it deepens conviction. The 'fears and hopes as a *motive* for a better life,' in which the Christians had advantage (I understand you) over the philosophers, do not to me agree with your other sentence. If a man does not love virtue for its own sake, it is not a high state which he attains in avoiding vice and evil from fear of future punishment or from hope of future happy life. If a virtuous life is *here* intrinsically good, desirable, and full of blessing, a belief in its continuation after death certainly cannot degrade; but while a man does *not* desire virtue as intrinsically good, I do not see how a belief in the Christian heaven exalts him. Repentance for sin *because* sin is essentially evil and wrong, is the first step to be won, whether the teacher be a philosopher or an antique Christian.

You appear (but I may mistake you) to attribute to the Christian teachers a belief in airy fancies, which, though not true in fact, were nevertheless powerful to convert; and that the philosophers were powerless from *not* believing *untruths*. I do not at all believe that error, innocently admitted, especially error incident to a stage of progress, necessarily harms an individual. We often accept error, because we do not see the inferences: if we saw them, we should probably reject the error on account of them. But error *once consecrated* is sure in the long run to develop all its evils, and when it is old and instilled with the mother's milk in many generations, few are bold enough to reject it even when they see its connection with dire hardness of heart and manifold wickedness. I am not willing either to censure or to pity philosophers for not having been able to stir up emotion by erroneous doctrine. That temporary and apparent success is often won by doctrine honestly believed, but strictly false, I have no doubt: but I make sure that the falsehood will in due time bear its bitter or deadly fruit, and that the truer our doctrine the less danger of after mischief, the more solid and permanent the benefit. Finally, you seem to

forget that Christianity as well as philosophy became depraved by the wickedness of civil rule and the injustice of public institutions.

Most truly yours,
F. W. NEWMAN.

MY DEAR NEWMAN,—I am very glad indeed that my paper on Celsus has attracted your attention. I do not wonder at your criticisms: many of them are natural and almost inevitable. One at least I anticipated; and want of space alone prevented me from going more fully into the part of the subject to which it refers.

How can I call Celsus an Epicurean when he believed in a future state of rewards and punishments? I called him so on the assumption that the Celsus of the ἀληθὴς λόγος was Lucian's friend; and that is the opinion which has been generally received. There can be no doubt that Lucian regarded Celsus as an Epicurean, for he speaks of Epicurus as their common master. You think the internal evidence to the contrary is conclusive, and you regard Celsus rather as a Platonist. But perhaps you assume too readily that the Epicureanism of the second century was identical with the doctrines of Epicurus, and that the Platonists thought like Plato. Both these schools, it seems to me, had strayed as far from their original character as the Christianity of the Middle Ages from the Christianity of St. Paul. Epicureanism had become the creed of able men of the world, who believed in *facts*, whether of science or of experience; who hated imposture, but whose sense of right and wrong was as strong as any other sense, and who believed, on this point, with Epicurus himself, that the test of good and evil was not the tendency of action to cause pleasure or pain in the gross meaning of the word, but the tendency to promote the reasonable happiness of individuals and of mankind. The Platonists, on the other hand, so far as I am acquainted with them, occupied themselves with abstruse metaphysics. They attended little to facts. They cared nothing for the evidence of their senses, and were as credulous in ordinary things as the most foolish of the uneducated. Celsus, it is plain, had been a careful student of natural history. He had watched the habits of animals. He believed in the sequence of cause and effect in physical phenomena. So far he belonged to the Epicurean school, and at the same time, being a man of high, generous nature, he combined with his physics an elevated morality. We may find an analogy in our modern men of science. Science now-a-days is popularly connected with agnosticism, and is supposed to ignore both God and a future state. But you would not say that science necessarily leads to these conclusions. They arise from a neglect of the phenomena of spiritual experience. Newton was a man of science; Faraday was a man of science; yet they were both religious men. Even writers who have belonged to the moral scientific necessitarian party have been strangely inconsistent. Buckle believed in a future state because it was intolerable to him to think that he would never meet his mother again.

Men of real ability, I suppose, never hold completely and in detail the entire formulas of any system of philosophy. They take the general principles of it, and so are called by its name; but they do not part with the right of holding along with those principles any other opinion that commends itself to them; and granted that Epicureanism meant what I think it meant in the second century, Celsus might have been an Epicurean, and yet have believed without difficulty in the immortality of the

soul. I am not sure that Lucian himself did not. He is called a mocker, but he never mocks at the judgment bar of Rhadamanthus. When he brings up the successful sinners to receive sentence, it is plain that he felt the imperfection of human justice, and must have wished that there might be a future retribution, if he could not feel certain of the fact.

Christianity, I think, had more affinity on its spiritual side for such men as Lucian and Celsus than for the Platonists. Alexander of Abonitichus excluded 'Epicureans and Christians' from his *séances*. All other sects provided him with disciples, but not these. Platonists were among his most ardent followers.

As to unvarying law in the material world, Epicurus certainly held that every material phenomenon had a material cause or antecedent. Moral phenomena he (or at least Lucretius) considered to be precisely analogous; and I have never been able to see why Lucretius brought forward the free will of man as an effect of the declination of atoms, or why he supposed man to have free will at all: if the argument is good for anything, every organised body, being made of the same materials, ought to have been as free as man. Nevertheless, it is true to say that Lucretius's whole teaching went on the supposition of the uniformity of sequence in cause and effect, and that modern science is no more than Epicureanism better supplied with facts.

It is not I, but Celsus, who charges the Christians with being unwilling to serve in the army; and Origen, in his defiant answer, admits that the charge was just. I have no doubt that the Empire did appear to the Christians to be the Kingdom of Antichrist. It is equally natural that even the best of the emperors would not tolerate such an attitude of the subject towards the ruler. Some of the emperors deserved the worst that you could say of them. But surely the administration under Augustus, and even Tiberius, was an improvement upon Verres and Piso. Large practical statesmanship I certainly think there was, or the peace of the Roman world could not have been preserved as it was for so long a time at so small an expense, and on the whole so leniently. I should think that Europe was as well governed under the Antonines as India is now governed by the English.

I know nothing of the influence of Judaism before Christianity. I have inferred from Horace that the educated Romans looked on the Jews with contempt. The Jews were friends to Julius Cæsar, I suppose, because they considered that they had been unjustly treated by the Republic; but except from the one sentence, 'Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte,' I never gathered that they attempted to convert anybody, and that passage may have referred to internal conversion by the Pharisees from other sects. The Peter and Paul controversy about circumcision, and the story of Cornelius, imply that the Jews looked with extreme alarm and suspicion on attempts to convert Gentiles to the spiritual side of their creed without insisting on its rites. There may have been a more liberal feeling in Alexandria, but I really am entirely ignorant on the whole subject. It is a very interesting one, and I shall be grateful for any information which you can give me about it.

I depend on Lucian for the character which I give of the philosophers. But I think Lucian a good authority. He is misrepresented if he is considered merely as a satirist. He was a man of the most tender sensibility—a serious lover of truth, and hater only of falsehood and imposture. He was

too just a man (so far as one can judge from his writings) to defame any class of men merely to create amusement, or to draw from the bad exceptions a picture of the whole class. It is clear to me from the wide scope of his invective that he did intend to represent Platonists, Academics, Stoics, Cynics, all of them, as extremely good for nothing. And if the Piscator and the Lapithæ, to say nothing of other dialogues, are not abominable libels, I have not used too strong expressions in my own account of the philosophic teachers under the later Empire. Even supposing that there were many good men among them (and of course I suppose that there were some), I cannot think that the teaching of Proclus or Plotinus, or Iamblichus, or even of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, could have had any effect on the mass of mankind. The Alexandrians cannot be understood without a special study of metaphysics, and the serene calmness of the others could scarcely touch any but the educated. How far education had gone down among the people, is a question which I often ask myself. That the Gospels and Epistles should have been written by fishermen of Galilee is the most extraordinary phenomenon in intellectual history. Where I speak of Christianity as adding a new motive for a pure life, I do not mean heaven and hell, but love of God and goodness in a form in which the heart can apprehend them. It is not difficult to love right and to hate wrong, but to *love* a Being whom one regards as the Invisible and awful Sovereign whose administration is inscrutable, who punishes sin indeed, but so punishes it as to make the innocent often suffer with the guilty, is very hard indeed. Silent awe is the nearest feeling which I can myself command. But this Being was brought near to the early Christians in the person of Christ, and when he was thus presented the most passionate affection would be not only possible but natural. Fear of offending Christ, and hope to please him, was what I intended in the words which you quote.

And this brings me to your last objection. I think as you do that it was a mistake to regard Christ as God. How, then, could it have been other than a misfortune to have believed him to be God? I hold it a deadly sin to profess to believe anything when it is no longer possible to believe it sincerely and in simplicity; and yet I consider that this belief, in its place and as a real conviction, for the first time made God's real nature intelligible to mankind, and that it should have grown up as it did is in keeping with the whole spiritual education of the human race. We tell children that God is angry with them if they lie or steal: *we* do not mean that He is really angry, but the words convey to children's minds a nearer idea of the truth than they can otherwise receive. If this is Jesuitry, then all our knowledge on all subjects, sacred and profane, is necessarily infected with Jesuitism; for we learn gradually, we form theories which are beyond the facts which we actually know, in order to give such facts as we have ascertained coherence and intelligibility. Such theories are working formulas without which no progress would be possible. The time comes when the theory is found imperfect. There is a struggle between the new and the old, and the old has to give place to more adequate explanations. But though you call the Epicycles of Hipparchus erroneous, you would not call them mischievous: a theory becomes mischievous when it is persisted in, in the face of new facts. But I believe even gravitation itself is not held as more than an hypothesis by careful thinkers. Perhaps if we were wise we should

hold all our opinions as hypotheses; but uncertainty is hard for human nature to bear.

That men persevere in their religious errors longer than with mistakes in more indifferent subjects is most true, and that such perseverance occasions fearful crimes and misfortunes; yet the obstinacy with which we cling to a traditionary creed is a witness to the importance which we attach to a teaching which has been the guide of our lives, and I sometimes think that a passionate adherence to mistake is a less evil than a readiness to take up with any doctrine as soon as it appears, which would leave us liable to be blown from our moral anchorage at each breeze that might arise.

I do not think the philosophers were powerless from not believing untruths, but because the truth which lay in Christianity was a truth which they had never themselves apprehended. It was a seed of life, though in a mortal body. Do not all spiritual ideas grow in bodies which must die at last, but without which they could not have lived?

Yours ever most truly,

J. A. Froude.

I think that a belief in a future life was reviving of itself among the later Romans, and that Christianity found the ground prepared for it.

My dear Froude,—The main topic in your article on Origen and Celsus concerning which I was anxious—on which I desired to have your words corrected or explained—was, the power of Truth and the evil of Error. I do not believe that we have any substantial difference. Your reply to me is in danger of making secondary matters primary, and distracting us into too many discussions.

I admit to you that we cannot always teach moral truth to children with as much accuracy as we ourselves know it. To follow up your illustration, a parent may think that a child will not understand what *serene disapproval* means, and may use the phrase *anger* against sin concerning the Most High, though himself holding '(quod commune est omnium philosophorum,) Deum neque irasci neque timere.' But here I remark that, until a child's moral perception is acute enough to distinguish between anger and disapprobation, no profitable religion is possible, and the attempt to force on children so young any spiritual faith or any theology at all is a sad error. Spiritual religion must be built on spiritual morality: a good God is morality idealised; pure goodness, as such, must be loved before God can be loved: but as soon as pure goodness is loved, as certainly Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Xenocrates, Zeno, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, loved it, to every such man the love of God is possible. That these men did not love God, was not from want of a Christ to shape their ideal, but from an imperfect philosophy, which taught that God was pure intellect, *without love*: love, they supposed, would imply emotion and disturbing passion. In so far as Christians of that and of other ages imbibed with their many errors an active belief in a God of love and purity, I entirely agree with you that they gained a *Power* in which the philosophers were deficient; but their errors involved both weakness towards all cultivated minds, and ever-increasing depravity to the religion itself; a depravity moral, as well as intellectual, gradually converting it into a hideous mass of error, as bad as the paganism which it supplanted. If you do not assert this quite as strongly as I now put it, yet you differ from me only in degree: but I fear that readers of your article might not so interpret you. Even the characteristic and monstrous impurity

which disgraced the corrupt civilisation of Greece and Rome was not exploded by the active power of Christianity (as far as history teaches me), but by the irruption of the manly and comparatively pure Gothic nation.

As to the proselytism effected by the Jews before the destruction of Jerusalem, your doubts are so far-reaching, that I could not do justice to the argument except at some length. Perhaps the editor of *Fraser* may accept from me an article on this subject.

I have lately read through Lucian's Piscator and nearly all his Alexander, and feel no doubt that you are right in identifying the Celsus whom Origen answered with the Celsus to whom Lucian addressed the narrative concerning Alexander. Evidently that Celsus agreed with the school of Epicurus in exploding as incredible all pretence of miracles, as strongly as any of the moderns. I have not gathered that he called himself an Epicurean. But I am not able to join in the praise of Epicurus, from Lucian any more than from Lucretius, as a lover of truth in natural science. I am sure that he abhorred *such* error as led to theological superstition: but it is equally clear to me that he was not in heart a Tyndall nor a Huxley: he was quite careless of attaining material truth in material science: all he cared for was, to advance any theory (however absurd) that could evade the hypothesis of Divine interference; while acquiescing in contradictory hypotheses himself. Besides he scorned geometry, and shows ridiculous ignorance of the difference of angular from linear magnitude. His neglect of learning was what provoked Cicero's keen contempt. Moreover his followers deified him, made his works an infallible code, and never tried to advance beyond their master. I do not find in the Piscator anything to justify your very strong condemnation of the other philosophers in mass. All that is there said against them might be said by an English Voltaire against the Anglican clergy. When religion or philosophy becomes a profession and is taught in colleges, the professional man differs much from the old prophet or the old philosopher. On the general topic I have more to say than I can easily justify; and as you wish to bring this little correspondence before the public, it is wiser to stay my hand.

I am, heartily yours,

F. W. Newman.

*April* 11, 1878.

# THE AZORES.

THE satisfaction felt by most Englishmen with the English climate is undoubtedly a salutary sentiment. If a man has to spend six months out of every twelve amidst wet and cold and darkness, it is surely well that he should be content to regard these phenomena as seasonable and healthful. To belong to the dissenting minority who are unable to accept this article of the national creed is a distinct misfortune. 'The weather, indeed, is not benign,' wrote Johnson, giving an account of his health to Dr. Brocklesby a few months before his death; 'but how low is he sunk whose strength depends upon the weather.'

It was on a January day of gloom and drizzle, now some few years ago, that we, being of the number of these lowly sunken men, made our way on board the vessel that was to carry us from the port of Bristol to a more congenial clime. She was a little fruit schooner of ninety-eight tons, temporarily fitted up to accommodate a few passengers. The steamers which now make the voyage between the Azores and England in seven or eight days, had not yet begun to supplant their pretty predecessors in the fruit trade. As seems always to happen when an English merchantman is starting on a voyage, it turned out at the last moment that some of the crew who had signed articles were drunk and others were missing, but these difficulties being in the end surmounted we proceeded on our way. Two days afterwards we took our departure, as navigators express it, from Hartland Point, a lonely promontory stretching far out into the wintry sea. Then came a week of wretchedness, not without some admixture of the ludicrous for those who could laugh while they were miserable—of contrary gales, of seas shipped, of disheartening projects of putting back into Milford Haven or Queenstown—of sea-sickness, of bedding drenched by rush of water down the cabin stairs, of overturned coffee-pots and soup-tureens, of the swallowing by stewards of restoratives intended for prostrate sufferers. Next came a day when all things seemed to be suddenly changed, and it was found that the decks were dry, the motion of the vessel moderate, and the sun for the first time shining. We were at length fast slipping out of winter's detested grasp, and thenceforward, day by day, the air grew pleasanter, the skies more brilliant, the winds more favourable and less boisterous. Sparkling blue waves replaced the mud-coloured seas that had boarded us in the chops of the Channel, shoals of porpoises joyously gambolled in the waters, and some of the seabirds of southern latitudes began to gather around us.

On the fourteenth morning of our voyage we found ourselves under the eastern end of the island of St. Michael, a mass of rugged mountain. The Pico da Vara, 3,570 feet in height, lay a little way inland, and from its sides huge spurs, separated by dark ravines, protruded into the sea. A glimpse here and there of a pathway winding upwards out of the ravines filled us with a longing, which was afterwards gratified, to explore this wild region. As we sailed along the southern coast the mountains, broken now and then by rents and chasms, continued to tower over us for half the length of the island. But soon between them and the sea a widening belt of cultivated land began to extend itself, and every few miles a little white town, surrounded by orange groves,

glistened in the sunshine. As we rounded a rocky point some miles distant from Ponta Delgada, the chief city of St. Michael's, the mountains subsided altogether, and the richest orange district of the island lay extended before us. It is a tract everywhere undulating, and rising here and there into conical hills of some height. Hill and dale were clothed with the dense foliage of the orange, and of the loftier evergreen trees with which every orange plantation is surrounded for the sake of shelter from high winds. The fragrance of the orange blossom reached us at a distance of a mile or two from the shore. So luxurious was the vegetation that it would have seemed monotonous, but that it was relieved by the village churches and country houses scattered amongst the trees; the majority of the latter, as we afterwards found, rough little places enough within, but all of them, as is the Portuguese fashion, gaily whitened or coloured externally. Similarly bright were the little watch turrets perched high up, according to Portuguese usage, at many of the prettiest points of view. To the north the prospect was bounded by an irregular range of hills, some bare, some wooded. On the southern horizon lay the smaller island of St. Mary. On the west was the city, and behind it rose the mountain range occupying the western extremity of the island, less lofty, somewhat, than the eastern mountains, but inclosing lakes which, as will hereafter appear, form one of the gems of Azorean scenery.

Ponta Delgada itself, though a large and thriving place, contains little to interest the traveller acquainted with the cities of southern Europe. There is, indeed, a peculiar dullness observable, due chiefly to the prevailing usages respecting the appearance in public of the female sex, which have come down from the time when the population of Portugal was largely Moorish. Instead of the gaily dressed female peasantry of a Mediterranean town are seen a crowd of figures muffled in dark cloth cloaks, surmounted by helmet-shaped hoods of cloth and whalebone, quite concealing the face, except so much of it as the wearer thinks fit to make visible through a slit or opening in front. While the women of the lower orders are thus enveloped, the ladies of the place seldom appear in the streets on foot at all. From the delights of shopping, as practised in Western Europe, most of them live entirely debarred. That any lady should ever be seen in public, except in a carriage, is an innovation most distasteful to Azorean conservatism.

Sight-seeing, in the usual sense of the word, is with all its pleasures and pains unknown. The churches contain nothing æsthetically valuable, except, perhaps, some specimens of wood carving. The rich Azoreans (and some of them are very rich) seek to display their taste and luxury, not in galleries or works of art, but in the laying out and embellishment of ornamental gardens. Most of these gardens are freely thrown open to strangers. The climate, of which the especial characteristic is warmth without aridity, permits a combination of English grass lawns with semi-tropical and tropical trees and flowers unattainable in Southern Europe, or even in Madeira. Wandering over well-kept sward, the visitor is surrounded by many of the greenhouse and hothouse plants of Kew and the Crystal Palace, flourishing in unrestricted space, and amplified often a hundred fold in size and vigour. And, after all, there is something of the same difference between a plant thus enjoying its natural freedom, and the same plant imprisoned in a greenhouse, as there must be between the lion of the Sahara and the lion of a wild-beast show.

Scarcely less interesting than these professedly ornamental gardens are many of the gardens in which the sweet and juicy oranges of St. Michael's are cultivated for exportation to England. The beauty of the orange gardens is at its height in winter and early spring, when the golden fruit clusters as thickly as the apples in a Devonshire orchard, and the blossom fills the air with perfume. The delicate little Tangerine orange contrasts here and there with his larger brethren, and various other plants are also allowed to flourish even at some sacrifice of profitable space. Foremost of these is the camellia, for which the Azorean soil and climate are said, with much appearance of truth, to be unequalled. The magnolia and the oleander also thrive exceedingly. Scattered here and there are clumps of the banana, the guava, and the Japanese nespera, or loquat, as it is called in Australia. Pine apples are common, but those which grow in the open air are of indifferent quality. The delicate pines which are exported to England are raised under glass. The vine lingers in many places, though the vine disease is still active enough to make grapes scarce and dear in an island which formerly produced twelve or fifteen thousand pipes of wine a year. In the autumn the beautiful belladonna lily, and a little later the Guernsey lily, and in spring the arum, covers every heap of stones and neglected spot; and throughout the winter roses, heliotropes, geraniums, and fuchsias flower abundantly. Despite the bird-destroying devices of man below, and the açor, or hawk, from which these islands take their name, ever hovering overhead, the trees are filled with singing birds. Commonest among these is the canary, much less bright in plumage in all his native Atlantic islands than when domesticated. Blackbirds, robins, and finches of several species likewise abound, but the ubiquitous sparrow is unknown. So are all venomous reptiles—even toads and lizards. Insects are by no means so numerous or troublesome as in Spain and Italy.

The climate of the Azores, although the vegetation is so luxuriant, is by no means one of uniform tranquillity and sunshine. A gale off these islands is, indeed, a phenomenon which, in winter at least, is exceedingly familiar to seafaring men. The winter of St. Michael's makes itself felt in weeks or fortnights of violent westerly winds and driving rains. These stormy periods occur irregularly between November and April alternating with intervals of genial weather and sunshine, which call to mind by the combination of summer skies with short days a fine September in England. Of real cold there may be said to be none. The average temperature of the coldest month, as given in the tables published by Sir James Clark, is upwards of 55° of Fahrenheit, which is the temperature of the month of May in London. But as hardly any of the houses have fireplaces or stoves, it is sometimes chilly enough within doors in the winter evenings. The Azorean summers are for the latitude cool, very much cooler certainly than those of Lisbon, Madeira, or the Mediterranean. While according to the tables already referred to the winter of St. Michael's is 18° warmer than that of London, the summer is but 6° warmer, and even this moderate excess of temperature seems mainly due to the uniformity of the warmth. Certainly nothing like the exhausting effect of a very hot day in London is ever felt in the Azores. Equability of temperature, indeed, is from well-understood physical causes the special characteristic of purely oceanic climates. The waters absorb much of the solar heat when it is in excess, and give it out again when the air becomes cooler; in other words, they subtract largely

from the temperature of the day to add to that of the night, and from the temperature of the summer to add to that of the winter. Moreover, between the Azores and the cold quarters of the north and north-west the Gulf Stream with its exceptionally high temperature interposes. So happy, indeed, is St. Michael's in the matter of temperature that grumbling at the climate is almost always directed against its dampness. Dampness, however, is of two kinds. The atmosphere may derive an excess of moisture either from contact with the ocean, or from the evaporation which takes place from the surface of impervious soils and in low situations. The damp sea breezes of Devon and Cornwall are not to be confounded with the no less humid airs that may be breathed in the Bedford Level. Now in one of these senses St. Michael's is very damp, but in the other the reverse of damp. The soil is everywhere highly pervious to water, and moreover such part of the rainfall as is not absorbed by the soil is rapidly carried off by streams. On the other hand, however, every breeze that blows comes charged with the salt moisture derived from long contact with the sea. And the humidity of a purely sea atmosphere has its inconveniences. It may be doubted, however, whether it is on the whole at all unfavourable to health.

The lover of mountain scenery who finds himself at St. Michael's soon turns his thoughts from the cultivated district round Ponta Delgada to the fields of exploration that lie beyond. The mountains of the island everywhere display their volcanic origin. Craters of extinct volcanoes, great and small, are clustered around and within one another by scores. Many of these craters are extremely perfect in shape, in the walls of others are wide breaches, or deep fissures eaten out by streams. The mountains are in general composed less of volcanic rocks than of pumice and other loose materials easily acted on by water. There is much less of beetling crag and jagged outline, and more of rounded summit, than in Madeira. Of deep ravines and gullies there seems to be no end. Large evergreen shrubs, amongst them the tree heath, the dwarf cedar, a kind of myrtle, and several varieties of the bay family, form the indigenous clothing of all Azorean uplands. Woods of pine, acacia, chestnut, and of trees without an English name fill many of the mountain valleys. Masses of gigantic ferns abound everywhere. Noisy streams and waterfalls are common. More peculiar to the place are the lakes which occupy the lower portion of some of the more perfect craters. Most of these are small, but there are three in different parts of the island which are several miles in circumference.

As was pointed out with reference to Madeira by the late Mr. William Longman in an article in *Fraser's Magazine* for August 1875, the climate of the Atlantic islands is not well adapted to mountaineering on foot. There are tolerably good carriage roads over most of the cultivated districts of St. Michael's, but when the mountains are reached the ordinary mode of travelling is on donkeys. Few Azoreans would entrust the safety of their persons on a mountain road to any other beast, but to anybody who has ridden Madeira horses, or Swiss mules, the want of power in even the finest of these sagacious animals is painfully apparent. However, the mountain roads of St. Michael's are in general safer and less precipitous than those of Madeira, so that there is a certain congruity between the roads travelled and the beasts employed.

Our first mountain excursion was to the lakes, inexplicably called the Lakes of the Seven Cities, which lie amongst the western mountains already referred to. From Ponta

Delgada we drove for ten or twelve miles along an uninteresting coast, and then mounting our donkeys turned inland up a steep mountain ascent. After an hour's puffing and struggling of the donkeys we reached the edge of what seemed for an instant to be an elevated plateau, and then turning the corner of a rock found all at once at our feet a scene of great beauty. We stood on the brink of a vast crater, an almost perfect circle of fully ten miles in circumference. The mountain walls inclosing it, in spite of some depressions and elevations here and there, seemed surprisingly regular. A thousand feet below us, filling half the bottom of the crater, lay a charming lake, or perhaps more correctly two lakes separated by a narrow causeway. So closely do these lakes approach the walls of the crater that it almost seemed as if we could jump down into the smaller of them from where we stood. On the banks of the larger sheet of water lay a village with white church and houses glistening in the sunshine. The smaller lake was much overhung with woods. Elsewhere from the floor of the great crater rose four or five conical hills, some of them of considerable height, and each inclosing a small but perfectly shaped crater of its own. Two of these lesser craters have themselves become little lakes, lying several hundred feet above the level of the larger lakes. As we descended into the great crater by a winding path fresh points of view disclosed fresh beauties at every turn. The principal landowner of the place has added something to its attractions by judicious planting. In an inclosed park lying at the foot of the descent, azaleas and rhododendrons displayed such masses of bloom as none of us had ever seen equalled. Between the park and the larger lake we reached our resting place, and here, comfortably housed, we tarried for many pleasant days. There was boating on the lakes, and wandering through the woods and into the smaller craters for the less energetic of our party, while the more active scaled the heights, and made the laborious circuit of the walls of the great crater. Sometimes a picnic on some wooded promontory or secluded little bay of the lake was our afternoon point of reassembly. It is not always, however, that the climate of this elevated region admits of picnics. Mists and rain are common, and often, the walls of the great crater being wrapped in clouds, the place appears as completely cut off from the rest of the world as the valley in Rasselas. The coming of rain is announced by the frogs of the lake, who on a night when the weather is to their liking fill the whole valley with croaking.

Our return to Ponta Delgada was by a longer and rougher route. Having entered the great crater from the south, we emerged from it at its north-west point. When we reached the summit of the ridge the island of Terceira, upwards of seventy miles away to the north-west, lay plainly visible in the morning sunshine. Turning to the eastward we followed the edge of the great crater for some miles, sometimes absorbed by the magnificence of the views, sometimes disquieted by our closeness to the precipices overhanging the larger lake. Then we traversed a mountain tract abounding in small lakes, or tarns, lying at a great elevation. From these lakes Ponta Delgada is supplied with water, and the aqueduct by which it is conveyed across some of the mountain glens relieves the wildness of the scene, much as, comparing small things to great, do the bridges and galleries of the roads over the Alps.

On the eastern border of this mountain region stands the Pico de Carvão, as it is called in the English Admiralty Map of St. Michael's, or the Pico do Ledo, as it is called

on the spot. The road passes close under it, and it is easily ascended on foot. From its summit the traveller sees spread out before him the whole of the central and cultivated section of the island, which, though forty miles long, is here not more than five or six miles wide. In the foreground are extensive tracts of Indian corn. Beyond, on the south coast, lies the city and the great orange district already mentioned. On the northern coast are three or four gay-looking little towns, surrounded by orange gardens and corn lands pleasantly intermixed. Both north and south the swell of the Atlantic fringes with sheets of snowy foam the dark lava rocks of the coast. To the east the prospect is bounded by the mountain ranges which fill that half of the island.

To visit these eastern ranges and the Furnas baths, the great summer retreat of St. Michael's, was our next undertaking. A pretty drive of fifteen or sixteen miles along the southern coast took us to the town of Villa Franca, lying between the mountains and the sea. The little island of Villa Franca, half a mile from the shore, is worth a visit. It incloses one of the characteristic Azorean craters, into which the sea has entered through a narrow breach on the land side, forming a circular natural dock. From Villa Franca we had a hot ride on donkeys of two hours along the coast, to the foot of a pass called the Gaiteira, leading to the Furnas. The lower part of this pass ascends through ravines, shaded by woods of chestnut. Above these woods came a wilder region, and at the top we had a fine view of the eastern mountains. Then a steep descent brought us into a narrow valley, out of which we presently emerged upon a lake surrounded by sombre mountains, but enlivened that day by a regatta which was going on for the amusement of the Furnas visitors. A mile beyond the lake, in the middle of another wide mountain valley, lies the Furnas village, where we remained for some weeks.

If this remote valley, with its varieties of mineral waters, its boiling pools, and heated mud, had happened to be placed in any accessible part of Europe, it would no doubt be filled with doctors and patients, hotels and boarding-houses, pump rooms, and casinoes. From what is called the Great Caldeira jets of steam and scalding water spirt upwards after the manner of the Geysers of Iceland, but on a smaller scale. Not far off is a deep open pit, twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, in which the waters are incessantly and furiously boiling. Unpleasant stories are told of the fate of animals, and even children, who have carelessly approached this dangerous spot, which is unprotected by fence or inclosure of any kind. Close by, from beneath a mass of rock, heated mud is obliquely forced out in regularly recurring jets, with a noise like the beats of a huge pumping engine. The atmosphere round about is filled with sulphurous fumes, and the soil consists of bare heaps of a whitish deposit, containing many crystals of alum and sulphur. The smaller boiling springs cannot be counted, but there must be hundreds of them. Round the larger springs they cluster thickly, and they are also found in many other parts of the valley, on the borders of the lake already mentioned, and in and near the bed of a stream called the Ribeira Quente, or hot river, which carries the waters of the Furnas valley through a deep mountain gorge to the sea. Of cold mineral springs there is also a considerable variety.

There is an abundance of bathing-houses and drinking-fountains, and the waters are resorted to not only by many Azoreans, but occasionally by invalids from Lisbon, the Brazils, and the United States. Chemically the waters are mainly of two kinds, sulphurous and chalybeate. Per-

haps the most popular baths are those containing a mixture of the two. Whatever may be the remedial merits or demerits of the Furnas waters, it does not appear that they can, with any justice, be regarded as merely inert. They exercise a manifest influence over the bodily state and sensations of those who use them. How far this influence can be advantageously called into play in the treatment of disease is, of course, a question which cannot be discussed here. An interesting account of these baths, as well as much other information respecting the Azores, useful and trustworthy in substance, though conveyed in a somewhat diffuse and rambling form, is to be found in Bullar's *Winter in the Azores and Summer at the Baths of the Furnas*, a book published in the year 1841. One of the two authors was a physician, and has, in an appendix, discussed professionally the medicinal and chemical properties of the Furnas waters.

The Furnas valley is pretty when looked at as a whole, but much prettier when examined in detail. There seems no end to the charming walks and rides amongst tributary glens and gorges, rich in overhanging woods and fern banks, in streams and waterfalls. A month's stay did not enable us to exhaust them. Nor is there any lack of more distant mountain excursions. From the Furnas to the summit of the Pico da Vara is a four hours' ride or walk. After an hour and a half of steep ascent out of the valley we reached the central ridge or backbone of the island. As we journeyed eastward along this ridge we looked down on either hand into a series of valleys and abysses, and now and then had a clear view over the ocean beyond to a vast distance. At other times clouds resting against the sides of the mountains below us shut out this prospect, except when through an opening in the mist we caught a distant strip of sea, enlivened once or twice by the sails of a passing vessel. Reaching the Pico da Vara itself, we came once more upon the wild district we had watched from the sea when we approached the island from England. Near the mouth of a vast ravine we saw the little town of Nordeste, placed, as its name imports, at the north-east end of the island. Towards the south-east a sharp ridge projected from some distance below us to the sea. Crossing this ridge, which is called the Tronqueira, runs the mountain road by which Nordeste is reached from the south.

In the course of another and later excursion from the Furnas, we followed this wild road over the Tronqueira to Nordeste, where we slept, and on the next day, turning southward, we made our way along the coast, through the villages of Agoa Retorta and Fayal, back to the Furnas. The ride from Nordeste to Agoa Retorta is one of the finest in the island, both from the rugged grandeur of one or two of the ravines crossed, and because the remoteness of the place having saved it from the wood-cutter and the charcoal burner, here the great despoilers of the mountain, the tree heaths and other native mountain growths of the island are of an age and size seldom to be seen elsewhere.

We returned from the Furnas to Ponta Delgada by the north coast of the island. By this route the whole journey may be performed in a carriage, but in point of scenery the southern coast is superior. The large town of Ribeira Grande stands on the north coast, nine or ten miles from Ponta Delgada. Amongst the mountains above it, lie the Caldeiras of Ribeira Grande, another group of hot and cold mineral springs on a smaller scale than those of the Furnas. The sulphurous waters here were found by Dr. Bullar to be acid, while those of the Furnas were alkaline, so that probably the medicinal effect of the two may be

appreciably different. A cluster of houses occupied only during the summer surrounds these springs. The place being easily reached from Ponta Delgada, and lying amidst wooded glens and mountain streams, is a delightful resort, much frequented during the summer months.

Rather more than an hour's ascent by a difficult if not dangerous road, took us from the Caldeiras of Ribeira Grande to the edge of the deep irregular crater in which, at a great height above the sea and far from human habitation, lies the Lagoa do Fogo, or Lake of Fire, the third of the larger lakes of St. Michael's. The scene was silent and solitary, for the spot is seldom visited except by wood-cutters and the herdsmen in charge of animals driven to the surrounding hills for pasture. On the west the lake was darkened by gloomy precipices, on the south a flood of sunshine poured through a wide breach in the crater walls opening above the town of Villa Franca. Through this breach a small stream carries away the overflow of the lake. From the top of the mountain which overhangs this lake on its western side there is a noble view over the cultivated portion of the island extending westward to the mountains of the Seven Cities.

Before going on to the other Azore islands, it may not be out of place to say something of every-day life at St. Michael's, and of what seems noteworthy in its inhabitants. To an active stirring Englishman, life at Ponta Delgada appears dull and monotonous; to the lover of basking and contemplation, it is better suited. The amusements attainable are of a tranquil character. There are walks and drives, a croquet ground, an occasional picnic in an orange garden, a pretty little theatre, sometimes tenanted for the winter by a dramatic, and sometimes by an operatic, company. Some of the shops are used as a cheap substitute for clubs, and here loungers congregate, the news and scandal of the day is circulated, and as often as a vessel arrives with letters the hearts of men are made glad, or (much more frequently) sorrowful, by the announcement of the latest prices fetched by oranges in the English markets. During several weeks of the Carnival there is a great deal of masquerading, at which the Portuguese are extremely clever. A less refined amusement of the last three days of that season is the squirting of water at all who appear in the streets, without exception of the old or the rheumatic. There is excellent quail shooting in the cultivated districts of St. Michael's, and rabbits, woodcocks, snipes, rock pigeons and wild fowl are to be found in localities suited to their respective habits. There are no game laws, and with scarcely a restriction the sportsman wanders whither he lists.

Domestic administration is troublesome, and complaints by mistresses of the malpractices of servants are almost as rife as in England. Most of the servants are in truth wild, untaught, and impatient of the usages of civilised life. Now and then, however, an intelligent, useful servant, who will take kindly to English habits, is met with. Cookery is effected chiefly by means of three-legged iron pots, under which a fire of sticks is kept up. A kitchen contains instead of range and dresser a stone slab on which the iron pots are heated, and a very large oven of masonry. Under the manipulation of a good cook, however, these seemingly rude appliances are made to yield excellent results. Good beef and poultry are always to be had, mutton is sometimes satisfactory and sometimes the reverse. The price of meat being very low, and candles being at a much higher figure, the butchers unlike their English brethren, par, off all the fat they can, to sell to the

tallow chandlers. The Portuguese supply the deficiency thus caused by eating fat bacon with beef, but the English find it necessary to induce the butcher to relax the rigidity of this practice in their favour.

The Portuguese of the Azores are singularly courteous and obliging to strangers. With much genuine kindness they combine conventionalities of a somewhat tedious kind. The action of time as a solvent of ancient punctilio has been here much slower than on the mainland of Portugal. Sociability is impeded by the oft-recurring bowings and professions of esteem which custom requires whenever a morning visit is paid. A Portuguese subscribes himself at the foot of a letter as 'your watchful venerator,' an expression no doubt quite as worthy of credit as 'your obedient servant.' He dates all letters written from his own house with the capitals S. C., which stand for 'sua casa,' or 'your house,' and he addresses them to S. I. C., standing for 'your most illustrious house.' Politeness requires him to assume that the house he lives in is one of the inferior mansions of the person he happens to be writing to, who, possessing a more illustrious habitation for his own use, allows the writer to occupy it by indulgence or sufferance. The lower orders of people are in their way quite as ceremonious as the upper. He who jogs a mile or two on a donkey along any country road in St. Michael's receives as many and much more profound obeisances than greet the Prince of Wales when he rides down Piccadilly. Even bare-legged servant boys and girls address each other unfailingly as Sir and Madam.

For the young men of the upper classes, there is an almost total want of occupations or careers. Small Government appointments are eagerly made interest for—always a very bad symptom in the body politic. Here still flourishes, little modified by any irruption of new ideas, the patriarchal system of disposing of daughters in marriage without heed of inclination, of parity of age or character, or of aught save money. That marriages should be purely mercenary seems, indeed, to be almost enjoined by the Portuguese law. If a rich Englishman marries a penniless girl he at all events keeps what he has got, though he does not add to it. But if a rich Portuguese should do the like, and his wife should happen to die without leaving children, the property of the married couple would by the ordinary law be thereupon divided into equal halves, of which the surviving husband would retain one, and the relations of the portionless wife would take the other. The rich husband would, in fact, in expiation of his romantic folly be mulcted of half his property. Under the influence of this law it has become an inveterate custom amongst the rich Azoreans to marry near relations, so as to keep their money in their own families. An heiress as often as not marries her uncle or her nephew, a young man of fortune chooses between his aunt and his niece. The physical and moral results of this system are of course bad. Of energy mental or bodily amongst the upper classes there is but little. Few of them know anything of books or literature. Walking, shooting, boating, swimming, they are little given to. Their horsemanship seldom extends beyond curvetting, with an incredible clatter, over the paved streets of the town. They entertain, indeed, too keen a fear of exposure to the sun, to undertake much bodily exertion of any sort out of doors, which is the more singular as they see the peasantry work in the sun without detriment from morning to night throughout the hottest season.

The labouring class are quiet and simple, industrious and saving. In

the Azores as elsewhere, boatmen, donkeymen, servants and small hucksters will sometimes be found by strangers to be capable of overcharge and embezzlement. A more repulsive characteristic is their excessive cruelty to animals. Their treatment of mules and donkeys is painful to witness. Their chief recreation and delight are the *dias de festa* and processions, to which they look forward with eager interest. The other great solace of their lives is the killing of their pigs. Scarcely the poorest cottager is without a pig, and when it is killed, the meat both fat and lean being reserved for future consumption, the less solid portions of the animal, prepared in some recondite way, and seasoned with garlic without stint, furnish them with their great feast and revelry for the year. A sober feast it is, for drunkenness is rare. So are all serious crimes against person or property, partly from the character of the population, and partly, no doubt, because in a small island it is almost impossible for a criminal to escape the pursuit of justice.

Agriculture is the only productive industry of the Azores. The poorer and more stony soils being the fittest for orange gardens, the richer are devoted to tillage. Indian corn is the principal crop, but beans, wheat, sweet potatoes, and yams, as well as pumpkins and melons, are largely grown. The tillage districts are not picturesque. The tall and graceful Indian corn might enhance even the summer beauty of our English fields, but it cannot take away the monotony of tracts extending for miles almost unrelieved by hedge or tree or human dwelling-place. The agricultural processes in use are of a primordial character. Labour is extremely cheap, and like most things over-plentiful is wastefully applied. Corn is still trodden out by oxen, and carried to the tops of hills to be winnowed by tossing it aloft with wooden shovels on a breezy day. Spades are rejected as incompatible with bare feet, and a large hoe, much less efficacious, is used instead. Earth and stones, instead of being moved from place to place, when necessary, by means of wheelbarrows, are carried in baskets on men's backs. In the country carts the wooden wheels and axles revolve together with a hideous screeching and a prodigious loss of tractive power. But soil and climate are propitious, and as in Ireland a generation ago, and in other countries where the supply of labour is excessive, men will pay any rent to get possession of a piece of land, which they can cultivate by their own labour and that of their families. So the tillage lands of St. Michael's let in small holdings at rents equivalent to from 3*l.* to 7*l.* sterling per English acre. The selling value of land is proportionately high.

But it is time to turn to the smaller islands still remaining to be noticed. Portuguese mail steamers start from Lisbon for the Azores on the 1st and 15th of every month. They are fairly satisfactory vessels in point of size and comfort, and perform their voyages with punctuality. Leaving St. Michael's at nightfall by one of these steamers on her outward voyage, we found ourselves early the next morning entering the harbour of Angra, in the island of Terceira. Angra lies at the head of a deep bay, and looks imposing from the sea. It is, indeed, by far the best built and finest city in these islands, and in the olden time was the seat of government, and the residence of the Captain-General of the Azores. The adoption of a decentralising policy at Lisbon has deprived the place of these advantages, and at present its grass-grown streets have a deserted aspect. The western side of the Bay of Angra is formed by a promontory called the Mount Brazil, a

steep rounded height surmounted by the only regular fortress in the Azores. A district of rich fruit gardens studded with country houses stretches round the town and along the base of the mountains which occupy the interior of this oval-shaped island. These mountains, which rise to a height of somewhat over 3,400 feet, are bare, and rounded in outline, and do not appear to be by any means so rich in scenery as those of St. Michael's. On the other hand, as Terceira is one of the central cluster of the Azore islands, the views to seaward are interesting, especially towards the south-west, where on a clear day the lofty cone of Pico is seen towering behind the precipices of the nearer island of St. George.

A few hours' steaming to the north-west took us from Terceira to the little island of Graçiosa, the beautiful or graceful, as the name imports. The only beauty, however, much appreciated by the nation which conferred this name is the beauty of corn fields and fruit gardens. The Portuguese hold exceedingly cheap the unprofitable grandeur of cloud-capped summits and fathomless abysses. Graçiosa looks attractive enough from the sea, and the cliffs towards the southern end of the island are very fine; but there is so much surf on the coast of this island that landing is at all times difficult, and neither on our first nor on a subsequent visit were we able to get on shore. It is said that there is a subterranean lake amongst the Graçiosa mountains, but we never succeeded in meeting with any trustworthy person who had actually seen it.

Turning southward from Graçiosa we steered next for St. George's. This singular island, straight as a ruler, nowhere more than three miles wide, lofty from end to end, and reaching at some points a height of close upon 3,500 feet, stretches for thirty miles across the Atlantic like the ruined fragment of a gigantic wall, barring the approach to the islands of Pico and Fayal, which lie beyond. Grass-grown uplands show themselves above the stupendous precipices, and these mountain pastures must be nutritious, for there is a large export of cheeses to the other islands and to Lisbon. The place pours forth likewise a teeming population, to become the hewers of wood and drawers of water of the richer islands. A servant seeking employment at St. Michael's generally answers, if questioned, that he or she is, as they express it, a son or daughter of St. George. Rounding the western point of this island we came to its metropolis, Villa das Vellas, which lies on the southern coast. Here we landed for an hour or two, and with a troop of beggars at our heels wandered over the untidy and dilapidated little town, and contemplated the noble view from a ruined convent on a height above. To the south, on the other side of a channel ten or twelve miles in width, we had before us the island of Pico, that is, of the Peak, and towards the south-west, separated from Pico by a channel four or five miles wide, lay the small but well-known island of Fayal, the farthest point of our voyage.

Two or three hours' steaming under the shadow of the Peak took us from St. George's into the Bay of Horta, in Fayal, an anchorage with which most officers of the English navy are well acquainted. There is an American hotel at Horta, and the place being much visited by ships of war of many nations, is less out of the world than any other in the Azores. Horta is a much smaller town than Angra or Ponta Delgada, but from the sea looks prettier than either. The ground ascends rapidly behind it, and rising one above another are seen churches, convents, and country houses in the midst of groves of orange and lemon trees,

and skilfully tended gardens. At the back of the cultivated district appears the central mountain of the island. This mountain incloses one of the largest and most regularly shaped craters in the Azores. It is extremely deep, and at the bottom lies a gloomy lake. Twice during our short stay at Fayal our donkeys stood equipped for a visit to this crater, but as often did the weather frustrate the project.

But the most striking feature in the view from the Bay of Horta is, undoubtedly, the lofty mountain that rises on the opposite island of Pico. Not, indeed, that its height above the sea level, which is something over 7,600 feet, is anything extraordinary. Of other well-known mountains which, like itself, abut upon the sea, Hecla is some 2,500 feet lower, and Pico Ruivo, in Madeira, some 1,500 feet lower, but Etna is some 3,000 feet higher, and Teneriffe some 4,500 feet higher. What gives the Azorean mountain its marked individuality is that, as seen from Fayal (though not from St. George's), it seems to stand entirely alone, springing in conical or bell-shaped form almost directly from the sea level to its apex. It is very regular in outline, except that there is a slight bifurcation at the actual summit. A mountain standing thus alone conveys a greater impression of height than if it be only the highest point of a range. So far as comparison was possible between a scene in actual view and scenes remembered after some considerable lapse of years, the present writer found the view of the Azorean Peak from Fayal fully as striking as those of Etna from the coast of Sicily, and Teneriffe from Oratava.

We were unfortunately unable to attempt the ascent of the Peak. It is an undertaking free from danger or difficulty for anybody who is equal to the fatigue. A considerable part of the journey can indeed be performed on donkeys, but the traveller must take the requisite animals with him in a boat from Fayal, there being none to be hired in Pico. For the last hour or two, as at Vesuvius and Teneriffe, the way lies over loose cinders, and this part of the ascent is of course fatiguing. In winter there is sometimes a good deal of snow on the higher part of the mountain. There is still some slight volcanic activity in one of the two small craters at the top. The views over the surrounding islands, and the intervening arms of the Atlantic, must of course be magnificent. There is a good account of an ascent of Pico in Bullar's work already referred to.

A hundred and twenty miles to the north-west of Fayal are the outlying islands of Flores and Corvo, but these we did not visit. The mail steamers now go on to Flores once a month, but they did not begin to do so until after we had left the Azores. We also failed to accomplish an often projected excursion to the little island of St. Mary, which lies only some forty miles south of St. Michael's, and on every clear day was plainly visible from our windows in Ponta Delgada. We returned to England by way of Portugal. The mail steamer carried us in four days from St. Michael's to Lisbon, a city offering comparatively little to the art-student or to the mere sight-seer, but much to him who can take delight in its fine position, its gay and busy streets, its noble river and picturesque environs. After a few days at Lisbon and Cintra, we took the railway, which, crossing the Tagus half-way between Santarem and Abrantes, traverses the great cork-wood forests of southern Portugal to the frontier at Elvas. Passing the frontier we spent a day at Badajos, a gloomy and ruinous old town on the sluggish Guadiana, some of its time-worn buildings yet bearing scars and

fissures inflicted presumably by Wellington's artillery. Wandering round the fortifications we traced the scene of the terrible assault, and were shown where lies southward, ten or twelve miles across a sultry and treeless plain, the battle-field of Albuera. Returning into Portugal we next made our way by the northern railway to Coimbra, once the capital of the kingdom, and now the seat of its ancient and possibly somewhat effete university. Coimbra is finely placed on a hill overlooking the broad Mondego, but the town itself is poor and the university buildings not remarkable. From Coimbra we went by railway to Oporto, where, after waiting many days for an expected steamer, we embarked for Southampton.

The island of St. Michael may now be reached by steamer from England direct during the fruit season, which lasts from October to March or April, as well as by way of Lisbon at all seasons. Two or three of the fruit steamers have good accommodation for a few passengers. An artificial harbour has taken the place of the dangerous open roadstead which made landing and embarking difficult in former days. There are hotels kept by Englishmen at Ponta Delgada and at the lake of the Furnas, a Portuguese hotel in the Furnas Valley, and a comfortable little cottage inn at the Seven Cities. There is an English consul, an English church and burying-ground (though not a chaplain), and an English colony of perhaps a dozen resident families. What the place seems to require is that some enterprising young doctor should settle there and publish a book about it. The island certainly offers to invalids the unusual combination of a mild and soothing climate for the winter and a variety of mineral waters for trial during the summer. The accommodation for visitors for short periods is scanty, but would, no doubt, increase with the demand for it. Persons intending a prolonged residence easily find unfurnished houses in or near Ponta Delgada, and the furniture in use is for the most part cheap and simple. Hotel charges, servants' wages, meat, poultry, eggs, fish, and nearly all other provisions which do not pass through the custom-house are here at less than half the English rates. Bread, thanks to a Portuguese corn law, is in this corn-exporting island as dear as in England. Groceries are appreciably dearer, and most materials of clothing very decidedly dearer. The cost of living does not, however, entirely turn upon comparisons of this kind. In countries like England there are a thousand amusements, knick-knacks, and miscellaneous luxuries, filching more or less money from every man's pocket, which in such a place as St. Michael's are simply non-existent. On the whole it seems safe to say that any given income will go twice as far at St. Michael's as in England. This statement, however, presupposes with reference to new comers that they should acquire some knowledge of the language and take kindly to the ways of the place, that they should be willing to do for themselves many things which in England are done for them by tradesmen, to higgle with voluble hucksters, and extract useful help from untaught and often perverse domestic servants. It is requisite, too, to forego, more or less completely, books and newspapers, daily letters, and acquaintance with current events—in fact, to put on a little of the wildness which becomes a settler in Australia or New Zealand. Those who can do all this, and yet are wanting in the rough vigour which enables a man in a new colony to make a fortune, could find few places where it is so easy as at St. Michael's to do without one.

R. M. D.

# XIMENES DOUDAN.

ONE of the most interesting, and, if we may judge by the quick demand for a third edition, not the least successful productions of contemporary French literature has been the *Mélanges et Lettres de M. X. Doudan*, brought out by M. de Haussonville. During his lifetime M. Doudan was well known in the inner literary circles of Paris as possessing high intellectual gifts. His counsel and approval were eagerly sought by the most distinguished authors; in matters of critical refinement and taste, in all that the French include under the term 'style,' he was an acknowledged and unerring arbiter. Yet he never sought for public recognition, but preferred to lavish his stores of erudition, imagination, and fancy on a circle of intimate friends. These, however, have not proved themselves ungrateful: from a wide range of correspondence and some fragments of essays, a careful selection has been made by skilful and loving hands; and though the greater part of the volume before us was intended only for hasty and private perusal, it will be found to possess none the less geniality and charm. Many of the letters are fascinating little chapters of that contemporary comedy which so quickly becomes history. The writer had his seat in the stalls to see and enjoy the piece: he also had admittance behind the scenes, opportunities of which he profited largely.

Most of M. Doudan's correspondents belonged to that section of French society known as 'Les Doctrinaires,' and it has been in Paris a matter of somewhat surprised comment that a group, hitherto markedly jealous of any approach to publicity, should thus have come forward to brave the criticisms of the adverse or indifferent. They can, however, only gain by the experiment: these letters, jotted off day by day, teem with evidences of a high standard of the inner life, exclusive devotion to things of the spirit, indifference to all that is mean or commonplace, discerning appreciation of all that is best in art and poetry, with an entire liberty of spirit and great toleration pervading and dominating all. It will doubtless be allowed that M. Doudan's friends were right in judging that the surest way of getting the public to be of one mind with themselves as to his rare merits was to admit it to a full share of the intellectual enjoyments they owed him.

As for M. Doudan's biography, it is the simplest possible. His was one of those lives in which the gradual development of thought and feeling takes the place of incident. He seldom spoke of himself: what is known of his early life and parentage is chiefly from M. de Sacy's recollections, thrown together in a brief memoir, which, together with a vivid and striking notice by M. Cuvillier Fleury, in itself almost a portrait, has been prefixed to the first volume.

Ximenes Doudan was born at Douai, in the first year of the century, of a respectable bourgeois family. In 1822 we find him in Paris, preparing to take his degree in the University, and supporting himself meanwhile as a tutor in the Collége Henri IV. Here the poverty and arduous labour of his life found compensation in the society and friendship of a group of young men, amongst whom were MM. de Sacy, Cuvillier Fleury, St.-Marc Girardin, and others who afterwards earned distinction. M. de Sacy has described with the glow of youthful recollections their

pleasant meeting in the gardens of the Luxembourg and in M. Doudan's rooms in the Rue des Sept Voies, where their host already displayed the depth and refinement of intellect, and the charm of conversation, which so distinguished him in later years. However, the inevitable time comes when such little flocks must disperse. The greater number threw themselves into the political and literary struggles of the day. The most successful, like De Sacy and St.-Marc Girardin, after winning high repute in the foremost ranks of the fray, ended their careers in the tranquil haven of the Académie Française. But M. Doudan chose the humbler profession of teaching. In 1826 he was recommended by M. Villemain to the De Broglie family, then seeking a tutor for the young son left by Madame de Staël from her marriage with M. de Rocca. His position quickly became that of a valued friend, and from this time forward his life was entirely merged in that of the family he had entered.

The house of Broglie, one of the *maisons princières* of the old *régime*, had retained enough vitality to weather the revolutionary storm in which so many of its compeers were engulfed. The eldest son had perished on the scaffold, and his little boy was made to stand by, with the red cap of Liberty on his head and wooden *sabots* on his feet, at the sale by auction of the property to which he was heir; but when the revolutionary waters had subsided, his place knew him once more. At the time of the Restoration, the head of the family was Victor, Duc de Broglie, a young man of much promise. An aristocrat by birth, an Imperialist by education, a Liberal by disposition, he combined every element of power in a reign and at a period in which all these opinions had their share of influence, and could not fail to be courted by the three different parties each of whom would gladly have had the aid of his name and talents. Notwithstanding his dislike to arbitrary power, M. de Broglie conscientiously strove to uphold the elder branch of the Bourbons until the despotic policy of Charles X. made such adherence impossible. Nature had fitted him for the part of those great patricians whose eloquence makes them, almost despite of themselves, heads of the popular party, and he soon came to fill the position of leader to a brilliant and powerful Opposition. In the *salon* of Madame de Broglie (the daughter of Madame de Staël, of whom M. Guizot wrote that great beauty was the least gift she had received from Heaven) all shades of opinion were more or less represented, but the Liberals prevailed. There, as Lamartine describes, were the friends of Madame de Staël, foreigners of high rank or of great distinction, the speakers of the Opposition in both Chambers, the rising men of the young generation. M. de la Fayette was there, patient and temporising; M. Guizot, who, though his lips were sealed by studied silence, could hardly restrain his anticipations of the coming struggle, and was preparing himself for public speaking by argumentative *brochures*; M. Villemain, expounding his views with a *nonchalant* scepticism that disarmed contradiction; while even M. de Montlosier fashioned his aristocratic paradoxes so that they flattered rather than clashed with the visions of democracy. It was an atmosphere perhaps of discontent, but perfectly free from passion; there was the attitude but not the bitterness of opposition. In this brilliant circle M. Doudan's remarkable conversational talent at once gave him a distinguished place.

After the Revolution of 1830 the Duc de Broglie became successively Minister of Public Instruction, of Foreign Affairs, and finally President of the Council. During these

years M. Doudan was his private secretary, and by his ready tact, unflagging zeal, and discriminating prudence, rendered his chief services, of which the De Broglie family have been eager to acknowledge the value. When the Ministry were about to go out in 1836, M. Doudan was offered a place in the Council of State, but this, like similar offers from subsequent Ministers, he steadfastly refused, preferring the independent leisure of private life. After the death of the Duchesse de Broglie, it became evident he would never separate himself from the domestic circle, now so sadly narrowed, in which all his affections were concentrated. His devotion to the distinguished man who had become his friend may be gathered from the following letter written to Madame de Staël in 1838.

Unquestionably, I shall never wish M. de Broglie to take up again the burden of official life, to expose himself to its daily vexations and trials, now that he no longer has the daily and hourly solace which once made it easy to him. But I am doing my best to dissuade him from taking any irrevocable decision in the matter. None can tell the effect which words, which cannot be unsaid, may produce on the imagination. The slenderest of convent *grilles*, once the vows are spoken, become close and massive bars through which the air scarcely seems to pass. As long as we live we need some external interests in life; a life purely interior soon burns itself away. The very distractions we despise are of use to us; they send us back to our solitude with renewed energy and enjoyment. Better far that M. de Broglie should remain in the strife and turmoil of the world, that he should suffer from and complain of it, than that he should come to find solitude itself but a dreary void. Weariness of the world leaves us with something still to hope for from isolation; it is when we are brought face to face with the desolation of utter solitude that we fully realise the exceeding bitterness of life.

It is pleasant to know that such loving solicitude had its reward. A few years later M. Doudan was able to write to Madame de Haussonville of her father: .

I have been as much struck as you by the elasticity of M. de Broglie's spirits amid all these troubles: his mind has now a power of rebound no burden will be heavy enough to crush. Such strength is doubtless a natural gift, but it is likewise certain that they who live by rule feel their strength daily renewed like the eagle's. They never have more to bear at any one time than the burden of the day. Method in life acts like a lever raising a heavy stone: after each day's effort there comes an interval of rest and peace; thus, without exhaustion, huge weights are raised to great heights.

From this time forward M. Doudan's life was spent, as he himself elected, in study and retirement. Freed from the trammels of office; satisfied, perhaps too easily, that his health absolved him from any obligation to outward activity, he was able to give himself up without reserve or scruple to his favourite pursuits. His predilection was for the great masters of past ages: to him there were 'no paths so beautiful as those over which Homer and Dante have travelled;' the great French writers of the eighteenth century, whom he likewise reckoned as classics, he read and re-read incessantly. Yet it may safely be said that there was hardly a book published within the last fifty years unknown to him; few of which he had not mastered the leading points. Mr. Matthew Arnold tells us that, as a rule, no Frenchman knows anything about anything, except a few who live in Paris and know more than all the rest of the world put together. M. Doudan would seem to have belonged to the latter class.

I have a passion for learning (he writes). To come to what is really original we must work down to the primary strata of human knowledge. They who know nothing are apt to think everything new. It would be well to resolve never to treat of any subject until we know how all other ages have dealt with it.

His was a life very rich in itself, if we value as we ought fullness of thought and sentiment; silent and inactive to outward seeming, if we omit to take into account the not easily measured but weighty results

of his influence on all with whom he came into contact. Notwithstanding his modesty, M. Doudan felt himself to be not only an excellent judge of literature, but likewise a marvellous educator of intellects: he flattered himself no one could surpass him in the power of drawing out of a mind all that it was capable of producing. Of this almost every page of his correspondence shows proof; we see the wisest, the most judicious, the most delicate counsel given with the utmost grace and kindliness, nor is it to be wondered at that writers of perfectly established reputation still eagerly sought his advice—his approval gave the final seal to a book or reputation. M. St.-Marc Girardin, for instance, never published anything without consulting him; and we are told it was amusing to watch the ill-concealed nervousness of M. Villemain, who was known to be particularly anxious about the success of his works, the first time after any new publication he met M. Doudan, who in fact appears to have filled the office of director of literary consciences. However, though undoubtedly enjoying the exercise of authority, he wielded it with a discretion which caused him to be described as 'a domestic and friendly Socrates, without the Agora, without the disciples, but likewise without the prison or the hemlock.' His was certainly a remarkable character, and we can easily understand how those even who came to the Hôtel de Broglie but as passing guests were struck by his intellectual and pleasant conversation, lit up by flashes, not of sarcasm, but of what is meant in France by *raillerie*. Nothing in his appearance gave a clue to his age, there was so much at once of youthfulness and of maturity in his regular, delicately cut features; nor was he pleased when his friends were tempted by curiosity on that point, but amused himself by ingenious stratagems to puzzle their conjectures. Without taking too literally M. Cousin's somewhat petulant explosion, possibly elicited by finding an antagonist able to hold his own, 'No one has been so witty since Voltaire,' it is certain that M. Doudan was master of the art of intellectual gladiatorship.

He did not go out of his way (writes M. de Haussonville) either to raise or to avoid discussion, looking on it merely as an intellectual exercise; but once fairly launched, he threw into it his whole strength, and his brilliancy was not to be surpassed. There was no use in trying to baffle him with paradoxes; rhetoric he could overturn in one sarcastic sentence; he was merciless in exacting from others the same rigorous logic he imposed on himself. No one ever abstained more conscientiously from eloquent phrases or witty sallies unless they honestly supported his argument.

As we have said, M. Doudan's letters are charming. He had the power of easy yet precise expression, the capacity of discussing intellectual ideas without pedantry, so characteristic of Parisian culture. Even his faults become qualities; his dislike to any prolonged strain gives his thoughts an impetus which makes them hit the mark without a swerve; while perfectly free from any tendency to vulgar gossip, his pages abound in amusing anecdotes and traits. His style does not lend itself easily to translation; still, even a few random extracts may give some idea of a correspondence which, ranging over nearly fifty years, carried on with persons so intellectually distinguished as M. Guizot, M. Piscatory, M. St.-Marc Girardin, M. and Madame de Haussonville, M. Albert de Broglie, the Marquise de Harcourt, hardly left a question or incident of political, literary, or social interest untouched.

*April* 10, 1840.

M. Thiers dined here yesterday. He talked of Africa with a vivacity which delighted Albert [the present Duc de Broglie], saying it is the only school of self-denial and heroism left to us; proving, by his military erudition, that the best troops have always been those formed in warfare against irregular cavalry. As he

spoke, we could see the Arabs dashing down the slopes with the reins on their horses' necks, while the French cavalry stood calm and motionless, dispersing the storm by its steady fire—then came the Army of Egypt, Heliopolis, the Battle of the Pyramids, the Roman legions. M. de Haubersant remained perfectly unmoved by all this; despite of the Numidians, despite of Heliopolis and Thabor, he persisted in counting on his fingers how many soldiers we had in Africa, how many had died of fever in the last ten years, &c. &c. Then M. Thiers returned to the charge with a sort of 'furia francesca,' bringing up all the invincible armies ever formed in Africa, with the sun shining on their victorious standards, and choruses of heroes trained on battle-fields. Meanwhile, all these warlike strains were drawing M. de Lascourt owards M. Thiers, and making him thinks Africa was not so absurd after all. He looked like Job's horse, somewhat lean, pawing the ground at the sound of the trumpet.

*Sept.* 1843.

So all our warlike preparations against England are to be utilised in decorating a new 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.' It seems the young Queen is charming; but is it quite respectful to describe so minutely the eyes, hair, and complexion of this fair Sovereign of the Seas? However, though her sway extends from Canada to Lahore, she may yet not be displeased to hear that the French newspapers pronounce her to be extremely pretty. The *Débats* describes everything in the style of *René*. It is true that Milton made use of the same rich colouring and poetic illustration in describing a breakfast given by Adam and Eve; but then it was about the first breakfast ever partaken of on earth; whereas now that we have been eating and drinking on the most moderate computation quite six thousand years, meals should be written of with more simplicity.

*March* 17, 1844.

The election of MM. Ste.-Beuve and Prosper Mérimée to the Academy has been an exciting campaign. To begin with, both, as they candidly acknowledged, were intensely eager to get in. M. Mérimée consulted Homer, opening the volume at random, and considering the first line of each page as prophetic. Since his election, all the lines are proved to have been clearly in his favour. M. de Ste.-Beuve was withering away so visibly with fear and expectation, that to refuse him a vote would have required a heart of steel. Those who believe the wrath of kings to be like that of lions voted for M. Vatout.

*July* 1845.

Be sure to note what impression the Campo Santo (Pisa) makes on the Princesse de Broglie. If the grandeur and desolation of that grass-grown square, where two old horses try vainly to eke out their living, does not impress her now, it surely will another time. Indeed, I almost doubt whether young people, when they are perfectly sincere and simple, are likely to be much touched the first time they see such places. Not that the emotion they give us is fictitious, but it is complex and erudite.

*July* 1845.

Have you seen M. Thiers' new volume? We read the last chapter yesterday: the conspiracy of Georges and the death of the Duc d'Enghien. There is a great deal of life and interest in that lugubrious narrative; it is told with an immense charity and the wish not to find anyone guilty; or, rather, to distribute impartially a moderate amount of censure all round; to the First Consul for having been too hasty, to the Duc d'Enghien for bearing arms against his country, &c. &c. One is sometimes astonished by the placid and serene aspect of nature when some terrible scourge is falling on mankind. In M. Thiers' history tragedies seem to be enacted under the softest of summer skies. He tells us of the most terrible things as if they were perfectly natural occurrences. When Tacitus describes the fall of the Republic or the crimes of the Empire, it is on a canvas as gloomy as his subject.

*June* 17, 1846.

These last days have been passed amid the delights of the inauguration of the Chemin de Fer du Nord. At the Brussels dinner, in the presence of all the constituted authorities, before the French Ambassador, under the nose of the Belgian Ambassador to France, to the beard of the Russian Ambassador, M. Rogier, with a remarkable sense of propriety, proposed the health of M. Barrot and his ideas; on which M. Barrot responded to the tune of the *Marseillaise*. At this unexpected entertainment M. de Ségur and the Belgian Ambassador got up and went away, rather than wait to be told how contemptible they are in the eyes of all true patriots. It is not exhilarating to have to dine with people who may oblige you to leave the table prematurely, especially as he who loses his dinner is considered by the public to have got the worst of it.

*June* 1848.

It seems M. Louis Bonaparte is suffering, not from acute rheumatism, but from a rage to be emperor of something or somebody. He is as obstinate as a zebra (I speak of him respectfully, lest he should ever be my sovereign), and I doubt his having much brains. This last is not uncommon in France, but obstinacy is. If a man wants to get into a house, and keeps ringing

every five minutes, the chances are, the moment will come when he may rush in. How long he will remain there is another matter, but he may do a deal of damage before he can be turned out.

*November* 1849.

So we are not so near the Empire as you thought. The *Moniteur* informs us that they who say, 'There goes our future Emperor,' are detestable calumniators. You will dance at the Tuileries this winter, but it is to be on the footing of liberty and equality.

*May* 1852.

Doubtless you have had nothing in London to compare with the military splendours we were favoured with on Monday. It was so superb that even now a halo of dust and gunpowder seems to hover over Paris. At any rate, it is certain the pomps of ancient Rome and the Coliseum shows were mere country fairs compared to the glories of the Champ de Mars. Never had Cæsar's legions eagles so exquisitely chiselled, or standards of such rich silk—never was the senate of Augustus so well dressed, nor any of the Antonines mounted on handsomer horses. There was perfect order kept throughout. Lord Cowley alone was inclined to grumble. His carriage had been stopped by the police, which made him late for the ceremony, so he absolutely refused to take the place reserved for him in the front row. In vain did M. le Président de la République look anxiously towards him; in vain were first an A.D.C., then M. Turgot, sent to appease him. At last M. de Maupas came in person to explain that *even he* had been stopped on the road by his own subordinates. To which Lord Cowley quietly replied, 'It would seem that your police is badly managed.' What a speech for a day intended to have been spent in a succession of fraternal embraces! But those English have hard hearts and sharp tongues.

*July* 1853.

There are nothing but rumours of wars, which the newspapers tell us are the surest sign of peace. But most great wars begin by quarrels, in which all the contending parties have the sincerest desire to avoid extreme measures. I do not understand the Emperor of Russia, who used to pose as a sort of Marcus Aurelius, and now has taken to flinging about Congreve rockets.

*April* 1861.

Should you not like to spend a few days with Tacitus in his country house; to see how people ate and drank and talked in those days? Renan ought to tell us if we shall meet Cæsar and Cicero in the next world. If I asked him, he would say it is a pious belief which ought to be respected.

In another letter he says of the same writer:

Il donne aux hommes de sa génération ce qu'ils aiment le mieux, des bonbons qui sentent l'infini.

*July* 1866.

We cry out in vain, 'Sister Anne, what do you see now?' There is no sign of M. de Bismarck's couriers on the horizon; for all we know, he may push on to Vienna. I hope you are sorry for poor Benedek; he was a soldier of fortune, and the Holy Roman Empire has not often chosen her commanders-in-chief from among such. He implored the Emperor not to put this responsibility on him, saying, 'I can command 50,000 men, but it is unlikely that I shall be able to manage 300,000.' They insisted, and he yielded. How necessary it is to be able to say 'No' to the rulers of the earth! The oddest of all is the political instinct of the French men of business, usually sharp enough on all other points. One of them was heard to say in a railway carriage, 'The Emperor is a clever fellow; in one turn of his wrist he has knocked over all those little German States his uncle never succeeded in managing!' What it is to know political history! That individual deserves to be made Minister of Foreign Affairs.

*June* 1867.

The Emperor of Russia, Prince Humbert, and the little Tycoon are scampering about Paris like hares. Last night the Tuileries were resplendent with electric light, and reminded one of the abodes of wisdom Lucretius describes. But those who danced inside were not, I fear, much enlightened by the 50,000 gas jets, except M. de Bismarck, who stood at the window with a smile on his face watching the effect of the fire lighting up the bridge of Jena and the Vendôme Column with its bas-reliefs of captive Prussians. If the night had been favourable to ghosts, the First Napoleon might have had some sharp words with his nephew.

*December* 1868.

It now comes out that all our *chefs-d'œuvre* of painting (which belong to the State) are unceremoniously taken down to decorate the walls of our official dignitaries. The other day that small Papinian, M. Troplong, after making his abode beautiful with masterpieces from the Museum, very nearly burnt them for us by having too large a fire in the kitchen which adjoins his study. It is only insolence . . . . but it is very great insolence. One can fancy the picture of Thermopylæ, hung up in one of these people's rooms, saying, 'Stranger, tell whoever you like that we are here to break

the laws and laugh at morality, and at Sadowa. After us the Deluge; meanwhile we are having lots of fun.'

The asperity with which M. Doudan criticises the Second Empire certainly contrasts strongly with the 'sweetness and light' which usually distinguish his judgments even of those to whom he is most opposed. But it must be remembered that, not only had its triumph involved the destruction of his most cherished aspirations both as an Orleanist and as a Liberal, but that his experience of public affairs had been sufficient to give him a fair prevision of the probable consequences of every move on the political chessboard. Acute as was the agony, crushing the despair of 'l'année terrible,' probably the worst was endured in anticipation by those who with shackled hands and fettered lips had to stand by, watching chance after chance thrown away, false step after false step taken, corruption in every department of the State, inextricable confusion of deceivers and deceived. Still for the Emperor himself, when it became evident that days of darkness and eclipse were drawing near, he had some measure of sympathy and kindly feeling.

*Sept.* 2, 1869.

The Emperor is ill. The Empress and her son are away. A damp mist hangs about the Tuileries, and heavy clouds lower over the Imperial standard. The bright days of Solferino, when there was no dread of trouble or contradiction, are very distant now, when we dreamt of forming empires over the seas, and of governing Europe by the ascendency of genius. It is enough to make anyone melancholy. And then I pity royalties, who cannot afford to be ill. Every fluctuation of the Bourse must jar on already irritated nerves; they cannot even obey the instinct of a bird, which hides itself when it is hurt. The Emperor must make an effort to drive to St. Cloud, and talk of going to Châlons, when he longs for rest; and the Empress, doubtless anxious and careworn, has to show herself all smiles and serenity to the people of Toulon and Ajaccio.

Of the Plébiscite he writes:

*April* 1870.

Never had nine millions of men so many questions to answer at once, I am asked in one breath if I like the *Coup d'état*, Liberty, the Senate, the Emperor's right to name his successor, his other right to do through the people what he can't do through the Chambers, or to do through the Chambers what he can't do through the people. It is as if the *maire* asked me, 'Will you take as your wife Christine, Françoise, Charlotte, and Julie?' To which I reply, that polygamy is a hanging matter. . . .

As for me, I wash my hands of those monstrous 'Yes'es, and have modestly inscribed a 'No' in the best and clearest writing which the thinness of the paper permitted. Most of my friends sent theirs back blank, and tell me I have voted in very bad company. I can only answer that there is bad company in all camps.

*July*, 10, 1870.

M. de Grammont has exploded like a bomb at the tribune. In my time, diplomatists used not to behave like hussars. I can fancy Desages receiving the news that Prim had proposed a Hohenzollern for the crown of Spain! He would have put the letter by for thrice twenty-four hours before telling his troubles to the public. Not that I think we should submit tamely to a Prussian colonel's reigning beyond the Pyrenees, but let us at least wait to see how things are, and what the Cortes will do. We should talk before screaming, and not begin a tragedy at the fifth act.

The course of events swept rapidly on. A few weeks later he writes:

I shall leave Paris to-morrow, unless public events take a still worse turn; in that case I remain here, so as to be able to send to those who have children in the army the earliest news.

Between these lines may be read the whole history of a life in which forgetfulness of self was so habitual as to be simply characteristic. To this frail, somewhat hypochondriacal old man, who probably had never in his life known what it was to face real danger, it was a matter of course to expose himself to the risks which it was well known those who remained in Paris incurred for the sake of sparing those he loved some hours of painful suspense. Very soon the enemies' forces were before Paris, and from August 1870 to February 1871

there is a break in the correspondence. Then he writes:

These few months seem like a hundred years. I remember having some such impression in 1848, but that revolution was as a bouquet of roses compared with what we have seen and may yet have to see, though we seem to have exhausted every possibility of suffering, famine coming on us with slow but steady footsteps; disease, especially small-pox, carrying off its four or five thousand every week; bombs falling by day and by night, the hourly possibility of a terrible internal struggle breaking out; the gloomy Prussian lines getting nearer to us day by day; the absence of all intercourse with the outer world, and all this made tenfold more terrible each night by the long hours of utter darkness. Yet perhaps our fate may be even harder to submit to, now that the pressure of actual want is taken off. What may not yet be in store for us!

Still he strove to keep the activity and serenity of his mind as far as possible unaltered. Writing to Madame de St.-Aulaire, he says:

When all is said, we must admit that, save in their utter disregard of human life, the men of our times are very inferior to those of the past. The past! what we can do best now is to take refuge in its memories. You young recruits of the spring can look forward, with the insolence of youth, to a distant future; but to those of my generation

'Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.'

The Prussians cannot rob us of Argos, the unchangeable past! And Etiolles, where a kind little girl used to show me the plants growing round a fountain behind the trees in the garden, is Argos to me. Doubtless it is all changed now, but it still is very sweet; perhaps sweeter as a memory than ever before.

And again:

I value very highly the power of keeping the mind occupied with something external to its own troubles. Cæsar writes: 'Under my tent, in the fiercest struggles of war, I have always found time to think of many other things.' 'Thinking of other things' is perhaps the secret of strength.

Among M. Doudan's most constant correspondents at this time was Mademoiselle Gavard, sister to the Secretary of Legation in London. With her he keeps up a constant interchange of political and literary news. His criticisms of English literature are appreciative and often amusing. At this time he seems to have skimmed a good deal of our lighter literature, and has much admiration for English lady-novelists.

Women who like Miss Brontë have perhaps never left the four walls of a country parsonage, yet excel in accurate and life-like delineation of character. It only shows human nature is everywhere the same; perhaps the models are more accurately and carefully studied in a country village than in the noise and tumult of cities like London or Paris, where it is said that the vibration of the carriages which pass by the Observatoire often causes the apparent displacement of a planet.

He regrets that Miss Braddon does not use her gifts according to knowledge: 'With a marked talent for description, she persists in entangling her characters in a mass of improbable incident.'

Longfellow he likens to 'a bird of tropical plumage with too much blue and too much red. A sort of sublimified Berquin. But there are extremely pretty lines in *Evangeline*.'

I am sorry M. Grote is dead; his opinions were bad, but he had a very good intellect, capable of following Plato clearly and forcibly through all his subtleties. His partiality for the Communists of Athens shows he had not the privilege of knowing MM. Ranvier and Delescluze.

Macaulay (he thinks) has not, in France, the reputation he deserves for his great erudition, his deep and consummate culture, the singular combination of passion and of impartiality which we seldom find elsewhere. Then his vast and yet minute knowledge of all history and all literature gives a sense of security in his judgments which we are very far from feeling with *beaux esprits* like M. Cousin, 'who throw themselves into the arms of the seventeenth century and Madame de Longueville, regardless of the rest of the world. How prosperous we should now be if the average Frenchman had even a confused notion of the thoughts and senti-

ments to which the history of William III. owes its existence.' However, the very degree of M. Doudan's familiarity with some of our writers, makes us wonder that others are passed by without notice, and confirms the truth of his remark:

> There is a fate about books. It is not the merit of a work which brings it across the Channel. For a book to have a reputation abroad requires a combination of causes, among which charlatanism counts for one. I am sure that in any average English library there are hundreds of volumes on which I should throw myself with delight, but of which even the names have never reached Boulogne.

And so the pleasant flow of correspondence runs on until the autumn of 1872, when the ready and facile pen was laid aside for ever. The little library in which so many hours have sped away in genial converse stood closed and vacant; and amidst honour, reverence, troops of friends, and all that makes old age lovable and venerable, the silver cord of a singularly pure and elevated life wore silently away.

The amount of repressed feeling which makes itself felt in M. de Haussonville's and the other prefatory notices shows how deeply M. Doudan's loss was felt by those who had the privilege of his friendship. Doubtless they often instinctively turned (as he himself wrote of M. de Ste.-Beuve) to the vacant chair of the keen, clear-sighted critic whose verdict could no longer be asked, or listened for the little epigrammatic sentences cut with the clearness of cameos, in which more of the spirit of a book was often condensed than many readers would gather from the perusal of every page. Still more must they have missed the strong, unselfish affection, never weary of pouring itself out in wise words of advice and sympathy.

It is perhaps a question whether the attitude of a spectator is one in which it is perfectly safe for anyone to retrench himself during a whole lifetime. Without going so far as unreservedly to assert that 'Life is the verb To do,' there certainly is a feeling that a man should leave something more to be said of him than that 'he might have done something if he had liked;' and passages in M. Doudan's letters seem to point something like regret at having abandoned too soon the arena of public life. Yet, when we remember how thronged and crowded that arena is, how often the best of life is wasted in a mere struggle for elbow-room, how inevitably each successful competitor must trample under foot rivals perhaps as worthy as himself, we may be inclined to allow that they who are content to remain spectators have not necessarily missed the better part. To quote M. Doudan once more:

> If the cream of humanity were as accurately skimmed off as you, madame, seem to think, then all those who have not achieved some celebrity might fairly be a little despised. But just as the Athenians thought it worth while to build altars to unknown gods, we may some day learn that there is enough of hidden talent in the world to merit a Pantheon to itself. There are many caged birds with wings strong enough for very high flights. Believe me, Nature is rich. She can afford to lavish her gifts even on those who will never exchange them for glory.

# BRITISH QUADRUPEDS.

By the Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A.

THE causes of the great difference which appears between our present mammals, and those which are disclosed as the curtain of mist rises from the pliocene era[1] and its successors, are not of the same nature as those which prevail during historic times. Nature then operated; man has been the chief agent in later periods. Gradual, it may be also abrupt, change of climate, from extreme heat to arctic frost, successive sinkings of what is now dry land, in order that the present sea might emerge, and then again reversal or partial repetition of the process, with numerous upheavals, and the slow march of glaciers down the valleys at one period, to be again succeeded by tropical luxuriance of vegetation — these were the agents which operated so remarkably in the one case. It is easy to see how these changes, whether of sudden birth or long-extended growth, must have altered the character of the animals which could find subsistence on what was then a north-western portion of the European continent, but now forms the British Islands. The mammoth would yield to the tiger, and the feline race have in its turn to give way once more to light-avoiding quadrupeds which frequented caves. The careful investigations of Mr. J. Geikie show that these alternations may have recurred again and again, as the climatic conditions of Great Britain were ameliorated or intensified in rigour. Advancing to historic times, three causes may be mentioned which mainly contributed to produce the present and recent races of animals located on our Isles. The spread of population, which, gradually invading forest and common, drove some native wild animals farther into the wilds, occasionally extirpating them altogether, as the red Indians fade away before the white man's approach, may be named as the first cause of different species prevailing in ancient and modern times. A second cause, which operates even more surely than the last, is the warfare carried on by man against those kinds whose existence he deems incompatible with his comfort or advantage. Thus the wild cat has been all but, if not totally, eradicated in England, and the otter is fast disappearing, as the beaver and the wolf have long since disappeared. The power of this cause can, perhaps, be best estimated by recalling the numerous families and individuals of many different kinds of birds which lived together in the utmost harmony at Walton Hall, while its late eccentric owner took care that no gun should disturb its sacred precincts. Thirdly, man elevates, dwarfs, or greatly modifies domesticated species of animals, as suits his fancy or convenience, by means of selection and the art and mystery of scientific breeding. Nature may occasionally seem, even at present, to bear hardly upon some particular groups of animal life, but in modern times,

[1] Professor Prestwich (following Mr. Etheridge) gives a table of the fossil species of British mammals. He puts the number known in 1874 as 198, of which 26 are living species. Of these he places 3 in the Rhætic period, 5 in the lias and oolite, 30 in the Purbeck and Wealden, and the remaining 160 species are tertiary animals. There are 76 species of mammals at present in Great Britain. (*Past and Future of Geology*, Appendix. Macmillan, 1875.)

man is, after all, the chief alterer of the conditions by which a race is fostered or exterminated.[2]

From the marine corals and sponges, the ctenoid and cycloid fishes of the cretaceous ages, the prototypes of our most familiar fish, the transition to tertiary life is very striking. At the dawn of modern existences, as testified by the London clay and the clays and marls of the Isle of Wight, mammalia, mostly of extinct species, are detected on what is now our island, the *hyracotherium*, *macacus*, &c. Rather higher in the system, the clumsy *palæotherium*, the mild-tempered tapir, the *anoplotherium* and the hog-like *cheiropotamus* appear, all of them forms very dissimilar to our present quadrupeds. What the miocene quadrupeds were can only be conjectured, as these strata, with trifling exceptions, do not exist in Great Britain. During the pliocene age, existing animals first gladden the palæontologist in the mammaliferous crag of Norfolk and Suffolk. Huge cetacea (the *balæna*, *balænodon*, *zeuglodon* &c.) gambolled in the warm seas which now form the German Ocean; their numbers being attested by the prevalence of cetolites (or earbones) of unknown species. The mighty mastodon browsed amongst the luxuriant foliage of the river valleys, the rhinoceros wallowed in the swamps, the wild cat and otter sought their prey in the jungles beside them.

In the pleistocene period a much larger assemblage of quadrupeds has to be conceived as inhabiting Britain. Indeed, imagination is wearied with fashioning their numerous species. Every existing order may be recognised. Man, the all-conquering, has not yet appeared to thin their ranks, and to hunt animals in number and size far surpassing any which the most daring sportsman could now pursue in Equatorial Africa, or the jungles of Central India, and the Nepaulese Terai, the elephants, mastodons, mammoths, *deinotheria*, &c., which are so characteristic of the period. Immense convulsions heralded their advent on our horizon. The pliocene seas and continents were violently agitated, the climate changed, and multitudes of larger mammals perished. Their remains are found in the bone-caves scattered over England—Kirkdale Cave, Kent's Hole, and the like—and in the ossiferous gravels and breccia. Again, a tropical change came over the fauna and flora of the land. Palms, ferns, cycads, pines and (for the first time) true exogenous trees show themselves before the great ice age, and probably at successive intervals during its dreary predominance, and that of the boulder-drift. Monkeys sported in these trees, while the gigantic quadrupeds of the time wandered beneath. It was an age of transition to our own days. What we deem the more distant mammalian orders were then connected by the closest links, and such marvels were seen as cetacean-like pachyderms, pachyderm-like ruminants and ruminants that seem to coalesce with edentates and rodents.[3]

Our familiar animals are first found in the post-glacial period of the pleistocene age. In the place of *Felis spelæa*, cave-bear and the like, the red-deer, *Bos longifrons*, Irish elk, hippopotamus, elephant, &c., roam over England. The

[2] Thus the hare was only introduced into the Isle of Wight in the sixteenth century, and foxes in the present one, for the purpose of hunting. There are no hares, rabbits, martens, or badgers in the Isle of Skye, save where man has imported them, though weasels and wild cats are well known. (Wilson's *Voyage Round the Coasts of Scotland*, ed. 1842, vol. i. p. 436.)

[3] Page, *Advanced Text-Book of Geology*, p. 280, 2nd ed.

rigours of the climate soften. The huge glaciers cease to crawl down the mountain valleys of Wales and Westmoreland, and Great Britain assumes its present configuration of sea and land. Above all, MAN appeared on the scene. 'It is in the highest degree likely,' says Professor Geikie,[4] 'that man arrived here as early at least as the mammoth and the hippopotamus.' Nay, in his postscript (p. 510), he adds, that by Mr. Tiddeman's discovery of a human bone in the Victoria Cave, near Settle, there 'is direct proof that man lived in England prior to the last interglacial period.' However this may in future days be regarded by science, it is to this group of animals that historical times are indebted for their fauna.

What causes produced this reign of ice, to digress for a moment, and how long was its duration, are, and probably must long remain, among scientific men, disputed points. The latest geological authority, Mr. J. Geikie, gives in his adhesion to the views of Mr. Croll respecting the eccentricity of the earth. 'Upwards of 200,000 years ago, the earth, as we know from the calculations of astronomers, was so placed in regard to the sun that a series of physical changes was induced, which eventually resulted in conferring upon our hemisphere a most intensely severe climate.'[5] Its results, however, and to a great extent the succession of its physical changes, are traceable by science. Here at least she speaks in no faltering accents. Mr. Archibald Geikie[6] showed, in 1863, that Scotland gradually sank during the formation of the boulder clay, and during the earlier part of the drift period resembled the present aspect of Greenland. It was then gradually elevated again during the formation of the stratified drift. Amongst the mammalia whose remains have been found in this stratified drift, he notes the seal, rein-deer, red and fallow deer, elk, Irish elk, *Bos primigenius* and *Elephas primigenius* (mammoth), a list of quadrupeds not much dissimilar to the present sub-arctic fauna. Mr. James Geikie is still more definite in his account of the English glacial deposits and their fossil remains. The subjoined table gives a general view of the ice age and its characteristics.

| | |
|---|---|
| | Recent period. |
| | Postglacial period (peat, neolithic man). |
| Glacial Period. | Last glacial period (erratics, &c.). |
| | Last inter-glacial period (cave deposits, palæolithic man, extinct mammalia). |
| | Great cycle of glacial and inter-glacial periods (moraines, perched blocks, &c.). |
| | Preglacial period (Norwich crag, mastodon, &c.).[7] |

Nor again is it possible to arrange the exact order of succession amongst the quadrupeds which inhabited those bleak ages. They may, however, be grouped under three heads, suggesting climatic conditions corresponding to the southern, arctic, and temperate zones. It is inconceivable how creatures of such diverse organisations and habits could have synchronised, and therefore we are driven, at least in the present state of knowledge, to assume great changes of climate. In the southern or sub-tropical group of animals are found the lion,

[4] *Great Ice Age*, p. 507. Compare, however, Dr. Wright's words: 'We have no direct evidence that man existed previous to the glacial period.' (Dr. Wright, F.R.S.E., August 1875.)

[5] *Great Ice Age*, p. 504 See also *The Climate of the Earth, Past and Present*, by Capt. Sargeaunt (Smith & Elder, 1875).

[6] *On the Phenomena of the Glacial Drift of Scotland*, by A. Geikie, F.R.S.E., Glasgow, 1863; and *Scenery and Geology of Scotland*, London, 1865.

[7] Geikie's *Great Ice Age*, Note B.

the tiger, the hyæna, the rhinoceros and elephant, that formidably-armed tiger now extinct, *Felis caffir*, and the hippopotamus. In the boreal group must be placed the glutton, reindeer, marmot, lemming, mammoth and woolly rhinoceros. The animals of the temperate group are the bison, urus, grizzly bear, cave-bear, Irish elk, wild boar, wild cat, beaver, ermine, weasel, marten, otter, horse, &c. The theory of successive winter and summer migrations from what is now the Continent to Great Britain, though abandoned by Mr. Geikie, has been perhaps too rashly discarded. It is in some sort supported by existing though partial migrations at present witnessed in Siberia and North America. Mr. Croll's hypothesis of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit combined with the precession of the equinoxes, acting on the isothermal and isocheimenal lines of Northern Europe and Asia, seems likely never to rank above a hypothesis. It is not easy to see in what mode it can be tested. When such periods as 160,000 or 170,000 or even 260,000 years have to be taken into account in these calculations, a million or more years may appear but a trifle to the ardent physicists employed on such researches, just as they do to the geologist or the upholder of natural selection; but the cautious student may well hesitate to yield his adhesion to these speculations, themselves liable to be upset to-morrow by a dozen fresh theories.

If it be difficult to synchronise the chronology and animal life of the glacial epoch, it is easy to obtain a bird's-eye view of the extent of the world which at some time or other was subjected to the reign of ice, and which was peopled by these animals which have so long passed away. Palæontology has taught us how the dry bones which meet the eye in different formations are to be put together and clothed in skin and flesh. Boulder clay, boulders and the survivors of the flora and fauna of that age are still irrefragable witnesses to it, when the judge can weigh evidence.[8] All the northern parts of the globe appear to have been once subjected to glacial conditions. Inland Scotland and the north-east part of England yet bear its characters impressed on their front. The débris of the drift may be traced on the Pyrenees, the north-west corner of Africa, across Germany into Hungary, and even over all Chinese Tartary. Similarly in the New World along the wide range of the Andes and over Patagonia the ice-deluge has left its relics. Mr. Murray gives an admirable chart of this epoch, by which its limits may be ascertained at a glance.[9]

A vast period of time elapses before the curtain again rises over Great Britain, displaying to the curious eye early historical times. Climate was ameliorated, and probably more sharply marked off than before into hot and cold seasons embracing the year. Bede mentions vineyards; the vale of Gloucester was very favourable to the vine, and Richard II. made wine in the Little Park, Windsor.[10] Even in Smithfield and Holborn we find mention of vineyards, and in the southern counties they were attached to every considerable monastic establishment, facts which show a much

[8] Compare the Arctic flora surviving on the highest Highland mountains. Again, Arctic species of moss, *Andreæa Rothii*, *Grimmia trichophylla*, and the like are still found isolated on the great boulders which strew the central Germanic plain. (Berkeley, *Handbook of British Mosses*, p. 36.) The *chars*, *coregoni* and great lake trout similarly are regarded by the Rev. W. S. Symonds (*Records of the Rocks*) as survivals of the Ice Age in Great Britain and Scandinavia.

[9] In *The Geographical Distribution of Mammals*: the Glacial Drift.

[10] *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, ii. 105.

warmer climate than the present. In the earliest historic times the country is seen covered with marsh and wood. Many of the species, however, which were congenial to this physical configuration of the island have since perished. The Romans seem to have been fond of the chase of the wild boar in Britain. An altar was found at Durham dedicated to the god Silvanus by the prefect of an *ala* of soldiers who had slain a wild boar of extraordinary size, which had set many of his predecessors at defiance.[11] At Birdoswald was found another altar dedicated also to Silvanus by the hunters of Banna. Vast herds of domestic cattle, especially swine, under the care of swine or neat herds, roamed through the pastures and amongst the beech woods of Britain, forming a large part of the wealth of the Anglo-Saxons. The cattle of the villeins was driven with that of their lords to graze on the common pasture.[12] Horses were largely bred, seemingly of a small kind, however, if we may judge from the Anglo-Saxon horse-shoes, which are occasionally dug up. Besides the hart, buffaloes, hares, and rabbits were inclosed in the forests; the watching and preserving of these formed a great part of the duties of the villeins. The breed of British dogs, which had been especially admired by the Romans,[13] was still kept up by the Anglo-Saxons, and every two villeins were obliged to maintain one of these animals.[14] Bede celebrates the seals, whales and dolphins of Great Britain, and the deer and goats of Ireland; connecting the Isle of Selsey with the abundance of its seals. We hear also of the Scotch ermine and sable skins. The fondness of the Norman princes for hunting doubtless preserved several kinds of quadrupeds in larger numbers than would naturally have existed during their reigns. The Conqueror, says the *Saxon Chronicle*, 'made large forests for the deer, and enacted laws therewith, so that whosoever killed a hart or a hind should be blinded. As he forbade killing the deer, so also the boars; and he loved the tall stags as if he were their father. He also appointed concerning the hares that they should go free.' In Henry the First's time the same chronicle gives us a lively idea of the extent of these deer forests. When Henry of Boston in that king's reign came to Peterborough to take possession of his abbey, a rout of ghostly hunters mounted on black horses hunted black bucks, with black hounds to match, in the deer park of that town, and in all the woods from that place to Stamford. These forests, however, it is as well to bear in mind, were special prerogatives of our kings before the Conquest. All wild beasts and birds belonged absolutely to the king, even before Canute's time. He enacted a canon allowing all free persons to hunt on their own grounds, 'being out of my chase.' Manwood[15] quaintly puts back the origin of a forest as far almost as Walton does the art of fishing. 'It doth appear that there

[11] See the inscription given from Camden in Wright's *The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon*, p. 207, ed. 1, 1852.

[12] Lappenberg's *Anglo-Saxon Kings*, ed. Thorpe, ii. 357.

[13] See Nemesianus, *Cyneg.* v. 123:

'Sed non Spartanos tantum, tantumve molossos
Pascendum catulos; divisa Britannia mittit
Veloces nostrique orbis venatibus aptos.'

Strabo also praises the British hound, and Oppian, *Cyneg.* i. 468. Hotspur talks of 'Lady, my brach;' but Shakespeare, though there are some 200 allusions to the dog in his plays, never commends it.

[14] Lappenberg, ii. 362.

[15] *Forest Laws*, 1615.

were forests, yea even, in the verie time of King David. For he saith in his 50 Psalme these words—"Oh Lord, I need not to offer unto Thee burnt sacrifices of beasts, for all the wild beasts of the forests are Thine." Then, ergo, there were forests of wild beasts in his time.' The best known of these is of course the New Forest, which, however, was probably afforested at a much less cost of human misery than the monks aver. Nor was a forest necessarily, as is popularly believed, a wooded place only. Manwood's definition of it, together with the stern forest laws which fenced it in against poachers and appointed verderers and regarders to look after its beasts, show what a golden age that must have been for our native quadrupeds. 'A forest,' says he, 'is a certain territory of woody grounds and fertile pastures, privileged for wild beasts and fowls of forest chase, and warren, to rest and abide in, in the safe protection of the King, for his princely delight and pleasure.'

What the fauna of England was 200 years ago has been painted in a few graphic touches by Lord Macaulay in his celebrated 3rd chapter. Most of the country being still uninclosed, many animals which are now rare roamed in abundance. Red deer in England now found wild only on Exmoor were then frequently seen in different southern counties. 'On one occasion Queen Anne travelling to Portsmouth saw a herd of no less than 500.' Foxes abounded everywhere. The wild bull was known in a few forests south of Chillingham, though now only found at Lyme Park and Chartley.[16] 'The badger made his dark and tortuous holes on the side of every hill where the copse-wood grew thick. The wild cats were frequently heard by night wailing round the lodges of the rangers of Whittlebury and Needwood. The yellow-breasted marten was still pursued in Cranbourne Chase for his fur, reputed inferior only to that of the sable.' Just as drainage has banished the vast flocks of wild fowl which every winter used to be seen in the East Anglian fens, so has inclosure been a chief agent in extirpating these once common creatures. So late as 1607 a herd of about a thousand red deer roamed through Yorkshire. It was much diminished, however, by the depredations of the Borderers. When Henry, Prince of Wales, visited that county in 1609, he was entertained at Streetthorpe, on the side of Hatfield Chase, towards Doncaster; and, after one day spent in a plain stag-hunt, was next amused by Mr. Portington, the Chief Regarder of Thorne, with a spectacle which recalls recent hunting displays of Jung Bahadoor for the delectation of the Prince of Wales in Nepaul. Prince Henry and his retinue embarked at Tudworth, their host's residence, in about a hundred boats which had been provided for the purpose, and having driven some five hundred deer out of the woods and adjacent grounds, which had previously been collected there by the keepers, the creatures took to the water. The royal party pursuing with their little navy, drove them to the lower part of the levels, known as Thorne Mere, where, being up to their necks in water, 'their horned heads being raised seemed to represent a little wood.' Some were then killed in the water; others, with ropes thrown round their horns, were dragged to land and slain. The Prince dined that day with the Regarder, 'and was very merry and well pleased at his day's work.'[17]

[16] E.g. at Bishop Auckland, Burton Constable, and Gisburn, in Yorkshire, and Wollerton, Notts. (Bell, *British Quadrupeds*, p. 370.)

[17] Quoted in Hunter's *History of the Deanery of Doncaster*, from De la Pryme's MS. now in the British Museum.

At present all English animals larger than the rat, if not specially protected, are year by year becoming scarcer amongst us. A man of fifty may see a change in their numbers during his life-time by reflecting how they have decreased since his boyhood.

This brief review of the different epochs of animal life and its vicissitudes which our island has seen, leads to some very interesting questions. What, for instance, are the chief quadrupeds belonging to the palæontologist's realm which for long ages flourished in our land? Caves, turbaries, and marshes, such as those at Ilford, in the Thames Valley, which have produced the remains of one hundred elephants alone, return a definite answer by disclosing—

The bones of some vast bulk that lived and roar'd
Before man was.[18]

The Mastodons, elephants with the grinding teeth less complex in structure, and adapted for bruising coarser substances, especially *M. longirostris* (Kaup) roamed during the pliocene period over England, France, Italy, and Germany. Remains of the *Elephas primigenius* (woolly mammoth), the latest form of the true elephants, according to Professor Owen,[19] which found its sustenance in temperate latitudes, are found in British post-pliocene deposits. Two species of of rhinoceros (*R. leptorrhinus* and *tichorrinus*), each of them two-horned, existed in the land, and were even preceded by a kindred species devoid of horns (*acerotherium*). The great Irish elk, the reindeer, and our present red deer roamed through the wide savannahs near river basins. Monkeys (*Macacus eocænus*) sported overhead by day, while the noctule and horse-shoe bats, known by their remains which have been found in bone caverns in the West of England, flitted abroad at twilight. Three species of bears (*U. arctos, priscus, and spelæus*),[20] the cave hyæna (*H. spelæa*), the great cave tiger (*Felis spelæa*), the wild cat and the *Machairodus latidens*, with its huge sabre-like teeth, prowled through the forests. The glutton (*Gulo luscus*) climbed their branches.[21] Tapir-like animals (*Palæotheria*), equalling a horse in size, frequented the marshes. The fossil horse and ass must have abounded. Their remains have been found at Cromer and Preston. With the addition of a few small rodents, the weasel, and some marsupial animals akin to genera now confined to Australia and Van Diemen's Land, a tolerable conspectus may be obtained of British animals when man was their contemporary, though he seems to have had little power, thanks to his feeble weapons, to exterminate species or interfere, as he has since done, with the settled order of nature.

Again, what animals have unquestionably become extinct in historical times? Little doubt can exist that the brown bear (*U. arctos*), to treat first of the earliest historic species which has died out, inhabited Britain in times of which history takes cognisance. Professor

[18] *The Princess.*

[19] *Palæontology*, p. 391. A capital representation of this animal carved on one of its own tusks, unquestionably by palæolithic man, was found by M. Lartet in the cave of La Madelaine. Not only are its outlines traced, but the mammoth's characteristic long-haired mane is represented by a set of falling lines. See a woodcut of it in Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, 4th ed. p. 139.

[20] 'Compared individually, the brown, grizzly, and cave bears stood in much the same relative height as the Shetland pony, Galloway, and dray horse.' (A. L. Adams, F.L.S., in *Field* paper, November 6, 1875.)

[21] Mr. Boyd Dawkins found the jaw of one in a Welsh cavern. (*Proceedings of the Geological Society*, May 1871, p. 407.)

Owen has found remains in the most recent formations throughout England which can scarcely be regarded as fossil, and if not perfectly identical with the bear which yet exists in Northern Europe, it is at all events but a variety. After the cave-bears died out, the grizzly bears (*U. priscus*) followed, and then came the fate of the brown bears. The bear is an animal little fitted to withstand the march of civilisation. It is gradually becoming rare at present in Switzerland, being chiefly confined to the Grisons. It is noted as a curious fact that five were seen together on one occasion in the Engadine, in 1852.[22] Plutarch tells of the bear being transported from our islands to Rome, and Martial says—

Nuda Caledonio sic pectora præbuit urso
Non falsa pendens in cruce Laureolus.[23]

Many places in Wales are yet called Penarth (bear's head), and Pennant says it inhabited Scotland up to 1057. Skulls and remains of it have been found in Irish peat-bogs. Tradition tells that one of the Gordons of Scotland, so late as 1457, received the king's commands to carry three bear's heads on his banner, as a reward for slaying a fierce Scotch bear. Lions have in a similar manner become extinct in Europe during historical times. In the fifth century, B.C., they had a range in Greece from the River Nestus, in Thrace, to the Achelous, and attacked the camels of Xerxes during his march into Europe.[24]

The history of the wolf can be better traced. It abounds at present throughout all North America into Mexico, extends all over Europe, save the British Isles, and is found north of a line running through Persia into Japan. In Norway, indeed, its numbers seem to have increased in the last century. Pontoppidan says—'The wolf is now become the torment and plague of this country. In former times it is not known that a wolf was ever seen in the diocese of Bergen. Filefield was then the bound of this creature's devastations; he never passed the mountain till about the year 1718.'[25] Just a thousand years ago, King Edgar is credited with having rooted wolves out of Wales by commuting a tax of gold and silver, imposed on the Welsh Princes by Athelstan, into an annual tribute of 300 wolves' heads. This would show that wolves then existed in Wales; but in England they are found for ages onwards. In the reign of Edward I. a Wolf-Hunter-General had to be appointed like the Louvetiers of Brittany at present. The border counties between the two kingdoms were especially infested with them. On May 14, 1281, a mandamus was issued, commanding all bailiffs in the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Stafford, and Salop, to assist Peter Corbett, the Wolf-Hunter-General, in their extirpation. Various estates are still held (such as Wormhill, in Derbyshire, Harbottle Castle and Otterbourne, in the north of the country), by the tenure of keeping the neighbouring districts free of wolves. In Athelstan's reign, they abounded in Yorkshire to such an extent that a retreat was built at Flixton 'to defend passengers from the wolves that they should not be devoured by them.' The date of their disappearance in England is unknown. They infested Sherwood Forest in Henry VI.'s reign, for Sir Robert Plumpton obtained a bovate of land, called Wolf Hunt Land, in the county of Notts 'by service of winding a horn, and chasing or frightening the wolves in the Forest

[22] Lord Clermont's *Guide to the Quadrupeds and Reptiles of Europe.*
[23] *De Spectac.*, ep. 7.
[24] Herodotus, vii. 125–6.
[25] *Hist. of Norway*, London, 1758, Part II. p. 17.

of Sherwood.' The last wolf in Scotland is said to have been killed by Sir Ewen Cameron, in 1680; the last presentment for killing them in Ireland was made in the county of Cork, 1710.[26] With the extinction of the wolf from the British Isles it may be hoped that the spice of ferocity inherited by their inhabitants from the old Scandinavian wolf, Feurir, has also died out. Ossian's poetry in the last century was said by an acute critic not to possess the antiquity to which it laid claim on account of their being in it no mention of the wolf.[27] Every now and then a huge brindled sheep-dog takes to bad ways in our rural districts, lives in the woods, and maintains itself for a time by rapine, when the newspapers immediately contain a story of a wolf being at large in such and such a district.

The beaver is another animal shown by incontrovertible evidence to have inhabited our islands in historic times. Sibbald asserts from Boethius that it was found in Scotland.[28] Beverley, in Yorkshire, was anciently called Bever-lac, from the beavers in the River Hull; 'the town,' says Leland, 'hath yn theyr common seal the figure of a bever.' In Beverege (Worcestershire), Bevercoates (Notts), and Beverstone (Gloucestershire), allusions to the animal are apparent. In its congener, the water vole, many of whose habits strikingly resemble the beaver, a familiar representative of the extinct race may be seen in every watercourse. Wales, however, seems to have been the stronghold of the beaver in our island. 'In the Conway,' says Camden, 'is the Beavers' Pool.' The Tivy, according to Giraldus Cambrensis,[29] 'is the only river in Wales, or even in England, which has beavers; in Scotland they are said to be found in one river, but are very scarce.' As Giraldmadeanitinerary of Wales in the train of Archbishop Baldwin, his testimony is peculiarly valuable. The beaver in Welsh is called *afanc* (from *avon*, a river, and *ki*, a dog, connected with 'chien,' 'canis'), and from the number of places so designated, must at one time have been common in the country. In one of Howel Dha's laws it is laid down that, 'The king is to have the worth of beavers, martens, and ermines, in whatsoever spot they shall be killed, because from them the borders of the king's garments are made.' The price of one of their skins is fixed at 120 pence, whereas the skin of a marten is valued at only 24 pence, and that of the ermine, fox, and otter at 12 pence. Of course, Giraldus and everyone who mentions the beaver during the Middle Ages, retails the old classical stories of the beaver's subtlety,[30] which reminds us of the American story of the coon calling out, 'Don't fire, captain, I'll come down!' To quote Girald once more, 'In Germany and the Arctic regions, where beavers abound, great and religious persons, in times of fasting, eat the tails of this fish-like animal, as having both the taste and colour of fish.' Readers of the *Compleat Angler* will remember how amusingly Walton assumes that, whether the otter be fish or animal, his tail is certainly fish. According to an old cookery book, called *Liber Benedictionum*, by Eccard IV., Abbot of St. Gall, the monks of

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[26] See Darwin's *Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication*, i. p. 16. Murray's *Geographical Distribution of Mammals*, p. 107.

[27] Croker's *Boswell's Johnson*, iii. p. 222.

[28] 'Boethius dicit fibrum seu castorem in Scotia reperiri, an nunc reperiatur nescio.' (*Scotia Illustrata*, Pars III. cap. v.)

[29] Lib. ii. 3.

[30] Juv. xii. 34: 'Imitatus castora qui se
Eunuchum ipse facit, cupiens evadere damno
Testiculorum.'

that convent were permitted to eat the beaver as a species of fish on Fridays. Remains of fossil beavers, seemingly identical in every respect with the present Canadian beaver, have been found in the fluvio-marine crag, near Southwold, Suffolk, and in several other English localities. Mr. F. Buckland states that he possesses a fine specimen of a beaver's jaw, not fossil, dug up in the Lincolnshire Fens. One or two recent attempts have been made to introduce the animal afresh into the Norfolk marshes; it was found, however, that the creatures did so much damage by cutting down trees and bushes, and damming up the streams, that it would be very inexpedient to let them live and multiply; but there is no doubt that, if unmolested, they would again increase there as of old. We may well conclude this section with Drayton's testimony—[31]

More famous, long agone, than for the salmon's leap
For bevers Tivy was, in her strong banks that bred,
Which else no other brook of Britain nourished:
Where nature, in the shape of this now perisht beast,
His property did seem to have wondrously exprest,

and much more to the same purport.

The wild boar probably maintained himself in the great forests of England until the Civil War and the improvements in fire-arms exterminated him. Charles I. turned out some German sows and boars in the New Forest, which increased and flourished. It is supposed that their strain still exists there, being known by the smallness of the hind quarters. General Home, too, let loose some similar beasts in his forests of Woolmer and Holt, Hants; but the country people rose against them and exterminated them.[32] Wild swine have left their record in the names Swindon, Swinford, and Swingfield; and the wild boar (*eofer*, boar) in Eversham and Eversley.[33] A copse near Great Grimsby still pays an annual quit rent of 1*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* to the Corporation of Grimsby. It possesses the right of hunting the wild boar in that wood; and the payment is supposed to be an acquittal from the duty of providing one for the Corporation to hunt. The arms of Great Grimsby consist of three boar's heads. There can be no manner of doubt that, 300 or even 250 years ago, wild boars roamed round Grimsby.

The wild cat is another quadruped which it would be very difficult at present to find in England, save perhaps in a few Northern woods. In 1857 the late Canon James asserted that it was yet found in the woods of Burghley and Rockingham, where it is known by the name of 'birder;'[34] but it may be shrewdly suspected that his wild cats were domestic toms which had taken to poaching courses and reverted to savage life. There is a curious monument to the memory of Percival Cresacre in Barnborough Church, Yorkshire, who is said to have been attacked by a wild cat in the woods at some distance from the church. The battle continued until he reached the porch, when both fell mortally wounded. The red tinge of the magnesian limestone with which this porch is paved is popularly said to be owing to the blood of the combatants. The legend may, however, be due to that rationalising spirit which is so fatal to mythology. The Cresacres bore a wild cat as crest. In Scotland, the animal is far from being uncommon, and is most gene-

[31] *Polyolbion*, Song vi.
[32] See Gilbert White, *History of Selborne*, letter ix. to Pennant.
[33] Taylor, *Place-Names*, p. 320. He gives a curious list of the quadrupedal names of places in England.
[34] *Quarterly Review*, No. 201, January 1857.

rally found in Perthshire, Aberdeen and Argyle. They perhaps exist in greatest numbers at Kintradwell. Save in the Duke of Sutherland's country (the head of the Clan Chattan), they are subject to constant persecution, owing to their bloodthirsty attacks on game of all kinds. The wild cat is of a brindled grey colour, with small triangular face, fierce eyes, and a bushy tail of about the same thickness throughout. No one who has ever seen a wild cat ought to confound it with cottagers' cats, which are so frequently shot in mistake for it. When wounded or driven to bay, wild cats will attack man with the utmost ferocity. In fact, the wild cat is only a small species of tiger, which it resembles in everything save that its colouring is not so vivid, owing, in all probability, to our cold and sunless climate compared with India. Mr. F. Buckland[35] states that a striking difference between the really wild and the tame cat exists in the respective length of the intestines. He found these to be only five feet in length in two specimens of the wild cat, whereas they would probably be three times that measurement in the domestic cat.

Whales and seals, in like manner, are extinct or driven away from the coasts of England. The latter animal, indeed, is sometimes found basking on the Norfolk sandbanks, and we have seen one at the Land's End; but, for all practical purposes, they may be deemed lost to our native mammals. They are yet found in abundance, however, round Scotland; and many are the legends told of them there and in Ireland. Professor Bell, their latest historian, reckons five species of seal amongst the British mammals. Mr. Lamont, in his *Yachting in the Arctic Seas* (Chatto and Windus, 1876) gives much novel information respecting the habits and osteology of the walrus and of several of the seals which have at times been seen on the British coasts. His account of the walrus in particular largely adds to our knowledge of that animal. It is a pity that his book is so disfigured with constant recitals of 'smashing' this bear's shoulder and 'crashing' that walrus's skull. The keenest sportsman uses the greatest reticence on these points; and the unfortunate victims of an express rifle and exploding shells should no more be killed over again before the public with all the harrowing details of their slaughter than Medea's boys be slain upon the stage. Jenyns credits English zoology with two specimens of the *Manatus* which were cast ashore near Leith and off the Shetland Isles; but Professor Bell righly denies the manatee's claim to belong to our fauna, considering they had probably been drifted to us from the West Indies by the Gulf Stream.[36] Occasionally a whale is cast ashore in England, or driven into a bay and killed in the Shetlands, as so graphically described in the *Pirate*. But Britain was once as celebrated for its whales as its pearls; witness—

> Te belluosus qui remotis
> Obstrepit oceanus Britannis;[37]

and Juvenal—

> Cuncta exsuperans patrimonia census
> Quanto delphinis balæna Britannica major.[38]

The whale (*Balæna Biscayensis*) used to be pursued in the Middle Ages in the Channel and the Bay of Biscay; but the fishery has long been extinct, and nothing had been heard of the 'Nordkaper' (as the whale was called) since the close of the last century. It was then

[35] *Log-book of a Fisherman*, p. 252.
[36] Jenyns, *Manual of British Vertebrates*, p. 40. Bell, p. 380.
[37] Hor. *Od.* iv. 14, 47.
[38] Juv. x. 13. Compare Henry of Huntingdon's description of Britain (lib. i.), abundat et vitulis marinis; capiuntur et sæpe delphines et balænæ.'

regularly caught near the coasts of Nantucket, and was not unfrequent in the Northern Atlantic. On January 17, 1854, however, one of these whales, accompanied by its cub, appeared in the Bay of Biscay, outside the harbour of San Sebastian. Though the mother escaped, the young one was captured, and its skeleton brought to Pampeluna. It was twenty-six Spanish feet long, and from it the Danish naturalist Eschricht succeeded in establishing the fact that the Nordkaper, the object of the fishery of the Basques, belonged to the South Sea whales, but was an independent species, quite different from the Cape whale. In January 1875 a whale (said to have been the Greenland or 'right whale,' but this was probably a mistake) was drifted on shore dead at Mevagissey, and another at Teignmouth, which was a rorqual (*balænoptera rostrata*). In March of the same year another rorqual was stranded at Hippisburgh on the Norfolk Coast. It was 74ft. 6in. long from tip of jaw to centre of tail. Captain Markham's *Whaling Cruise in Baffin's Bay* graphically describes whale fishing, and all connected with it as at present carried on. The author's enthusiasm led him to join a whaler, and make a voyage in her, so that he acquired a thorough practical knowledge of the subject. Professor Bell describes twelve species of whale as having been killed or seen in our seas.[39]

Many curious speculations have arisen on the origin of our domesticated animals. History, palæontology, and the stock breeder's experience must be consulted herein. Let us begin with the ox, the most useful of the farm yard's inhabitants. Penetrating as far as we can into the mists of antiquity we notice two types of wild oxen in great Britain whose fossil remains are frequently found. All our existing nineteen breeds of cattle, strange though it may seem, are descended from these. One of these kinds[40] yet exists at Chillingham in its pure state though smaller than the original stock. It is also kept at Cadzow, Lyme Park, and Chartley, but is recorded to have existed in several other parks and forests. During the neolithic period it was domesticated in Switzerland. The Pembroke breed at present closely resembles it, and doubtless is its descendant. It lived in England as a wild animal in Cæsar's time, and is well described by Sir Robert Sibbald,[41] who adds that it is very fierce and hates any herbage man may have touched. Landseer's pencil has familiarised those who have never seen the Chillingham herd with these white-coated black-nosed cattle. In Henry II.'s reign these wild cattle roamed in the great forest which then surrounded London. *Bos longifrons*, on the contrary, was of a small size, with short body and fine legs. Its remains have been found in Britain, associated with those of the elephant and rhinoceros; and it was domesticated here during the Roman period. Owen thinks that Welsh and Highland cattle are descended from it. It cannot have been much dissimilar to the red Devons of the present day. In Scandinavia yet a third kind was common, with a curious hump between its horns (*B. frontosus*). This peculiarity it has probably handed down to the Galloways and Scotch black cattle which in all likelihood trace their

[39] For the anatomy of the cetacea, see Professor Flower's *Recent Memoirs of the Cetacea* (Ray Society, 1866), and for the curious rudimentary presence of hind limbs in the whalebone whales and their organisation as the most perfect of this group of animals, see that vol., p. 136; and Prof. Bell, 2nd ed., p. 374.

[40] *Bos primigenius.* See Darwin, *Variation of Plants and Animals, &c.*, i. p. 81.

[41] 'Boves sunt silvestres colore candidissimo, juba densa et demissa, truculenti et feri, adeo ut humano genere abhorrentes, ut ab iis, quæ homines vel manibus contrectarint vel halitu perflaverint per multos dies abstineant, et dolo capti moriantur.' (*Scotia Illustrata*, ii. 2.)

ancestry to it. These and indeed all the European genera of *Bos* are broadly marked off from Eastern cattle by having no hump on their backs.

The origin of the numberless existing breeds of the horse is lost in antiquity. It was contemporaneous with the mammoth and rhinoceros, and its bones have been found at Brighton and elsewhere. From these it may be gathered that the primitive horse 'differed from the existing domestic horse in its larger proportional head and jaws, for it was smaller in the frame than an ordinary horse.'[42] Curiously enough, though the horse once abounded in America, on the Spaniards discovering that country it had long been extinct. They however introduced European horses, and now the descendants of these animals run wild over the Savannahs. This fact is noticed by Mr. Darwin as 'a marvellous event in the history of animals.' Cæsar and Strabo celebrated the activity and good discipline of the British horses. Athelstan prohibited their exportation, save as presents. Our large dray horses are due to Flemish or German blood. Roger de Belesme introduced Spanish stallions into his estate in Powysland greatly to the improvement of his stock.[43] Drayton sings of—

> the Gomerian fields,
> Than which in all our Wales there is no country yields
> An excellenter horse, so full of natural fire,
> As one of Phœbus' steeds had been that stallion's sire
> Which first their race begun: or of th' Asturian kind
> Which some have held to be begotten by the wind.[44]

Remains of the domestic horse have been found in Swiss lake dwellings belonging to the latter part of the stone period. Our ponies may be distinguished according to their different districts, just as those of the different islands of the Malay Archipelago are distinguishable.[45] The ass, it may be added, is sprung from the Arabian wild ass. It is mentioned in Etheldred's reign, but seems to have become extinct in Hollingshed's time, who quaintly says that in Elizabeth's reign, 'our lande did yeelde no asses.'

The pig is believed to have sprung from two distinct lines; one the *S. scrofa* (wild boar), which possesses so extensive a geographical range, and secondly from an eastern type, whose wild parent-form is unknown, styled by Nathusius the *Sus Indicus.* Two domesticated forms, akin to these two variations, existed, says Professor Rütimeyer, contemporaneously in Switzerland during the neolithic period. The Chinese breed, with which our farmers are familiar, shows the influence of this Oriental strain in a marked manner. We have seen a lap-dog brought from the Summer Palace at Pekin which exactly reproduced their *retroussé* noses and marvellous facial expression.[46] The tame rabbit is certainly descended from the wild kind. With regard to the dog, it is doubtful whether there is one wild species or many. Egyptian art frequently represents a singular dog like a greyhound; a closely allied variety to this yet exists in Northern Africa.[47] A dog greatly resembling it may be seen on one of the bronze dishes discovered by Mr. Layard at Nimrud, which is unique in Assyrian art; the dogs it delights to represent being mostly powerful mastiffs.[48] The dog's tail is always re-

[42] Owen, *British Fossil Mammals.*
[43] Pennant's *British Zoology.*
[44] *Polyolbion*, Song vi.
[45] Darwin, *Variation, &c.* i. p. 56.
[46] *Ibid.* i. p. 69.
[47] *Ibid.* i. p. 24; and Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians.*
[48] Rawlinson's *Ancient Monarchies*, vol. i. passim.

curved, whereas that of the wolf is straight, so that, much as some dogs resemble wolves, they are not descended from those animals. The mastiffs of Great Britain were always celebrated with the ancients.[49] It forms another difficult inquiry to settle the ancestry of the common cat. The differences are so striking (the curious cylindrical and truncated tail of *Felis catus* never reappearing in the domestic variety[50]) that it seems exceedingly unlikely that the common cat springs from our native wild one. Sir Robert Sibbald in the seventeenth century discriminated between them, 'felis sylvestris major est domestica, densiore et longiore pilo, colore fusco, variato, *cauda crassiore*;' and Mr. Darwin is inclined to connect the domestic cat with the three varieties found in the Egyptian mummy pits (the cat, as all readers of Herodotus will remember, being a sacred animal in Egypt), two of which are still found both wild and domesticated in different parts of Egypt. It crosses readily with our wild cat, and Mr. Blyth remarks that the progeny is unknown in the southern parts of Great Britain, where the wild cat is extinct. If we must look to the East for the house cat's origin, the nursery tale of Whittington bringing his cat into a country which knew not cats may be a true account of what actually took place in England. In the Welsh Laws of Hoel an amusing penalty was exacted for killing the king's cat, the guardian of the royal granary, which points to the fact of the animal being scarce in his time. The dead body was to be held up by the tip of its tail with its head just touching the floor, while the offender was condemned to pour corn over the cat's body until it should be completely hidden in the heap, even to the tip of its tail. Professor Owen considers the cat a domesticated variety of a species which was contemporaneous with the cave tiger.

Leaving the records of British mammals handed down by geology and history, it is time to take into consideration the books which profess an accurate knowledge of animal life during past and present days in England. Zoology, as a science, awoke in the sixteenth century from the trance into which it had fallen since the investigations of Aristotle and Pliny. Gesner it was who fanned it into active life. His *History of Animals* (1551) served as a quarry for succeeding naturalists, such as Aldrovandus and Johnston, until the appearance of Ray's *Synopsis Animalium* towards the close of the next century; a book of some research, spite of its having 'placed the hippopotamus amongst aquatic animals and the bat among birds.'[51] No one would now think of consulting Sir Robert Sibbald's *History of Scotch Animals*, which forms the third part of his *Scotia Illustrata*, save as a curiosity of literature. He naturally begins with man, and after discoursing on his dignity and pre-eminence, mentions as noteworthy facts, after the fashion of zoologists of his day, that he knew one woman of sixty who had produced twenty-nine children, and another who bore three children at a birth. Perhaps by way of caution to bachelors, he remarks that this one was 'fusci coloris et habitu corporis tenui.' Another chapter details the medicines which are compounded of the various parts of man's frame, and their value as remedies; thus we are gravely told, 'pinguedo humana ad nervos de-

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[49] See Note 13, and Claudian, *In Secundum Consulatum Stilich.* v. 299; Strabo speaks of English dogs: *εὐφυεῖς πρὸς τὰς κυνηγεσίας.*

[50] Bell, p. 222.

[51] Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, ii. p. 336.

biles roborandos multum inservit,' while others and their respective uses are so horrible that they cannot be named even in the obscurity of a learned language. Of course he gives his readers figures of the Bernicle goose and its wondrous generation; he revels, too, in the deer with bifurcated tails, whatever they were, which were found in the North of Scotland. The King's physician and geographer, however, has evidently spared no pains in compiling his shapely folio. Thus he notices the local distribution of the squirrel in Scotland, which has often been commented on of late,[52] 'sciurus in meridionalis plagæ Scotiæ sylvis reperitur,' and his enumeration of the smaller quadrupeds is very accurate.

At the head of writers who were the first to treat more particularly of British quadrupeds must be placed Bewick.[53] The information he gives is fair for the time when he wrote, but the modern reader is more attracted to his exquisite tail-pieces. His charging elephant (p. 162) and cat and dog fighting on a wall (p. 195) are inimitable examples of the wood-cutter's art; while the dog shivering in a shower (p. 309) and the boys watching the dog they have just hanged (p. 274) possess a pathos which could only have been inspired by a happy union of genius and love for animals.[54] With the present century more exact science is first represented in Pennant's *British Zoology*. Every naturalist at once associates him with Gilbert White, who addressed to him the first series of his *Letters on the Natural History of Selborne*. Pennant obtained much help from White and Daines Barrington, to say nothing of such lesser luminaries (at least to the lover of White's book) as Dr. Solander, Sir J. Banks, and Marmaduke Tunstall. There is much that is excellent in Pennant, but greater exactness in the study of our quadrupeds has been attained since his day, as is only natural, and in particular the fauna of Europe has been placed in juxtaposition with our own mammals. These signs of progress may be seen in the Rev. L. Jenyn's *Manual of British Vertebrate Animals* and in Lord Clermont's useful *Guide to the Quadrupeds and Reptiles of Europe*. No one intending to enter upon the consideration of British mammals could hope to do so successfully without resorting to Professor Owen's books, which are as striking for their unassuming philosophic tone as for the depth of learning they display.

It is to Mr. Bell's *History of British Quadrupeds*,[55] however, as being the last contribution to the subject, that we must dedicate the remainder of our space. The veteran naturalist is well-known to all observers of animated life in our country, and very fitly does he inhabit 'The Wakes,' Gilbert White's old house, at Selborne, preserving with religious deference every trace of the father of modern English zoological science in the house and estate, for he represents all the geniality, scholarship, and breadth of knowledge possessed by his predecessor in that beautiful home of Natural History.

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[52] As for instance by Mr. Colquhoun (*Lecture on the Feræ Naturæ of the British Isles*, Blackwood, 1873), who states that the first squirrel appeared in the Highlands in 1830, and by Mr. A. E. Knox (*Autumns on the Spey*). In Ireland the squirrel is also extremely local and is, perhaps, not indigenous.

[53] Admirers of Bewick's graver should study the volume of woodcuts for his quadrupeds which Sir Joseph Banks obtained after much search from Bewick and left to the British Museum. Some charming landscape vignettes amongst these are very noteworthy.

[54] *A General History of Quadrupeds*. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1790.

[55] Bell's *British Quadrupeds*. London, Van Voorst, 1837; 2nd ed., 1874.

The first edition of Mr. Bell's *British Quadrupeds*, in 1837, was welcomed with extreme satisfaction by all naturalists. But it speedily, from that very circumstance, went out of print, and the second edition, which it was announced would be augmented and enriched by several clever zoologists, has long been impatiently expected. At length, after an interval of thirty-seven years, the new edition appeared, revised and partly re-written by the author; embracing, also, many additions made by Mr. Tomes and Mr. Alston. Great Britain now possesses a worthy account of her quadrupeds. Only in one point do we regret the old edition. It embraced the domesticated, as well as the wild, animals, but in this re-issue Mr. Bell has entirely omitted the former, 'first, because these species cannot be properly regarded as members of our fauna; and secondly, because it is impossible to give any satisfactory account of their history and varieties within such narrow limits.' (Pref. p. viii.) It appears to us that these two considerations open a wide field in which it would be most interesting to possess Mr. Bell's guidance, and surely no one would have grudged a hundred pages added to the book's bulk, if he could find these varieties and their history succinctly set forth. We commend it to Mr. Bell as a suitable subject on which his acumen might employ itself, before the next edition is called for. Indeed, in view of the modern doctrines of evolution the history of our domesticated animals imperatively requires to be accurately investigated. No one is more fit for this task than Mr. Bell, in his leafy retirement at Selborne, albeit

Jam senior, sed cruda viridisque senectus.

Might we suggest another improvement to render a good book an admirable one? The limits of the various British quadrupeds are vaguely marked out. An attempt should at all events be made to secure more definite information on this subject, even if it were not exhaustive. Thus, we are told that the beech marten (*Martes foina*) is 'at present much less common than the pine, and is, indeed, now very nearly extinct in England,' but no indications are added of the localities in which the creature may be sought. Even less information is given of the habitats of the pine marten. Similarly that interesting animal, the dormouse, is, so far as our experience goes, decidedly local. We look in vain for any facts concerning its distribution. Such omissions seriously mar the utility of Mr. Bell's book. The bats, indeed, are better treated in this respect than the remaining mammals of our fauna; and where classification and description are so precise, the fault which we have noted becomes the more obtrusive. But as it is at present, or as we hope to see it, we can hardly imagine a more pleasant companion for the man fond of rural life than Mr. Bell's history. Its publication will show how little is accurately known of our common quadrupeds, and will induce, we may fain hope, those who possess leisure and the opportunity for such investigations, to increase the particulars at present known to science of the life history of our mammals.

From this retrospect of animal life on our islands it is not difficult to conjecture its future. Species which are at present abundant in most localities will be greatly thinned, as population increases, and the plough invades their haunts. Indeed, there is a fear that many kinds will become extinct, save where carefully protected, as is now the case with the fox everywhere in England, and with the red deer in Somersetshire and North-East Devon. Mr. Bell estimates the number of British quadrupeds at the present time to

be seventy-three species; deducting three which are doubtful, there remain but seventy different kinds, and some of these, in many localities, are wasting away like the Canadian beaver, or the American bison, before persecution and the general diffusion of fire-arms. Even in this century many species, in almost every locality, were much more abundant a generation ago than at present. Drainage and cutting down of woods and hedges are also fatal blows struck at animal life. It must retire before modern agriculture, and as it withdraws farther from man's neighbourhood, the country loses a great source of interest and picturesqueness.

Finally, this conviction leads to the expression of a hope that landed proprietors and others who are fond of field sports, will not merely refrain from wantonly destroying our native animals, but will take measures to extend to them at least a certain amount of protection. Of course many of these animals will occasionally help themselves to young pheasants or partridges' eggs, but as in the analogous case of the grouse disease, the destruction of a few seems to invigorate the stock; besides which a rural walk or ride is rendered infinitely more agreeable by the probability that it will show us wild animals and their diverse instincts exercised in secure freedom. For ourselves, we very willingly pay our tithe of game annually to raptorial birds and rapacious quadrupeds. The pleasure they afford by their appearance more than compensates for the demands they make on the forbearance of sportsmen. We are persuaded that Mr. Morant's plea[68] for the extermination of native birds and beasts of prey, would signally defeat its object in the long run; and distinctly decline, under the plausible plea of increasing the food supplies of the nation and the pleasure of the sportsman, to lend ourselves to this Roman method of settling conflicting claims by making a solitude, and exchanging the varied cries and calls of bird and beast life around us for the monotonous whirring of innumerable covies of partridges. Might we plead too with all squires and employers of labour, all teachers of youth, and schoolmasters, that they would strenuously discourage amongst their subordinates that needless cruelty to the lower animals which is so frequently seen? With many men and boys, such harmless, innocent creatures as squirrels, hedgehogs, and water voles are deemed 'vermin,' to be at once destroyed. There are cases, undoubtedly, when it is expedient to take these creatures' lives, but assuredly they are not to be wantonly massacred with dogs and sticks as at present in too many instances. Undoubtedly the planter has a just *casus belli* against squirrels, and the miller against water voles for destroying the banks of his stream; ere now, too, the hedgehog has been caught in the act of worrying chickens, but unless we are provoked beyond endurance as planters, millers, or poultry keepers, we shall make every allowance for these creatures. If, as a country, England is fond of out-door sports, it is certain that the French sarcasm of our going out to kill something because it is a fine day, derives all its point from its gross exaggeration. Cruelty to animals is far more openly practised and extreme on the Continent. There is yet much to be learnt about our native quadrupeds. Observers abound in the other departments of the British fauna. He who devotes himself to the loving investigation of the habits and instincts of any of our four-footed friends has dis-

[68] See *Game Preservers and Bird Preservers.* Longmans, 1875.

covered the best remedy for the wanton use of superior might, that tyranny which would use against the lower animals a giant's strength like a giant. Much as George Eliot's prose excels her verse, she has on one occasion painted in striking colours the dumb misery and shrinking antipathy to man's cruelty handed down from generation to generation of the animals amongst which he lives. Rightly to apprehend the full force of these powerful verses, the reign of terror which they depict should be compared with the happiness of such a community as Waterton gathered round him at Walton.

Man thinks
Brutes have no wisdom, since they know not his:
Can we divine their world? The hidden life
That mirrors us as hideous shapeless power,
Cruel supremacy of sharp-edged death,
Or fate that leaves a bleeding mother robbed?
Oh, they have long tradition and swift speech,
Can tell with touches and sharp-darting cries
Whole histories of timid races taught
To breathe in terror by red-handed man.

## ON KEEPING SILENCE FROM GOOD WORDS.

WHY should the simple and reverent mention of the name of God in conversation at an ordinary dinner party cause a sudden chill, an awkward break in the conversation, as though some solecism, some offence against good manners, had been committed? Why should any approach to a discussion on religious subjects be impossible in general society? People talk freely enough on politics, on art, on science, on literature; more freely still on the mere personal gossip of the day; the one subject which is by general consent proscribed is that which by general consent is allowed to be the most important, and which one might therefore suppose to be the most interesting. It is worth while to inquire into the cause of so singular a phenomenon.

The first and most obvious answer to the question which we have proposed would be, that this reticence arises from reverence. No one, it will be said, talks much in ordinary company of that which he most reveres; in calling such subjects *sacred*, we imply that they are not to be profaned by rude handling, but are to be kept as it were in a shrine apart from the traffic of the every-day world. It may be so; and yet if it be so, it is a phenomenon peculiar to us English Protestants. For the Hebrew of old, whose reverence as uttered by Psalmists and Prophets has been the type of all the deepest thoughts of men ever since, habitually spoke with his neighbour of God and of Divine things. 'As the Lord liveth,' seemed to him the simplest and most natural way of affirming his belief in what he said. The Mahomedan has no lack of reverence; yet it is as natural to him to speak of Allah as it is to us to speak of nature; nor would it be easy to find words more deeply reverent, more touchingly natural, or more simply pathetic than those of the aged Nanyk Pasha, who in lamenting the fall of his nation said to the Correspondent of the *Daily News*, 'Allah is great. If He wills that we are to come through this trouble, He will find means to do so. We have done our best. We have now no help, no hope, but in Him. If He wills that we are to perish, we are content.' The English Puritan of the seventeenth century, though he did not express it in the same conventional forms with ourselves, was full of reverence for the unseen world; yet he, like the Hebrew of the Old Testament whom in so many other respects he resembled, habitually and naturally spoke of the unseen as though it were the world in which he lived and moved. Or, to come nearer to our own day, the Tyrolese peasant who raises his hat to each roadside crucifix that he passes, speaks of the 'liebe Herr Gott' as familiarly as he does of the officials of his native village. It is true that a cultivated mind will shrink from a familiarity of speech which to a ruder taste will seem natural: yet there is, one should think, some medium between over-familiarity and the total ignoring of the subject.

A very different answer to our question will be given by many in the present day. Of course, they will say, people now-a-days do not speak of religion, because they do not really believe in it. The Hebrew, who believed that God was about his path and about his bed; the Mahomedan, who believes that Allah compasses him round by an

iron chain of destiny; the Puritan, who believed that he and the Ruler of the Universe were bound to each other by a special covenant—these believed, and therefore spoke: but the modern Englishman, who believes in Evolution and Natural Laws, and to whom therefore the old idea of a Deity regulating and arranging from hour to hour all the affairs of men and the course of nature is altogether foreign, will talk of a science which he believes, and not of a religion which he does not believe. Here probably we have got somewhat nearer to the root of the matter. No doubt, a very considerable number of our most highly educated and thoughtful men have ceased to hold any definite form of religious belief; yet for the most part these are the very men who do not shrink from speaking, and speaking out, on religious subjects; you will be more likely to hear a religious discussion introduced by a scientific agnostic than by an orthodox man of business who goes as regularly to church on Sundays as he does to his office on week-days, and perhaps with the same business-like view of providing comfortably for the future. Exactly so, will be the reply; your man of science at least knows what he believes and what he does not, and so he handles religious subjects as freely as he does others: whereas your man of business thinks he believes a good deal about religion, but in the inner recesses of his soul there lurks a dim consciousness that after all his believing is rather make-believe, and so he prudently eschews religious topics and confines himself to what he does thoroughly believe in, the price of stocks or the tendency of dry goods. Still, this does not after all completely satisfy the question: for there are numbers of intelligent and open-minded men who are in the position neither of our man of science nor of our man of business, but who, whether or not they may accept all the details of orthodox theology, do yet heartily believe in Christianity, and find in it the comfort and stay of their lives; and yet these men, though they sincerely regard religion as of all subjects the most important, would feel uncomfortable and distressed if it were introduced into discussion or conversation. We must therefore look somewhat farther for our answer.

Another reason which may very plausibly be alleged is this. On almost all other subjects, men can agree to differ: on science, on art, on literature, persons may hold very different views, and yet be able to discuss them quietly and freely: even on politics, men no longer quarrel and renounce each other's acquaintance as they did fifty years ago: but religious questions are almost sure to generate heat. Nor is it difficult to account for this. The belief universal in the Middle Ages, that the Divine judgment of a man depends not on his works, but on his opinions, that a mistake in religious dogma is not a mistake merely but a sin, and that a miscreant is a wicked man, has laid a strong hold not on language only, but also on those floating impressions which, rarely sifted or inquired into, are the motive-springs of most men's actions. And hence, many a man who thinks his neighbour only a fool for agreeing with Lord Beaconsfield or with Mr. Gladstone, thinks him a bad man for agreeing with Dr. Pusey or with Bishop Colenso: and so thinking, while in a political discussion—unless perhaps on the eve of a general election—he will usually keep his temper, on a religious question he will take fire and blaze forth into divine wrath. Indeed, it is a curious confirmation of this view, that political questions seem to excite strong feeling in proportion as the religious element enters

into them. Of all home questions in our day, that of the Irish Church disestablishment has probably stirred more bitter feeling than any other; and — discreditable as such an avowal must be to the common sense of Englishmen—it can hardly be doubted that some additional acrimony has—very unnecessarily —been imported into the Eastern Question by the fact that the High Church clergy have unanimously and enthusiastically taken the Russian, or at least the anti-Turkish side. If intolerance is to exist, it is no doubt better that it should kindle hot words than blazing faggots; but one cannot help hoping that with the progress of intelligence men may come to perceive that in theology, as in all other branches of knowledge, the air which by stagnating is apt to become unwholesome, is stirred and freshened by discussion, and that if they will discuss temperately and without heat, they may probably find that their differences are less than they imagined.

But we must look deeper yet for the ground-cause of the universal reticence on religious topics; and we shall find it in a change which has silently taken place in the conception of what religion is. We hear it commonly said, that religion is a matter entirely between a man and his God—the possessive pronoun in itself seeming to indicate a kind of separate interest as it were—and that the salvation of his own soul is the one supremely important matter for each man. And from this view of religion it naturally follows that to speak of religion means with most people to speak of their own inward condition, of their spiritual symptoms, of their growth in the spiritual life. Such religious speech, unless it be between those who are so one in heart and soul that it becomes rather thought than speech, is of all things the most unwholesome. For there is a spiritual as there is a bodily reserve and modesty, the violation of which leads to the loss of self-reverence, and to the profanation of that which is most sacred. But this view of religion is a wholly modern one. To the Hebrew, whose State was his Church and whose Church was his State, whose public proclamations began not with 'N. by the grace of God of the kingdom of Israel King,' but with 'Thus saith Jehovah'—to the Hebrew, whose politicians were inspired prophets and whose view of foreign nations was that all the gods of the heathen were but idols, but that Jehovah had chosen Jacob for Himself and Israel for His own possession, to him not to speak of religion would have been simply to keep silence, for his daily life, his politics, his commerce with foreign nations, his wars, his treaties, his most private domestic relations, were all part of his religion. The Hebrew worship was the social life of the nation: the Hebrew Scriptures were its literature. When Judaism passed into Christianity, the idea of the holy nation was superseded by that of the Church, and thus political and national relations unhappily lost their religious character, and for a time, partly under the influence of the expectation of the approaching end of all things, men's interests and thoughts were centred upon the unseen world. At such a time, the danger would be not of reticence on religious subjects, but of neglect and contempt of secular life. Still, the spirit of Christianity proclaims unmistakeably the sacredness of common life; the monastic or ascetic principle, which cuts human life into two parts, one religious, the other secular, is not a true reading of the Christian law; where that law has been understood in its true import, there men have learnt that the domestic, the social, the political, and not the monastic, is the truly religious life. And hence, wherever

religion has been understood not as a mere scheme for saving individual souls from future punishment, but as a kingdom of heaven on earth, wherever the religious life has been not the mere refined selfishness by which each several man tries to make the best terms he can for himself against a future life, but the struggle of mankind after clearer light and purer life, there men have not been ashamed to speak openly of it, because it is in fact nothing else than politics, art, science, and every other human interest looked at in their nobler and Divine aspect.

If, then, this view of the matter is a true one, it would appear that the excessive reticence on religious subjects of which we have spoken arises not so much from reverence or from scepticism as from the individualism which is so marked a characteristic of modern religion, and which is the direct outcome of the Evangelical movement. For this movement, as we have seen elsewhere,[1] ignored the idea of the Church as a spiritual society, and—perhaps from the necessity of its position—addressed itself simply and solely to the work of quickening into life individual souls. How admirably it did this work, how it stirred with new life a whole generation of men, how Bristol colliers and Welsh quarrymen and Suffolk labourers and London merchants were alike melted by the eloquence, often rude enough, of men who spoke strongly because they spoke from the heart, is known to all who have read anything of the religious history of the last and the present century.[2] But probably great part of the success of the movement depended on its strongly individual element, on its addressing men not as members one of another, but as separate souls who must answer each one for himself as he stands alone before his Judge. By such a course, it forced upon men a sense of personal responsibility, but it also impressed upon the popular religion a character of isolation, of independence, which has for a time at least destroyed much that was lovely in earlier types of Christianity. From this has arisen that 'dissidence of dissent,' that 'spirit of disruption,' which regards continually multiplying religious divisions not as a perhaps inevitable source of weakness, not as an evil to be endured so long as it cannot be cured, but as the ideal of religious liberty, a grand achievement reserved for the nineteenth century. And from this it has resulted that religion, instead of being regarded simply as the heavenward aspect of all things human, has come to be looked upon as the relation between the individual soul and its Divine Master. Such a relation cannot but be most sacred, most delicate; to reveal it to the general eye, to make it a subject of discussion whether with a friend or with a spiritual director, unless under the urgent need of spiritual sympathy or counsel, must blunt the sensitiveness of the soul, and injure that spiritual modesty and reserve without which religion loses all its loveliness. To talk of religion, if by religion we mean the inner secrets of the soul, must have upon most persons a somewhat hardening effect, and may very easily end in substituting words and professions for the deeper realities of the spiritual life.

But it may be objected that the Evangelical school of theology, far from discouraging religious conversation, has been the one school

[1] See *Fraser's Magazine*, January 1878, p. 23.

[2] A very convenient summary of the Evangelical movement in the last century, though of course written from a strongly sympathetic point of view, is to be found in Mr. Ryle's *Christian Leaders of the Eighteenth Century.*

which has most markedly encouraged it; and that it is among professors of this form of religion almost exclusively that such conversation prevails. Most true. But while this fact testifies to the reality of conviction with which such persons hold their view of religion, it cannot be denied that to those who have not been brought up in the peculiarities of this school the way in which things 'sacro digna silentio' are or used to be spoken of familiarly, not in the exceptional confidence of intimate friendship, but in ordinary intercourse, gives a painful sense if not of unreality, at least of unfitness and indecorum. And on those who have been brought up from childhood in Evangelical ways, the encouragement to talk of their spiritual condition and to lay bare the secrets of their souls is a perilous temptation to the fatal habit of letting words outrun the truth, of saying more instead of less than they feel. If religion is indeed a matter entirely between each man and his God, then religious conversation must be, except in very rare cases, the profanation of the Holy of Holies.

But there is, as we have tried to show, a higher and a nobler conception of religion, a conception which alone fits it for universal acceptance, which makes it the bond of human society, the consecrating influence of all human life. To regard it as the kingdom of heaven upon earth, as that which regulates the relation not of the individual soul only, but of the family, the nation, the race, with God; as the principle which is to raise men to a higher and purer life, not hereafter only, but here and now, and which therefore has to do not only with theology but also with political economy, with social science, with education, with the thousand problems of the day; this surely would be to make it no longer a monopoly of priests and churches, but a matter also for statesmen, for social reformers, for men of science, for all who are doing any kind of work for others. If God were regarded as standing in the same relation to humanity that Queen Victoria holds theoretically towards the British Empire, to speak of Him in discussing human affairs would be as natural as it is to refer to the Crown in talking of government or legislation. It is because we regard Him not as the common Father of all men, but as the Benefactor of a select few, that we shrink from the mention of His name in any but this intercourse of closest friends.

That the habitual and, as it were, instinctive reference of all subjects of human interest to the highest standard, is not incompatible with a hearty and genial enjoyment of all simple and natural pleasures, and with a manly and unaffected life and a keen interest in all political and social questions, ought not to need proof; but it might be proved by a reference to two biographies. The Lives of Thomas Arnold and of Charles Kingsley, in whatever else they may differ, agree in this, that each sets before us the portrait of a man who from his heart believed in a present God, and who was not ashamed or afraid to speak of his belief. To Arnold indeed, with his strong view of the identity of Church and State, religion and politics were but the concave and the convex side of one and the same shield; to him, in school management or teaching, in social intercourse, in correspondence with his friends, and in political pamphlets, without Christianity everything was unmeaning. He looked forward to a time when 'the region of political and national questions, war and peace, oaths and punishments, economy and education, so long considered by good and bad alike as worldly and profane, should be looked upon as the very sphere to which Christian principles are most applicable.' And his biographer tells us how in

his ordinary school lessons 'no general teaching of the Providential government of the world could have left a deeper impression, than the casual allusions to it which occurred as they came to any of the critical moments in the history of Greece or Rome.' And so again in the case of Kingsley, we see at once from his letters and from his recorded words that to eliminate from his conversation all mention of the Kingdom of Heaven and its King would have been simply to impose upon him silence as to all that he would have considered worth speaking of: to him the drainage of Bermondsey, the relations of capital and labour, the suffrage, secular education, were not less distinctly religious questions —might he not perhaps have said that they were more religious questions?—than the constitution of Church synods, or the jarrings of discordant sects, or the minute introspection of a morbid conscience. Not that either Arnold or Kingsley had the faintest tincture of secularism: in both we recognise the same deep reverence for and delight in Scripture; in both, though under somewhat different forms, we find the same value for public worship as the expression of the social character of Christianity: in both, the apparent mixing of things religious and secular is not the lowering of the religious, but the lifting the secular into a higher sphere. And in both too, not in spite of but in consequence of their deep sense of religion and of a present kingdom of heaven among men, we find the keenest delight in outward nature, the freshest enjoyment of outdoor sports, and an almost boyish exuberance of spirits alternating with the depression to which at times both the one and the other, in common with well-nigh all great souls, were liable in presence of the contrast between what is and what might be. Certainly neither in Arnold nor in Kingsley was religion 'a thing between a man's self and his Maker,' any more than a man's relation to his father is independent and exclusive of his relation to his brothers and sisters and his interest in family affairs.

If the theory which we have endeavoured to work out is true, it would appear that the present universal reticence on religious subjects is a not altogether healthy symptom, as indicating that the belief in a kingdom of heaven amongst men has died out, and given place to a religion of selfishness and isolation, a system of 'sauve qui peut,' in which each one is to do the best he can for himself, naturally without saying much about it. It is an ignoble phase of religious life, and as long as it lasts the best fruits of Christianity will be blighted and lost. Religion, like all other wholesome growths, loves the sunlight and the air; if we keep it in our cellars it will wither and die, or else send up a sickly and colourless shoot, that will bear no healthy fruit. The popular religion lacks just what it would gain by light and air and discussion: it would be more tolerant, better proportioned, less self-sufficient and less given to party spirit. At present, if religion is spoken of at all, it is assumed that this can only be between persons holding similar views; whereas if it were recognised that the essence of religion lies not in views, which are each man's specialty, but in mutual affections and common objects, which are the uniting bond of society, it would be possible for men holding quite opposite views to discuss amicably and profitably subjects lying outside their differences, and even those differences themselves as being of quite subordinate importance.

There are special cases in which a more free speech on religious

subjects such as we have advocated would be of the greatest advantage. It is often said to be one of the characteristics of the present day, that fathers and sons are not on the same confidential footing that they were a generation or two back: that they no longer talk freely and unrestrainedly; that the father is no longer his son's confidential friend. Many causes may have conspired to produce this effect: the growing love of independence; the busy lives led by so many fathers, which cuts them off from their families; the free thought of the present day, which makes many a young man silent lest he should shock his father. But if fathers would but bring themselves to make an effort to break through this mischievous reserve—and the first move must come from them—and without giving themselves airs of superior knowledge which in many cases they do not possess, would take pains to understand their sons' point of view and to enter into their difficulties and then talk matters over with them plainly and sensibly as elder friends anxious to help them if possible by the benefit of their experience, they would in most cases find that they had won their sons' confidence once for all, and that even if their sons still took a line which they regretted, they might at any rate be one if not in opinions yet in heart.

To another class of persons the bringing religion out of the mysterious gloom of the sanctuary into the light of day would be a great and unmixed gain. To the clergy, as the authorised religious teachers of the people, it is an absolute necessity to be *en rapport* with the thoughts of the laity on religious subjects if they would speak from the pulpit to any effect. And yet to a considerable number—probably a large majority—of the clergy, the minds of the lay people are a closed book. Nor is the fault with either class exclusively. The clergy are too apt to adopt a professional tone on religious matters, and to regard a layman who discusses them freely as a presumptuous person requiring to be repressed. And the laity are far too shy of expressing their opinions in the presence of their spiritual pastors, lest perchance they tread on a clerical corn. It would be better for all parties if there were more freedom of speech on all sides: if a religious layman might speak out his mind, even to the extent of calling in question the reality of miracles or of suggesting a mythical element in Scripture, without arousing the wrath to which 'celestial minds' are prone; and if clergymen were more ready to recognise the unsettlement of men's minds, and to discuss the questions which press upon them without heat and with an earnest desire to help them in their search after truth. As it is, the loss is greater to the clergy than to the people: often sermons which might go straight to the hearts and minds of the hearers are lost in the air, because the preacher looks at things from a clerical-meeting point of view, and so he and his hearers are moving in different planes; often a clergyman, personally respected and liked, fails utterly to exercise any influence on his people's thoughts, because he has never learnt to know their minds and to enter into their ways of looking at things.

It would of course be over-sanguine to suppose that we are likely to witness any rapid or even perceptible change in this matter at present. Many may think that in presence of the wide and widening differences of religious and non-religious opinion, reticence on such matters is likely rather to increase than to diminish. Yet two encouraging facts may be noted. The interest in religious questions is certainly greater now than it was

twenty years ago: the pages of almost every periodical which proposes to address the thoughtful and educated class bear witness to the fact that religion is not so nearly dead as many would persuade us. And further, such a book as the *New Republic*, in which as in the later Greek Comedy well-known characters are brought together on the stage under the most transparent of masks to discuss religious and social and moral questions, whatever may be thought of the taste of such a proceeding, is at least a proof that such questions are held to be susceptible of discussion among persons who differ even as to fundamental principles. And if once religion can be lifted above the level both of pietism and of ecclesiasticism to a position analogous to that which the schoolmen assigned to theology as the 'Mater Scientiarum,' to the position of the all-embracing and all-pervading kingdom of heaven on earth, then we shall learn that religious conversation is not only possible but inevitable, and God and His government will no longer be the one subject on which men are agreed to keep silence.

R. E. B.

# ENGLISH AND GERMAN PARTY GOVERNMENT.

By a German.

WHEN I asked an Englishman during my last residence in this country, what was the difference in principle between Liberalism and Conservatism, in most cases I received the answer, 'I do not know, I am sure.' Some of a more pessimistic view held that Liberals and Conservatives were two associations of ambitious men, of which one enjoyed the power of government and the other endeavoured to obtain it. Those who wished to enter into a more real consideration of the question gave an answer which, if I am not mistaken, is derived from Macaulay, or at least is best expressed by him in a well-known passage thus:

> The distinction has always existed and always must exist, for it has its origin in diversities of temper, of understanding, and of interest, which are found in all societies, and which will be found till the human mind ceases to be drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit and by the charm of novelty. Not only in politics, but in literature, in art, in science and mechanics, nay, even in mathematics, we find this distinction. Everywhere there is a class of men who cling with fondness to whatever is ancient, and who, even when convinced by overpowering reasons that innovation would be beneficial, consent to it with many misgivings and forebodings. We find also everywhere another class of men sanguine in hope, bold in speculation, always pressing forward, quick to discern the imperfections of whatever exists, disposed to think lightly of the risks and inconveniences which attend improvements, and disposed to give every change credit for being an improvement. In the sentiment of both classes there is something to approve. But of both the best specimens will be found not far from the common frontier. The extreme class of one section consists of bigoted dotards; the extreme section of the other consists of shallow and reckless empirics.

This answer has at least the merit of Macaulay's language and brilliancy of style, but in point of fact it is as wrong as it possibly can be. Even Macaulay himself must have had some sense of the insufficiency of this definition, for he does not express himself with his usual perspicuity. He veils the contrast that he states instead of giving the most accurate expression possible to the distinction of two principles so directly opposite. But there can be no doubt that he intends to speak of one ever conservative and one ever progressive party, and this definition is false historically, false practically, false even logically.

It is false historically, for there never was a party that never changed anything. The English Tories changed many things, even the oldest laws of this kingdom, and changed them without any misgivings or forebodings, as soon as they were convinced that such changes were in favour of the landed property.

It is false practically, for there is no difficulty in showing that mere conservatism is not the principle of a Conservative party. Macaulay would not pretend that Conservatives are accustomed to oppose improvements when they know and acknowledge them to be so. They oppose them undoubtedly because they consider the present state of things to be on the whole better than the proposed change and its consequences.

Not quite so wrong is the definition of the opposite party as a progressive one. It is obvious, however, that the opposite to conservation is not progress but change. Progress is change for the better; and thus Macaulay, by ascribing an endeavour after improvement to one

party, gives it a principle of idealism which he does not admit in the other. He puts before us two sets of people, the one high-souled, generous, and energetic, the other narrow-minded, selfish, and timorous, or whatever else we could think of, statesmen who had no other principle of politics than a certain groundless respect for whatever existed.

Perhaps the opinion of a foreigner on this subject may not be uninteresting to English readers. In order to draw a real comparision between English and German institutions, it is indispensable to take the same point of view for both. While explaining the modern constitutional principles of Germany, I therefore take the opportunity of giving my opinion with regard to those of England. Englishmen of course, as far as English matters are concerned, will feel at every sentence that it is only a foreigner who speaks, and that his penetration is limited; but the subject itself is of such great importance and interest for them, that any particular view of it may be worth their consideration. Besides, I think that no foreign state and society excepting those of antiquity has ever been studied so thoroughly and with so great a predilection by another nation as England by the Germans. This encourages me to bring a German opinion on English politics before the English themselves.

The most simple method of distinguishing the character of political parties is to ask, Who governs? who wants to govern? For parties are made up of persons; and of persons I can only ask, who? To find an answer to this question let us go back to the last century. Who governed England at this period? Surely not the King. It is true that George III. had great influence in the government of his kingdom, but it is well known also how he obtained this influence. It was not the inviolable legal prerogative of the Crown that built up his authority, but certain chance circumstances which have gradually disappeared since the commencement of reform. It was the power of corruption, organised chiefly by leaders of the Whig party, and exercised by the Ministry, which the King succeeded in getting into his own hands. We must distinguish between authority and influence. The King from time to time had great influence, but the real authority was vested exclusively in the House of Commons. Neither the Sovereign nor the Lords could prevail against a resolute majority of the Lower House. Even the short period of Pitt's Ministry in opposition to the majority of the House of Commons is no proof to the contrary of our statement, for the majority did not dare to use their weapons against him and to refuse to ratify the Mutiny Bill. We are therefore entitled to leave the power of the Crown quite out of the question, and to say simply that England was governed by the constituencies of the House of Commons. That these constituencies were not the nation is quite clear. England never was governed by the English people. It was always a section only of the people that was called on to participate in the government. This section, which after the Revolution undertook the direction of affairs, is not easily to be defined in one word, but is perhaps best expressed by the term gentry, including the nobility and the rich City people. The democratic element was so insignificant, and could send so few members to the House of Commons, that we need not regard it at all.

How did it happen that just this section of the people became the governing class in England? There is no miracle at all in the case. The gentry struggled with the King for

government, and overcame him; thus they gained it. The reason that in this particular country neither the people nor the King, but this certain class of the people obtained the ascendency is, as may easily be shown, the so-called self-government of England. If Charles I. had a préfet and a colonel of some battalions of troops at the head of each county, he would never have summoned his Parliament again; but the county was governed by its sheriffs and justices of the peace, that is to say, by its gentry; and the physical power of the country was represented by the militia, the lord-lieutenant, and his deputies, i.e. by the landowners, who provided the soldiers and the gentry who commanded them. It was the militia of Surrey and Bucks who prevented Charles from taking Kingston-upon-Thames, and thus began the Civil War. The military power, the police, and the collection of taxes was in the hands of independent members of the higher classes, and was not, as on the Continent, managed by paid officials of the Crown. This is the reason that this class, and not the King, as soon as the contest began obtained the government of the land. Politicians have often wondered how the absurd elective rights of the rotten boroughs could be preserved at all. The reason is very simple. Systematically the right of the rotten boroughs was undoubtedly absurd, but a change, easily as it might have been effected, did not take place, because this right was much more in accordance with the spirit of the English constitution than with its letter. The nominal right of the rotten boroughs was in reality the right of the higher classes, who therefore had not the least reason to change it.

It is true that in the beginning of Parliamentary government, the share of the people was much greater than this sketch seems to imply, but this share dwindled away very soon, and this very fact of its quick disappearance shows how slight it was even in the beginning. If the people had been strong enough they would not have suffered the government to slip from their hands without any resistance, just as little as the small freeholder would have almost disappeared from the soil of England if he had had influence enough with the Government to give the law a direction in his favour.

Now, if it is true that the power in this country, in consequence of the system of self-government, was always in the hand of a rather aristocratic class of the nation, how then was it possible that Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth, reigned as they did? How was it possible that Charles I. reigned eleven years without any Parliament at all, that is to say without the consent of that whole class which had the power to coerce him? The answer is this, it was by the power of the Church, of which the Sovereign was the head. Never in any country will there be a revolution where the people cling to the Church and the Church is against revolution (a rather puzzling fact, by the way, for the clever people of the nineteenth century who fancy that religion has nothing to do with politics). Now the monarchical character of the Anglican Church is well known. It was by the influence of his bishops that the King reigned. All the hate of the English nation against absolute government, therefore, turned against the bishops and the episcopalian Church. That is the offspring of Puritanism. Some learned men found out that episcopacy could not be derived from the New Testament. Of course the whole nation did not begin to study Greek, and convince themselves that the word ἐπίσκοπος meant nothing more than πρεσβύτερος, but the whole nation felt it a slavery to be governed by a priesthood, and was resolved to have

a Christianity of their own. The form of their Church they took from Scotland. There the class which was foremost in the resistance against the Government, formed a constitution of the Church that was uncommonly well adapted to their own wants. The Presbyterian Church is by no means democratic, as it is often called in our days. The celebrated sentence in the First Book of Discipline, 'The election of elderis and deaconis ought to be used everie yeare once, least that by long continuance of suche officiaris men presume uponn the libertie of the Churche' was never a law of the Kirk. On the contrary, not only this sentence is missed in the Second Book of Discipline, but here we find the direct opposite order: 'Elderis aenis [once] lauchfullie callit to the office and haveing giftis af God meit to exercise the same, may not leif it agane.' Neither elders nor ministers were in reality chosen by the people, but the existing sessions filled up the vacancies and kept the strongest discipline over the people. To the people nothing was left but a more or less formal right of acclamation. Nothing was more abominable to the old Presbyterian Church than tolerance. If the same class in England which had already the local magistracy and the command of the militia, had acquired the authority of the Presbyterian Church government over the people, its power would have been irresistible. In the beginning of the Revolution, therefore, as Hallam observes, the greatest part of the gentry of England was Puritan.

The attempt to establish the Presbyterian form of government in England failed because the army did not vouchsafe to obey a civil assembly without any power at all, and at its command to undergo a Church discipline much more tyrannical and narrow-minded than the former Anglican one. The same cause, combined with the intolerable anarchy that followed the outbreak of open war, very soon brought the greater part of the English gentry and nobility back to the old respected Church of their fathers. Amid the sectarian troubles of the time, the need of some form of strong Church government was so pressing, that the nation could not wait for the slow and difficult establishment of a new one. Besides, the political danger of Episcopalianism was passed. Any hope of establishing an absolute government in England was already vain, after the fall of Strafford, and much more after the recall of the Stuarts by the free will of the nation. After some violent convulsions, it was irrevocably decided that this country was to be governed by that class of the nation which returned the House of Commons. That being the case, the Anglican Church had lost her monarchical character. If the King's Government was under the control of Parliament, his Church government was under this control not less than anything else. The Church, therefore, from this time was allied in the most intimate way with the governing gentry, just as she had been before with the King; and both together, the Church and that class of the nation which administered the self-government, formed in the eighteenth century the governing body of England.

To this day these two great institutions are the Conservative powers of this country. To conserve their strength, and to conserve the fact that by them Great Britain is governed, this is the principle that holds together the great Conservative party in the Parliament of the United Kingdom.

The Liberal party is in the outset the mere negative of the Conservative one. It rose as opposition, and the Conservative powers have lost much ground already in the

course of the last age. The foundation of their very existence began to give way when their victory had just been decided. The government of gentry and Church in England was finally settled during the age of the Second Revolution, and already by this time not the militia but the standing army began to be used as the sword of Government. By-and-by the militia almost lost its character as a representative of the landed property, and became as mercenary as the army itself. The best and most admired achievements of modern English administration are achievements not of the old system of self-government, but of salaried and trained officials in the fashion of the Continent, either appointed by the Crown or chosen by the more wealthy class of the people. And it is obvious that the duties of modern administration are so complicated and difficult, require so much application and technical learning, that they cannot be casually fulfilled by an average country gentleman or City merchant. Not without reason, notwithstanding the English gentry opposed a reform, they had a presentiment that with the administration they would give up the government of the country at the same time.

But at last the indignation of the nation, long kept back by the glorious contest against revolution and Bonapartism, rose against the shameful misgovernment of the old self-governmental system and the rule of the country by a small class by no means representing the strength of the nation. It is the birth of Liberalism. A party sprang up in a certain connection with the remnants of the old Whig faction, which, as it wants to give the government of the country to a smaller or greater part of the bulk of the nation, is called either the Liberal or the Radical party. I have no need to point out the character of compromise and moderation that naturally distinguishes the Liberals from the Radicals. About the difference between the two branches of the left wing of the Parliamentary groups there can be no doubt. The object of our research is the distinction between Conservatism and Liberalism, and thus—setting aside all that political cant of 'liberty,' or 'will of the nation,' or 'free country,' or 'Divine right,' or 'rights of man'—we define them: The principle of Conservatism is not preservation for its own sake, but it is the preservation of government in the hands of those powers to which it belongs according to the tradition of this country. Of those powers one is the Church of England. The Church desires to retain all that influence over the education and the public spirit of the English nation which she has now or had at any time before. This does not exclude the fact that many decided friends of the Anglican Church do not belong to the Conservative party. A man may be very religious without holding the ecclesiastical opinions of his Church. Sharing the same interest with the Church, are, secondly, the adherents of the old system of local magistracy, representing chiefly landed property. The importance and influence of this old system of local magistracy is the very thing in which perhaps the Continental onlooker finds it easier to discern the working of the English Constitution and the elements of English society than the English themselves. Nothing facilitates judgment so much as a knowledge of the opposite state of things; and the government of the county is the point where English and Continental institutions differ most. It is not only property, even landed and old property, that makes the hereditary authority of the county families, but it is the power of government which traditionally is

connected with this property. Take all this away, abolish the militia, give the affairs of the Commission of the Peace to a préfet and his officials, and you have shaken the foundation of English society, though you have as many great landed proprietors as before. Even this will be altered very soon. The division of the land among a rather small number of families is most closely connected with the political government of the country. A father who has nothing to leave to his children but wealth would be very unjust if he gave one more than the others. But an English country gentleman wishes to leave more to his successors than the mere fruitful soil. He wishes to preserve the name of his family in that hereditary consideration and authority among its neighbours which is acquired by judging and commanding them. Such a position cannot be kept up by a poor man. Therefore the family estate is left to one, and I am sure even the younger brothers of this one have a better position in the world by their relationship with him than they would have by a share of the inheritance which would make them one as insignificant as the other. The degradation of the county families to a position dependent on mere wealth would very soon put an end to their wealth too, and without this they cannot preserve their credit in the county. The one cannot exist without the other; county magistrates without old county families owning great and established landed properties, any more than these county families without a certain traditional authority and power of government. This hereditary influence and authority of great families is a political power which the modern Continent lacks, but which I think, in England, I may justly count among the great Conservative forces of the country.

On the other hand, the Liberal party wishes the government of the country to be chiefly directed by the middle classes of the nation only. This, also, does not exclude, of course, the chance that a man of unbounded landed property, and a county magnate himself, may be a Liberal. A great aristocrat may possibly feel himself to be a born leader of the people.

That so simple a state of things could ever be a subject of dispute and doubt, is due to the confounding of the temporary tactics and measures with the principles of a party. Ritualists and Radicals agree to-day in their wish for the disestablishment of the Church. It is, notwithstanding, obvious that the Ritualists are an offshoot of an ecclesiastical and Conservative party—an offshoot by-and-by, perhaps, to become a separate tree and overshadow the parent stem—while the Radicals are an anti-ecclesiastical party. Many Liberals are opposed to the disestablishment of the Church, not because they are Churchmen, but because they are afraid that disestablishment might strengthen rather than diminish Church influence. They cannot, therefore, be considered as members of the ecclesiastical party. The Tories of late years have taken an active part in defending the interests of the lower classes of the people. Are they, then, democratic? Quite the contrary: their object has been to increase the Conservative power of the country by popularity, so they have shown themselves in no way unfaithful to their own principles. These principles must, however, be defined and studied not by isolated measures, but by the history of ages.

Now it is easy enough to see why, at this time, there seems to be so little difference between Conservatism and Liberalism. Long Liberal Administrations have taken away so many of the privileges of Church

and gentry, that even they, for the moment, do not want to take any more. Thus, to-day, the Liberal party is in fact very conservative; while the Conservative party cannot help being liberal. The fundamental difference remains, notwithstanding, and is 'immanent.' It keeps each party together and hinders their union; and once established as different parties, they very soon begin to have different opinions about most of home and foreign affairs, even if these have nothing at all to do with party principles.

The formation of the German parties depends on quite heterogeneous principles. The influence of the nobility is almost annihilated. The Protestant Church never had any. The German Conservative party, therefore, is quite another thing than the English one. In consequence of this the Liberal party also differs entirely from that in England: for the Liberal party is always in the first line negative and oppositional. As it turns its opposition here in another direction, it must have another character.

It is worth while to trace back the nature of the modern English parties to that of the old Whigs and Tories. Some historians deny any connection between them whatever; some go even so far as to say that the modern Liberals are essentially the former Tories, the Conservatives the old Whig party. Under these circumstances the title of the present party connections to the glories which are immortalised in the corridors of the Houses of Parliament seems rather doubtful. But it is not impossible to settle the question whether really, to this day, Cavaliers and Roundheads fight in the debates of the Upper and Lower House, as a mere historical fact. There are elements of the old parties of the Revolution in the present ones, and there are now elements in them, which, at those times, scarcely existed.

New in the character of modern party formation is the distinction of different classes of society. There is, as we have shown, in the Conservative party a certain aristocratic tendency; in the Liberal party a middle class, and even democratic feeling, that was utterly unknown to the old Tories and Whigs. Cavaliers and Roundheads, Anglicans and Presbyterians, had at their side, one as well as the other, noblemen and gentlemen, popular sympathies, and mob tumults. Both Tories and Whigs were members of the same class of society, which we with one word approximately termed the gentry. To know what was the difference between them, we must not on any account commit the fault of asking for their theories of government. The theories of a man will very seldom give the right expression of his character. To form a theory for an important branch of human life is exceedingly difficult. The politicians and philosophers of the seventeenth and eighteenth century brought undoubtedly Whiggism and Toryism under categories which suited their real nature very little. The Tories pretended to be defenders of a Divine right of government. They certainly were not, for they assisted in expelling James II. The Whigs pretended to defend the government of the State by the people themselves, although they knew that only a small minority of the people took part in the government. The truth is, when we ask not for words but for facts, that Whigs as well as Tories wished the government of the realm to be exercised by that Parliamentary class of the nation to which we referred above. What divided them was the Church question. The Tories were, in the first place, Anglicans, therefore they were as long as possible on the side of the King, for the King was the head of the Church. But even the Cavalier

Parliament of the Restoration was by no means willing to make the King independent of themselves. They were very stiff in the granting of money, and kept a strict control over the administration. Absolutism was to them just as odious as to modern Conservatives. But the Church was bound to love, to honour, and to protect her head. Both are Churchmen: this Tories and Conservatives have in common, and so far they represent the same party to this day.

On the other side, Whigs and Liberals are identical so far as both are emancipated from the idea of an Established Church, a Church founded and upheld by the State. It is hardly necessary to repeat that a Liberal may be a steadfast adherent of the faith of the Church of England notwithstanding. But in consequence of their political views on Church matters, the old Whigs had no regard at all for the head of the English Church, the King, and became the real creators of the Parliamentary Government.

Even compared with this invaluable service, one ought not to think too little of the establishment of the Church by the Tories. Those times needed a great conservative power, such as an Established Church. The fanaticism of the sectarians would have upset the weak State again and again, without the stronghold of an Establishment. Protestant countries in the nineteenth century are so used to order and legal authority, that they are scarcely able even to imagine a state of things without it. But we have only to look at those unfortunate nations whose conservative powers are either utterly wanting, as in most of the Roman Catholic countries, or not in harmony with the cultivated mind of the people, and we shall appreciate our own, at least in theory.

How the present movement of the English constitution will end is, in my opinion, indubitably—in universal suffrage.

In France and Germany the whole nation is called upon to elect its representative: how long will the English working people, with this example before their eyes, tolerate being excluded? They can support their claims by arguments which it is difficult to refute from the Liberal point of view. Liberalism protests, that only those people can be called free who are governed by themselves. Now surely the English labourers are not governed by themselves, but by those of their countrymen who are wealthy enough to have a vote. If, therefore, it is true that to be governed by self-elected rulers is the characteristic of liberty, the English nation is divided into two sections, freemen and slaves; and what Liberal can consistently with his principles deny to these bondsmen the natural right, not only to enjoy the material comfort, great as it may be, which their rulers allow them to possess, but to claim their full freedom and share in government? Any great commercial or political crisis perhaps in a very short time may bring the decision.

As soon as this has happened, and universal suffrage has become the law of the United Kingdom, the state of government in this country must grow rather dangerous.

From this time in the English Parliament will exist at least four more or less powerful parties: a Conservative party, a Liberal party, an Irish Roman Catholic party, and a Radical party with Socialistic tendencies. It is true that Socialism at this moment is almost annihilated in England, but if Socialism has any truth or any power at all, there can be no doubt that it will have its first and greatest development, not in France, where the whole soil is divided among hundreds of thousands of small freeholdings; not in Germany, where

there is perhaps the most fortunate division of land among a very numerous body of great and small proprietors; but in Great Britain, where four-fifths of the country belong to about ten thousand men. It is very likely that the disestablishment of the Church will add to these four parties a fifth, the present Ritualists. Now how shall England be governed, if none of these four or five parties should have the majority? Almost always three of them together will be stronger than the fourth. The Sovereign is bound to take his Ministry from the majority of the Parliament; but how if, as will surely happen, there should no such majority?

One suggests coalitions, but will the Liberals coalesce with the Ultramontanes or the Socialists? The former alliance of Liberalism and Catholicism has even now become impossible. Liberals and Conservatives might indeed unite their forces at a moment of great danger, but always very soon will come a time and a decision when the particular interests and principles of their parties are at stake, and one of them must give way. For if they had not such different and opposite principles and interests, they could not form different parties. This is the point where a comparison between English and German party government comes in best. The German Reichstag is really divided into seven or eight parties, Ultramontanes, Poles, Elsass-Lothringer, one Dane, two Conservative parties, National-Liberals, Progressists, Social Democrats, of which the strongest commands only a third part of the votes. Notwithstanding, government goes on very well. The difference is that in Germany the Ministry is not, as in England, taken from the majority of Parliament: in Germany the Ministers are men of business, appointed by the Sovereign. In England they form in reality nothing else but a committee of the leaders of the majority in the House of Commons. It therefore occurs in England, as is well known, frequently enough, that a man is at the head of an important branch of administration who understands very little of the affairs of his office. The great imperfections and many deplorable failures of the English Administration are chiefly produced by this defective system of a Parliamentary administration. I think, indeed, this system is so bad, that there does not exist a more brilliant instance of the genuine intelligence and integrity of the national character, than that such a system has not undergone many more defeats still. The successes of the foreign policy of England in the last century and of the home policy in this show that clever men may do great things even in a bad system. The practice may be better than the theory. But after all it is almost a mere chance whether the administration of army and navy by a Parliamentary man will prove good or bad.

In Germany such a thing never can happen, or at least, if things always went according to the ideal principle of the institution, never should happen. The Minister is supposed to be, and in most times is, the most clever and experienced man of his department. Monarchical government is a government by intellect, as Mr. Froude says; Parliamentary government is a government by number. An hereditary king would ruin himself, his family, his property, his glory, his future, if he was not anxious to find the best men of his realm to put them at the head of the Administration. If he is mistaken, the independent control of a Parliament, where it exists, would open his eyes very soon.

By the Ministers the other officials are appointed, not by any Parliamentary patronage, which is

utterly unknown in Germany, but each president of a board or court of justice, as well as each colonel and general, has to send in yearly his remarks on the qualification of his inferiors, and the best is chosen. To enter the State service, a man must have passed two or three very severe examinations; not competitive examinations, which we should think no examinations at all. The salary of the 'Beamten' is very small. The president of the highest court of justice has 1,100*l.* a year; the judges of the same court begin with 500*l.*; the Ministers have 1,800*l.* The results of this organisation are shown in the mobilisation of the army in the last week of July 1870.

The reason why a King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany can act thus, and a King of Great Britain cannot, is that the one has a power which the other lacks. The Emperor of Germany has a million of soldiers, and the greater part of the Administration, as far as it is not self-governmental, at his absolute disposal. He therefore does not depend upon the Parliament. If he does not choose to follow their advice, they have no direct means to coerce him.

The question is, Why then does he choose to ask them at all? He might make himself an absolute ruler again at any moment he liked. This question was indeed unanswerable even twelve years ago; and though when the Parliamentary constitution has existed for one generation or two, public opinion will be far too strong to tolerate its being overthrown again, one might doubt whether this influence enforces itself so irresistibly at the present time in Germany as to render a return to absolutism impossible. But since the creation of the Empire, there exists a circumstance that makes a return to absolutism impossible. It is well known that in all the smaller States of the United Empire, Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, exists a strong party, that would be only too glad to get rid of the new Empire. The only means to check them is to win over the public opinion of these same States by popular institutions. At the moment that a conflict rose between the Reichstag and the Chancellor, most of the confederate kings and dukes would have the most easy pretext to retract their allegiance, which they cannot do as long as their own people are on the side of the Emperor.

Thus the German Reichstag is not strong enough, like the English Parliament, to lay claim to an indirect appointment of Ministers by themselves. Nobody in Germany even thinks of it. All the Prussian Ministers at this moment are allowed to be very clever men, and to understand their business better than any of their opponents in Parliament. Any German would laugh if some one proposed to him to take a Parliamentary debater, as, for instance, Bamberger, though a clever man, and well versed in financial affairs, as Minister of Finance. But if the German Reichstag does not appoint Ministers, it is strong enough to control the administration of the Ministers to the smallest detail. A very successful co-operation is the consequence of this system. Not only is Germany able, without any danger, to call by universal suffrage the whole people to the election of their representatives, but also the relative independence of Parliament and Ministers with regard to each other allows them an unusually great freedom of action. When an English party have chosen their leader, they have given up their liberty. As long as they choose to have him as leader or Minister, they are obliged to vote for him even against their own conviction. This party discipline is indispensable in a Parliamentary Government. The Ger-

man system of government can dispense with it. Sometimes the Government carries the Bills by the National-Liberals and Progressists; sometimes by the National-Liberals and Conservatives; sometimes even a section of the National-Liberals vote against the Government, and a section of the Ultramontanes for it. Very often the majority of the Reichstag do not think it suitable at all to grant the wishes of the Government, and the question is either dropped or settled by a compromise, because both sides wish nothing so much as to live in concord with each other. Compromise, therefore, which secures the freedom of both sides, is justly regarded as the chief characteristic of the modern German constitution.

This is a thing not easily understood by an Englishman, and often misrepresented even by Germans, who must have schooled themselves in the Parliamentary history of England, and who apply English ideas to German institutions. If the House of Commons does not approve the Bill of the Ministry, it would be an act of open absolutism for the Sovereign to retain that Ministry. Of course I do not speak of the trifling or chance defeats which a Ministry might undergo. But it is acknowledged that a serious defeat of the Ministry in the House of Commons means its retirement. An opposite course of action, according to the Parliamentary rules of England, is absolutism. Now this very often happens in Germany. Therefore people infer that Germany is as good as an absolute monarchy. But the conclusion ought to be quite the contrary. In Germany Parliament has the liberty to vote in individual cases against a Ministry, which it desires notwithstanding to maintain. Even direct votes of censure may not intend to remove a Minister, but only to warn him not to commit a certain fault again. New Bills brought in by a Minister are dropped if they do not obtain the consent of the House; brought in by a member and carried in the Reichstag, they are dropped if they do not obtain the consent of the Minister. But perhaps Ministers may declare that they cannot hold office without the acceptance of some particular Bill, the rejection of which must lead to their resignation. The majority then begins to weigh the resignation of the Minister against the rejection of the Bill; and because they are persuaded that, in Germany, they would not find people who are able to govern a great empire better than Bismarck and his coadjutors, they of late years have always voted for a middle course which the Ministers approved. Thus, for instance, military affairs were not settled by a permanent law, but only for seven years. Again, people argue, the Reichstag is powerless and must do what the Ministers command. But it is quite clear that they acted, without going so far as the English Parliament always does. They did not vote against the Ministry, because they did not want to overthrow it.

Here the natural question rises, If a real conflict were to break out between Parliament and Ministry, would the former be strong enough to remove the Ministry? From a mere logical point of view, this is difficult to answer; for if the Reichstag were strong enough it would be obliged to govern by itself in the same way as the English Parliament. The leaders ought to be ready to take the portfolios themselves. But the Reichstag cannot govern in Germany, because, apart from many other reasons, there is no stable majority existing among its members, nor is there likely to be. On the other hand, the Emperor cannot govern without a Reichstag, be-

cause the natural feeling of the people is the cement that binds the Empire together. But fortunately there is not the least ground, even in imagination, for supposing that the interests of the Sovereign and the people should ever differ so seriously that no compromise would be possible.

A cursory glance at the character of the different parties in Germany will show this clearly. Ultramontanes, Poles, Elsass-Lothringer, Social Democrats, are defined by their names. They compose together something more than the third part of the votes of the Reichstag (140 out of 400). A separate Protestant Church party does not exist in Germany. The former feudal petty nobility is represented by the old Conservative party. But the nobility have lost so much of their influence, as well as of their estates, that their position is very insignificant. If they had not the old titles still left, one would say that Germany had no longer any nobles whatever. They are now in decided opposition to the Government, but yet have not a tenth part of the votes in the Reichstag. Those of the nobility who have accepted their defeat, together with those members who mean to support the present Government, at all events form the free Conservative party. But they are scarcely stronger than the old Conservatives. The bulk of the nation is represented by the National-Liberals. The men with no positive principles at all, except a peevish criticism for anything whatever, call themselves the Progressive party, but vote on many occasions with the Government. They are a remnant of the former period of conflict between Government and Parliament, and lose more and more in number and influence. They now have about a tenth of the votes. The most decided adherents of the Empire are the National-Liberals. Those persons who prefer the interest of the individual confederate States to the general interest of the Empire belong either to the Ultramontane, the Conservative, or the Progressive party. In this state of things it is obvious that a Government which never can ally itself to the Ultramontanes, cannot do without the National-Liberals. And these, who have no majority of themselves, cannot do without the Government. This it is that makes a serious conflict between them impossible; they are necessary to each other. Nothing would answer less to the state of things in Germany than the alternate direction of affairs by two opposite parties like Whigs and Tories. The only alternation, that might be introduced by-and-by, is the predominant influence at one time of the Parliament, at the other of the heads of the army and bureaucracy. It is a state of things like that which Polybius describes as the characteristic of the Roman Republic in the time of its greatness. The Republic was governed by the Senate, i.e. a great body of magistrates, and the people. There were sometimes quarrels between them, but both, as Polybius says, had so many reasons to respect each other, that finally their patriotic co-operation effected the paramount and irresistible strength of Rome.

In the same way the German Constitution most happily combines all the liberty of a free country with all the energy and ability of a strong central authority. Nor is it the external power of the country only that derives advantage from this, as the excellence of the whole German legislature since 1866 proves. A striking comparison with England is afforded by the new system of judicature, which is acknowledged as a masterpiece. Not without much excitement, but after all easily enough, was it called into being. England, on the other hand, struggles for half a century to get

rid of a rotten and perfectly insufficient system of judicature, and effects nothing but patchwork. A man whose Liberalism is as undeniable as his judicial and Parliamentary experience, Lord Brougham, has pointed out the reason. It is the Parliamentary system of legislation, which, according to this statesman, is simply incapable of so great a task.

How England will in the end overcome the difficulty of a government by a great divided democratic assembly it is hard to say. This remark is not intended as a prophecy, for who can say what new and unknown forms of government the future may develop? Nothing would be more absurd than to try to imitate the German system, because in our case the difficulty appears to have been solved. It does not follow that the institutions which seem to meet the needs of one country, should therefore be equally beneficial for another; indeed one might almost *à priori* expect the contrary; what suits one country will surely not suit another. England will go her own way, and the natural health and vigour of the nation seems strong enough to hold out even against the disease of her so-called constitutionalism.

# LOUIS BÖRNE.

THE claim which Louis Börne has upon our interest is that of a bold man who dared to tell unpalatable truths, political and social, to the German nation, and reaped his reward on the one hand in misconception and abuse, on the other in the honour of a patriot and the fame of a brilliant political writer.

Upon a tall narrow house in the Judengasse at Frankfort may still be read an inscription bearing the dates of his comparatively brief career—1786 to 1837. At the former date the house was occupied by a wealthy Jewish family named Baruch; their second son was born on May 22, and on his subsequent adoption of Christianity he became known as Louis Börne. Those of us who have seen the Judengasse of modern times must in imagination intensify every repellent feature of the place in order to have even an approximate idea of what it then was. Within the prescribed limits of their narrow quarter all Frankfort Jews were forced to live. Thus the houses were built closer and higher until in time light and air were excluded, and every corner from dingy cellar to gabled roof was crowded with human beings. Nothing that imagination might picture of the life behind those grimy walls and impervious windows could exceed the horrors of reality. The history of the men and women who swarmed in and out of the dark doorways was written in their crouching attitude, their stealthy tread, their fierce hopelessness or dull dejection of countenance; it was not only their own history, but that of generations of wronged and persecuted ancestors. In Frankfort hatred of the Jews had been from time immemorial a mark of orthodox Christianity, a municipal duty, a fashionable custom. Bettine, in her *Correspondence*, tells us she was trained in *Judenhass*. The wealthier Jewish merchants, Baruch among the number, were able to vary their lives somewhat by the frequent journeys which their business necessitated. Either in Berlin or Vienna they found their kinsmen occupying a social position such as no wealth or learning could make possible under the tyranny of the Frankfort Senate. Even in Heine's 'verdammtes Hamburg' the possibilities of emancipation were much greater.

Louis Börne and his two brothers were educated by a young tutor who resided in the house, and who was engaged upon the understanding that the instruction of the boys should be kept rigidly within the limits of orthodox Jewish regulations. The young man, Sachs by name, was well educated, and had breathed the freer intellectual air of Berlin. He found his conscience often sorely tried by the persistent questions of his pupil Louis; there was so much that he longed to explain and impart to the restless-minded boy, but for the embargo laid upon him. Sachs found Louis at twelve years old smaller and less vigorous than his brothers, reserved and quiet in manner, and the impression of extreme shyness was increased by a spot on one of his full bright eyes, which added uncertainty to their rapid glance. Beneath the outward indifference to all household and family interests Sachs perceived that the boy's brain was constantly at work, and he felt disposed to echo the grandfather's prophecy, 'That lad will be a great man some day.' As the least demonstrative among the boys Louis appears to have been made some-

what of a family scapegoat, particularly by the tyrant of the house, an old female servant. Louis found sarcasm the most effective method of dealing with her. Provoked by some ceremonial neglect on his part, she said one day to him, 'If you were a Rabbi you would have the whole congregation baptised.' 'In that case,' replied the boy, 'I should be the only Jew left, and should ruin the business of your two sons.' Another time she told him plainly 'he certainly must go to hell.' To which he answered, 'Indeed, I hope not, for then I should have no respite from you, even in eternity.'

The patriarchal customs of the house and the frequent absences of Herr Baruch prevented any interchange of sympathy between father and son. The mother seems to have been only a cipher in the family, and to have influenced but little the childhood of Louis. It was the tutor who took the boys to the synagogue morning and evening, who explained to them the Jewish prayer books (according to Friedländer), making them commit to memory the important passages; who taught them Hebrew, and endeavoured to clear a pathway for them in the wilderness of Talmudic learning and ceremonial lore. It was only to the tutor that Louis dared to utter angry protests and indignant questions about the maze of contradictions by which he found himself every day surrounded. The gates of the Jewish quarter were locked on Sunday at four o'clock, and no one permitted to go out, unless to a doctor or for the purpose, then rarer than we can imagine, of posting a letter. As Louis passed the watch one day he said fiercely to Sachs, 'I only don't go out at that gate because the man is stronger than I am.' The Jews were forbidden to use the pavements, such as they were, in those days. Louis and his tutor were one day walking after heavy rain; the road was almost impassable in its depth of mud. 'Let us cross to the pavement,' said Louis. 'You forget the prohibition,' said the tutor. The boy's reply, 'No one will see us,' gave occasion for a lecture on the sanctity of law. 'It is a stupid law,' interrupted Louis,—'suppose it entered the burgomaster's head to forbid us to light a fire, we should all have to be frozen to death.' With such restrictions on every hand it was no wonder that Louis understood all Christians to be his natural enemies. Upon this assumption he would give coins to Christian beggars instead of Jewish ones, until Sachs, with fine conscientiousness, explained that, despite appearances, the fact from which he reasoned was not true. And the lesson was not lost; it gave the boy a principle which helped him to combat his natural feeling of resentment, and enabled him, in later life, to judge the position of the Jews as a reasonable man, not wholly as an injured adversary. At thirteen two great problems suggested by the execution of Louis XVI. occupied his boyish brain. How could any man be so virtuous and so unfortunate? How could the grand idea of freedom be so abused by an entire nation? Louis Börne lived through a second revolution in Paris, and yet the problems were not solved!

Notwithstanding the circumscribed education which Herr Baruch's orthodoxy permitted, the fitness of Louis for a studious profession could not be overlooked. To a Jew that of medicine alone was open. At Giessen, in the house of Professor Hetzel, Louis remained for nearly three years, nominally studying preparatory subjects. He also read much of Jean Paul and of Lafontaine, and enjoyed the little society the place afforded.

In 1802 Louis Börne was removed from Giessen to Berlin. Although the University was not yet established there, medical schools

existed, and the Prussian capital had already become the centre of scientific research. Chief among its men of note was the Jewish physician Dr. Marcus Herz, who had the best medical practice in Berlin, who pursued eagerly every new development of science, and who, by his lectures, attracted learned listeners from far and near, and established his fame throughout Germany. Baruch had heard of him in Frankfort, and greatly desired for his son the benefit of his experience and guidance; he therefore wrote, making to Marcus Herz a liberal proposal, and secured for Börne, in addition to the direction of his medical studies, the advantage of residence in the physician's house. The care of his patients and his private scientific work left Marcus Herz but little time for recreation, and the only kind for which he seemed to care was that provided for him in the social intercourse of his wife's well-frequented drawing-room. Now in the full prime of womanhood, Henriette Herz was equally celebrated for her beauty, her accomplishments, and her goodness of heart. A perfect mistress of all social art, gifted with tact, tenderness, and cheerful gaiety, she had for years past gathered round her the most interesting residents and visitors Berlin could boast. Upon certain evenings all such guests were welcomed as had already received a general invitation or been preceded by due introduction. Upon these occasions Börne would establish himself in a remote corner of the room with an air of perfect indifference toward the lively scene before him. Guests and friends would commiserate Henriette Herz upon the uninteresting character of her protégé; but they did not hear the sarcastic comments, the exhaustive questions which he would shoot out at long intervals during his daily association with his hostess, and which revealed to her that Börne's apathetic manner concealed in him much that was not commonplace. The new life, startling and stimulating as it was, furnished Börne with abundant food for thought. In the drawing-room of this Jewish household he saw the *élite* of the Christian world mingling with the despised Israelites, who in Frankfort would not have been allowed to tread the same pavement. He saw the families of Friedländer, Moses Mendelssohn, Itzig, Levy, Meyer, Levin, Jews who believed in their race if not in their religion, exchanging social amenities with Count Alexander Dohna, Count Bernstorff, Baron Brinckmann, Carl Laroche, W. and A. von Humboldt, Frau von Berg (a Court lady), Elise von der Recke, with the publishers Reimar and Unger, their wives and many other ladies. Some intimate and distinguished members of this circle had lately left Berlin; among them Schleiermacher, who was just settled as professor in Hallé; Tieck, who was in Jena or Dresden; Gentz also had lately transferred his services to Vienna, and F. Schlegel had joined the literary band at Jena. Börne would observe the same mixture of race and class in the audiences who attended, probably from very different reasons, the scientific lectures of Marcus Herz. Scholars of unmistakable citizen extraction sat beside fine ladies and gentlemen from the Court. Henriette Herz frequently on these occasions acted as assistant to her husband in his experiments, and one day charmed memorably a little prince of five years old by a brilliant explosion.[1]

Societies for dramatic reading or

[1] Afterwards Frederick William IV. When Alexander von Humboldt appealed to the King in 1845 on behalf of Henriette Herz, he himself recalled the incident with genial good humour, and ordered for her a pension of 500 thalers a year, and a present of fifty louis d'or.

literary discussion were much the fashion in Berlin at this date, and Henriette Herz appears to have been a member of three at least. Börne would probably be admitted to one of these which had a varied existence of many years under the name of the Wednesday Society. It was usually held at the house of Engel, the writer and critic, and included Schadow the sculptor, Reichard the musician, Delbrück, tutor to the Royal Princes; Ramler, Hirt, Philip Moritz, and other literary men; Fischer the naturalist, who read treatises and performed experiments; Fleck the great actor, who looked like a king even without a sword and mantle, who seemed always a hero whether annihilating a villain on the stage or accepting a cup of coffee in private life, but who read aloud worse than any other member of the party. The names of the ladies have not all been preserved, but among them would be Elise von der Recke, Dorothea Veit, and Marianne Meyer, afterwards Frau von Eybenberg, and her sister, who became Frau von Grotthuis. The critical discussion and the fugitive remarks which reached the ears of Börne would all bear more or less upon the vexed question of the day in Berlin: the comparative merits of the old poetry and of the new criticism. Börne had heard only rumours of the new lights Goethe and Schiller, and about the young upstarts of the Romantic School he knew nothing. The paper warfare was raging fiercely in Berlin. Nicolai, the mouthpiece of the Philistinism of the day, uttered his opinion that it was quite easy to write as Goethe and as Schiller did. The time-honoured critical canons by which he and others regulated their material and their style were despised by these new poets, who went on writing whatever happened to come into their heads. He could do the same if he chose! Engel also, on the appearance of *Wilhelm Meister*, wondered what, after Scarron's novel, there remained to be said about 'comedian life.' Elise von der Recke discarded her name of Charlotte in wrath at its association with *Werther*; and Klopstock, after reading that work, declined to open any more by the same author. Marcus Herz also stood by the old school of literature, and would admire no writer later than Lessing. The same was true of the cultivated David Friedländer, who one day brought Herz for elucidation an obscure passage in Goethe. 'Pray go to my wife,' said the physician in reply; 'she understands the art of explaining nonsense.' Madame Herz took enthusiastically the side of the new school, and not only rivalled her friend, the already famous Rahel, in her admiration for Goethe, but also in her interest in the early writings of the Romanticists, Ludwig Tieck and Novalis. Börne must have heard them all freely discussed, and would doubtless hear too how, in Jena, Novalis at twenty-eight had just breathed his last in the arms of F. Schlegel, and had left to Tieck the difficult task of arranging for publication his unfinished romance of *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*. Amid these conflicting interests, social and literary, Börne saw Henriette Herz the presiding genius; bright and equable, sympathetic and intelligent, a companionable woman such as no dream, no reality had ever suggested to him. He abandoned even the pretence of medical study, gave himself passively up to all the sunshiny influences about him, and filled his brain, through books and people, with all the historic bearings of a time teeming with that future whose sorrows were to stir his soul, kindle his latent genius, and control his whole career.

In the year 1803 Marcus Herz died after a brief illness. Börne entreated to be allowed to continue in the house. Henriette saw no

difficulty in the arrangement, she being thirty-eight and Börne seventeen years old. One day, however, she was alarmed while visiting her mother, by the appearance of one of her servants, who showed to her a note which Börne had entrusted to her to deliver to a certain chemist. It contained money, and an order for arsenic, with the explanation that he was going away for a few days and wished to clear his room of mice during his absence. Henriette Herz sent her sister Brenna to her house to see Börne; she drew from him a passionate confession of his hopeless attachment to Henriette Herz and his indifference to life, but the young girl, who knew him well, thought she had succeeded in bringing him back to a reasonable state of mind. After a short time, however, a second attempt of the same kind convinced Henriette Herz that another home must be found for him. This she arranged with Dr. Reil, a physician and professor at Halle. Before leaving Börne gave to her copies of letters he had written but not delivered to her, and also of a short diary he had kept while under her roof. These were published in 1860, but the greater part of their correspondence was destroyed by Henriette Herz shortly before her death in 1847. It is interesting to discover from these fragments how, from the first day, Börne was impressed by the harmony, the dignified repose, the poetic charm which characterised the life and home of Henriette Herz. He puts down with delight simple everyday facts; that Madame Herz does not wear rings or hair powder; that the cooking is excellent, and the breakfast rolls of ambrosial consistency unknown before; that he had told Dr. Herz he had never seen anyone he admired and liked so much as Madame Herz. Then the naïve utterances and witticisms change to more intense expressions of adoration and passionate exclamations of despair, after the old old fashion. When the time came to leave Berlin the sharpness of the conflict between reason and imagination had subsided, and he could write, 'If Madame Herz loved me as I love her, I believe that my love would not altogether cease, but gradually decline; there is, however, no fear of her making an experiment with that kind of cure.' And again, 'How I wish for Madame Herz that she would marry some man whom she could really love.' This sentence, also written on the day he left Berlin, is very characteristic in its combined pathos and mockery: 'How I wished once more to come up to you, once more to look round your room. These flowers come from my heart. They will bloom when the blossoming time of my life is stifled in the reeking vapours of the Halle salt-magazines. Assuredly you will think of me then.'

Throughout his four years' residence in Halle, Börne addressed to Madame Herz, as his 'Dear Mother,' calm, thoughtful, egotistical letters, which are an interesting revelation of the youth and his intellectual growth. He learned heartily to esteem Dr. Reil, a man of commanding appearance, with eyes like Frederick the Great's, and who inspired his patients with such confidence that, it was said, 'they sometimes lost life but never hope.' The sensitiveness of Börne was constantly wounded by the contrast of the prosaic Reil household with that which he had left; the professor's wife seems to have been a connoisseur in the art of making herself disagreeable. In a letter containing a caustic description of his surroundings, Börne remarks: 'Time only heals by distraction; what it cannot disturb it can never heal.' Then almost in the same sentence: 'I am very angry with Brenna that she does not write to me; tell her there is a ropemaker living opposite

with whom I have an account.' About Halle he writes: 'The inexpressible prose of this place is enough to drive one mad; some sarcastic Satan must have created it as a parody upon the seventh day.' In graver moods he became Jean Paulish: 'The dream is the shadow of our life, as our present existence is the shadow of a life to come. One day, when the sun is right above our heads, all shadows will disappear.' Again: 'You once wrote to me that you wished a good spirit would overshadow me; it has come, and with a friendly greeting. Ah! if life had but a haven, how sweet the storms would be! But the desired land is always beyond the horizon, and the breakers around shatter our frail lives.'

Among those lectures which Börne attended in Halle, were the medical courses of Reil, those on natural science by Steffens, and on ethics by Schleiermacher. His acquaintance with the latter never ripened into friendship. With all his study and culture of individual character, Schleiermacher failed to read Börne, and wrote despairing reports of him to Madame Herz. He saw only those faults which throughout Börne's life lay so plainly upon the surface; his apparent idleness and apathy, his wilfulness, his caprice, and that astounding egotism which was nevertheless compatible with renunciation and self-sacrifice.

When, on October 19, 1806, Napoleon entered Halle and dispersed the University, Börne was among the twelve hundred students whose patriotism had been roused by the indignation of Schleiermacher and the eloquence of Steffens. Even in his later letters, before leaving Halle to live in Frankfort, Börne showed signs of that awakening anger against tyranny and bad government which became the ruling passion of his life. 'Those who are better than myself,' he writes, 'will I gladly serve, but the Philistines of the earth I long to see at my feet.' He abandoned the study of medicine for that of jurisprudence, and occupied a small municipal post whilst Frankfort was under French dominion. After the fall of Napoleon and the subsequent removal of the French Government, the Frankfort Senate hastened to restore with additional severity all former restrictions against the Jews, and the Jew was therefore deprived of his office. Börne compared these persecutions on the part of the Government to an Indian snake hunt; in which an ox is driven into the jaws of the snake, who swallows it, and again coils himself round in impotent slumber.

The then popular subject of Freemasonry occupied Börne for a time, and he even delivered lectures in one of their lodges. He wished to enter one which was called the 'Socrates Lodge,' but was met at the threshold by the question, 'Are you a Christian?' To his reply in the negative he added the sarcasm, 'that if Socrates stood beside him, he too must answer No, and turn his back upon the lodge.' Börne soon found the limitations and petty detail of the brotherhood only irksome, and his interest declined. It was the habit of his mind to judge all things broadly, men in masses, actions in results, to study individual men he held to be 'like reading small print.'

The guiding events of Börne's history were his renunciation of Judaism, his editorship of a monthly journal, called *Die Wage* (The Balance), and his friendship for Madame Wohl. His hereditary connection with Jewish observances and religion had gradually ceased. Under the restrictions against which he daily chafed, he was powerless for political good to Jew or German, and no doubt took this step in 1818 to gain a wider opening for his lifelong crusade against the misgovernment of Europe. It can hardly be

said that he accepted a definite creed in place of the system he renounced. Christianity, as the religion of love, had been strangely exemplified to him in the dealings of the Frankfort Senate. Possibly through Schleiermacher and Henriette Herz he had received some truer, nobler ideas, which the experiences of a life of much suffering and disappointment served to develop. That he was in sympathy with those who sought religious light and truth appears in his short philosophical essay, *The Neophytes of Faith and the Apostates of Knowledge*; and in expressions like the following: 'What is the use of all these investigations about the practical truths of Christianity? The faith in Christianity is the greatest miracle of all, and there is no possibility of reasoning that away.'

It is difficult now to understand the effect produced by the first appearance of Börne's Journal, unless we could make ourselves acquainted in detail with the pitiful condition of the periodical press in Germany at the period of reaction after the War of Liberation. The first number of it went quickly through two editions. Börne's own writing took mostly the form of dramatic critiques, for which he made daily notes, on the theatrical performances; these notes he carefully studied, polished, and spiced, until his name became a terror to the theatrical world of Frankfort. In reply to the threatening letters which he received, he bought and carried a brace of pocket pistols. Börne's object, however, lay altogether beyond the critiques themselves; through all ran the political red thread. When he commented upon the voice of a prima donna, the delivery of an actor, or protested against a battle being represented by six men with an accompaniment of tin cans in the distance, or against the inappropriately small supply of fireworks for the closing scene in *Don Giovanni*, he had in view some municipal or state regulations which were a part of the general system of oppressive mismanagement. On sending the first copy of the Journal to a friend, an actor named Weidner, he wrote: 'The theatrical critiques are not for such as you; they are only baits to entice readers who do not care to read anything else.' The diplomatists at Vienna soon observed the cloven hoof: Metternich with anger, Gentz with admiration. The opinion of the latter is quoted by Rahel, in a letter to her friend Auguste Brede: 'I have made a new acquaintance, whom I have not yet seen; Doctor Börne, of Frankfort-on-Maine. I commend him to you most strongly. He has a Journal, *Die Wage*; you must persuade your friends to take it in, or, what would be better still, get it taken in at the reading-room. It was recommended to me by Gentz with enthusiastic praise as the cleverest, wittiest writing of the day. Speaking of one article only he says, "No such dramatic criticism has appeared since the days of Lessing." Naturally, I took Gentz at his word; but the reality far surpassed his praise in its wit and its admirable style. The man must be a very upright man; he is clear-sighted, profound, courageous, genuinely true, not new-fashioned yet quite new, stately withal, and like one of the ancient heroes. In short, my great favourite. If you read his criticism on a piece that you have never seen, he brings the whole before you. Pray get all your friends to take it in; you will laugh yourself well again. I have seen no other writings of his. Gentz is strongly opposed to his political views, but at the same time finds it natural for him to entertain them.'

Rahel soon afterwards (in 1819) made the personal acquaintance of Börne. He dined with her and Varnhagen von Ense at the historical White Swan at Frankfort;

an inn famous alike for the well-known persons who frequented it, and for the unimpeachable character of its sauerkraut. Rahel saw in Börne a small, slightly built man, with pale complexion, dark hair, and finely cut, regular features. With her quick perception she noted the intensity of expression in his full brown eyes, and recognised in the delicate outline and play of his mouth, not only the sharp and ready irony, but that peculiar expression of pathos which characterised it and which in grave talk deepened into positive pain. They sympathised heartily as they discussed the humiliating political reaction in Germany, and laid a scheme for starting a Liberal paper in which Varnhagen, Börne, Lindner, and Oelsner were to take the lead. But the publication of the notorious Carlsbad Decrees quenched the bright little project.

It was in the winter of 1816–17, when Börne was thirty years of age, that he first met with Madame Wohl. Still quite young, she had just been released from an unhappy marriage through a divorce, which in Germany may be obtained with equal facility by wife or husband. Although not handsome, Madame Wohl charmed by her dignified simplicity of manner, her freedom from all pretence, and by that sense of repose which she imparted, and which pleased Börne better than brilliant endowments; at the same time she was intellectually cultivated and refined. Börne was almost a daily visitor in the family with whom Madame Wohl resided. The acquaintance became a friendship which outward circumstances combined to make intimate and lasting. Ten years later, when Börne saw Henriette Herz in Berlin, she asked, 'Why are you and Madame Wohl not married?' Börne replied, 'Because she will not trust me.' Knowing him so thoroughly as she did, Madame Wohl could have no doubts about his conscientious, upright character; but she would also know the strength of his convictions and the inconsiderate zeal with which he could carry them out, his one-sidedness, his caprices, his delicate health. It is true that his greatest failings lay upon the surface, but the surface of daily life is important. Possibly also Madame Wohl had heard Börne express the dislike he entertained to the idea of marriage, and foresaw that with his variable moods a speedy repentance might follow. In this decision she probably gave evidence of that mature judgment on which, both in literary and other matters, Börne gladly relied to the end of his days. To his correspondence with Madame Wohl the public owe his famous *Letters from Paris*, the earlier volumes of which were selected by her for publication.

In 1819 Börne gave up his Journal and removed to Paris. The former act is perhaps sufficiently explained in the fact that he appears to have been at once editor, contributor, clerk, and banker. He now entered into an arrangement with Cotta, the publisher at Stuttgart, for an income of 6,000 francs to supply him with articles on French affairs. 'France,' said Börne, 'is the dial-plate of Europe; there you see what the time is. In other countries you do not know the hour until you hear the clock strike. It is easier to miss the sound than the sight.' Madame Wohl, accompanied by a friend, afterwards Madame Reinganum, also spent this winter in Paris. They occupied rooms near to those of Börne, and supplied to him the sense of domestic repose and the stimulus to intellectual effort of which he stood in need. Börne had no personal ambition; the mainspring of all his writing was benevolence. He saw humanity to be in a bad case, owing certainly in part to its inherent indolence and selfishness,

but also to the fact of its being 'too much governed' and 'too ill governed.' The impulse to arouse the Germans to understand and to amend this condition of affairs by individual effort he followed in his own original way; to this vocation were consecrated his personal influence and his literary genius. When from discouragement at the persistent national apathy his zeal flagged, Madame Wohl would remind him of some unfinished manuscript, some half developed scheme, and so stimulate him to overcome the temporary depression. To the lack of personal ambition, and to the uncertainty of health and mood, must be attributed the ephemeral and fragmentary form of the work which Börne has left behind. The same instinct of benevolence which dictated the work of his life, also made itself agreeably felt in daily intercourse, and somewhat affected the relations of his expenditure and income. With genial alacrity he would assist a German refugee, or carry to a friend some tasteful Parisian luxury; the birthdays of ladies and children whom he liked were always commemorated by flowers. His own personal tastes were what is called 'aristocratic.' He chose rooms in an open, airy quarter, and supplied with the then unusual luxury of carpets; birds and growing flowers added brightness to the comfort. He was particular about the fineness of his clothes, his linen, his gloves, and followed with curious interest every new fashion in the tie of a cravat. He liked also to be well served, and in the *Letters from Paris* often alludes to the eccentricities of his man Konrad (also a literary character), whose strong personal attachment made his presence essential to Börne's comfort. In the matter of diet he was of necessity careful and abstemious; he took no wine and only contracted the habit of smoking by medical advice; it gave him relief from pain, and became so inveterate that in every personal description of Börne we find the pipe an accessory. Cotta's 6,000 francs were naturally inadequate to these demands. Börne could spend recklessly, though not selfishly, but could never make money. Herr Baruch had long been painfully aware of this fact, and sent remittances, accompanied often by a grudging protest. Twenty thousand guldens had been spent upon the education of a son whose only return was made in malicious writings against his father's old patron Prince Metternich. In 1827, Börne, through the death of Herr Baruch, came into possession of a fixed income. The same winter he took his long-desired journey to Berlin in a carriage of his own.

The fame of the first series of the *Letters from Paris* had already reached Berlin. Börne met with cordial welcome at the hospitable house of Rahel and Varnhagen von Ense, who sympathised entirely with his political views. Madame Herz he also met again, and went with her as in the old days to the gatherings of the Wednesday Society, where he was made much of by Ludwig Robert and Willibald Alexis. Both these writers, however, savagely attacked his later writings.

In consequence of a severe illness from which Börne had suffered in 1822, he was obliged every year to visit some German bath. In the eventful summer of 1830 he stayed in a small primitive place near Frankfort called Soden. Börne was trying to forget the outer world, to give himself up to the organisation of picnics or the study of the domestic economy of a neighbouring farmyard, when news reached him of the July Revolution in Paris. With burning impatience he awaited the slow travelling intelligence of each day, until at length he started for the scene of action. Upon his

way he writes thus to Madame Wohl of the state of Germany:

When I reached Darmstadt I could not but laugh to remember that a few days before a frightful revolution had taken place there. The streets were as quiet as those of Frankfort are at midnight; the few persons visible walked about like snails. We had heard that the castle was on fire, and a friend of mine climbed a high tower to see the light. All was false. The citizens are discontented, not with the Government, but with the Liberals, who decline to pay the Grand Duke's debts. That is true German grumbling, and is all very well—there is a Rossini melody about it. If you will not believe that I sat for three hours in a theatre yesterday hearing *Minna von Barnhelm* from beginning to end, I will not be angry. Many improbable things are true. I can bear much upon a journey. There were at least fifty soldiers present; about one to every two of the spectators. Far too few in these wild times. Early this morning a squadron rode under my window trumpeting me and all the children, and grey heads, and invalids, and sweet dreaming maidens out of their slumbers. The same happens every day. These little German princes in their nutshell residences arm themselves all round with prickles like horse-chestnuts. How thankful I am to get out of the country. Adieu, adieu. Write to me on the spot when you hear of any sublime stupidity.

From Paris Börne sent pictures of daily life as he saw it—the surface and what lay beneath it. They are humorous, pathetic, grotesque, tragical, and to be adequately understood must be taken as a whole. In some are delightful suggestions of a genial playfulness: in some the passionate exhortation, the fierce political invective, recall an earlier agitator—Jonathan Swift. Here is one scene in September 1830:

There has been a commemoration here to-day of four subalterns, who, in connection with the conspiracy of Berton, fell into the hands of the Government, and were murdered as defenceless prisoners on the Place de la Grève eight years ago. They were butchered, but being done with a judicial flourish it was called an execution. In the evening a State concert took place. It makes one wild. Only eight years, and what was then a crime is changed into a virtue. If according to the laws of humanity and of war the vanquished had been kept in prison, the unhappy youths might still have been alive. With what jubilant triumph would their prison have been opened, with what rapture would they again have greeted the light and air of freedom. Kings are hasty because they know there is no eternity for them, and nations slow because they know they live for ever. Here is the trouble. Now as then, when I witnessed the accursed execution, my anger was less against the arrogance of power than against the contemptible cowardice of the people. A few hundred men were there to carry out the official murder. These were shut in by thousands of citizens whose hearts were bursting with wrath and hatred. There was no question of risk of life, scarcely indeed of a wound. Had they only exerted themselves as much as they do any crowded opera night, worked with their elbows right and left, the tyranny would have been suppressed and its victims rescued, but for the superstitious fear of military power. Why did they not then do what they have had to do eight years later? One is driven to despair in seeing how a nation needs to become intoxicated with hatred before it has courage enough to gratify it; that a nation cannot find its heart until it has lost its head.

*Oct.* 1830. Yesterday evening I was at Lafayette's, who has a soirée every Tuesday. It is hard to give you any idea of the scene; you need to have been present. In three rooms were about 300 people, so crowded together that they literally could not move. Lafayette is above seventy and looks fairly hearty, but how the old man lasts through the whole evening of heat and crush it baffles one to understand. But he is a Frenchman. I talked with several people whom I did not know; there were many Germans present, young folks who held much revolutionary talk. In fact the whole company would have been hanged in Austria. All was free and easy, like a coffee-house—only with gratuitous refreshments. . . . The finest character of the new time is and remains Lafayette. He is enthusiasm grown old, of such kind as has never been imagined or painted. He has experienced deceit, treachery, hypocrisy, violence of all kinds, and still believes in virtue, truth, freedom, right! Such men give better proof of the existence of a God than the Old and New Testaments and the Koran combined.'

*Dec.* 26, 1830. I jest and yet am right sad at heart. In my despair I send for a cup of chocolate and try to persuade myself that it is to blame for my gloomy forebodings. My dreams about the freedom of France are all over. In politics it is neither summer nor winter—the most pitiable Revolution spring I ever knew. Not

warm enough to be without a fire, not cold enough to light it up, one freezes without remedy. At home we have no doubt about its being winter, and we put on flannel—in that beautiful country of which I read yesterday in the papers that folks in the streets and casinos ask each other with tremulous smiles 'whether the Duke of Coburg is likely to marry again,' and both smile and are silent; where the State Councillor Niebuhr in Bonn, having been told in print that he had formerly associated with Potter, fights hand and foot against such an insinuation as a child does against cold water, and declares upon his honour never with a finger to have touched that disturber of the peace! But here, the meadows were already green, and now the snow falls thickly upon them! The Chamber, that old coquette, who paints and makes eyes and abuses the young ones, I should like to see it horsewhipped. When it was young was it not as bad as the rest? Lafayette has been removed from his command in the National Guard, and the Minister of War has placed the entire Ecole Polytechnique under arrest. It was these young heroes who influenced the fight of July. But for them all these deputies and ministers would probably have been food for the ravens. It was Lafayette who kept the Revolution pure and saved it from anarchy. To him Orleans and the princes of Europe owe their crowns. He told the people it was possible for a king to love freedom, and they believed him. May Heaven keep me from ever having to take part in State affairs! I see that the very best men who come into power lose first their hearts and then their heads, retaining of the latter only just enough to keep the former in subjection. There is no question of uncertainty or misunderstanding. Faith with the people has been deliberately broken; they have had promises without fulfilment. The authorities talk here, as with us, about misleaders of the people, disturbers of the peace, republican agitation, and so forth. But no man asks for a republic; they only want those republican institutions which were promised them in the day of fear. With these men 'agitation' is said to begin where their own advantage leaves off. I hear that Lafayette and Dupont will leave the Ministry, and the Prefect of Paris be displaced. I do not doubt but the Government is strong enough to carry it out without popular disturbance. But what then? Peace, the only desirable and lasting peace, resting upon the general content of the citizen classes, cannot be established in this way. Dissatisfaction will increase, the malcontents will become stronger than the Government, and the battle will begin over again. Whenever I come to be minister, hold up before me my democratic letters. I already know what the reply will be. I shall say nothing, only smile and invite you to my next ball, and then you will smile too. We ministers and you people are all alike. Now I shall change my dress and go and read the papers and gather fresh irritation. In rye there is more nutriment than in potatoes, more in wheat than in rye, but most of all in anger. Snow and woe are the newest things out here. Have you also snow? I need not ask about the other. . . . Now a happy New Year to you! May it be a better one for us than for emperors and kings. That is a modest wish, which Heaven might well grant us. I give Konrad instructions, if an emperor calls, to look well at his hands and not to leave him alone in the room. During next year a dozen eggs will cost more than a dozen princes.

Those letters which Börne wrote from Paris in 1831–2 were mainly directed against his critics in Germany. It was not his personal ambition or literary vanity which was wounded by these attacks, but the entire misapprehension in which they originated that gave him pain. Börne's emotional nature was strong, it often perhaps overpowered his judgment. His love for his country was correspondingly intense, but it never assumed a sentimental character. Enthusiastic adulation, declamation in popular German fashion about the fatherland and all its virtues, was not possible to Börne. His great crime was, that he must tell the truth, that he must be for ever upbraiding and correcting. German Liberals might read with satisfaction tirades against princes and privy councillors, against caprice and tyranny in high places, but to be told that they themselves were responsible in State affairs, and greatly to blame for existing evils, was quite another matter. Börne wished to make them see the mischief of the separation between the intellectual activity of Germany and its practical life; to convince them that individual self-government, mutual confidence, calm, persistent, practical

effort in the direction of securing the best laws, would ultimately accomplish more than many revolutions. He would have had a German thinker expend upon the real questions of the day more of that intellectual power which he contentedly devotes to the process of 'evolving camels from the depths of his own moral consciousness.' What forbearance could be extended to a countryman who wrote in this style of the most cultivated people in Europe? 'Every man has a right to be a blockhead, nothing can be said against it, but even a right should be exercised with modesty; the Germans abuse it.' Börne's plain speaking was intolerable alike to the iconoclastic, self-assertive democrat and to the comfortable official mind of the reactionist. By the latter he was held up as a warning of the fatal depths of ingratitude towards his country into which a man might be betrayed by democratic ideas, and they prophesied an indignant expulsion for him if he dared again to set foot in Germany. Börne's next visit to Frankfort, however, proved a political ovation, with serenade, procession, *Lebehoch*, and all fitting expressions of enthusiasm. The authorities would gladly have arrested the obnoxious Börne; failing to do this, they endeavoured to deprive him of a small pension which he drew, but Dr. Reinganum, his legal friend, fought a victorious battle for him.

The few remaining years of Börne's life were spent for the most part in Paris. That was his place of inspiration and his workshop. To the German baths he went for health, and to Frankfort only to assuage the home-sickness which tormented him; at the same time he admitted his birthplace to be interesting to him but on one day in the week, 'Friday, sauerkraut day at the White Swan.' The incessant pulsation of political and social life in Paris was to Börne a stimulus and a delight. From his winter quarters in the Rue Lafitte, or his summer retreat in Auteuil, he watched the throbbings of the heart of the world. He saw clearly and estimated keenly little incidents or apparently trivial occurrences, reading in them political indications of good or evil augury. His own theories and thoughts were always associated with men and with events, with active practical life, and on this account the whole character of his literary work is journalistic. To write for the sake of writing, for the pleasure of creating, rounding, perfecting an artistic production, was to him unnatural; he needed the incentive of life, action, and opposition. At the same time he never wrote in haste; an article which was to point out some hidden grievance, to batter some political assumption, would occupy his mind for weeks. His best thoughts would haunt his brain with uneasy persistency until they suddenly took perfect shape, and he could put them down in a poetic figure, in an epigram, or in his favourite form of antithesis. The reader of Jean Paul must at once recognise his influence upon Börne's style. But the latter is never prolix, he rarely says a word too much, and knows precisely when a metaphor has done its work. The humorous titles of many essays, as *A Monograph of a Post Snail*, the mock German topography of which Börne makes use, are all reminiscences of the author whose poetry and satire had been the chief enjoyment of his own prosaic boyhood. Jean Paul ridiculed the infinitesimal German principalities, the punctiliousness, affectation, wickedness, and general tinsel of their courts, the barren, humdrum mediocrity of their town life. Börne looked below the surface of these things, and worked out his political doctrine of equality. He was not content to ridicule; like a true

knight errant, he must attack even though he could not redress the wrong.

The last volume of the *Letters from Paris* is perhaps the most collected in thought and feeling, the most finished in style, of all Börne's writings. His intellect was keen, vigorous as ever, despite his deafness and his failing bodily strength, but he was daily losing heart for Germany, for humanity. He saw how France was deceived after the Revolution of 1830, and foresaw that Germany would also be cheated out of every inch of freedom it had gained. The democratic agitation was fast subsiding, to be followed, as he well knew, by that *vis inertiæ* in which his countrymen excel. Upon these sad facts and prospects he pondered constantly, and lost by degrees his elasticity, and not a little of that hopefulness of which his store had been so large. Although, with good reason, he had learned to distrust men, he never could relinquish his belief in what he held to be the divine in man. It was this intense earnestness, this morbid, unresting anxiety without counterbalancing hope, which made Börne's society at this time so intolerable to Heine's lighter mood, and which in fact precipitated the final quarrel between them. Börne had been his host in Frankfort on more than one occasion; Heine spoke of him with something akin to reverence, and told him upon his first visit he passed and repassed the door before he 'plucked up heart to enter.' In Paris they associated but little together. Börne looked on Heine as on 'a lad chasing butterflies across a battle field;' while Heine was made absolutely miserable by the earnestness of Börne, by his connection with operative associations, his fraternity with those rougher democrats who with unwashed hands laid unclean petitions upon the restaurant table for him to sign. Börne wrote a French article in M. Raspail's *Réformateur* on Heine's *salon*, upbraiding him with coldness in the good cause of freedom. Heine retaliated with bitterness and ridicule; in the next volume of his *Letters from Paris* Börne wrote a severe but not hostile judgment upon Heine's account of 'French Affairs.' The result was an open breach, kindly facilitated in the usual manner by common friends. Heine threatened Börne with a challenge, and the latter with half humorous bravado dogged him everywhere to show that he was not afraid. A crisis, however, was avoided, and the enemies occasionally met, without speaking, at soirées in the house of the composer Hiller. The frequent comparisons drawn between these two men are worse than idle. Little indeed had they in common; Heine, the greatest German poet after Goethe, with a defective moral nature, whose lawlessness combined with outward circumstances to place him in antagonism to all authority and to make him ever ready—at least to sing the praises of liberty; Börne, a prophet rather than a poet, who brought with him into the world an almost morbid moral sensibility, a fanatical politician, who saw in every man an equal—a wandering heir of the lost inheritance of freedom whom it behoved him to pioneer along the thorny homeward path.

Among the phases of French thought which developed rapidly after the July Revolution, was St. Simonianism. Börne's first notice of it is characteristic:

> A religious society has been growing up here lately which seeks to diffuse the doctrines of St. Simon. I never before heard anything of this Simon. Sunday sermons are preached, and I am told community of goods is one of their fundamental doctrines. The society has already many followers, and among them the son of my banker. When I go to him for more money, and offer him a cheque, he will no doubt say 'that is not at all necessary, my money is also yours.' I shall be very glad to hear it.

Börne studied carefully these new theories, but upon the whole rejected them as untenable. Of the three mottoes of *La Globe* newspaper he only held the first; to the effect that all social regulations must have for their object the moral and political interests of the poorest and most numerous class of the community. Much more attractive to Börne was the personal influence and character of Lamennais. When his *Paroles d'un Croyant* appeared in 1832, Börne read it with enthusiasm, translated it into German, and had the satisfaction of seeing the whole edition sold in Switzerland, with the exception of 500 copies ordered by an adventurous Leipsic bookseller. In this little book Börne thought he had at last found combined politics and religion after his own heart; Lamennais became to him in his last days what Jean Paul had been in his early youth. It was not until after Börne's death that Lamennais broke away from the Christian faith, as he had long broken away from ecclesiastical authority.

Madame Wohl had been for some time residing in Frankfort, and had there married Herr Strauss, who was also a friend and ardent admirer of Börne. When the health of the latter began seriously to fail in 1836 they left Frankfort and took rooms near to him in Paris, thus providing for him the quiet, congenial society, and the watchful care which his heart and health alike required. Early in the year 1837 an attack of influenza, then raging in Paris, settled upon his already delicate lungs. Börne, certain that death was near, awaited it with quiet patience, grieving only for those whom he knew he should leave behind to grieve. On the evening of February 12 there was nothing left for Konrad to do but to kneel and pray for his dear friend and master. Turning to Madame Strauss with a long farewell look, Börne said, 'Sie haben mir viele Freude gemacht' ('You have given me much happiness'). The life which had been one long battle ended in peaceful calm, and after death each familiar trace of sadness vanished from the placid features.

Beside Börne's grave in Père la Chaise words of kindly sympathy and appreciation were spoken by M. Raspail.[2] They had worked much together at the short-lived *Réformateur*. M. Raspail, the indomitable republican, the clear-headed man of science, shared Börne's political views, and admired the terseness and vigour of his style. 'This is a new French,' he said to Börne, 'a French without rhetoric.' And in the funeral oration he placed Börne in the first rank of French writers. In 1842 a broken column of granite was placed above the grave, and a bronze bust of Börne executed by David. The friends of Börne felt that he had died of a broken heart, but his enemies spoke of him as a hypochondriac who had succumbed to influenza. Among the latter was Heine, who published a dastardly attack entitled *Heine* UEBER *Börne*. In it he laid claim to a general superiority over his foe, and, drawing largely upon his imagination, proceeded to detail conversations, incidents, and facts relating to Börne's opinions and private life, in which he did not scruple also to reflect on Madame Strauss. Heine received a challenge from Herr Strauss, and a duel took place. Truly, a pure friendship which had been a stay and a delight

[2] M. Raspail, though born in 1794, has to-day his place in the Assembly at Versailles. His scientific and political journal during its brief life of some eighteen months was twenty times condemned, and paid in fines one hundred thousand francs. M. Raspail devoted his energies to organic chemistry and political reform, and has written books upon the History of the Poles, and the Organism of Ammonites.

for twenty years, and in the last hours of life was to Börne a supreme solace, might well surpass the comprehension of such a man as Heine! What Börne's feeling was in a similar case about critics who had passed beyond the possibility of reply, we see in his humorous reference to Ludwig Robert, who died in 1832 just as Börne's answer to his attack was published:

> One of my anonymous critics whom I have pretty thoroughly mauled has played me the mean trick of dying, which makes me very uncomfortable, for I said things that I could not with any propriety have said of a man who was not there to answer for himself. I must put up a daily prayer for the life of my critics. If Häring (W. Alexis) were to die before my letters are printed, I should drown myself.

In this mere outline of Börne's character and work we have, of necessity, left many matters untouched. Among others, that gulf which to the last remained impassable between Börne the Frankfort Jew and Goethe the Frankfort aristocrat; the skirmishes with the renegade W. Menzel, and the whole detail of Börne's somewhat inconsistent political creed.[3] We have only said a little to show that he was no vulgar demagogue, no 'red-handed Jacobin,' no mere hypochondriac, but a man—passionate and one-sided perhaps—of noble aspirations, of careful culture, of original genius, with an intensity of soul which ultimately wore out its ill-matched bodily frame.

J.

[3] These points are treated after his usual discursive fashion by Karl Gutzkow in his Life of Börne. It appeared in 1840 shortly after the pamphlet of Heine to which we have referred, and is an enthusiastic defence and panegyric; unsatisfactory as it may be in many respects, it still remains the only memoir. We are further indebted for several traits and incidents to the *Recollections* of Henriette Herz, of Varnhagen von Ense, and of Fanny Lewald.

# COLONIAL AND INDIAN CUSTOM-HOUSES, AND MANCHESTER.

'WHAT are we to do with our boys?' is a question which began to be very generally and persistently asked in the colony of Victoria within a very few years of the discovery of gold in that country. The attraction of the precious metal had at a bound, as it were, given her a population so large, and so variegated in character, as to be for several years a source of the utmost embarrassment and anxiety to the Government of the time. Thousands of the new comers could only be convinced by experience that they were as unfit for digging as for almost every other kind of severe manual labour; and such a sudden and unexampled redundancy of this kind of immigration, could only very slowly be absorbed into the general population. That population consisted not merely of squatters, merchants, farmers, tradesmen, and professional men, but of tens of thousands of gold diggers. Of the latter class, for one lucky finder, there were at least a dozen who barely lived by so precarious a pursuit, and who only stuck to it as long as they could, from the same feeling which keeps players at the gaming table in the face of ill-fortune. But the fortunate and the unfortunate alike, there as elsewhere, married and had families, and as these families grew up, what was to be done with them? Neither the natural increase of population, nor the regularly arriving numbers of immigrants from all parts of the world, could find employment in a country possessing such a limited number of pursuits. Nor even as the area of these pursuits became more extended, could they meet the difficulty. Not everyone could turn digger, bullock driver, or farm labour at a moment's notice; and the infinite variety of strength and capacity, bodily and mental, in the rising generation, demanded some corresponding variety of industry or occupation. Hence the origin of the question, 'What are we to do with our boys?' and hence as a practical answer to the question, arose an uncontrollable desire to establish local manufactures. 'Work or the workhouse,' went forth a cry, 'must be provided for the unemployed.'

At this point, therefore, commenced the controversy still waged between the so-called Free-traders and the so-called Protectionists. Both parties were interested, but in different degrees, in more than the abstract question. The former were one and all interested exclusively for themselves; the latter, however mistaken they may be considered, were interested, and certainly professed to be interested, for society at large and for posterity. Governments witnessed with dismay the number of departures from the colony almost equalling the number of arrivals, and yet they had more than once to open soup kitchens for those left behind, and who had not the means to escape from starvation. The Free-traders consisted almost exclusively of commission merchants and their dependants, who lived on importations principally from England, and they apprehended that just as local manufactures might displace imports, the importer's occupation would be gone. It was but natural, therefore, that the proposed Victorian tariff of the year 1866, a tariff which imposed duties on some imports varying from seven to ten per cent.,

should be resisted *totis viribus* by the importers, a resistance which, although unavailing for its main object, yet in its consequences brought one Governor and one Government to grief. The tariff became law notwithstanding, and thus what has been miscalled 'the thin end of the wedge of Protection' was for the first time introduced into the polity of an Australian colony.

For this result, the late John Stuart Mill has often, but certainly somewhat superfluously, been held accountable. The oft-quoted passage from his book, with which most readers are familiar, after all merely gives clear expression to a truth which very soon forces itself on the mind of every colonist who considers such subjects at all. It is a mere truism that particular climates are more fitted than others for the production of particular commodities. It is equally true that, as Mr. Mill says, 'the superiority of one country over another in a branch of production often arises only from having begun it sooner; that there may be no inherent advantage on one part or disadvantage on the other, but only a present superiority of acquired skill and experience.' The Victorian tariff of 1866, although framed by the then Treasurer, Mr. (now Sir George) Verdon, ostensibly for revenue, carried internal evidence that it was also devised to help divers new industries which were then alleged to be suitable for the natural resources of the colony. The victory gained by the promoters of this tariff, certainly a moderate one, was, however, not quite so moderately used. Within four years afterwards, under the Administration of Sir Charles G. Duffy, an able man, and himself a Free-trader in the mother-country, the Legislature further modified the tariff in a Protectionist direction, by raising many of the duties from seven and ten up to fifteen and twenty per cent. Such an increase within so short a period of time was impolitic at any rate, although it does not appear to have been followed by all the disastrous consequences predicted by opponents. The same predictions had been launched against the seven and ten per cents., and that they had not been fulfilled was no proof of the efficacy of Protection, but rather that the first tariff was not protective, but only a step in a policy which followed out, as it was followed out, did not hamper trade or industry at all, but greatly advanced the interests of both, as I think will presently appear.

The reader is so familiar with good roads and with all the other means of communication in his own country, that he can hardly conceive what would be his condition were he suddenly deprived of them. Without them the productive powers of the country would be strangled; and millions of people would be deprived of bread. The roadless state we are thus imagining, was almost literally the condition of the colony of Victoria only so recently as the year 1855. At that early period of her history, a journey from Melbourne to the Forest Creek Gold Field, now the Borough of Castlemaine, a distance of only some seventy-three miles, was a good two days' journey on horseback and a three or four weeks' expedition in winter time, with a dray load of goods. And as wages were very high, horses and horse-feed dear, and draught bullocks in hundreds sank to rise no more in the wastes of mud three and four feet deep through which they must pull a ton of goods on a heavy dray, the cost of getting such a load to Forest Creek was for many months together in every year as much as 130*l.* and 140*l.* Thus, the same quantity of goods which could be got from England to the colony at

the cost for carriage of not more than 40 or 50 shillings, cost sixty or seventy times that amount to get them only seventy-three miles farther, to the part of the country at which they were to be consumed. The retail prices, therefore, of such goods could only be paid by the more prosperous portion of the up-country settlers and diggers, and the masses were obliged to greatly restrict their consumption of many of the common necessaries of life. Where could a remedy be found for such an ever-present evil? In the custom-house. There, and there mainly, could be levied the means for the construction of public works, for direct taxation is almost impracticable in the earlier and comparatively unsettled condition of a young colony. The Governments of the day were equal to the demands on them. They borrowed some nine millions of English money with which to make the Castlemaine and Ballarat railways. The money required to pay the interest on such loans was and still is in great part raised at the custom-house, by the imposition of the duties of which the importers so loudly complained. But what did these importers get in exchange? A most profitable admission to new and largely extended markets. Within a few weeks of the opening of the Castlemaine railway, merchants carried from Melbourne to Castlemaine for six-and-twenty shillings a ton of goods, which, as I have said, had theretofore cost for the same service a hundred and forty pounds. Which state of things, then, would the British merchant and manufacturer prefer, from the merest selfish point of view: the abolition of the custom-house—for no custom-house no railways—or the reduction in the price of their goods at many distant places of consumption, to the extent of nearly a hundred and forty pounds a ton? This sum, in respect of many classes of goods, exceeded more than tenfold their invoice price as imported from England; and so the mere cost of carriage operated in like proportion against the demand for imported goods.

By means of the railway, it may therefore be said, was conferred on British merchants and manufacturers alike, as well as on their distant up-country customers, a very substantial benefit at the cost of, and yet to the great ultimate benefit of, the entire community; and it is difficult to conceive how these millions could in a new country like Victoria have been more beneficially invested. To call revenue raised for such an object a protective movement within the usual acceptation of the phrase, is surely a misconception, and an abuse of language. That these duties also gave an impulse to manufactures in the colony, cannot be doubted; and for certain, they were not the less popular on that account. The effects in this direction appear to have been remarkable, as shown in the authorised statements of the able Government statist, Mr. Henry Heylin Hayter, the last bringing the information down to the year 1877. In page 120 of his *Victorian Year Book* for 1876–77 we find the following very interesting table, for three periods of five years each:

SUMMARY OF VICTORIAN MANUFACTORIES, WORKS, &c., 1867, 1872, AND 1877.

| Year ended March 31 | Total Number of Establishments | Number of Establishments using Steam | Horse-power of Engines | Number of Hands employed | Approximate Value of Lands, Buildings, Machinery, and Plant |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | £ |
| 1867 | 982 | 419 | 7,072 | 11,330 | 1,745,702 |
| 1872 | 1,740 | 701 | 9,442 | 19,468 | 3,731,461 |
| 1877 | 2,302 | 918 | 12,771 | 31,478 | 6,025,745 |

So striking a fact as that the Victorian capital engaged in manufactures should thus have increased from 1,745,702*l.* to the large sum of 6,025,745*l.* within the short period of ten years, naturally begets a desire in the reader to ascertain if possible what consequences to the entire community this very large investment of capital has involved; and although 'the unseen' (as Bastiat has it) must be to a considerable extent matter of speculation, an approximation to a knowledge of how far, if at all, customs duties have affected Victoria's demand for British manufactures may be obtained by resorting to another interesting table of Mr. Hayter's, which will be found as follows at the 160th page of his valuable work already mentioned:

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF AUSTRALASIAN COLONIES.

| Colony | Year | Imports | | | | Exports | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | Total Value | Value per Head | | | Total Value | Value per Head | | |
| | | £ | £ | s. | d. | £ | £ | s. | d. |
| Victoria | 1873 | 16,533,856 | 21 | 3 | 9 | 15,302,454 | 19 | 12 | 2¼ |
| | 1874 | 16,953,985 | 21 | 4 | 6½ | 15,441,109 | 19 | 6 | 8 |
| | 1875 | 16,685,874 | 20 | 9 | 5½ | 14,766,974 | 18 | 2 | 4½ |
| | 1876 | 15,705,354 | 18 | 18 | 1½ | 14,196,487 | 17 | 1 | 9¾ |
| New South Wales | 1873 | 11,088,388 | 20 | 3 | 5 | 11,815,829 | 21 | 9 | 10½ |
| | 1874 | 11,293,739 | 19 | 14 | 8¼ | 12,345,603 | 21 | 11 | 5½ |
| | 1875 | 13,490,200 | 22 | 13 | 1¼ | 13,671,580 | 22 | 19 | 2½ |
| Queensland | 1873 | 2,885,499 | 20 | 11 | 10¼ | 3,542,513 | 25 | 5 | 7½ |
| | 1874 | 2,962,439 | 19 | 2 | 0 | 4,106,462 | 26 | 9 | 6¼ |
| | 1875 | 3,328,009 | 19 | 6 | 0¾ | 3,857,576 | 22 | 7 | 6 |
| South Australia | 1873 | 3,841,100 | 19 | 13 | 8 | 4,587,859 | 23 | 10 | 2¼ |
| | 1874 | 3,983,290 | 19 | 15 | 8 | 4,402,855 | 21 | 17 | 4 |
| | 1875 | 4,203,802 | 20 | 5 | 1½ | 4,805,051 | 23 | 3 | 0¾ |
| Western Australia | 1873 | 297,328 | 11 | 11 | 0 | 265,217 | 10 | 6 | 0½ |
| | 1874 | 364,263 | 14 | 0 | 4¼ | 428,837 | 16 | 10 | 0¾ |
| | 1875 | 349,840 | 13 | 4 | 5¼ | 391,217 | 14 | 15 | 8½ |
| Tasmania | 1873 | 1,107,167 | 10 | 13 | 9½ | 893,556 | 8 | 12 | 6½ |
| | 1874 | 1,257,785 | 12 | 1 | 5 | 925,325 | 8 | 17 | 7¼ |
| | 1875 | 1,185,942 | 11 | 8 | 3 | 1,085,976 | 10 | 9 | 0 |
| New Zealand | 1873 | 6,464,687 | 22 | 9 | 3¾ | 5,610,371 | 19 | 9 | 11¼ |
| | 1874 | 8,121,812 | 25 | 9 | 4¼ | 5,251,269 | 16 | 9 | 4 |
| | 1875 | 8,029,172 | 22 | 7 | 5¾ | 5,828,627 | 16 | 4 | 10 |

It will thus be seen that the value per head of the consumption of imports in Victoria, in the year 1876, was 18*l.* 18*s.* 1½*d.* as against 22*l.* 13*s.* 1¼*d.* per head in the colony of New South Wales. As the latter colony is generally regarded as a Free-trade colony—although many of the articles even in her tariff smack of Protection—the difference between the above respective values of imports may in a large measure indicate the extent to which encouragement of local manufactures in Victoria affects the demand of her people for British goods. As the habits and mode of life of the people of the two colonies are much the same, Victoria would appear to be supplying herself with her own manufactures to the extent of three pounds fifteen shillings a head, spent in the colony, instead of its being sent to England. Whether this amount will much, or rapidly, increase in the future, remains to

be seen; and this will depend to some and perhaps to a large extent on the English manufacturers themselves. For it is certain that Free-trade has no more dangerous or formidable enemies than are to be found much too plentifully among Free-traders. The flagrantly inferior quality of many of the goods exported to colonies, of itself operates strongly in encouraging colonists to aim at manufacturing for themselves. We cannot wonder at this. 'Cheapness' is a very delusive term. Colonists, like other people, soon come to learn that an imported article may be nominally cheaper, yet in the long run much dearer than the home manufacture. The cotton fabrics of late years exported from Manchester to Bengal and the colonies are so largely adulterated with clay and size, to give them weight, that a Bombay merchant once told the present writer 'that one good tropical rain would leave a poor d—— of a wearer half naked.' Bengal now very largely manufactures for itself; and, curiously enough, has been chiefly assisted in this course by Mr. James Wilson, a Free-trader of the purest water. It was that gentleman who, when Finance Minister in India, laid the 10 per cent. duty on Manchester cottons; and the shaft which has pierced so cruelly the Lancashire manufacturer, was thus feathered from his own wing. The nature and extent of the wound have been described in the columns of the *Times*, by Mr. Hobbs, the Secretary of the Association for the removal of the duty (5 per cent.) still imposed on the introduction of British and other cottons into India. Mr. Hobbs, in his letter,[1] states that 'heavy domestics' have almost disappeared from the price lists; and he gives us the following very noteworthy figures for all who are interested—and are we not all interested more or less in the prosperity of our cotton manufacture?—

IMPORTED INTO BOMBAY.

| | Yearly average for Two years, 1876-7. | | Three years, 1867-8-9. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Pieces | | Pieces |
| Long cloths . . | 24,786 | ... | 136,282 |
| Domestics . . . | 2,101 | ... | 70,729 |
| T-cloths . . . . | 559,673 | ... | 850,004 |
| | lb. | | lb. |
| 16's to 24's mule twist . . . . | 1,170 | ... | 87,223 |
| 16's to 24's water twist . . . . | 54,300 | ... | 412,757 |

Most startling results, and only one illustration of what is to some extent taking place in many other parts of the world to which Manchester cottons, as well as many other classes of English goods, are wont to be exported. Against a steady decline of exports like this it appears to be vain to call on the Jupiter of the India Office, or to rely on Manchester associations. Even were the Indian duties abolished to-morrow, the most sanguine of English manufacturers could hardly expect to recover their former hold on the Indian market. It must be borne in mind that English machinery is not purchased by our distant customers for show, but for use. The manufacturers thereof are paid for this as for everything else. Should its subsequent use in its new scene of operations affect other branches of our trade, such a result, so often witnessed in the fluctuating fortunes of peoples and their industries, is one from which it would seem there is no escape. We cannot have our cake and eat it too. To face the situation manfully, English capitalists and workmen alike must rely wholly on themselves. To do this, the goods they export must be honestly what they purport to be. The capitalist must put more cotton and less clay into his 'heavy domestics;' the workman must recognise the truth, that absurd and unavailing strikes

[1] See *Times* of March 8, 1878, for Mr. Hobbs's letter.

can never do good to himself or anyone else except the foreign competitor. The days are perhaps numbered when England can count on manufacturing for all peoples, and certainly she cannot hope in the future, as in the past, to monopolise the trade of the great distant markets of the world. Steam, railways, the telegraph, together with the consequent vastly increased means of moving men and things to each other from remotest regions, are working strange and startling changes in all parts of the habitable globe. In many regions of America, Australia, and Asia, iron and coal in inexhaustible quantities are to be found; and hands alone are wanted to utilise them in manufactures. For these hands we find New South Wales, New Zealand, South Australia, and Queensland, all as it were bidding against each other. The bidders seem to consider that employment must be found for the emigrants in their new home, lest we shall unpleasantly hear of them again in the home they have left. Hence these startling conversions of colonial statesmen from Free-trade to something more or less savouring of Protectionism. In the *Votes and Proceedings* of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, it appears that Mr. (now Sir Henry) Parkes moved on May 22, 1860, a resolution to the following effect: 'That a revision of the entire taxation of the colony is necessary; and that in any such revision, revenue should be raised by the imposition of duties that would tend to foster manufacturing industry.' This gentleman has been more than once the Chief Secretary of the colony, has graduated in the Cobden Club, and holds its gold medal. Free-trade relapses from virtue like this are perhaps not common, or at any rate so conspicuous; but it is to be feared that colonial statesmen will too often have to plead, with Sir Charles Duffy, '*Omnes eodem cogimur*,' as they find themselves carried away by the stream they cannot resist.

ARCHIBALD MICHIE.

# BASQUE CUSTOMS.

THE origin of the Basques has been made the subject of such wild speculations, philological and ethnological, that it is almost necessary to preface any reference to that most interesting people by the assurance that we are not going to prove them to be either Berbers or Phœnicians or Huns, nor even to hazard any opinion on the burning question whether Escuara be an Aryan tongue or no.

The fact which interests us is that in the latter half of the nineteenth century it should be possible to point to a race of pure-blooded villagers following an absolutely unique code of custom on certain points of family organisation, while illustrating in other points the working of institutions common to most of the present inhabitants of Europe at a certain period in their development. And this interest is heightened when we find customs fairly on a level with mediæval civilisation apparently stretching as far back into barbarism on the one hand as they reach forward into modern life on the other. The code of usage which was fully developed in the thirteenth century retained its vitality within the last decade, while its existence in a more or less rudimentary form is signalised by Strabo, so that the usages themselves have a triple title to consideration, from their singularity, their age, and the light which they may throw upon the vexed questions of origin and affinity already alluded to, for custom is as hard to change as language and as slow to mix as race, so that we may be tolerably sure that no radical diversity of race underlies the identity of customs transmitted through nearly two thousand years.

Of the origin or causes of race distinctions, we know practically nothing: a given family or clan adopts one dialect, one set of customs, and one standard of morality rather then another, much as a public school, a college, a university, or even a particular suburb of London comes to have a certain tone, opinions, and character of its own. The character once formed is perpetuated by tradition; and if we imagine such a spontaneous differentiation to take place between the inhabitants of separate tribes or hamlets, the tradition would be reinforced by all the physical influences of descent. If geographical conditions tend to keep the specialised population distinct even from its nearest kindred whose blood mingles freely with that of other races, the difference will go on increasing till at last the apparent gulf between related families may seem wider than that between independent classes. But every fresh case in which the gulf is spanned by history shows us fresh points of resemblance between the early days of races which are allowed to be ethnologically distinct, and so, without impeaching the reality of ethnological distinctions, deprives them of the semi-mysterious finality sometimes ascribed to them.

The accounts given by classical authors of the barbarian inhabitants of the Iberian peninsula bring before us tribes of about the same degree of promise and intelligence as the Red Indians of the American continent, whom they also resembled in a number of minor traits such as may fairly be held to indicate spiritual affinity where physical connection is out of the question. The earliest written memorials relating to the modern Basques show them to us, say, at about the date of

the compilation of the *Senchus Mor*, with customs fully settled on a few leading points, and the right of private property by families within the village community fully developed, but with little disposition to legislate on other subjects such as are only brought forward by the growth of individualism and the decay of the communal spirit. And from that time until the present century both the form and spirit of the ancient social organisation have continued singularly unchanged; so that for a parallel to the phenomena accessible to the modern tourist at Barège or Cauterêts we must go to the outskirts of the conservative East and study the organisation of the 'House-Communions' of Servia and Dalmatia, or the communal prerogatives of the Russian village.

The Basque customs are generically like, specifically different from those of other European nations, and they have most in common with the usages of those offshoots of the main Aryan trunk which might be called either the oldest or the youngest—young in that they branched off before the parent stem was old enough to bequeath them much ready-made mental furniture of physical predisposition or intellectual aptitude; old in the sense of being nearest to the primitive state out of which the after families grew as well as in the literal sense of a longer duration for their national existence.

There are hardly materials enough to furnish even those learned in all the materials which there are with a positive and convincing opinion as to the manner in which the successive *strata* in the population of civilised Europe were deposited. But it is agreed that the stream of immigration continued in the main steadily from East to West, and it is not denied that the later waves of the rising human torrent were of the same elements as the first thin lines that spread themselves irregularly here and there until overtaken by the main body of longer pent-up waters. Thus we think of the Pelasgi as established in Greece before the Hellenes of history, of the Etruscans as older Italians than the Latins, while in Spain the tribes—Keltic, Iberian, or Kelt-Iberian — with which we have to do preceded the Gothic ancestors of the modern political kingdom. In all these cases the earlier inhabitants who were either enslaved or absorbed, or thrust on one side, appear to have been as far advanced in the arts of peace as their stronger kindred at the date of invasion, but to have been deficient in political genius, so that even their bravery and patriotism were ineffective for want of an organisation to concentrate the one and direct the other. But such a people, if it escapes absorption by retreating into mountain fastnesses or uncoveted corners — as the native Irish, the ancient Britons of Wales, Brittany, and the Land's End—may display a wonderful vitality, and become a byword for conservative tenacity in their own old way.

The conservatism of the Basques is connected with a quite unique rule of inheritance, based on the right of primogeniture without distinction of sex, which has been made the subject of an interesting but little known monograph by M. Eugène Cordier. The various *Coutumes* which he has consulted might almost be described as a commentary, in fifteen centuries, on a single sentence of Strabo. That author says concerning the Cantabri:[1] 'Men give dowries to their wives, and the daughters are left heirs, but they procure wives for their brothers.' This meagre statement might easily be set on

[1] Basque writers assert this name to be Escuara, from Khanta-ber, able singers.

one side as a traveller's misunderstanding but for the light thrown upon it by the full-grown Basque usage.

To assure the full conservative working of the law of primogeniture, it is not left to itself, but reinforced and regulated by a mass of curious and interesting customs which would be tyrannous and oppressive if they were not the faithful transcript of the conduct spontaneously approved and followed by all sections of the community at once. To realise the social state within which the customs prevail, we have only to turn to the descriptions given by Sir Henry Maine and M. Laveleye of the constitution of village communities in other lands. The village in its collective capacity is the real original proprietor of the land taken into occupation, which is usually divided into arable ground, pasture, and waste or forest. Woods, wastes, and pastures are usually enjoyed in common by the villagers, while the cultivated land is either given up to private ownership or to private occupancy subject to periodical redistribution. Zamacola, the author of a Spanish history of the Basque nations, asserts that collective ownership lasted longer among them than among other peoples, that the land was cultivated in common, and private property at one time unknown. But though this statement is intrinsically credible, it is unfortunately unsupported by any satisfactory reference to authorities; and coming as it does from an uncritical pen, it adds little to the antecedent probabilities. He also alludes to an ancient equal division of the land amongst families, and adds that if two lots were joined by a marriage, they were again to be separated and go to different children or grandchildren. Most village communities seem to have passed through a similar period of transition, in which the village cedes its rights in trust to its component families, on the understanding, however, that the family then becomes responsible for the support of all its own members, and does not attempt to relieve itself at the public expense of the charge of a superfluous residuum.

The peculiar Basque law of inheritance tends to modify the localisation, as one may call it, of the usual domestic rights and powers. Paternal, or rather parental, authority is at a discount in these communities, a fact which we may connect, if we please, with the statement of Silius Italicus that among the Cantabri the old men were wont to commit suicide by throwing themselves from a rock. 'Los senhors et dames juens,' as the *Coutume* of Navarre calls them, are the favourites of the law. There is an equal partnership in the enjoyment and control of the family property between the parents and the married heir (or heiress), younger children and parents being virtually sacrificed to the young couple of the moment,[2] though these again have to be prepared, when their own first-born comes of age and marries, to subdivide the inheritance again, so that it is by no means unheard of for the same *ménage* to have several masters and mistresses of different generations and equal rights living amicably within it at the same time.

Whether this has been the case or not, on the death of the nominal proprietor, the first-born child, son or daughter, inherits all the family property, subject to a small charge for the legal dowry of the younger children. The heir (or heiress) is master, and the younger children are called *esclaus* and *esclabes*, and

[2] In the little republic of Andorre poor households have but two sleeping-rooms, one for the master and mistress, and one for the rest of the family; and we are told that when the heir marries, the old father vacates the separate apartment and takes his place in the common chamber with the rest.

are, in fact as well as name, the born servants of the household; they have a right to shelter, &c., in the family house, but they are liable to be called to account to their elders for their private earnings, if these exceed the amount of the *légitime* (which meanwhile remains in the elder's hands as an equivalent for the charge of their maintenance), unless they leave the family with the consent of its head, taking their portion once for all, or are emancipated by the parent's will from the strict application of the general principle. But the most characteristic feature of Basque society is the provision which it makes for the *élite* of those younger children who neither abide in the family mansion nor go to seek their fortune abroad. On marriage, the first-born, heiress or heir, becomes 'co-seigneur,' and is entitled at once to half the patrimony. Persons civilly or physically incapacitated for marriage are excluded from the family inheritance. Every head of a household marries, if not in the parent's lifetime, in any case shortly after succession, and—what is essential to the maintenance of the whole economy of the villages—every head of a household marries the *younger* child of some other family. This *cadet* or *cadette*, who takes the name of the heir, is called *gendre* or *bru*, and comes to live in the family mansion, naturally in a somewhat subordinate position, all his or her earnings going to the benefit of the family, to which the children are also attached. Sometimes a *cadet* retains his own name, but the children always take that of the mother if she is an heiress. A French writer of the seventeenth century notices this peculiarity, but without understanding it, observing that the poorest villagers call themselves lords and ladies of such a cottage, or even pigstye, while they give up their proper name, 'and even the wife that of her husband,' to take the name of the house.

The customs of Barège and Lavedan were commented on at length by one Noguès, an advocate of Toulouse, in 1760, who apologises for their singularity, which he thinks is likely to excite a 'movement of indignation,' by pointing out that they serve better than any other more orthodox arrangement the supreme end 'of keeping the property in the family.' And the working of the code certainly illustrates better than any argument, the fundamental natural impossibility of giving a separate class interest to the sexes, as feudal legislators vainly dreamt of doing. All that can be achieved is to secure the usufruct of about half the whole number of feudal estates to one set of heirs male instead of to another, and that of the other half to heirs male instead of to heirs female, still to the detriment of another generation of males. Thus if A's second child, a son, B, succeed him to the prejudice of the eldest child, a daughter, C, C's son D is injured, and if B has only daughters, a distant connection profits to the detriment of their sons, B's grandsons, or the great-grandsons of A, who perhaps made the entail from a disinterested desire to 'keep up the family.' This ambition may not perhaps be very exalted, but it was strong among the Basques, who were allowed by their traditions to keep two strings to the family bow, in consequence of which we meet with such cases (said not to be by any means exceptional) as that of a family in Andorre, which has kept its name and its property without increase or diminution for between 700 and 800 years. Twice in the time its maintenance has depended on the life of a sole heiress, so that it must have become extinct under the common mediæval rule.

An additional security against the extinction of families is offered by the rule compelling the householder to marry from (we cannot say 'into') a family possessing at least two chil-

dren. Of course the rule is only of customary obligation, but the case is quoted of a marriage between heir and heiress, neither of whom would consent to leave their own ancestral abode, and while such was the prevailing feeling, shared, as all durable social sentiments must be, by both sexes, it was clearly needless to make marriages of the kind penal. In the case of a romantic attachment, the matter would probably be arranged by a family compact, the less wealthy of the two parties ceding their inheritance to the next of kin, and receiving a portion instead. Even where the Basque custom has long ceased to prevail, we find traces of its past force surviving; and at St. Jean Pied de Port, a writer who was not on the look-out for such indications, mentions the existence of a superstitious belief that marriages between heir and heiress are unlucky. In fact, what Professor Huxley has said of the Basque language may be applied without qualification to their customs, 'the area of which has gradually diminished without any corresponding extirpation of the people which primitively spoke [or followed] it. So that the people of Spain and Aquitaine at the present day must be largely Euskarian by descent in just the same sense as the Cornish men are "Celtic" by descent.' The area of the peculiar dialect and of the peculiar custom has kept on narrowing; but however far afield we may find traces of either one or other, there we may safely conclude that men have once passed akin to the ancestors of the half-million who have been faithful to all the traditions of their race.

As each commune, town, or village, in the Basque confederacy was autonomous, their usages were by no means all alike, and from very early times we trace an antagonism between the cherished national custom of the peasantry and the feudal tastes of the warlike nobles settled within their boundaries. The antagonism was not exactly between noble and plebeian, because every Basque, like every Highlander, is well born; all the *pasteres* are free citizens, and every free citizen (or rather countryman) is *ipso facto* noble; instead of quarters of nobility, it is only necessary to prove four generations of Basque ancestry, so that if La Soule and Lower Navarre enjoyed the same privileges, the settler from one district had only to give proof of nationality to be received as a native in the other. The date at which the different *Coutumes* were reduced to writing gives no clue to the purity of the usage they sanction. Some of those of the Pays de Lavedan, which are as free as any from feudal corruption, were not written till 1704, while the *For* of the Valley of Azun, in the same district, from which we take the prime article of Basque faith, 'Que prumer filh o filha den heretar,' was drawn up in 1306, and confirmed in 1497. The customs of Barège, conceived throughout in the same spirit, were proclaimed and written in 1670, after debate in the communes, as having been followed, authorised, and approved for 400 years since the destruction or loss of the *Coutumier* by fire or war. The custom of Bayonne was revised and written in 1514; the Fuero de Viscaya (which has some kindred features) is dated 1526. In the barony of Saubusses (the land of the Sibutzates, mentioned by Cæsar as having sent hostages to Crassus after his second victory in Aquitaine) and other parishes it was decreed in 1514, with the consent of the inhabitants, that the old custom should be abolished, and the eldest son succeed in future, and the eldest daughter only in default of sons. In the republic of Andorre this was the rule, but the same usage as elsewhere prevailed with regard to the marriage of heiresses. Various local customs

are quoted from Aquitaine: in the *Coutume* of Acs, north of the Basque country, the rule of succession is complicated by three principles, seniority without distinction of sex, equal division amongst all the children of *acquêts* or disposable goods, equal division among the children of different marriages in sets with distinction of age in each; some, supposing children by two marriages, failing sons by the first, gave the inheritance to the eldest daughter, excluding her own sisters and half-brothers; this applied only to nobles, as did a curious system of collateral succession in Navarre, of brothers to brothers and sisters to sisters in order of seniority, the eldest of the opposite sex coming after the youngest of the same. The *Coutume* of Soule names a number of noble families in which the rural usage was followed, while in the town of Lourdes there was one street (only) in which the feudal rule prevailed. But in 1552 under Henry II. of Navarre, it was proclaimed that in Béarn 'noblesse ne se divise entre frères et sœurs,' and that rural properties were to follow the same rule, saving the right of eldest daughters already married in their parents' house, a proviso which shows the Barège custom to have prevailed before. Still earlier, in 1205, we find John, King of England, conceding to the Bordelais the 'privilege' of excluding married and dowered daughters from succeeding with their brothers, and that of depriving their wives of the half share, previously secured to them, in the acquisitions or additions made to the family fortune after their marriage, a provision confirmed by Philip IV. in 1295. But the triumphs of feudalism were mostly confined to the outskirts of the pure Basque districts.

The success of the resistance offered by the peasants to what they call the 'bad customs' of feudalism gives us some measure of the tenacity of the truly national usage, especially if we contrast it with the gradual substitution of the rule of primogeniture for the equal succession of the children among the Odallers of Orkney, by the intrusion of Scotch lawyers, whose persistent attempts to feudalise the islands in the sixteenth century were almost entirely successful in suppressing what seems to have been a very sane and suitable local custom. But we may also estimate the closeness of the struggle, even when it was successful, by the fact that the *droit de Seigneur* existed almost within sight of the liberties of Lavedan and Barège. In fact, it was really to their affection for their customs that the Basques were indebted for their escape from the clutch of a miniature Visconti, Eccelino, or Della Scala. The ancient record of the customs of Béarn, for example, begins by relating for the instruction of kings how in ancient times there was no lord in Béarn, but the people heard great praises of a certain knight of Bigorre, so they sent to seek him, and made him lord for one year, but he would not keep the *Fors* and customs, so the court of Béarn assembled at Pau and required him solemnly to do so, and he would not, and they slew him before the court. Then the fame of a worthy knight of Auvergne reached them, and they made him lord for two years, but he also waxed proud and would not observe the *Fors* and customs, and he was slain by order of the court 'at the edge of the bridge of Saranh, by a squire who struck him such a blow with a pike that the point passed out at his back, and this lord's name was Sentonge.' It was in the name of their ancient liberties that the Basques on the French side of the frontier successfully resisted the imposition of the *gabelle* under Louis XIV.; and the smuggling

which has been a favourite and honourable occupation in the mountains since the imposition of duties on tobacco &c. at the end of last century is regarded not as a breach of rightful law, but as a lawful assertion of the immemorial rights of the frontier tribes to do what trade they can.

Household suffrage is the rule in these communities, and, except in the politically independent state of Andorre, this right seems to have been exercised, with the corresponding proprietary privileges, without distinction of sex. Thus in the ancient town of Cauterêts in 1316, when the inhabitants met to consult whether they should accept certain lands from the monastery of Saint Savin, subject to some feudal rights, we read that all the inhabitants male and female (*besis et besies*[3]) 'tous présents et consentants de leur bon gré, ont dit et déclaré, ensemble et individuellement, qu'ils reconnaissent leur dépendance du monastère de Saint Savin. Tous l'ont dit, à l'exception de Gualhardine de Fréchon, une femme qui protesta.' We are told that the names of the women are different from those of the men, so that it is clear that they voted as householders; and in fact, considering the nature of the questions habitually brought before the communal government, the maintenance of roads, use of pastures, &c., it would have been impossible to exclude heiresses from a voice in the decision of questions in which their material interests were so much involved. Nearly five centuries later we meet with a well-meant but rather clumsy recognition of the customary claim of women to the franchise, by a representative of the Revolutionary Government. In virtue of the law of June 10, 1793, a delegate of the National Government invited the inhabitants of the Valley of Azun to vote on a question relating to the division of the communal land. The meeting was stormy, and the men refused their consent to the division; and the agent observing that the women had not voted, summoned them to a separate discussion, after which fifty-six voted for and forty-five against the measure, a division list which may perhaps tend to reassure those politicians whose dread of the political 'emancipation' of women is inspired by the belief that the sex will vote uniformly all together—and all wrong—upon questions on which all men, or all but a very few, are prepared to vote right.

When magistracies were attached to special families, the heiress might be represented by a son or husband; the husband became *voisin* through his wife, though it was disputed whether he should keep the title after her death, and agreed that he lost it by marrying elsewhere.[4] In Béarn but not in Barège the widowed *gendre* was allowed to bring a new wife to the house of the first with the consent of the chil-

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[3] *Voisins et voisines*, the exact equivalent of the German *Nachbar*.

[4] Cf. Mr. Patterson's description (*Fortnightly Review*, No. 64, N.S.) of the house-communions of the Croat Serbs: 'As a woman on marrying became at once a member of the house-communion to which her husband belonged, membership in a house-communion descended only in the male line. There were several instances in which men entered the communion to which their wives belonged. This, however, they did, not in virtue of their marriage, but in consequence of their adoption by the community, which might—in fact often did—happen without any such affinity. Unmarried women belonged, of course, to the house-communion of their fathers, and widows to those of their late husbands. Should a widow, having children, marry again, the children of her former husband remained in the house-communion in which they were born, while she herself passed into that of her second husband. An adopted member took the surname of the house-communion into which he was received.'

dren. Some provisions[5] seem to show that widows were averse to marrying legally, since a *bru* in so doing lost the custody of her children; and it is probably in consequence of these various drawbacks and difficulties that public opinion in the provinces became opposed to second marriages of any kind, at least to the extent of visiting them with the penalty of a *charivari*. In family ceremonies &c. the heiress takes the front place, but in practice the administration of family affairs out of doors is left to the man, and in general the apparent harshness of the law is modified by the encouragement which it gives to marriages of inclination, since the social superior is necessarily disinterested in his or her choice. Thus Béla, commenting in 1660 on the *Coutume* of Soule, says: 'Les dits maris *adventices* (their technical name) se rencontrent d'ordinaire des hommes recoints et habilités aux affaires . . . femmes vaillantes, provides et ménagères, qui ne font pas moins de leurs parts que les hommes de leur côté.' The dowry brought by a *cadet* on his marriage with an heiress is in all respects on the same footing as the portion given to a younger daughter who marries an heir; the *époux dotal* was allowed to make whichever child he (or she) pleased, heir; failing a will, the property was equally divided amongst all, and formed the usual provision for juniors, or, if succession was in the male line, for daughters. Failing children or a will, the *conjoint héritier* succeeded to the *conjoint dotal*, but not conversely; and the Bayonne custom even included a curious reversal of the condition of tenancy 'by the curtesy of England,' since, if a living child was born of a marriage, and afterwards died, the mother, as heiress to the child, might succeed to the father's dowry, which, even if he were the survivor, still went ultimately to *her* heirs, while he, on the contrary, inherited neither way.

These arrangements only applied to the marriages between heirs or householders, and younger brothers or sisters. The marriage contract of two younger children commonly stipulates that all acquisitions after marriage shall be possessed in common, though the two dowries remain distinct in view of eventualities. The contracting parties are called *meytadés*. The surviving *meytadé* succeeds his partner as *usufructier*, with the charge of the children till their marriage or majority. One marriage contract is quoted in which a *primée* stipulates that if she succeeds to her elder brother, her husband shall be treated as *nore* (the phrase for a dowered husband in relation to the heiress wife), while otherwise they were to continue *meytadés*. The portion due from the heir to the younger children was generally determined by a family council, with reference to the available funds, debts, &c. The heir was only bound to dower brothers or sisters who stayed at home and added their labour to the family stock. If public opinion made any difference, it was in expecting the heir to make more efforts to marry younger sisters than younger brothers; but these had a right to marry if they pleased, and bringing their wife and her dowry into the common stock, might insist on a share in the dwelling. Nevertheless the name for a *cadet* is *esterlo*, or *sterlo* (? *sterilis*); and strange as a custom of disinterestedness, unenforced by any penal sanctions, may seem to some utilitarian economists, it is a well-authenticated fact that, in the districts following the Basque law, voluntary devotion of the younger children (both sons and daughters)

[5] Quoique menant une mauvaise vie, la veuve ne peut perdre la jouissance des biens qui doivent retourner à ses enfants.

to the interest of the household is the rule rather than the exception. The social order which shall demand no victims has yet to be invented, and the most painful feature recorded of the one before us is the ingratitude with which such devotion is accepted as a matter of course, and rewarded with neglect and ill-treatment. The position of an aged *cadet* meeting a Lear-like fate at the hands of nephews and nieces, to whose prosperity his private hopes and independence have been continuously sacrificed, hardly requires the pen of a Balzac or a Tourguenef to heighten its repulsive pathos; but though such cases do occur, we are told, and are glad to believe, that they are exceptional, and that more often an innocent, sentimental communism allows them to feel contentedly identified with the one leading shoot of the family tree.

In spite of the enforced celibacy of unenterprising or self-sacrificing *cadets* of poor houses, early marriages and large families, which are the general rule, make the pressure of population a chronic danger, the rather that the little nation, wedged in between the Powers of France and Spain, has had no possibility of extending its frontiers by war. Accordingly, for centuries the Basques, like the Swiss, have been in the habit of seeking their fortunes abroad. In the seventeenth century their success as whalers gave serious concern to the English and Dutch vessels engaged in the whale fisheries of Greenland and Iceland. At the same date no *grand seigneur's* household was thought complete without a Basque *laquais*, warranted to 'run like the wind;' and up to the present time the stream of emigration from the Bay of Biscay to South America is nearly as constant as that from Ireland to the United States. Enriched *cadets*, who are allowed to marry in foreign parts, while their elder is bound to the soil, often return as small nabobs to their native villages; still, like all nations that emigrate without colonising, the Basques look upon emigration as a necessary evil; and Zumala Carreguy gave to a French tourist as one of the advantages of the Carlist war that it would relieve the valleys for years to come from the need of arranging large schemes of emigration. Before so many openings were available for the surplus population, the claims of younger sons sometimes gave rise to embarrassing litigation. At one time the number of cattle, the *peculium* of younger sons, grazing on the common lands, alarmed the householders, who imposed an *octroi* duty on their introduction from the plains of Gascony, where they wintered. In German villages the servant and the children, without an independent hearth, were generally on the same footing, many privileges and offices being closed to the adult, 'welcher nit in der gemein ist ess sei knecht oder nachpauer's sohn' (Bauer=nachbauer=nachbar); and it would be a knotty question whether primitive Basque law would not have reserved the right of common to heads of families only. A curious case, bearing on this subject, was decided in 1743, after a seventy years' lawsuit, with the recognition as a commune of the hamlet of Arbéost. The pastures of the district had been used, but no settled dwellings were erected till the fifteenth century; the settlers of that date, or rather their descendants, claimed exclusive right to the old common land, even when not actually residing there; while the older communes retorted that they were originally either strangers or *esclaus* (younger brothers), and in either case could have no right except as tenants.

An interesting and circumstantial account of the practical working of the Basque institutions,

down to the last decade, may be found in M. le Play's *Organisation de la Famille.* He traces the history, during three generations, of one of the ancient families of Cauterêts, which, after maintaining its dignity unimpaired for 400 years (since the Wars of the Roses), was in danger of perishing in consequence of the encouragement afforded by the *Code Civile* to litigious *cadets.* The bare genealogy is not without interest, as it is fairly representative of the way in which families of the kind kept up the customary proportion between their numbers and the family property. In 1810, one Pierre Dulmo, an heir, or proprietor, gave his eldest daughter, Dominiquetta, in marriage to Joseph Py. Pierre had seven other children, of whom two sons and three daughters were portioned and married outside the household, while a son and a daughter remained single at home. On the death of Dominiquetta, the master and mistress of the household were the widower, Joseph, and his daughter, the heiress, Savina. At one time the household consisted of these two, of the unmarried son and daughter of Pierre, of two unmarried brothers of Savina (another brother and three sisters having been given in marriage outside), Savina's husband, their seven children, and one elderly unmarried male servant. Before this, however, namely in 1835, when Savina's marriage was arranged, her grandfather, Pierre Dulmo (who had just finished paying off the marriage portion of his brothers and sisters), drew up a statement of the family property, in view of the arrangements to be followed on his death. The total capital was estimated at 19,368 francs; the quarter of which, according to the Code, may be disposed of by will, was to go to the heiress, and the community undertook, without proceeding to a division, which would have detracted from the value of the inheritance, to economise yearly as it could, until those of the children who chose to marry had received their legal share. One *Esterlo*, in claiming his portion, stipulated to leave it to his niece, the heiress. In the next year Pierre died, and for twenty-nine years the family continued to regard this deed as a kind of domestic charter of supreme authority. In the next generation dowries of 2,395 francs were being gradually economised and paid off to the younger children as they became entitled to claim them, one dowry coming on an average about every four years, so as to entail an annual charge of between 500 and 600 francs, for which the head of the household was responsible.

In 1864 Joseph Py died, and one of the heiress's uncles, a *mauvais sujet* who had spent his own portion, attacked the act of division of 1834, on the plea of its being an evasion of the Code. Savina, the heiress, was condemned, but on her appeal the act of division was ruled to be, as it clearly was, both lawful and equitable, and on a counter-appeal Savina won her cause—at a cost of 4,000 francs, which the opposite side had no means of paying. M. le Play draws a moving picture of the terror and bewilderment which the unwonted affliction of a lawsuit excited in the innocent little rustic household, and of the heroic efforts made by Savina in its defence. The case was tried at Lourdes, and for two years she was constantly being summoned to give evidence or information to her counsel, to meet all the allegations of the opposite side, and justify, one by one, every business transaction in which the official heads of the family had engaged for thirty years and upwards. The distance from the farm is about eighteen miles; visitors to Cauterêts know the mountain-road, and the diligence spends three or four hours on the way. Savina,

however, used to walk the whole distance and back in the same day, starting sometimes in a storm, with snow filling the gorge where the road skirts the torrent-bed, at two or three in the morning, reaching Lourdes at ten, leaving at two or three in the afternoon, and reaching Cauterêts at eleven or midnight. The lawsuit was not the only source of the family impoverishment; its members were reduced by death and other mischances, and in a moment of discouragement, after the Court of Cassation had pronounced in favour of the family, but before they knew of the decision, Savina's only son Joseph, aged twenty-two, engaged himself as a substitute for 2,000 francs, part of which he made over to his mother. M. Cheysson, who adds these details to M. le Play's account of the domestic economy of the community in its palmy days, says, that though the family is impoverished and has lost in consideration by these misfortunes, Savina still maintains authority over her household, but he fears what may be the fate of the four-hundred-year-old house on her death, since it is only by strenuous efforts on the part of the eldest child, supported by complete unity of purpose in the community, that the charge of providing for the younger children can be met without breaking up or encumbering the inheritance. The privilege of the heir is thus almost limited to the discharge of an arduous duty, and unless some official sanction or encouragement is extended to the national custom, it is to be feared that it will succumb to the short-sighted greed of half enlightened *cadets*.

Before the introduction of the Code which limits the share disposable by will to a quarter of the inheritance, it was usual for the heir to receive half of the whole, and the position of the *sterlo* is clearly improved by the change which gives him the right of calling for a partition, which he might exercise if treated with harshness or neglect. Accordingly it seems that at the present day, *cadets* living at home share the privileges of the householder as to pasturage and the like, and they generally have enough property of their own (commonly bequeathed to the head) to secure respect. These good results might be secured without endangering the national custom, thus cleared of its one reproach. Nevertheless an alarming decrease of the population in the Basque districts is recorded as having taken place within the last few years, and it is accounted for by the emigration of families unwilling to submit to the provisions of the code. Now that France is at length free to consider disinterestedly the good of each component part of the great Republic, surely some independent politician might plead with success the cause of this venerable custom. Nothing is needed but for the central authority to recognise as a sufficient compliance with the Code, in districts where the local custom prevails, that the *légitime* of the younger children be paid by degrees, say in triennial instalments, corresponding to the value of the estate. Otherwise the equal partition enforced by the Code will soon become an equality in destitution. If, on the other hand, the solidarity of the family will and the family estate is so complete that the family can be induced to spend its whole life in discharging successive obligations to each generation of its members, the straggle for existence does not indeed lose its severity—for farmers with 800*l.* capital—but the struggle is carried on by a united family against soil and seasons, instead of by social stragglers against each other and the community, and if the worst comes to the worst there is always a roof, homespun, and

chestnuts to share amongst the undivided group. At any rate we should like the quaint archaic custom to live until society has discovered how to secure for all the 'younger sons' of fortune as good a provision out of the *pêle-mêle* of civilisation as Pierre Dulmo was able to make for the sons and grandsons of his posterity out of the ancestral plot.

Their laws and their language are certainly the two most original and interesting possessions of the Escuara people; but the curiosity excited by either of these subjects naturally goes on to include any other traits or peculiarities which may prove to belong to them. And first it is natural to ask whether the rare respect for the proprietary rights of women in which Strabo saw a token of gynæcocratic barbarism, produces any revolutionary effects on the constitution of families, or whether it is itself the effect of any curious belief or superstition concerning the qualities of the sex. The answer on both points is encouragingly meagre; Basque families are very like those of other villagers, and though the Basque rule of inheritance could only have been accepted by a population in which women were treated with consideration, none of the other recorded signs of such consideration being offered to them by the Iberian tribes, of whom the Basques are the modern representatives, are without a precedent or parallel among Kelts, Tartars, or Red Indians. As among the latter, matrons had a semi-official *status* when it was desired to open negotiations for peace: and it is at Illiberri (Basque: New Town) that we hear from Plutarch of Hannibal's having employed the Gaulish women to arbitrate between their husbands and his troops. Sallust mentions that it was the business of the Spanish matrons to rehearse the deeds of their ancestors to the young warriors proceeding into battle, and other customs which belong to a more advanced state of society than that of the Indians, yet are such as might have grown out of the like beginnings. The Segobriges, on the Ligurian coast east of the Rhone, had an institution resembling the Swayamvara, or free marriage choice allowed to Hindoo maidens of the warrior caste, as appears from the legend, given in Justin, of the foundation of Marseilles, by the captain of a company of Phocians, who applied to the king for leave to build a city on his territory. The king was preparing to marry his daughter Gyptis, 'after the custom of that people,' to a son-in-law chosen at a solemn feast; the maiden was told to give water to him whom she chose for husband, and overlooking her countrymen, turned to the Greeks and held out water to Protis, who thus became the king's son-in-law, and was presented with the ground for his city. Another fragment of Sallust makes the same custom appear general,[6] and even the extent to which the women and children of the Iberians shared in the patriotic fury of resistance to the Roman conquest, points to a closer identity of feeling throughout the community than is generally met with in patriarchal societies sufficiently advanced to have fixed usages in the matter of dowries.

It is a long step from these fragmentary notices to the not less fragmentary indications of mediæval feeling. The charter of Bigorre (A.D. 1097) gives to all women the right of asylum possessed by some monasteries—somewhat as in Ireland a fight was to stop equally for

[6] Neque vergines nuptum a parentibus mittebantur, sed ipsæ belli promptissumos delegebant.

the passing of a woman or a bishop; and a similar turn of thought probably prevailed in dictating the clause in a royal charter of Jacca in Arragon (1128): 'Et quod merinus meus non accipiet coloniam de ullo homine Jacce, nisi per laudamentum de sex mulieribus vicinis Jaccensibus.' Another quaint rule of the same (twelfth) century proves, however, that the mood of sentimental reverence was intermittent, both with husbands and legislators, for the right of the husband to beat his wife, as well as other members of the household, is asserted by one text, with the worldly-wise exception—'*à moins qu'il ne fut plaignant!*'

It may seem strange to find all these tokens of exceptional regard for women associated with two customs commonly regarded as a sign of the social inferiority or degradation of the sex: we mean the *Couvade* and the separation of the sexes at meals. Both customs are highly archaic, but their presence here, we venture to think, rather goes to prove that their spirit must have been misunderstood by those writers who denounce them as barbarous evidence of the subjection of women. Up to the present time, at any rate, the most conspicuous characteristic of women—as a class—is their sex, and the prominence of any social customs relating to women as such, is a sign that they are recognised as a prominent social fact. Just as when any Alceste makes a parade of misogyny we suspect some Célimène to be at the bottom of his tirades, so we find the rules of savage etiquette most abundant on matters relating to women, where women have most influence, among tribes that approach nearest to what is called gynæcocracy in their manners. At any rate, among the Basques both customs have proved practically compatible with the fullest civil equality, and their survival in the face of such equality is scarcely conceivable if their origin had been irreconcilable with its spirit.

Professor Max Müller has suggested that, in observances of the *Couvade* order, the father of the new-born infant takes to his bed to escape the awful presence of a mother-in-law; and other writers treat the superstition as a serious protest against the imprudence of nature in leaving such an important matter to the care of the feebler sex—that, in fact, as Bartle Massey says, 'It had better ha' been left to the men.' But the explanation of a foolish bit of ritual is seldom more profound than the ritual, and a comparison of the analogous superstitions on different continents seems to show that, like most savage observances, it is dictated by the association heedlessly established in the savage mind between a desired end and means which look—to the savage—as if they might not unlikely help to produce it. These chains of causation are oftenest quite arbitrary imaginations. Mr. Wallace tells of an Indian who obliged his wife to feed only on cassava bread and fruit, because her eating animal food, pepper, or salt, would disagree with a bird he had given into her care; and by a similar process of reasoning the Abipone father was dieted with much severity in the interest of his unborn children. Some of the Dyaks oblige the new-made father to live for some days on rice and salt, to prevent the baby's stomach from swelling; so amongst the Guaque Indians the husband rests for three months, fasting from some kinds of food before the birth. And we hear of a nomad tribe, in which the father of a son has to stand for three days, without eating, on a stage raised above the trench in which his wife is delivered, in order to bring good luck to the child.

The custom according to which the husband lies in bed with the child, while the mother gets up and waits on him, is substantially of the same kind.[7] Marco Polo, in describing the practice of the Tartars, gives as a motive the intention of the father to take a share in the labours of nursing, but the true explanation is probably to be found in a less articulate, less utilitarian feeling—a composite impression that the father *is* intimately connected with the life of his offspring, and that somehow or other he ought to contrive to act accordingly.

In the Pyrenees, of course, the custom is now falling into discredit. M. Cordier writes in 1868, as the result of personal inquiries:

> Dans la Navarre on me dit en rougissant, 'Oui cela se pratique, mais dans certaines familles, dans quelques lieux écartés seulement.' Dans la Gaule on me renvoyait à l'Espagne, mais quelqu'un me dit: 'Il est vrai la nouvelle accouchée se lève et sert son époux, qui se met au lit avec l'enfant; il y reste quatre jours et quatre nuits; il en est qui se contentent d'y demeurer quelques heures. On pense que la chaleur du père est de nature à fortifier l'enfant, et si c'est un fils la coutume est encore plus suivie.' . . . Quoi qu'il en soit (he concludes), je ne saurais admettre qu'une telle coutume implique nécessairement ou la paresse de l'homme, ou sa brutalité à l'égard de la femme.

And we may be equally sceptical about the other survival of barbarous ceremonial, according to which Basque women do not eat with their husbands. That such a custom is not necessarily regarded as a hardship by the women appears from the fact that the Pitcairn Islanders—descended from English sailors and Tahitian women—were noticed by their visitors to eat apart, a custom which must have been introduced by the women out of disinterested attachment to their native traditions.[8] In Iceland, also, where the proprietary independence of women was considerable, we find traces of a customary separation of the sexes in the fact that every house had a men's door and a women's door at opposite ends, while the apartments of the two sexes ranged down opposite sides of the principal chamber. In the Basque districts, the separation of the sexes is still observed in markets and public places of amusement; and at Fuentearabbia and other places where the language and laws have long ceased to prevail, men and women still occupy separate aisles in church. Of course, the custom has ceased for ages to have any significance at all; but if an explanation of its origin is insisted on, we must probably go back to the first dawn of ideas of social decorum and morality, when rules of formal etiquette and precepts of rational morality are mixed together in a confusion very perplexing to later ages. It is easier to enforce a sweeping mechanical rule, that can come to be obeyed mechanically, than to trust to the self-restraint and discernment of individuals to keep up the spirit of the conduct clumsily indicated by the rule; and it is exactly in societies where the influence of women is strongest that primitive reformers would first feel the need of some kind of regulations in social intercourse, to which the Basque restriction alone applies. The sexes work together out of doors, neither women nor girls

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[7] Besides the ancient notices of this custom in Spain, Diodorus mentions it as existing among the Corsicans, which gives a presumption in favour of an Iberian settlement in that island.

[8] So the legend of Miletus (Herod. i. 146) lays the responsibility of a similar practice upon the women. According to him, the Carian girls, married by force to the Athenian colonists who had slain their fathers and brothers, vowed that no woman should in future sit at meat with her husband, or call him by his name. And the other notices we have of Carian manners show traces of gynæcocracy or feminine independence.

being confined to the house. Travellers are sometimes surprised to see them acting as porters, and loading vessels at the seaport towns, those who do so being, doubtless, most frequently the *cadettes* of poor families engaged in earning their own marriage portion. A picturesque description is given by M. Chaho [9] of their working among the mountains at home. Upon narrow ledges of cultivated ground on the side of declivities too steep to allow the plough to reach them, the substitute for ploughing is the skilled use of a large iron fork, called *laia*; the villagers (of both sexes) stand in a row with one of these forks in each hand, drive it into the ground with force, then, moving in cadence, raise and turn the end with an immense expenditure of strength. M. Chaho convinced himself, with difficulty, that all the *laie* were of the same size and weight, and adds: 'On s'émerveille que des jeunes filles, aux formes élégantes et souvent frêles, puissent soutenir à demi-nues, dans ce pénible exercice, la longueur et le poids du jour.' The excellent health of the villagers in general, and the robustness of the women, may be partly owing to the fact that no severe labour is imposed on the children; the very young do no work; and the 'school age' extends to twelve or fourteen. Fourteen is the age for the first communion, and a year later that for beginning field work. The customary division of labour between the sexes is singular in some respects; women have nothing to do with dairy work, but the care of the kitchen garden is their especial province, and also that of pigs and poultry. The dowries of sons and daughters are, of course, equal in amount; but, in the same generation, that of the son may be paid partly in sheep, while the daughter's equivalent consists of furniture, linen, and money.

In general there is little apparent difference between life in the Basque villages and among other well-conditioned peasant mountaineers. They are a sober, provident, pleasure-loving people, passionate on provocation, but honourable, self-respecting and faithful in their attachments. There is something almost Hellenic in their serious love of play and athletic sports. Their national game is a kind of tennis, generally played on an open space answering to the village green, while—'honi soit qui mal y pense'—the blank wall of the village church serves as a boundary for the balls. The heart of Plato would have rejoiced over the sight of their wrestling matches, between boys and girls, in which the latter, we are told, do not always retire vanquished. But dancing, for which their love amounts to passion, is more particularly a masculine relaxation, and several proverbs show that women who dance much in public are held in slight esteem. Births, deaths, and marriages are celebrated with great festivities, and the attendant expenditure was such, in earlier times, as to provoke a good many sumptuary enactments for their discouragement. At funerals the women wail and keep up the same extravagant demonstrations of grief as among the Irish. But there are few really original superstitions or observances on these points; one, at weddings, may be mentioned, that during the ceremony a fold of the bride's dress should rest upon the bridegroom's knees, or else a malicious spell may come between them, and *esteca*, a fatal antipathy, divide them for ever. Like the peasants of Tyrol, the Basques were fond of dramatic entertainments, but the most popu-

[9] *Voyage en Navarre*, p. 282.

lar form of them was a kind of amateur dramatic satire, or rather libel—an imaginative reproduction by the ingenious youth of the village of any domestic tragedy or scandal that had occupied the public mind. These were, of course, not written; and, in fact, Basque literature must be described as a disappointment to the admirers of the sturdy, conservative little nation. Their love songs are simple and passionate enough, but as compared with the popular productions of other countries, Sicily, Scotland, Greece, or Arabia, they are wanting in imaginative delicacy and variety. The lover is too much in earnest to play with the accessories of passion, and there is something prosaic, matter-of-fact, in the haste with which the song comes to the point—of the next rendezvous.

Charming and original as the Basque organisation was, we cannot claim for it the very highest place among the social experiments tried by the spontaneous ingenuity of mankind. Only, until the more elaborate attempts of a higher civilisation have succeeded as well in proportion, we may admit the practical merits of the system which, while left to itself, kept vice and misery, as well as the arts and sciences, in a 'stationary state.'

E. S.

# THE LEGAL POSITION OF THE DARDANELLES AND THE SUEZ CANAL

A PRELIMINARY objection bars the way to all discussion of 'the legal position of the Dardanelles and the Suez Canal.' It may be said that the question is not at all one of law, but is strictly a political problem, with which law or jurisprudence has nothing to do. And, certainly, in framing arrangements with respect to the navigation of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, diplomacy never has been, and perhaps never will be, guided solely by the abstract principles of international law. It has never applied to these Straits, the subject of so ancient a controversy, the rules which after much discussion it has applied to the other important Straits of the world. The Powers which will have a voice in the matter at any Congress or Conference have always been ready to press into their service arguments drawn from jurisprudence when it suited their purposes; but the many treaties and conventions regulating the navigation of the entrances to the Black Sea or 'Canal of Constantinople' have really been framed and maintained for political reasons. Such reasons may mould and determine future arrangements. English statesmen may decline to agree to any treaty which would leave the navigation of the Dardanelles as free as that of the Sound or the Straits of Messina. National interests, real or imaginary, may be all-powerful at any Congress or Conference in which the subject is considered. But at all events let there be no self-deception or ignorance respecting the matter. Let us not repeat an error discernible in some former negotiations respecting the navigation of the Black Sea. Let us discriminate between reasons of policy and the teaching of jurisprudence, and let not the latter be supposed to countenance regulations repugnant to its spirit. Many English statesmen in the last century believed it to be of vital consequence to this country that the Scheldt should continue to be closed, as had been settled by the Treaties of Westphalia and Fontainebleau. They actually went to war to maintain the claims of Holland to control the navigation of the Scheldt. But they did not put a gloss of pseudo-science on their conduct. They avowed their dread of the growth of Antwerp, holding with Alison that 'Nature had formed the Scheldt to be the rival of the Thames.' They did not pretend to find justification in the abstract principles of jurisprudence for the treaty which closed the former river; it was enough that a treaty existed. In this respect at least they were more reasonable than some of their successors who had to defend the agreements affecting the navigation of the Black Sea.

Jurists have long arrived at a tolerably clear and consistent opinion as to the legal nature of the ocean, seas, and navigable waters of the globe. This agreement has been of slow growth; but in regard to essentials, it is almost complete. From the controversy begun by Grotius in his *Mare Liberum* and continued by Selden in his *Mare Clausum* and Bynkershoek in his *De Dominio Maris*; from litigation in the prize courts of England and America and the judgments of Lord Stowell, Chief Justice Marshall, and Mr. Justice Story; from nego-

tiations and diplomatic correspondence between England, France, and America, especially with reference to rights of fishing, the navigation of great rivers such as the St. Lawrence, and the extra-territoriality of vessels of war, distinct doctrines have emerged as to the maritime rights of nations. It is universally admitted that the open sea is free to all. Ancient pretensions to the contrary have been dropped. The claim made by Sir Leoline Jenkins on behalf of England to a *quasi*-maritime dominion all the world over has vanished. 'It has long,' said Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, in his judgment in the *Franconia* case, 'been dead and buried, and even the ghost of it has been laid.' Denmark no longer claims dominion over a portion of the North Sea. Spain and Portugal have ceased for centuries to pretend to supreme dominion over the West and East Indian Oceans. Even many seas which are partially land-locked, and which were once regarded as the property of the States whose shores they wash, are held to be open to the world. All points of controversy are not indeed determined. There is no agreement, for example, among text writers as to the exact physical configuration which will make a sea partially surrounded by the territory of a State subject to it, and it alone. We can only say that the current of authority runs strongly in favour of deeming all large seas whose mouths are wide as the domain of no nation. The Kingdom of Italy does not assert, as heir of the Venetian Republic, sovereignty over the Adriatic, or, as heir of Genoa, sovereignty over the Ligurian Sea. Turkey has long abandoned her ancient claim of lordship over the Ægean. It must be admitted that jurists apply the vaguest and most varied tests when they have to determine whether, for example, Conception Bay in Newfoundland is open sea, or is a part of the adjacent State, just as the Bristol Channel is, according to English law, part of the realm of England. All that can be said is that the spirit of international law is in favour of freedom of navigation and against creating what in the seventeenth century were called 'king's chambers' and 'close seas.'

So long as the Black Sea was a Turkish lake—and it was practically surrounded by Turkish territory from the fall of Constantinople until the latter part of last century—the Porte had a right, in peace and war, to forbid foreign vessels entering that sea, or to impose any conditions on the navigation of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles which it deemed expedient. 'The ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire,' so often referred to in treaties, prohibiting the admission of ships of war, was but the expression of a right to which no jurist could take exception at the time when it originated. Before Catherine II. had pushed her conquests along the shores of the Black Sea, it was to all intents and purposes an inland Turkish sea; and, however much it was to be deplored that the commerce of the world should have been excluded for more than a century from waters which had been the resort of Genoese and Venetian traders, other countries could not murmur much — they could ask admission for their ships only as a favour and not as a right. But when the northern shores of the Black Sea fell into the hands of Russia, it became, if not open to the whole world, equally free to the ships of both States whose territory abutted on it. Now, what was the effect of the change on the navigation of the inlets to the Black Sea? Treaties apart, did they partake of its new character? Or were they regarded as territorial waters over which the State owning the shores had unquali-

fied jurisdiction, and from which it was free to exclude all foreign vessels? The answer of the great majority of jurists is decided and uniform. Few points in international law are better established. The Bosphorus, it is true, at its narrowest part, is only about half a mile across, the Dardanelles about three-quarters. Turkish territory lines both sides, and Turkish cannon command the course of an enemy's vessel for miles. And yet, on the accepted principles of international law, the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles are not 'Turkish territorial waters.' Almost every writer of eminence explains the juridical character of such straits in words which plainly show that, treaties apart, 'the ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire' is obsolete. Let me quote a few passages in proof of this; the quotations might be indefinitely multiplied, but a few taken from very different authors will suffice. The first is from De Rayneval's *Institutions du Droit de la Nature et des Gens*, and is as follows:

> Les détroits sont des passages pour communiquer d'une mer à l'autre. Si l'usage de ces mers est libre, la communication doit l'être également, car autrement la liberté de ces mêmes mers ne serait qu'une chimère.

Ortolan, who quotes this passage with approbation in his *Diplomatie de la Mer*, appends a reservation:

> Mais si la propriété et l'empire souverain ne peuvent exister sur de pareils détroits, quelque resserrés qu'on les suppose, certains droits moins étendus peuvent avoir lieu à leur égard, et être reconnus par la loi internationale. Ainsi, lorsque les détroits sont tels que les bâtiments qui y naviguent sont obligés, par la nature des lieux, de longer les côtes à portée du canon, et de passer sous l'artillerie des forts, on ne saurait refuser à l'état qui possède ces côtes le droit, pour sa propre sûreté, de surveiller la navigation de ces passages; en temps de paix, et surtout en temps de guerre, les forces étrangères qui s'y présentent peuvent lui inspirer de justes soupçons; il est donc en droit de prendre à leur encontre certaines précautions.

Calvo, in his *Le Droit International*, agrees with Ortolan in thinking that there are some restrictions on navigation in straits serving as communications between open seas. While holding that they 'ne peuvent jamais devenir la propriété souveraine d'un seul, et doivent rester absolument libres pour toutes les marines, comme les mers auxquelles ils conduisent,' he adds:

> Cette liberté d'accès et de transit admet toutefois les restrictions inhérentes au droit de conservation des états sur les côtes desquels sont situés les détroits; et lorsque la configuration des détroits oblige les navires qui les traversent à passer sous le feu des forts placés sur l'un ou l'autre bord, le souverain qui est maître de la côte a le droit incontestable d'en surveiller la navigation et de prendre, surtout en temps de guerre, les précautions que la prudence et la soin de sa sûreté peuvent rendre nécessaires.

Hautefeuille, who sums up the views of his predecessors, is opposed to the restrictions stated by Calvo and Ortolan.

> Le propriétaire (he says) des deux rives d'un détroit, donnant passage d'une mer resserrée à la grande mer, ne peut mettre aucun obstacle, aucune entrave au passage des autres nations. Tous les publicistes ont reconnu cette obligation; mais quelques-uns admettent une restriction très-importante. Ils pensent que le peuple propriétaire du détroit peut mettre des conditions au passage, établir des droits, &c. Malgré la grande autorité de ceux qui ont émis cette opinion, je ne puis la partager. Les faits historiques mêmes ne peuvent me convaincre; il en existe un très-important sur lequel ces auteurs s'appuient; je veux parler du péage perçu, pendant si longtemps, par le Danemark, au passage du Sund; mais je ferai remarquer que cet impôt était établi en vertu de traités spéciaux, consentis par toutes les nations qui le payaient, et n'était pas considéré comme un droit résultant de la possession des deux rives, droit qui aurait dû cesser dès que les Danois cessèrent d'être propriétaires des côtes de la Norwége. Ce droit est aboli aujourd'hui.

I am epitomising the accepted teaching of jurists when I say that, with scarcely an exception, they recognise a right of passage through such straits as the Dar-

danelles, though some writers think that the State whose territory borders the shores of the Straits may subject foreign ships to police or fiscal regulations. A clear consensus of opinion exists that, the Euxine having ceased to be a Turkish lake, the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles ceased to be strictly and exclusively Turkish waters. It would be easy, no doubt, to pick out of writers of the last century, when the doctrines of international law were still unformed, sentences which showed a very different idea of the rule on the subject from that which I have stated. There is, to name one instance in point, a well-known passage in Martens, much quoted by English diplomatists, in which he expressly states that the Porte has exclusive jurisdiction over the entrances to the Black Sea.

But he does so on grounds which, if correct, would have given the Straits of Messina to the King of the Two Sicilies in former times, the Straits forming the entrance to the Baltic to Denmark; and the Grecian Archipelago to Turkey—grounds which are to-day manifestly obsolete. I can recall only two persons of any authority who have in this century made such a claim as Martens makes on behalf of Turkey. The first is General Halleck, who attempts, in his work on International Law, to prove that the restrictions imposed by the Treaty of Adrianople on the entrance of ships of war are merely expressions of the abstract principles of international law. 'These Straits,' he says, 'are bounded on both sides by the territory of the Sultan, and are, in most parts, less than six miles wide, consequently he has a right to exclude all foreign ships of war from entering or passing either the Dardanelles or the Bosphorus.'[1] The best answer to this is supplied by Halleck himself, who says in a subsequent part[2] of the same work, 'Permission to pass over territorial waters is not usually required or asked, because not supposed to result in any inconvenience to the neutral Power. In a war between France and Russia, armed vessels might be obliged to pass through the neutral waters of the Dardanelles, but in neither of these cases would the passage be deemed a violation of neutral rights.' Unfortunately the erroneous notions put forth in the first passage quoted from Halleck were adopted by an English statesman of this century, who had much to do with the framing of more than one treaty affecting the Dardanelles. In a despatch, dated October 25, 1839, to the Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord Palmerston describes an interview with Baron Brunnow, then Russian Ambassador in England, and puts on record the views of the English Government: 'I said with respect to the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, Baron Brunnow had rightly understood the opinion of her Majesty's Government (that it should be closed to ships of war in time of peace); and that this opinion rests upon a general and fundamental principle of the law of nations. Every State is considered as having territorial jurisdiction over the sea which washes its shores, as far as three miles from low-water mark; and consequently any strait which is bounded on both sides by the territory of the same sovereign, and which is not more than six miles wide, lies within the territorial jurisdiction of the sovereign. But the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles are bounded on both sides by the territory of the Sultan, and are in most parts less than six miles wide; and con-

[1] Page 137, ed. of 1861.

[2] Page 527.

sequently the territorial jurisdiction of the Sultan extends over both of these Straits, and the Sultan has a perfect right to exclude all foreign ships of war, if he should think proper to do so. Now, by the treaty of 1809, Great Britain acknowledged this right on the part of the Sultan, and promised to acquiesce in the enforcement of it; and it is but just that Russia should take the same engagement; and her Majesty's Government are of opinion that the exclusion of all ships of war from the two Straits would be more conducive to the maintenance of peace, than any understanding that the Straits in question should be a general thoroughfare, open at all times to ships of all countries.' This passage contains many things irreconcilable with modern notions as to the law of nations. Let me point to one or two flaws in the reasoning. It is certainly not true, as was decided in the *Franconia* case, so far as the law of England is concerned, that the three-mile zone round our coast is strictly territorial water. It is equally clear that if the navigation of the Straits were subject to the same rules as control navigation within the three-mile line, no such right of exclusion as Lord Palmerston contended for exists, no modern jurist having argued that France or England could prohibit the vessels of friendly Powers from passing within that line. But the reasoning is marred by a deeper error. We have seen that straits stand in an exceptional position. They are supposed to be free when the seas to which they conduct are free. The monopoly for which Lord Palmerston argues has scarcely an adherent among jurists. All that is alleged by those most reluctant to admit freedom of navigation, and most willing to maintain the old lore about 'king's chambers' and 'close seas,' is that the sovereign of the State whose territories are separated by such a strait as the Hellespont, may enforce all reasonable police, sanitary, or fiscal regulations. A provision, for example, that only one ship of war should pass at a time, would seem to be in perfect accordance with the accepted teaching of international law.

Let me now briefly compare this principle with the spirit pervading the regulations which have existed with respect to the entrance to the Euxine. Before the Turks took possession of Constantinople, that sea was practically open to the trade of the world. But when the Ottoman Power was established there, the Black Sea was shut to commerce; and it was only by treaties or capitulations that certain countries got a relaxation in their favour of this hard and fast rule. As far back as 1535 permission was given to all French vessels to visit Constantinople, and go 'wherever they pleased;' and a similar licence was granted to Venice in 1540. During the reign of Elizabeth English merchants were put on the same footing as the French, Venetians, Poles, and other favoured nations. The agreement or capitulation with England was renewed and confirmed in 1675. Most of the many arrangements made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries on the subject, are set forth in Parliamentary papers recently published; it is sufficient to mention here the famous Treaty of Kainardji, granting to Russian merchant ships 'a free passage from the Black Sea into the White Sea, and, reciprocally, from the White Sea into the Black Sea.' The first express mention of the arrangements in force with respect to ships of war is contained in the Treaty of 1809, between Great Britain and the Sublime Porte. Article XI. says: 'As ships of war have at all times been prohibited from

entering the Canal of Constantinople, viz. in the Straits of the Dardanelles and of the Black Sea, and as this ancient regulation of the Ottoman Empire is in future to be observed by every Power in time of peace, the Court of Great Britain promises on its part to conform to this principle.' Neither the Treaty of Ackermann (1826), nor that of Adrianople (1829), deals with the subject of ships of war; the firman issued in conformity with the latter emphatically promises that, so far as Russian commerce is concerned, the commerce and navigation of the Black Sea 'shall not be subject to any impediment of whatever kind it may be,' and that the passage of the Channel of Constantinople, and of the Straits of the Dardanelles, shall be 'entirely free and open to Russian vessels under merchant flag.' What is still more worthy of note is, that the treaty stated that 'the passage of the Straits of Constantinople and of that of the Dardanelles is declared free and open to all the merchant ships of Powers who are at peace with the Sublime Porte.' It is the fashion to speak of this treaty rather as a masterpiece of selfishness. Alison holds it up to execration as a striking instance of 'that astute but ceaselessly encroaching policy which has so long characterised the Court of St. Petersburg.' Yet it is to this treaty that Europe owes the opening of the Black Sea. The bulwarks which the Turkish Government had set up to exclude commerce, were thrown down by the victorious Russian arms. The next arrangement was the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, which was to last for eight years. In its struggle with its rebellious vassal, the Porte after the battle of Konieh turned for help from its old allies to Russia. That Power put ships and soldiers at the disposal of the Sultan. In return Turkey agreed to enter into an alliance, and by a secret article it was stipulated that no foreign ships of war should on any pretext be permitted to enter the Straits of the Dardanelles. 'The Sublime Porte, in place of the aid which it is bound to furnish in case of need, according to the principle of reciprocity of the Patent Treaty, shall confine its action in favour of the Imperial Court of Russia to closing the Straits of the Dardanelles, that is to say, to not allowing any foreign vessel of war to enter therein under any pretext whatsoever.' Guizot in his Memoirs, expressing the irritation of the time, says of the treaty that it made Turkey the *client officiel* of Russia, and converted the Black Sea into a Russian lake, 'dont ce client gardait l'entrée contre les ennemis possibles de la Russie.' It was not perhaps an equitable arrangement; such restrictions on the navigation of a sea which once was and still ought to be open to the world was indefensible; certainly the various Powers directly interested in the navigation of the Danube might fairly object to them. But there was at least some show of reason in contending that the two Powers whose territory inclosed the sea should be the arbiters as to the navigation of it.[3] That, however, was not the opinion of France and England in 1833. They protested; they were prepared to enforce their protests; and then began a long series of negotiations which culminated in the Treaty of London of 1840. It provided that, though the high contracting parties might

[3] 'The Baltic Sea is considered by the maritime Powers bordering on its coasts as *mare clausum* against the exercise of hostilities upon its waters by other States while the Baltic Powers are at peace' (Wheaton, p. 206). England has always resisted this contention. Hautefeuille thinks that it is competent for the Powers along the Baltic to agree to close it in time of war (*Histoire du Droit Maritime*, p. 23).

enter the Straits of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles for the purpose of resisting Mehemet Ali, this should be no derogation from the ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire.

We have almost completed our summary of the diplomatic arrangements relating to the Dardanelles; it is, in fact, necessary only to mention the terms of the Treaty of Peace of 1856 which bear on the subject. The Black Sea was neutralised; all ships of war were to be excluded. By a separate convention of the same date as the Treaty of Peace, the Sultan declared that he 'is firmly resolved to maintain for the future the principle invariably established as the ancient rule of his empire, and in virtue of which it has at all times been prohibited for the ships of war of foreign Powers to enter the Straits of the Dardanelles or of the Bosphorus; and that so long as the Porte is at peace, his Majesty will admit no foreign ship of war into the said Straits.' Many of those who are in some degree responsible for the prosecution of the Crimean war, do not appear to have regarded this arrangement as likely to be permanent. Lord Palmerston is said to have predicted that it would last ten years. Sir Roundell Palmer and Mr. Layard were opposed to some of its stipulations. Mr. Gladstone thought the clauses unhappily framed, and wholly unadapted for the contingency of war. Lord Aberdeen pointed out that, under an appearance of impartiality, they would be really one-sided in their operations. It is not my business to express any opinion on the expediency or justice of the arrangement made in 1856 and modified by the Treaty of London in 1871. My object is to show that none of the various treaties were in complete harmony with the principles of international law, and that of all the arrangements which I have mentioned the much abused Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, though not completely in harmony with theory, perhaps came nearest to the precepts of text writers. I wish also to point that it is not quite accurate to assume, as is often done, that it has been the uniform policy of Russia to demand the opening of the Straits. She has indeed frequently repeated such a demand ever since the negotiations of Niemirow; but on the one occasion when she was free to make what terms she pleased, she preferred to stipulate for the closing of the Straits. Lastly, it may not be out of place to point out that the principles stated by Lord Palmerston in the passage just quoted would be intolerable to the Danubian Powers, and would entitle the Porte to exclude our ships of war at its pleasure.

We come now to the consideration of the exact nature of the Suez Canal according to international law. Jurists are almost entirely silent respecting the legal character of artificial channels connecting two seas. They reason only about facts which they know; and it required until recently a stretch of imagination to conceive the possibility of such a canal as that which unites the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The work is so unique that it seems idle to consult the file of precedence in the hope of discovering any precept or rule which will throw light on it. International law has, it is true, grown by the extension of simple principles to complicated cases, and by detecting analogies between new sets of facts and old. Grotius's words respecting the freedom of the seas have received applications of which he had no conception; and attempts have been made to show that, fully understood, they place the Suez Canal in the category of waters over which all States have a *jus transitus innoxii* independently of treaties or contracts. Let me indicate the

nature of the reasoning which conducts to this conclusion. The Congress of Vienna gave to commerce one solid advantage so valuable that it makes us pardon some of the reactionary political measures of the Holy Alliance. It put an end to a mass of vexatious regulations and crushing tolls which had rendered certain of the chief rivers of Europe practically useless as highways of trade. It declared the navigation of rivers which divide different States or flow through their territories to be free from the point at which they become navigable *jusqu'à la mer*. It applied these principles to the Rhine, the Meuse, the Scheldt, the Moselle, the Elbe, &c., and thus enabled international law to take the greatest step which it has taken in this century. Now, the Congress of Vienna framed the articles relating to the navigation of rivers—articles suggested in a memoir by William von Humboldt, the Prussian Ambassador—not entirely in consequence of any peculiarity of rivers flowing through several countries; the reasons which weighed most with the Congress were applicable to all rivers of great size. 'The freedom of navigation on those rivers (of the description dealt with by the Congress),' says Bluntschli, 'was not based on the fact that several States owned their banks, and on the divided jurisdiction over them, but on their connection with the open sea, and on the desirability of free communication between waters which should serve for the commerce of the world.' Now why, it is asked, not give the principle a yet wider application? Why not apply it to a canal such as the Suez Canal, which is of greater consequence to the navigation of the world than even the Rhine or the Elbe? It is artificial; but so also were the mouths of the Rhine, or at least the canal of Voorn and Hellevoetsluis, which the Convention of Mayence, interpreting the articles of the Congress of Vienna, declared to be open as the Rhine was. The Dutch justified their treaty right to control the navigation of the Scheldt on the ground that they had virtually constructed the channel; but their claim has not been approved of, and it is now extinct. And, if we may borrow an argument from Roman law, the basis of so much of international law, the fact that the Suez Canal is subject to the ebb and flow of the tide would make it rather a public navigable stream than an ordinary canal.[4]

I give this reasoning for what it is worth, and at most, perhaps, it only proves that merchant ships have that right of passage which is actually granted them. I proceed to state an argument which if correct would prove that we are entitled, independently of treaty, to a right of passage for our ships of war and transports through the Canal. Whether any *jus transitus* overland for armies exists, has been much debated by jurists. The chief authorities on the subject are to be found collected in Manning's *Law of Nations*; and they show that, so far as the right of passing overland is concerned, no such right exists unless granted by treaty. But the cogent reasons for this limitation do not altogether apply to transit through a canal: the damage done by a passing friendly army may be great; the perils arising from want of discipline or treachery may be serious; these are considerations which have little relation to ships passing through a neutral's territory by water. In fact, it may be said, in Vattel's words, to be one of 'those very uncommon cases which admit

[4] According to the *Sailing Directions for* 1870, 'the tidal influence extends from Suez to four miles north of the southern end of the Bitter Lakes.' See *Digest*, 43, 12, 1, 7.

of most evident demonstration that the passage required is wholly unattended with inconvenience or danger.'

Freedom of passage for troop ships and navy through the Isthmus is absolutely essential to England so long as her Indian Empire exists, and it would be inexpedient that her claim to this easement should hang by the thread of a doubtful analogy or a questionable piece of reasoning. The day seems almost gone by when large developments can satisfactorily be made in international law by such means. The jurists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries reasoned out the principles of their science; their successors must chiefly build upon conventions between nations. As legal fictions and equity have ceased to be the instruments by which private law is extended or brought into harmony with the wants of society, and have given place to legislation, so in public law the *dicta* of irresponsible text writers go for less and less, and treaties and conventions go for more and more. In these circumstances a treaty with Turkey completely neutralising the Canal in time of war seems desirable. The Bulwer-Clayton Treaty of 1850, relating to the proposed ship canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific, is in many respects a ready-made model of what such a treaty should be.[5]

JOHN MACDONELL.

[5] 'With Turkey,' unless indeed at any future Congress the relations between the Porte and Khedive are altered. The firman from which the latter derives his power requires a reference to the Porte in regard to all 'important matters.' See as to this the published opinion of M. Dufaure, M. Odillon Barrot, and M. Jules Favre.

# IVY-LEAVES.

## FROM THE HERMITAGE, EPPING FOREST.

SEE how a Seed, which Autumn flung down,
And through the Winter neglected lay,
Uncoils two green little leaves and two brown,
And its tiny root takes hold in the clay.
It is lifting and strengthening day by day,
Pushing red branchlets, budding new leaves;
Cell after cell the power in it weaves
Out of the storehouse of soil and clime,
To fashion a Tree in due course of time,
Tree with rough bark and spreading boughs,
Where the lofty crow may build his house,
And a man lie under, some new May,
Hearken the rustling leaves and say,
'After all, can the ills of life be so bad,
When a green tree makes me ineffably glad?'
As I do now. But where shall I be,
When this little Seed is a tall green Tree?

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I believe I can claim to be an advanced Liberal in the matter of opening all possible places to all possible people; and when it was asked, Why should not Kew Gardens be opened to the public at ten in the morning instead of one in the afternoon? I was ready to echo, 'Why not?' But on looking well into the question, I perceive some very good reasons why not. Kew Gardens is at this moment perhaps the most satisfactorily managed public institution in the kingdom, the pride of English botanists and gardeners, the envy of foreign. In its Director one has the great and not too common satisfaction of seeing precisely the right man in the right place. It is, for one thing, a beautiful park and pleasure-ground, its sward and flower-beds kept in a princely perfection, its trees tended with loving care—unlike their unhappy sisters of the West End parks. Here you will find no hollow boles or rotten branches. But besides the beauty of these gardens—or rather, first of all—they are *scientific*; this is their speciality. Botany, horticulture, arboriculture, can be studied here practically as, perhaps, nowhere else. And, now observe, Kew Gardens are freely at the service of all scientific men, gardeners of whatever grade, botanists, and, moreover, artists, during those hours before one when the gates are closed; not to speak of the many necessary labours which are then carried on. To open at ten would doubtless be a gain to some, chiefly to those who live near—who are already living in the country, and have Richmond Park but a short way off; but it would be a loss to others, and these all of them select people, especially fit to derive and to convey benefit from study in these grounds.

In fine, I am convinced that Sir Joseph Hooker's opinion as to the best hour of opening Kew Gardens ought to be absolutely decisive. To him, and his father before him, they owe great part of their beauty, and all their scientific value; and he is a man whose honesty and intelligence can equally be relied upon.

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We read old poets better than they wrote. Antiqueness excuses all. We can gauge the modern to a nicety. A cultivated man of our day understands Shakespeare's language, Spenser's too, and even Chaucer's, almost throughout, but does not at every moment compare them with familiar usages of thought and speech. Spenser's was relatively to his own day a quaint affected diction, and seems less so now, in the blending perspective of time. If there are forced turns of diction and grammar in Shakespeare they are now merely 'Shakespearian,' not anything worse.

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Great men usually defend their own individuality with earnestness—at need with vehemence. That of *native* which belongs or has accrued to them (Heaven's true gift) they justly account their dearest possession.

And as every great man is aggressive (in no bad sense) you will find each great man standing on his defence now and again against other great men—any and all of them—especially against his contemporaries, and most of all against those of his own particular class. Common people always attribute this to jealousy; but in general the true motive of the resistance of one great man to another is this deep necessity he feels of guarding and preserving his own personality, in character and genius, of keeping his own standpoint, of not becoming mixed and muddled and confused in mind, like the majority of mankind; of not being conquered and subdued by any other man's genius. He wishes to acquire what he can, on condition of making it his own—digesting it and turning it into blood; above all he wishes to be *himself*, knowing that true expansiveness, sympathy, generalisation, must grow up out of the root of strong, constant, and determined personality.

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High literary men are the best judges of the style of a book, but not of the matter, because each lives too much in the groove of his own thoughts and theories.

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Certain persons would seem to be organically defective as regards *truth*, as we find people without an ear for music or without an eye for colour. Among literary men, Coleridge and De Quincey are thus defective, and Edgar Poe.

Perhaps opium had something to do with it, in the first two at all events; for that drug disturbs in the brain under its effect the reasonable proportions and relations of things, and gives undue significance to trifles. Also it stimulates spurious enthusiasms, unconnected with action and sliding into 'vague and barren reverie.' Under its influence one might fall a-musing on the candle-snuff, and neglect a dying patient. In Coleridge and in De Quincey, you find ambitiously large, vague conceptions, along with an affectation of fastidiously accurate logicality of statement, and a tendency to minute, and often vividly picturesque, details; seldom or never any proportioned and completed piece of work. They ramble on till time or impulse fails, and break off casually or grow incoherent and are lost in a fog.

This of Coleridge's prose. In his poetry he escaped better. We talk of 'poetic licence;' but poetry has its limitations, which often prove practically useful. Yet all his best poetry was made in one fortunate eighteen-months' period of his life: *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan* remain fragments, and a crowd of other poems that flitted across Coleridge's brain have flitted back into dreamland and are lost to us for ever.

Lack of the Organ of Truth is not always a hindrance to external success in life: far from it; as the

political world at this moment proves to us by a most conspicuous example.

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*Ne plus ultra*—let us hope! The very ugliest tower that has ever cut the dingy London atmosphere now lifts itself over the street where Temple Bar is no more to be seen—that of the new Law Courts. See it from Middle Temple Lane, and say if anything so exquisitely bad, so grotesque at once and mean, has hitherto been accomplished by the art of Architecture. It does not need much money or skill to make something pleasingly impressive in the shape of a Tower. In its height alone it possesses a triumphant element of effect, and all that is needful to make it agreeable is a well-proportioned boundary line against the sky. There is a new tower belonging to an infirmary in the Fulham Road, close to Brompton Cemetery, built, utilitarianly, of common yellow brick, which gratifies the eye whenever a glimpse is caught of it up or down the street. This costly and pretentious Fleet Street Tower was a disgraceful thing to build, and will always be a disgustful thing to look at.

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English arrangements in general are so constructed now-a-days as to make people who have less than 1,000*l.* a year feel their inferiority as much as possible. Anyone presuming to wish to be comfortable on a smaller income (I say nothing of luxury) is pulled up everywhere at the first opportunity, and gets a hint that the world is prepared for his betters. On behalf of the Working Classes, some movement is visible, in the shape of Improved Dwellings, Science Lectures, Visits to the Paris Exposition, &c., not in the nature of charity, but of economic organisation. Cannot something be done for the Lower Middle Class? or because their everyday dress is not very different from that of Lord Crœsus, must they be expected to pay for things by his tariff or else be considered, and feel themselves, degraded in all eyes? There are 'gentlemen' enough who would be thankful for decent rooms and wholesome meals, at rates proportioned to their incomes; but where are they to find them?

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Mr. E. Dannreuther, an accomplished German musician, writing on Beethoven, calls him 'an ethical, a religious teacher;' his 'spirit is as humanising as the spirit of Sophocles;' his work exhibits astonishing 'psychological development,' and 'the loftiest ethical significance;' he 'rises to the level of the highest poets, and perhaps even above it;' he 'frequently passes beyond the horizon of a mere singer and poet, leaving the doings of men far behind him, and touches upon the domain of the seer and the prophet; when in unison with all genuine mystics and ethical teachers, he delivers a message of religious love and resignation, of identification with the sufferings of all living creatures, deprecation of self, negation of personality, release from the world.' His music also has a 'high and clear Shakespearian humour.' He 'displays the entire range of human emotions.' In short he believed himself, and Mr. Dannreuther believes, that this music—which abounds in 'thoughts' and is essentially a collection of poems, tragic and others—is 'the destined matrix, the informing element of a coming nobler and more artistic civilisation.' Mr. Dannreuther speaks of Mozart, Haydn, and Handel with no little contempt, they are but 'craftsmen;' but we find that 'what Beethoven has done for the sonata and symphony, Wagner has since done for the opera.' The essay ends thus: 'The warmth and depth of his [Beethoven's] ethical sentiment is now felt all the world

over, and it will before long be universally recognised that he has leavened and widened the sphere of men's emotions in a manner akin to that in which the conceptions of great philosophers—of Plato, Kant, and Schopenhauer—have widened the sphere of men's intellectual activity.'

Bless us and save us! Let us draw a long breath. Not to venture into controversy with a German transcendental musician—Heaven forfend!—but to ask any simple person like myself who gratefully rejoices in the musical genius of Beethoven, and of Mozart and Haydn likewise, whether it does not require a special licence in the use of language to speak in this way of 'thoughts' and 'ethics,' 'psychology' and 'religious teaching' in a sonata? Marry, tropically, and in passing, one might use such words. But what is this serious claim that the Coming Civilisation is to rest on Beethoven, Wagner, and—Schopenhauer? Is Schopenhauer, then, a Religious Mystic, and not the Pessimist Philosopher that we imagined? Or have we here but an imitation or repetition of Strauss's latest creed (though Wagner does not happen to be to his taste)—Atheism and Unfaith to take full possession of the *terra firma* of life, but Art still to keep floating in air for our amusement all the pretty old myths and dreams?

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A book called *The Russians of To-day*, 'by the author of *The Member for Paris*,' is an unscrupulous attempt to stimulate English prejudices and animosities against Russia. No authority is given for any statement; and the writer, while speaking as an eye-witness, never tells us when or where he travelled in Russia. Neither is it anywhere hinted that the book is a reprint of a series of short articles which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Some shallow newspaper smartness is its highest quality. Just at the close, however, it rises into a lofty strain: 'We are bound to remember that in staying Russian aggression we shall be discharging a sacred duty, incumbent on us as Christians and true Liberals. We have taken on ourselves to reclaim a hundred and fifty millions of Indians from a barbarism into which they would soon relapse if our guiding hands failed them. It is a holy task, from which we must not suffer ourselves to be diverted. Posterity will hold us accountable for it, and God's blessing will not fail us in prosecuting it now, if we are steadfast, as we ought to be, in so good a cause.' Pall Mall piety is perhaps not very edifying; even a sneer or a gibe seems wholesomer. *The Russians of To-day* is not merely a worthless, but a discreditable production.

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Of three wrong conditions of mind, Dogmatism, Materialism, Sensualism (I am not now thinking of the lowest forms), the first commonly strikes root in the will, the second in the judgment, the third in the æsthetic faculties—a morbid growth engendered in each Any of them can spread through the whole mind, like quitch-grass or bind-weed through a field, gradually tangling and strangling all its best productiveness.

The Dogmatist identifies truth with particular forms that attempt to express truth, there being an innate desire in each of us to refer to, to rely upon, something outside of ourselves. The Materialist is seized and stunned, as it were, by the sensible presence of things. The Sensualist surrenders himself to enjoyment as an end.

Real Dogmatism is less common than it appears to be; much of it being merely imitative, or habitual, or for convenience' sake. Materialism is more common than is con-

fessed. Sensualism as a creed is openly adopted by a few; secretly by more, yet perhaps not a large number; nearly all have moods in which they incline to it, yet the inmost feeling in human nature ever shrinks from giving a final predominance to this, even in its refined forms, as a relinquishment of humanity itself.

Dogmatism tends to word-religion, tyranny, falsehood; Materialism to unfaith, hardness, cruelty; Sensualism to selfishness, animality, cowardice. Obviously enough, Clerics are tempted to Dogmatism, Scientists to Materialism, Artists to Sensualism.

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I am astounded when I consider how little, how next to nothing, one knows of one's fellow-mortals. I lived twenty years in one village, and often said that I knew every man, woman, and child. But one day I asked myself, whom do I know? what do I know? Let me take my next-door neighbours, right and left, and briefly write down my exact knowledge of their history, habits, principles, and condition, without over refining. I was stopt at the second word by an ignorant hiatus or a doubtful question.

Of the members of my own family I know more; yet, one hair's breadth below the surface of daily intercourse, *que sçais-je?*

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The apparent intellectual superiority of one man over another is oftenest apparent only and superficial, being due to freer powers of expression. How much more intellect *appears* to exist among the few rich than among the vast multitudes of poor! Literary culture, society, probably inheritance also, do something for the rich man's intelligence (though not without drawbacks), and very much for his language: but all these together cannot outweigh one grain of the Divine gift —intellect, genius, of which all men have received a portion, and a few largely, and which is doubtless distributed to rich and poor without favour. What a treasure of quiet, intellectual fecundity must be at all times concealed, but not useless, in the huge stratum of poverty which underlies the well-tilled and *facund* upper classes. The case of one man compared with another as to intellect is usually (from causes very various) similar to that of these two classes of men; the farther you explore, the less is found to be the real difference. Leave out the few Great Men of a generation (for such there are, but we very seldom find them out till the next, or later), and all the others will not run much over or under an average.

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A 'tolerant Catholic' must be insincere either in his Catholicism or his toleration.

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In a certain part of London called Piccadilly, close to Regent Street, stands a spacious and handsome Hall, containing many interesting things, and this Hall is open free to the public every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday throughout the year from ten o'clock to five, and every Monday and Saturday from ten till ten at night. Friday is for students. I looked in the other Monday evening, and found it brilliant with gaslights, the guardian of the turnstile was at his post, a policeman or two wandered in the galleries, but otherwise it was absolutely empty of human life; the mountainous Hercules of the Farnese Palace leaned on his club at the end of a vista, watching the solitude, the Dying Gladiator hung over his fatal wound unregarded, goddesses and nymphs stood up 'luminous and firm' in the lamplight, mingled with busts of modern men of note; many-coloured marbles decorated the floors and walls, wide staircases led to upper corridors, all the

treasures of the mineral world, from quartz and coal to diamond and ruby, were displayed orderly in glass cases and presses, and rows of rich-coloured porcelain neighboured the antique grace of Greek and Etruscan vases. In this brilliant hall, in the centre of the West End, open free to everybody, I found myself the only visitor! Another evening I found three people; another, seven or eight.

Now it is true that the Museum of Practical Geology has not the popular attractions of the Christy Minstrels over the way, or the Criterion Theatre a few doors off; still there must be many among the inhabitants and visitors of the Metropolis who would find matter to interest them in this large collection of minerals, pottery and statuary, founded and endowed by the English Nation for general instruction and intelligent delight. Parliament voted the money; architects, scientists, with other fit or supposed fit persons, were called in; and after a term of years stood, as final result, this handsome stone structure in Piccadilly and Jermyn Street, with its hall, and its galleries and lecture-rooms attached. The Museum being filled from floor to roof with interesting objects, and provision made for opening it free, as aforesaid, the next problem which presented itself (judging from facts) was how, without absolute breach of any rule, to secure the smallest possible number of visitors, to keep this large Hall, brilliant lighted twice a week, and very centrally situated, unknown to the public in general. Supposing this to have been the problem, it has been worked out more effectually than could have been supposed possible. The only entrance (for reasons which may be good, but are not obvious) has been placed in Jermyn Street, comparatively little used, this part of it, by pedestrians; while in Piccadilly stands merely a double row of dull-looking windows. But is there no intimation to the thousands of passers-by in that great thoroughfare of the National Museum which is there awaiting their inspection? O yes! About ten feet from the ground, on a small board, precisely fitting over one of the coign-stones of the building, the better to escape observation, is a faded inscription in small letters, 'Museum of Practical Geology. Open Free to the Public. Entrance in Jermyn Street.' Probably not one passer-by in a thousand even sees this notice (many of my friends I find have never seen it), and if he does, and conceives a wish to visit the museum, it is by no means clear how the entrance in Jermyn Street is to be got at, and whether the adventure is likely to be easy or troublesome. He who does by chance see the notice, and resolves on the attempt, ought to proceed a little way farther west along Piccadilly, turn to the left down Church Place, to the left again along Jermyn Street, and there he will find the large door and, probably solitary, doorkeeper; or else he may travel a little farther east and go down another alley. A bold inscription on the Piccadilly front announcing the character of the public building, a direction board at the corner of Church Place, and another at the corner of Jermyn Street and Regent Street, would at once swell the visitors from units to hundreds. The place is never likely to be very attractive to mere idlers; but many of the Public, to whom it is 'open free,' and from whom at the same time it is so ingeniously concealed, would find the means of instructive pleasure here, if they only knew.

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The chief authors of the present time are on the whole much civiller to each other, at least in public, than those of a little while ago. Byron slanged everybody, Moore shot his

venomed little arrows, Southey entered into acrimonious personal disputes, Coleridge was full of complaint and accusation, Wilson ferociously banged those who differed from him, Leigh Hunt attacked and vituperated, Hazlitt was a phial of bitterness, Jeffrey, Lockhart, and others, made the Reviews vehicles of invective, even Wordsworth retorted angrily on his critics, and the whole English literary world was split into ill-natured factions. Think, had there been a *Punch* in those days (make whom you will editor and contributors), what bad language would inevitably have bespattered many of the names we now venerate. Scott was an exception to all this—kind, manly, gentlemanly Scott. Such was his genial nature, equable temper, and social *savoir faire*.

On the whole, however, I do not feel sure that our general placidity is not mainly due to a growth of indifferen ce, intellectual and moral.

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It would seem that hardly anyone, now-a-days, out of the state of pupilage, is able to read. The Modern Reader dips into many books, and skims countless newspapers and magazines—is as the swallow of the sea of literature, not the fish. Everyone, as soon as he can hold a pen, wants to write, and gain repute and money—at least money; for Literature, once a Priesthood, then the Court and high Theatre of Genius, having sunk some time ago into a Profession, is now become a Trade, or, rather, part of a Trade.

Bookselling has long been called 'The Trade,' as *par excellence*; and in our day Authorship exists in the main to supply it with material. Moreover, whatever may be true as to animal life, the artificial arrangements of Publishers and Circulating Libraries do concoct and produce out of apparently dead matter, in simulation of natural births, a countless multitude of Books, or quasi-Books, on every subject; chiefly the Novel (*Acarus Mudii*). It has been discovered that every average human being, of either sex, who has read say twenty Modern Novels, and can spell moderately (but this can be managed), may sit down and write a Novel of his or her own, of which the Circulating Libraries will take $x$ copies, with proportionate arithmetical result to publisher and author.

All sorts of Magazines and Reviews fly about and lie about; and his lot is hard who cannot 'place' his Poem, Tale, Essay, Review, Sketch of Travel, or what-not; his work wretched indeed if it will not pass muster somewhere. As in society, so in professional literature, if you have a clean shirt, a polite and firm bearing, and your h's in the right place, a small share of commonplace fluency does wonders in floating any number of crudities, stupidities, and futilities. They soon sink, but they have their day, or their hour; and other such succeed in turn.

Then there are the Newspapers which, for hundreds lately, now reckon their readers by millions, overrun sea and land with Special Correspondents, and electrify the whole globe with their influential currents. Never was dreamed of hitherto such a School of Hasty Writing.

As 'social' paragraphist, steer clear of action for libel (even that is not always a loss), and, making use of the current formula, you may write almost anything about anybody with a microscopic minimum of responsibility. Personality is among the most marketable of literary commodities. As literary or art critic, get into the groove, and you can deliver irresponsible judgments on anybody and everybody with the importance of a Chief Justice. And a briefless barrister, or even a lawyer's clerk, has the

best chance of being called to the bench in these courts.

---

The future historian of English Literature will have to take particular note of a certain influence, making itself gradually more and more felt from about the middle of the present century till a date not yet determinable—the influence, namely, of France on our novels, poems, dramas, and criticisms. The same generation which has witnessed, with mingled feelings, the growth of Scientific Atheism, has seen springing up, from other seed, a no less luxuriant, and, as some think, even more noxious crop, of Prurient Fiction. French novels are themselves read in largely increasing quantity, and nothing is any longer rejected (far from it!) on the score of 'immorality'—a word, in fact, that can hardly be mentioned without a sneer. Stories which the French censorship condemned as intolerable are praised in high-class English reviews—stories in which, mere passions and crimes having become insipid, Parisian cleverness sets itself to discover ingenious varieties of vice and self-indulgence, and pose them in forms of literary art. English novels carry further and further their experiments in imitation of the freedoms of their French rivals; rag by rag all that used to be thought indispensable for decency is put aside, and sometimes hardly a fig-leaf remains. On the stage, we import neat every season the most highly spiced plays and actresses of the Boulevards; and all round the year native adaptations, more often clumsy than neat, are in favour at our theatres. Our latest school of poetry prides itself on its admiration, or adoration, of certain artistic fantastic dealers in curiosities of metre, who are also, in many cases, cold, unmanly searchers-out of ingenuities of cruelty and carnality. In short, a literary *Morbus Gallicus* has seized upon us, and continues to spread. But I do not believe that it can become endemic. And when the disease has abated, it will become manifest that really good Art is healthy in its origin and wholesome in its influence.

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For the first time in history, England has a literary Premier. This ought to be a glorious thing for English Literature. Yet, among our eminent Men of Letters, is there one living who is proud of the career and position of the Earl of Beaconsfield? Is there one who thinks him the right man to be Prime Minister?

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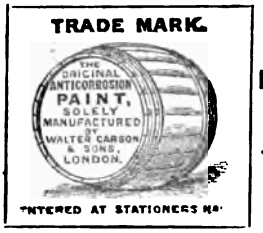


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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

## JUNE 1878.

### VICE-ADMIRAL BARON VON TEGETTHOFF.

THERE is a certain tendency in the minds of those who are most earnest in the cause of naval education to confuse the means with the end, and to imagine that all that is wanted is a competent knowledge of such sciences as mathematics, physics, geography, astronomy, navigation even, or pilotage, gunnery or naval architecture. In reality, and so far as the duties of a naval officer are concerned, all these are but branches, however important, each in its different degree, of that one science, the art of war, which it is the business of his life to practise. From this point of view, the *raison d'être* of a ship of war is her power of fighting; that of her captain is the skill to use that power. The captain of a ship of war is therefore called on to possess not merely the skill of the navigator, of the seaman, of the engineer, of the gunner, or now-a-days of the electrician, but of all together, directed by the knowledge of how and when to use each to the best advantage so as to attain the desired end. As a matter of first necessity, young officers are specially instructed in the details of those several branches a knowledge of each of which must be joined together in the perfect commander; but it is not by that detailed instruction alone that they become fitted for the duties which promotion will lay on them. Where the official instruction ends, the higher education really begins. From that time, it is the man's own experience, and reading, and thought, and judgment, which must fit him for the requirements of higher rank.

It is a trite proverb that experience teaches even fools. But needful personal experience is not always to be had, or the cost of its lessons may be ruinous. The wise man will learn from the experience of others: and just as a naval officer learns navigation from the theories and practice of centuries, embodied in his Inman or his Raper, or as he learns seamanship from the traditions of old, whether handed down by word of mouth, or recorded by Darcy Lever, or Boyd, or Nares; so also will he learn the art of commanding ships or fleets from the history of his great predecessors, of what they have done, and how they have done it. But this is a higher and graver study than all that has gone before. Certain fixed rules can be laid down for observing the sun or for regulating the chronometers. The different points of seamanship are learned and understood by the average boatswain, as well as by his commanding officer. A given battery will send an electric current through a known resistance. Steam at a given pressure will drive the ship at a known speed; and the measures necessary for obtaining that pressure and that speed are acquired by hundreds. But the science of war is not one of mere rule and precedent; for changing conditions change almost every detail, and that too in a manner which it is often impossible to foresee.

The commanding officer who hopes to win, not merely to tumble into distinction, must therefore be prepared beforehand for every eventuality. The knowledge of what has happened already will not only teach him by precedent; so far as that is possible, it is easy, and within the compass of every-day abilities: it will also suggest to him things that have never yet been done; things in the planning of which he may rise to the height of genius, in the executing of which he may rise to the height of grandeur. And it is in this way that the exact story of difficulties overcome, of brave defence or brilliant achievement, interesting in itself as a story of gallantry or heroism, becomes, to the naval officer, a study of real and technical importance.

It was, I may believe, some such ideas as these which determined Captain Colomb, shortly after the Austro-Italian war of 1866, to bring before the United Service Institution a paper which he aptly named 'Lessons from Lissa.'[1] But the conditions of Captain Colomb's lecture led him to devote the short time at his disposal to discussing some of the details of the battle —then only imperfectly known— rather than to giving a complete and connected account of it, or entering at all into the personal, political, or even strategical conditions under which the battle was fought. The paper is an admirable and suggestive essay on the tactics of the two fleets; but it is not, it does not pretend to be, the story of the battle, still less of the campaign; and thus in a measure loses sight of the circumstances which neutralised the greater force of the Italians, and originated the successful attack of the Austrians.

But imperfect as it is, Captain Colomb's paper is the only account of Lissa which has appeared in English; with the exception, of course, of the hasty, incorrect, or entirely false accounts which were sent home on the spur of the moment by the correspondents of the several newspapers, some of whom dated their letters from Trieste or Pola, but many from Vienna or Milan, retailing the merest gossip of the *cafés*. It thus happens that of this battle, which Captain Colomb has described as 'beyond all bounds the most important naval occurrence since Trafalgar,' a battle fought only twelve years ago, little or nothing is accurately known: scarcely an incident in it that is not every day misrepresented, and even the name of the victorious admiral mis-spelt.[2] This is not very satisfactory: to us, as a nation supposed to be the nursery and the storehouse of naval science and naval tradition, it is not very creditable.

Wilhelm, the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Karl von Tegetthoff, was born at Marburg in Styria on the 23rd of December, 1827. We are, as yet, told nothing of his childhood, except that he spent some of it in the Gymnasium at Marburg; but at the age of thirteen he was sent to the College for Naval Cadets at Venice. There he stayed for five years: he was nearly eighteen when he made his first experience of sea-service. On the 23rd of July, 1845, he was appointed to the *Montecuccoli* brig, and afterwards to the corvette *Adria*; on board which ships, whilst cruising in the Adriatic and Archipelago, he learned the more practical part of his duties. On the 27th of January, 1848, he was made an en-

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[1] *Journal of the United Service Institution*, vol. xi. p. 104.

[2] The mis-spellings show considerable ingenuity. Starting with the data that its consonants are t, g, f, and a doubtful h, these have been arranged by ones or twos, in almost every possible combination. Tegethoff, Tegetoff, Teggetoff, Teghetoff, are only some of the many ways that have come under my notice.

sign of the second class; and was raised to the first class, three months later, on the 18th of April.

The Austrian Navy was, at this period, a service of extremely small importance, either from a national or political point of view. It was feeble: it was neglected by the Government; and every *kreuzer* spent on it was grudged. In the interior of the country, it was scarcely known that there was a navy at all. The officers were, almost to a man, natives of the Italian provinces: the few Germans amongst them—sons of Government officials civil or military, whose rank and position gave them an opportunity of pushing forward their relations in a service where competition was not keen—had either to assimilate themselves to their Italian comrades, or to lead a life of solitude or seclusion. In Venice the fleet was openly spoken of as belonging to the Italian nation: and 'Young Italy' counted many of its warmest supporters on board the Austrian ships of war. The two Bandieras, chiefs of the rising of 1844, who had been shot at Cosenza, were naval officers, a lieutenant and ensign, and the sons of a naval officer, an admiral. Of the seven who were executed with them, one other, Moro, was also an officer of the Navy. They had tampered, on a large scale, with the fidelity of the seamen; and they had all but made themselves masters of the *Bellona*, frigate. These were things of public notoriety; and those Austrians who knew that a navy did exist, connected their idea of it principally with the memory of convicted traitors; in which they were afterwards justified by the fact that when the war of 1848 broke out, and Venice threw off the Austrian yoke, most of the naval officers flung in their lot with the revolutionary cause. In doing so, however, they failed to secure the ships. These were still held by the Austrians, but were for the time useless, as the few officers that remained were insufficient in number, and the Sardinian fleet, mistress of the Adriatic, prevented all attempts at reorganisation. It was not till the Sardinians, after their defeat at Novara (March 23, 1849), and the pressure thus brought on Piedmont by land, were compelled to withdraw their ships, that the Austrian Navy could show signs of life, and was able with the few ships they could fit out to close the blockade of Venice, which finally surrendered on the 22nd of August, 1849.

During the early part of this period of enforced inactivity, Tegetthoff was an ensign on board, one after the other, the brig *Montecuccoli*, the brig *Triest*, and the frigate *Bellona*, where, at best, he was but perfecting himself in habits of discipline, and in the knowledge of the internal economy of ships of war. He was afterwards aide-de-camp of Field-Marshal Martini, the then head of the Navy, and went with him in his embassy to Naples; but returned in time to take his share of the blockading on board his old ship *Adria*. After the peace he served on board the steamer *Maria Anna* in the Levant, and was present in the Peiræus during the English blockade of that port on account of the Don Pacifico affair, now almost forgotten, or remembered only by Dr. Dasent's clever skit.[3] He was promoted on June 4, 1851, to the rank of lieutenant of the second class; and on November 4, 1852, to the first class, in which grade he served again on board the *Montecuccoli* and the corvette *Carolina*, and in 1854 was appointed to command the schooner *Elisabeth*, from which shortly afterwards he was transferred to the steamer *Taurus*.

These rapid changes speak of the

[3] *Jest and Earnest*, vol. ii. p. 110.

disorganised and unsettled condition in which the Austrian Navy was at the time. The ships were there, though in bad state, but the officers were very few, and seem to have been transferred from one to the other, either at the caprice of the authorities, or in accordance with the necessities of the dockyard. In command of the *Taurus*, however, Tegetthoff remained for some time, employed, during the Crimean war, in a sort of police duty in the Sulina mouth of the Danube. This duty was neither pleasant nor easy; and Tegetthoff not only gained credit by the way in which he performed it, but was brought to the favourable notice of the Archduke Maximilian.

After the general break-up in 1848, and the disappearance of the overwhelming Italian element, the Navy seems to have become suddenly popular. Many officers from North Germany and Denmark were induced to take service under the Austrian flag. The command-in-chief was given to a Dane, Admiral Dahlerup, who is described as having some difficulty in accommodating himself to the very mixed materials put at his disposal—Old Austrian, North German, and Danish officers, merchant skippers, Germans, Slaves, Dalmatians, and Illyrians: to fuse them into one homogeneous whole was no easy task.

Numbers of cadets, too, came in, members of the best Austrian families, and among them, setting the example, the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian. After a short service in the subordinate ranks, the Archduke was appointed, in 1854, Rear-Admiral and head of the Navy. He was then only twenty-two: but his zeal compensated, to some extent, for his want of experience; and for the next ten years he devoted himself to the good of the service over which he really presided. Under his fostering care an excellent dockyard and arsenal were constructed and fortified at Pola. Many ships were built, amongst them a line-of-battle ship and three large frigates. One of these, the *Novara*, was sent on a combined scientific and training expedition, a voyage round the world; and in 1857, also in the interests of navigation and the development of Austrian commerce, Tegetthoff was despatched, in company with the distinguished ornithologist, Dr. Heuglin, on a semi-official journey in Egypt and Arabia; the object being to collect local information which might throw new light on the project of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Suez, with a possible view to take an early advantage of the Canal, if it should be completed, and, amongst other things, to select a point suitable for a coaling station.

The two travelled up the Nile to Thebes, and from there, by caravan, to Kosseir, on the Red Sea, and thence southwards, examining both coasts as they went. Near Bender Gam, in Somali Land, they were attacked by the natives, taken prisoners, and detained until their ransom was duly paid. Dr. Heuglin, who had been severely wounded, crossed over to Aden and returned to Cairo, whilst Tegetthoff pursued his investigations by himself. In an open boat, and against the north-easterly monsoon of the Gulf of Aden, he crossed over to Makallah, coasted along to Ras Fartak, and crossed again to Socotra. After exploring this island, he went back to Aden, and so to Egypt and to Europe.

Whilst at Aden he received his promotion to the rank of captain of the third class; and after serving on shore at Trieste for a few months, he was, in the autumn of 1858, appointed to the command of the screw corvette *Erzherzog Friedrich*, and sent to the coast of Morocco to inquire after the crew of a merchant ship wrecked there, who were said to have been car-

ried as slaves into the interior. What with the Spanish war, the wanton attacks of some French ships and the threatening neighbourhood of an English squadron, the whole coast was in a very disturbed state, and any Europeans, Austrians or others, thrown helpless on shore, would certainly be condemned to slavery if not to death. The *Erzherzog Friedrich* had examined the whole coast of Morocco east of the Straits without obtaining any tidings of the castaways. Before going west she put into Gibraltar for letters, and received orders to return at once to the Adriatic. War with France and Italy was imminent, and the safety of the ship, as well as the defence of the home ports, rendered her immediate recall necessary.

In the Adriatic, however, nothing was done. The French fleet, in overpowering force, swept the sea, but was not at first strong enough to attack Venice. Afterwards, when a number of floating batteries and ships of the line had been brought round, Louis Napoleon judged it opportune to send an autographic note to Franz Joseph; and on the basis of this, peace was shortly afterwards concluded. During this time the Austrian fleet was altogether unequal to any offensive measures, though such were indeed proposed. Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, who commanded the ships which instituted the blockade, tells us that—

> The officers of the Austrian squadron were full of ardour; they were, even then, the same brave officers who afterwards triumphed at Lissa. They asked to be led out. They felt humiliated by the blockade: they would endeavour to raise it. But the Archduke would not venture his fleet. If it should be lost, Austria would never sanction its being replaced. He chose rather to follow the example set by the defenders of Sebastopol, and applied himself to prevent our approaching the town. The line-of-battle ship *Kaiser*, which had been lately launched at Pola, was anchored in mid-channel; and instead of completing her equipment, arrangements were made to sink her at once, if necessary, so as to close the only passage available for ships having even a moderate draught of water.[4]

We are told that amongst those anxious to make a dash against the French squadron Tegetthoff was conspicuous: and it seems not improbable that a man of courage and resource, such as he afterwards proved himself to be, might have cut off some of the small cruisers or store ships in the Adriatic, and have made an unexpected diversion by an attack on the coast of France. But the attempt was not permitted; and till the close of the war the *Erzherzog Friedrich* remained as inactive as the other ships.

After the peace Tegetthoff was appointed aide-de-camp to the Archduke, and in this capacity accompanied him to Brazil on board the steamer *Kaiserin Elisabeth*. The account of this voyage has been written at great length by the Archduke himself. Apart from the circumstance of its being the journal of a prince and emperor—round whose name such a halo of romance has circled—it is a very commonplace record of travel, and has here no special interest beyond describing to us how the Archduke and his aide-de-camp T—— were ducked on crossing the Line, and reminding us of the bond of union between Tegetthoff and the head of the Austrian Navy. Of the two, Tegetthoff was five years the senior; he was altogether the stronger intellect, and there seems reason to believe that the relation between them was that of friend to friend rather than of commander to admiral, or of lordling to prince. It is certain that there was a close intimacy, and the Archduke was able to advance his friend's interests at the same time that he advanced those of the service.

On their return from Brazil, Tegetthoff was, on April 24, 1860,

[4] *La Marine d'Aujourd'hui*, p. 158.

made a captain of the second class, and in this rank he commanded the frigate *Radetzky* in the Levant until the autumn of 1861, when she was put out of commission. On November 3 following he was advanced to the first class, and appointed to the command of the *Novara*, the 50-gun frigate which had just come home from her voyage round the world. He was then, notwithstanding his want of seniority, sent into the Levant as commodore, and was present in Greek waters, in Phalerum Bay or the Peiræus, for a great part of 1862–3, during the Revolution and the accession of King George. Afterwards, as the *Novara* was found to be in want of extensive repairs, he was turned over to the *Schwarzenberg*, a frigate of the same size, and in her, in company with the *Radetzky*, of 31 guns, was, at the end of 1863, at Port Said, inspecting the works of the Canal, on which, in fact, he is said to have written a clear and valuable report. He was still there when he received orders to go immediately to the North Sea, where the naval power of Denmark threatened to baulk some of the military plans of the Germanic spoilers.

With the *Schwarzenberg*, *Radetzky*, and a gun-vessel, the *Seehund*, Tegetthoff immediately went round to Brest, where he was joined by three Prussian gunboats, *Blitz*, *Basilisk*, and *Adler*. These were put under his orders, and with the squadron so formed he left for a cruise against the Danes, who were, it was said, blockading the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser. It was about noon on the 9th of May, 1864, that, within sight of Heligoland, he met the Danish squadron under Commodore Suenson. The *Seehund* was not in company, and the three Prussian gunboats were paltry little things, so that his effective force consisted of simply:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Schwarzenberg* . | 400 H.P. | 48 guns |
| *Radetzky* . . | 300 H.P. | 31 guns |

As against the Danish force:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Niels Juel* . . | 300 H.P. | 42 guns |
| *Jylland* . . | 400 H.P. | 44 guns |
| *Heimdal* . . | 350 H.P. | 16 guns |

The Austrians were clearly overmatched; and the Danes, both in prestige and efficiency, were not an enemy to whom one would willingly give odds. Nevertheless, Tegetthoff did not hesitate a moment. He was steering towards the north, Suenson towards the south; and the two, advancing straight against each other, came within range about a quarter before two o'clock.

The action which followed was the first, and with the exception of that, a few months later, between the *Kearsage* and *Alabama*, remains the only one fought between wooden ships under steam and armed with heavy shell guns; but on neither side does any exceptional use seem to have been made of the steam-power; and the damage and loss inflicted by the shells were no greater than were in many cases, during the old French war, inflicted by much smaller cold shot. The hostile frigates, on each side in close order, one astern of the other, passed in opposite directions, interchanging their starboard broadsides. The Danes then turned to starboard, trying to cut off the Prussian gunboats, which were a long way astern; and to prevent this the Austrians also turned to starboard, countermarching their line. But in this they were a little late, and the *Schwarzenberg*, as she advanced towards the south, received a raking broadside from the *Niels Juel*. They did, however, prevent any attack on the gunboats, and the two squadrons ran in parallel lines at a distance of about 500 yards apart, and heading at first towards the south-west; the *Schwarzenberg* and the *Niels Juel*, the *Radetzky* and the *Jylland*, supported by the *Heimdal*, keeping up a brisk fire on each other. About three a shell from the *Niels Juel* lodged in the bunt of the *Schwarzenberg's* foresail and burst there, setting it on fire. This rapidly spread, and

the fore topmast was enveloped in flames. The fire of the *Niels Juel* prevented all attempts at extinguishing them, and the ship had to be kept right before the wind, which was easterly. A little after four they were within the territorial waters of Heligoland, and the action ended.

The question has often been mooted whether an action, begun outside, may not be finished within neutral waters. Bynkershoek has laid down the rule that it may; some of Stowell's decisions seem to sanction it; and, apart from the arguments of lawyers, there are cases on record in which an English admiral has taken the same view—notably, that of August 19, 1759, when Boscawen captured or burnt De la Clue's ships in Lagos Bay. It is quite possible that Commodore Suenson, who had the Austrians distinctly in his grip, might have followed the precedent, and given rise to international disputes and certain ill feeling; but the presence of the English frigate *Aurora*, under the command of Sir Leopold McClintock, prevented any such complication. The Austrians anchored, and shortly afterwards the *Schwarzenberg's* foremast went over the side, but the fire was not completely extinguished till ten o'clock at night. The Danes, meanwhile, after lying-to for some time, repairing damages, had gone north. They had suffered heavily, and were in no condition to keep up a blockade of Heligoland, so that the Austrians, getting under way, crossed over, unhindered, to Cuxhaven, where they anchored early the next morning.

Independent of the damage done to the ships—and the *Schwarzenberg* was certainly incapable of any prolonged defence—the loss in men stands thus: Danes, 14 killed, 54 wounded. Austrians, 36 killed, 52 badly wounded, and a great many slightly; of which total quite six-sevenths fell on the *Schwarzenberg*. But the blockade was raised: the Austrians had met the Danes with a weaker force, and had not been crushed. The convenient neighbourhood of neutral water was not put too prominently forward, and the Germans claimed an effective victory, as, in fact, it strategically was, for the Danish operations on the coast were perforce ended. The Austrian emperor acknowledged Tegetthoff's telegraphic message by one promoting him to the rank of rear-admiral, and conferring on him the Order of the Iron Crown, with a war decoration. Undoubtedly Tegetthoff deserved well of the allied sovereigns. He had fought a superior enemy, superior both in force and in prestige. He had fought boldly, and though beaten, was still so far successful that the Danish Navy had no further influence on the war.

Tegetthoff was now employed for a few months in the War Office at Vienna, and in 1865 was again in command of a small squadron in the Mediterranean. With this, in the beginning of 1866, he was recalled to Pola, to take part in the war with Italy, which was finally declared on June 20.

This new war found the Austrian Navy in a very unprepared condition. The popular idea seems to have been that the late alliance with Prussia had inaugurated a reign of peace; that there were to be no more wars; and though, as a measure of precaution, an army might be necessary, to spend money on a fleet was downright waste, and, in the impoverished state of the Treasury, a thing not to be thought of. Accordingly, the ships which were unfinished when the Archduke Maximilian went to Mexico, were unfinished still; and what ships there were, had been permitted to lie by, waiting till it was convenient to repair them. But though Maximilian was no longer there to direct the work, or to push it forward, when the necessity occurred, the navy still enjoyed the benefit of

his rule. He had insisted that the navy should be a national force, that the ships and their engines, as well as their men, should be Austrian. The arsenal at Pola was a reality; and the ships, though unfinished, were in their own hands, to be got ready as soon as possible. The one point in which they had trusted to foreign resources was the only one that utterly failed them. But it was an important one. A number of heavy guns which had been ordered from Krupp's works were stopped by the Prussians, and the want could not now be adequately supplied.

The spirit of the service was, however, excellent. Tegetthoff, with the few ships ready for sea, took up his station at Fasana; and whilst the men—raw recruits most of them—were drilled almost incessantly, the Admiral inspired the commanding officers, and through them the seamen, with courage and confidence. Other ships were fitted out, hastily, imperfectly, but still equal to the emergency. The two large ships, armoured frigates of the first class, were pushed forward; their spars were not ready, but they were jury-rigged, and sent to Fasana. These were ships which, though somewhat smaller, may, in horse-power and armour, be compared to our *Royal Oak*; wooden ships, with 4½-inch plating, of 800 horse-power, of 5,130 tons displacement, and, failing the Krupp guns, armed with 16 smoothbore 48-pounders. On board one of these, the *Erzherzog Ferdinand Maximilian*—which was shortly called *Ferdinand Max*, or, affectionately, *Max*—Tegetthoff hoisted his flag. Presently came the *Kaiser*, a 90-gun ship, similar to those two-deckers which, only three or four years before, had formed the bulk of our Mediterranean fleet. Then came the *Novara*, which had narrowly escaped burning at the hands of an incendiary, but which had been repaired as quickly and as well as circumstances permitted; then also the *Don Juan de Austria*, meant for an armour-plated ship, but iron-clad only at the water line, and the after part; forward, the want of the plates was supplied by wooden planking. By the end of June the Admiral had with him, under his immediate orders, the whole of the available force of the Austrian Navy: 7 iron-clad frigates, the 90-gun ship, two 50-gun frigates, four smaller, and a number of gun-vessels, gun-boats, and fast steamers, including one of the Austrian Lloyd's boats. But everything was in the rough—the ships, as I have just said, very much so; the masts and rigging, the fittings and the guns, such as could be got most readily and most quickly. 'Only send them,' wrote Tegetthoff—'send them as they are; I'll find some use for them.'

The men were almost all newly raised; their gun-drill went on all day and every day; they were exercised more especially in firing concentrated broadsides—that is, in laying the guns by marks on the ships' decks, so as all to converge to a focus, and firing them as one, at the word. Above all, the several captains were fully in the Admiral's confidence. Promoted as he had been, for actual service without reference to seniority, Tegetthoff was probably junior to many of those under his command. Possibly he felt this might be a difficulty in his way. It does not appear to have been so; the hopes and fears, and plans and strategy, and tactics of the campaign before them seem to have been discussed in friendly conclave, of which Tegetthoff was the president and the soul. He imbued them with his fiery spirit. The wooden ships might be roughly armoured with ranges of chain-cable fastened on abreast of the boilers: it would give the stokers some sense of protection. The

guns were weak: they must be supplemented by the ships themselves: if a 48-pound shot would not pierce the enemy's plates, a 5,000-ton ship might. Hence the determination to use the ships freely as rams. To fire by concentrated broadsides and to ram—these were the elements of the tactics, the details of which were discussed in all their probable bearings. When the day came that saw them face to face with the enemy, every captain knew the Admiral's intention as well as the Admiral himself did; every officer knew what had to be done, and every man had some idea of it, and above all knew that he had to fight.

The Italian Navy was on a widely different footing from the Austrian. From the birth of the kingdom, six years before, the fixed idea of the Italians had been to have a navy. They aimed at being a great naval power; and, by a liberal expenditure, had got together a number of ships that could compare even with the fleets of England or France. They were able to collect at Ancona a force of twelve armour-plated ships, besides a large number of powerful wooden frigates and smaller craft.

Of their armoured ships, most had been built abroad; the two largest, the *Rè d'Italia* and the *Rè di Portogallo*, in America. These were wooden ships, of 5,700 tons displacement; they were armoured with 5½-inch plates, had engines of 800 horse power, and could steam at from 12 to 13 knots. Some controversy arose afterwards as to whether their construction was as good as it was believed to be; they were said to be unsound, built of green wood, and incurably foul from the filth that had been thrown down the lining, and so built into them. I find no mention of all this on the part of the Italians, and believe that it was merely a trade report, raised by rival builders eager for a contract. But in any case, though such defects, if they existed, would have rendered the ships unserviceable as cruisers or for a prolonged campaign, they could have no influence on a campaign which lasted for barely a week. Their armament consisted of two 300-pounder Armstrong guns, 10 smooth-bore 10-inch guns, and 24 rifled guns throwing a shot of 90 pounds. If we remember what our own navy was in 1866, we shall see that the *Bellerophon* was the only ship we had then afloat which, as an effective man-of-war, could be said to be decidedly superior to these. Our ships of the *Prince Consort* class, though a little bigger, had thinner armour, and had no rifled guns; no more had the *Achilles*, whose extreme length would have made her compare unfavourably, as a tactical engine, with either of these two Italians.

Two others, the *Terribile* and *Formidabile*, had been built in France; these were iron ships of 2,700 tons, with 4½-inch plates over 14 inches of backing—they had ram bows, then still a novelty, and were said to have a speed of 12 knots. Of the others, I will only mention in detail the *Affondatore*, a turret ship, built in England; she was of 4,000 tons and 700 horse power; she had a spur 30 feet long; and though she had only two guns they were 300-pounder Armstrongs. Besides these, there were five others of about 4,000 tons; and two smaller, of 2,000 tons, the *Palestro* and *Varese*, which were only partially plated, their bows and sterns being left unarmoured. These ships were all armed with rifled guns, principally of cast iron with strengthening coils, which threw a 90-pound shot. In mere material force, the Italian fleet was at least double the Austrian; but the Government, whilst spending freely on their new ships and guns, had neglected to insure the quality of their officers and the discipline of their seamen.

The officers were young, without knowledge or experience, without the discipline or even the social training which teaches men so thrown together to live in mutual amity; there was a lamentable want of harmony between those of the same grade, and of deference from inferiors to superiors. This was nothing new; it had always been so in the Sardinian Navy, and was aggravated by the coalition with the Neapolitan. It was so universal that the writer from whom I quote concludes that it is the necessary condition of naval life: 'Everybody,' he says, 'knows that this poisonous plant takes root and flourishes amongst other sea-faring people; and it seems that the compulsory and continual living together renders it difficult to avoid the clashing of individual characters, and makes their differences more acrimonious.'[5]

The command in chief of this fleet was entrusted to Persano, the one admiral of the Italian Navy; under him were Albini, Vice-Admiral; and Vacca, Rear-Admiral. Vacca was a Neapolitan; Albini, a native of Sardinia. Carlo Pellion di Persano, of noble family, was born at Vercelli, in Piedmont, in 1806. At the age of eighteen he entered the Sardinian Navy, and having passed through the regular grades of the service, was made a captain in 1841. He then commanded the *Eridano* brig for a three years' commission in the Pacific; and, during the Adriatic campaign of 1848–9, had had command of the brig *Daino*, in which he is said to have distinguished himself. In 1851, he was in command of the *Governolo*, which carried to London the Piedmontese contribution to that first International Exhibition. Afterwards, in 1859, he had command of the *Carlo Alberto*, a 50-gun frigate; and having served in her through the operations of that year, was, in October, raised to the rank of Rear-Admiral. He then had charge of the squadron which, in the early summer of 1860, was co-operating with Garibaldi on the coast of Sicily; after which he conducted the naval attack on Ancona, and received the surrender of Lamoricière on board the flag-ship, the *Maria Adelaide*, on the 30th of September. For this service he was made a Vice-Admiral; Albini, the second in command, being at the same time made a Rear-Admiral. In 1862, Persano was a member of the Ratazzi Cabinet, as Minister for the Navy; and, on its break up in the end of the year, before he retired from office, promoted himself to the rank of Admiral.

This is a short outline of Persano's service claims to distinction. He was generally esteemed as a man of good family and of amiable temper; he had married an English lady, and being thus connected with English society, was looked on as partly an Englishman, or at least was supposed to have caught, as by infection, the good qualities of the typical English naval officer. When the war broke out in 1866, he was considered the man of the day, and great things were expected from him. He proved, however, wanting in almost every gift which raises an officer to the height of an emergency. At Taranto, where he took the command on May 16, he found that a great deal was still wanting to make the fleet fit for active service; the equipment was imperfect, the men were newly raised, the senior and commissioned officers were inefficient, and of petty officers there was a great scarcity. Such defects were, of course, very real; but Tegetthoff, at Fasana, was struggling manfully against the same: at Taranto or at Ancona, Persano does not seem to have

[5] *La Guerra in Italia nel* 1866. L'Esercito, la Flotta e i Volontarj Italiani. Studio militare. Milan, 1867, p. 344.

realised that it was his duty to do this. 'Send me what you have,' wrote Tegetthoff to the Minister for the Navy, 'I will do something with it.' Persano's tone was rather, 'If you don't send me what I ask for, I can do nothing.' And, meantime, he did nothing. The drills were slack, discipline uncared for, and the equipment left very much to itself.

Any competent witness who had been able to study the condition, the preparation, above all the temper of the two fleets, as they lay in their respective roadsteads, would have had no doubt as to the result of a hostile meeting between them. Though the material superiority lay so entirely with the Italians, he would have remarked that a large proportion of the Austrian seamen were Dalmatians, the descendants of the Uscocchi and other maritime tribes of the Gulf of Quarnero, the best and sturdiest seamen that the Mediterranean has ever seen, the men who had, for centuries, upheld the supremacy of Venice in the Adriatic, or who, on their own account, had questioned the rule alike of Venetian, Turk, or Spaniard; he would have remarked the personal difference of the admirals, and its effect on the courage and temper of their subordinates; and, finally, he would have remembered that at St. Vincent, the Nile, or Trafalgar, an English fleet had conquered against nominal odds as great as, or even greater than, those which now told in favour of the Italians.

But to the general public or even to the Government of Italy, nothing of this was known. It was known that the Austrian ships were paltry; it was, perhaps, supposed that they were worse than they really were. It was known that 300 millions of *lire* (12,000,000*l.*) had been spent on the Italian fleet within the last five years; and it was taken for granted that good value had been got for the money; as indeed it had. But beyond this public knowledge did not go; and neither the Government nor the people doubted for a moment that Persano was master of the situation. 'The Adriatic,' wrote Depretis, the Minister for the Navy, 'is an Italian sea, and the Austrian flag must disappear from it. Do as you think best, but this end must be attained.' In every *café* in Venice, in Milan, throughout the north of Italy, this end was spoken of as certain. Young Italy was as ready to discuss naval as political affairs, and knew as little about one as about the other.

As soon as war was declared, on the 20th of June, Tegetthoff had despatched the *Stadium*, the Austrian Lloyd's steamer, to find out exactly where the Italian fleet was, and what its force. The *Stadium* reported, on the 23rd, that as far south as Bari it was not to be seen. The Admiral jumped to the conclusion that it would be coming round from Taranto, probably in scattered order, possibly in small detachments; and at once resolved to go with what force he had and look for it. With six ironclads, the *Schwarzenberg*, and four gun-vessels, he left Fasana on the 24th of June; at daybreak of the 27th he was off Ancona. The main body of the Italian fleet had arrived there two days before: they mustered 11 ironclads, 4 large frigates, and sundry smaller vessels: a force certainly more than double that of the Austrians. But they were coaling in a promiscuous and disorderly manner. The *Rè d' Italia's* coal had caught fire in the bunkers; the *Rè di Portogallo* had got water in her cylinders; almost every ship had some defect due to carelessness, stupidity, or ignorance; and none was ready to go out and attack the enemy. When at last some of them did get under way, they pottered about, performing silly or pedantic

evolutions in the entrance of the harbour; while Tegetthoff, having seen all that he wanted to see, and having encouraged his men by the sight of a timid or disorganised enemy, went quietly back to Fasana. Some rumours, much to Persano's discredit, were not slow to arise, but they do not seem to have then taken any definite form. The Minister urged him to do something—anything you will, provided you cause the Austrian flag to disappear from the Adriatic. Persano replied, making difficulties: the Austrians would not meet him; Pola was impregnable; his ships were not properly equipped; his men were undisciplined; his officers were incompetent.

Than Count Carlo di Persano and the Honourable John Byng, few men have been more unlike each other. Persano was gentle, amiable, social, and personally brave; Byng was a small-minded martinet, haughty, and reserved. But Persano's correspondence has a curious resemblance to Byng's; it shows the same querulous incapacity, the same desire to have things done by others, the same unwillingness to do anything for himself. Byng's letters have long been before the world: if I quote one or two disjointed sentences, it is only by way of emphasis:

> I am firmly of opinion . . . that the throwing men into the castle will only . . . add to the numbers that must fall into the enemy's hands, for the garrison, in time, will be obliged to surrender.
>
> I am afraid all communication will be cut off between us; . . . for *if* the enemy have erected batteries . . . it will render it impossible for our boats to have a passage.
>
> Many of the ships that came out with me are foul. I fear from the inconveniences we shall meet here there will be great difficulty in keeping the ships clean, as there is but one wharf for them to prepare and careen at.

And now for Persano:

> It is my duty to submit to your Excellency that the ships which join the fleet from day to day are incompletely manned, especially in regard to their petty officers; and—which is of more consequence—are without trained gunners, who are now, more than ever, necessary, on account of the greater number of rifled guns, which require long and careful drill. And this when hostilities are every moment expected to begin!
>
> This awakens very serious thoughts.
>
> The fleet is not ready for war.
>
> It will take at least a month to bring it to a tolerable pitch.
>
> Help me, I earnestly entreat you.

Finally, on July 8, Persano was induced to put to sea. He went for a five days' cruise, but kept carefully out of sight of land. It had been rumoured that the fleet was to range the Istrian coast, and confront Tegetthoff at Fasana or Pola. It did nothing of the kind: it stood to the south-east, and in mid-channel sailed backwards and forwards in open order, the ships keeping 1,000 yards apart from each other, and exercising none of the manœuvres of battle. They were better hidden, it was said, in the middle of the Adriatic than were the Austrians at Pola. Boggio, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, had embarked on board the *Rè d'Italia*, as Persano's guest, and seems to have understood that he was to pay for his entertainment by indiscriminate praise. 'How cowardly are these Austrians!' he said, 'they will not give us a chance; they fly before us.' But the Marquis Paolucci, Albini's Chief of the Staff, to whom the remark was addressed, replied: 'It is not the Austrians who should be called cowardly, it is we who have been humiliated:' and Albini had previously permitted himself to say in Paolucci's hearing: 'This is not the way to make war! We have lost an opportunity which may never return.'

The feeling against Persano was general, and he was urged to go out. 'Would you tell the people,' wrote Depretis, 'the people who are vain enough to believe our sailors the best in the world, that after spending three hundred millions,

we have done nothing better than get together a squadron which dare not meet the Austrian? Why, they'd stone us! As if the mere name of the Austrian Navy has not always been a subject of ridicule! If Tegetthoff declines to meet us, we will effect a landing somewhere on the coast; at Lissa, for instance. Lissa, by its central position, would insure us the sovereignty of the Adriatic: let us take Lissa.' There seems to have been no positive order to attack Lissa; only to do something: but Lissa had been suggested, and Persano had not sufficient force of character or originality of judgment to disapprove of it, or to suggest any distinct alternative. He would have preferred remaining at Ancona, brilliant in a gold coat trimmed with blue cloth; but that, he was not allowed to do. And so, on the afternoon of July 16, in a state of hurry and flurry, he put to sea; having neither detailed charts, nor plans, nor information as to the defences of Lissa; without even the soldiers that had been offered him as a force for landing.

But why Lissa? In England, Lissa, if known at all, is known only as the head-quarters of our Adriatic cruisers in the old French War, and as giving a name to the brilliant little action (March 12, 1811) in which Captain Hoste, with his squadron of three frigates and a corvette, not only defeated the Franco-Venetian squadron of six frigates, a brig, and four small craft, a force more than double his own, but drove the French Commodore's ship irrecoverably on shore, captured two others, and compelled a third, which afterwards escaped, to strike her flag. Just at the present time it is pleasant to remember that one of the participators in this, one of the most sparkling affairs on record, was the 22-gun corvette *Volage*, commanded by Captain Phipps Hornby, the father of the Admiral whose flag is now flying as Commander-in-Chief of our fleet in the Mediterranean.

Lissa is an island, or rather a mass of hill and mountain, eleven miles long from east to west, and six broad from north to south, rising in some of its peaks to a height of nearly 2,000 feet. Its principal productions, according to the gazetteer, are wine, oil, almonds, and figs; bees, sheep, and goats are reared in great numbers by its inhabitants; and near its coasts are rich sardine fisheries. But neither figs nor sardines formed its value in Italian eyes. The English had fortified the principal harbour, the Bay of San Giorgio, and on its recurring to the Austrians the fortifications had been preserved and added to. In time of war it evidently might, from its position and security, become a place of the utmost importance. Besides San Giorgio, in the north-east corner of the island, there are two minor harbours, Comisa at the extreme west, and Manego at the south-east corner, the fortifications of which, though small, were situated on high ground, so as to be secure against any mere naval attack: they might very well have been left to surrender when the forts of San Giorgio had been carried.

Persano, however, thought differently. The fleet arrived in the neighbourhood of the island on the night of the 17th; by dawn of the 18th it was off San Giorgio. Albini with the wooden ships was to attack Manego; Vacca with three of the ironclads was to shell Comisa; Persano with the main body was to operate against San Giorgio. By eleven o'clock, fire was opened on Comisa. It was quite futile. The forts were perched on the hills at heights of 500 feet, which to Vacca seemed more than twice as much. After an hour or two he gave up the attempt, and joined Albini off Manego. The forts there were judged to be even higher than at Comisa, and as the big Dahlgren

gun which one of the frigates carried on her forecastle could not reach up to them, no other shots were fired. Towards evening, the two divisions went round and rejoined the Admiral off San Giorgio.

There the action had been lively. The forts at the entrance of the harbour had been blown up by shells bursting in their magazines; and the main fort (Madonna) which raked the harbour had been silenced several times; but the Austrians stuck manfully to their guns, and each time renewed their defence. The *Rè d' Italia* alone fired 1,300 shot. Boggio enjoyed his holiday on the poop, and wrote the next day to his friend Depretis: 'The noise was infernal. Your humble correspondent remained on the poop from eleven o'clock to half-past six, exposed to a storm of shell.' After which he was good enough to send a certificate of the Admiral's conduct. 'Persano is most unjustly accused; he deserves the perfect confidence of the Government and the country. The heavy responsibility may have rendered him unduly careful; but now that the time of action has arrived, what a difference is there between him and others!' Nevertheless, when evening closed in, no decisive advantage had been gained, nor did it seem probable that, without troops, any could be gained. And time was scant; for the obvious precaution of cutting the telegraph wire had not been adopted till the fleet had been seen and reported from the island to Pola—not indeed till the engagement had actually commenced; and the record of a return message from Tegetthoff had been found: 'Hold out till the fleet can come to you.'

The following day the *Affondatore* and two wooden frigates joined from Ancona, bringing a strong detachment of soldiers. This put Persano in a position to land 2,200 men, and he determined to persevere. The *Terribile* and *Varese* were again sent to occupy the attention of Comisa. The *Formidabile* and *Affondatore* were to go into the harbour and engage Fort Madonna: Vacca in the *Principe di Carignano* was to support them. For this, Vacca found there was no room. The *Formidabile*, leading in, took up a position in front of the fort; the *Affondatore* was held in play by some flanking works which did her no more damage than she did them; but the *Formidabile* had a hot time, and after an hour she had had enough of it and drew off. She had three or four men killed and about sixty wounded; her rigging, boats, bulwarks and everything not covered by the armour were cut to pieces, her funnel shot away, and six of her port-lids;[6] and though neither shot nor shell had penetrated her armour, a shell bursting on the sill of one of the ports had killed two and wounded ten men at the gun, and filled the battery with such a dense smoke that the guns' crews were nearly stifled. The attack for that day had failed; the only result of it had been to get the *Formidabile* knocked to bits. It was resolved, therefore, to try on the morrow what the landing party could do. And this resolution Persano stuck to, notwithstanding Tegetthoff's intercepted telegram: 'Hold out till the fleet can come to you.' He seems to have been positively unable to entertain or to weigh two ideas: the one, to capture San Giorgio, had filled his mind; the other, the probable advent of Tegetthoff, could find no place.

Accordingly, the next morning preparations were made for landing. The *Terribile* and *Varese* were to renew the attempt on Comisa. Albini, from the wooden ships,

[6] The port-lids are the solid shutters that close the ports: the idea conveyed in the term would seem to be analogous to that in eye-lids.

was to land the troops and small-arm men. The ironclads were to engage the forts. No intimation was given to the captains of the ships, nor even to the vice and rear admirals, that the enemy's fleet might be expected. Vacca alone had heard of the telegram; and that only by reason of the accident of his having had direct communication with the flag-ship. When about eight o'clock in the morning (July 20, 1866), the *Esploratore*, a despatch vessel, came in from her look-out station, with the signal flying, 'Enemy in sight,' it was to the whole fleet as startling as a thunder clap. Albini, with his division, had the boats out and full of military stores, waiting for the signal to land. The signal was, instead, to hold on, and a few minutes later, 'Enemy in sight—prepare for action.' It was the first intimation he had that there was a near chance of the enemy's fleet coming. Neither on the previous evening, nor at any other time, had there been any consultation, or any explanation of the Admiral's wishes or intentions. The order had indeed been given that, as Albini had been placed by the Minister in more immediate command of the wooden or reserve squadron, Vacca was to command the van or right wing, and Ribotty, the captain of the *Rè di Portogallo*, to command the rear or left wing, according as the fleet was in line ahead or abreast. But nothing more. Vacca's words, as afterwards given in evidence before the court, are: 'No council was called, nor was the plan of battle discussed, as the regulations direct. I was unable to form any idea of what the Commander-in-Chief meant to do.'

To interpret the thought of another man is difficult. In this case I do not believe that there was a thought to interpret. Persano had formed no plan. He had either not permitted himself to think of the possibility of Tegetthoff's approach; or he had trusted to that inborn genius which I often hear spoken of. When the hour of trial came, the Admiral was more utterly unprepared than any of his subordinates. Tegetthoff was advancing from about north-west. The Italian ironclad squadron, or so much of it as was available, was hastily formed in line abreast, and steered towards him. But the *Terribile* and *Varese* were at the other end of the island, some ten or twelve miles off; and the *Formidabile* was so shattered that she made the signal for permission to part company, and lay to, repairing damages. Her captain, Saint-Bon—who had joined only just as she left Ancona, and did not know his officers even by name—afterwards deposed that her ports were so low, so near the water, that it was impossible for him to prepare for action in such a swell as was then on; so many of his port-lids had been shot away that he must have been swamped. He hoped to have rejoined the fleet within a few hours; but, contrary to all expectation, the fight was over before he was ready.

After standing towards the enemy for a short half-hour, some hazy recollection of last century's wars seems to have flitted across Persano's mind: he made the signal to form line of battle towards the north-east, that is, nearly at right angles to the course on which the Austrians were advancing. He expected—or at least said so afterwards—that Albini, with the wooden frigates, would form a second line on his starboard, or right-hand side, leaving the picking up of the boats and soldiers to the small craft. But Albini had no orders, and, failing these, fell back on a sort of general understanding that wooden ships were not needlessly to engage ironclads. He accordingly stayed well to the rear, and, as far as the fight

which followed was concerned, might as well—or better—have been at Ancona.

And meantime Tegetthoff was advancing at full speed; his seven ironclad ships, in a double oblique line, in front, the *Erzherzog Ferdinand Maximilian* leading, the salient point of this wedge of war. Behind, at a distance of 1,000 yards, were the seven wooden ships, in a similar formation, the *Kaiser* leading in the wake of the *Ferdinand Max*, the 50-gun frigates *Novara* and *Schwarzenberg* covering the right and left wings; and another 1,000 yards farther astern were the gun vessels, also in double échelon; behind all, the despatch vessels and miscellaneous small craft. But Tegetthoff's plans had been arranged long beforehand, and as he advanced the only signals he had to make were: 'Clear for action—Close up—Full speed;' and lastly, at 10h. 35m., 'Ironclads to rush against the enemy and sink him.' [7]

The charge of the Austrian squadron must be described as brilliant: it was made in good order and with an admirable unanimity and steadiness; but the speed of it has, nevertheless, been very incorrectly stated. It seems quite certain that none of the ships in the Austrian fleet could steam at a rate exceeding ten knots, if so much. I believe that the speed of the charge was not more than eight knots; but probably enough it seemed more, and especially to the thunderstruck Italians.

And now, as the crash was imminent, Persano carried out the idea of changing his ship. His flag was flying at the main of the *Rè d'Italia*. He signalled the *Affondatore* to close. The *Rè d'Italia* was stopped for quite ten minutes; and the Admiral, with his personal staff, but leaving behind his guest and adulator Boggio, went on board the turret-ship. The two or three ships immediately astern, which, owing to the unexpected stoppage of the *Rè d'Italia*, had probably ranged up abreast of her, saw what was going on; but no one else did. The van had held on its course, and, at a distance of nearly a mile, only saw that a boat passed; and since the ships were all dressed with flags, an ensign at every mast-head and everywhere else where an ensign could be hoisted, the Admiral's flag—which differs but little from an ensign—could not be distinguished. In their subsequent examination, Vacca and Albini stated positively that they had no idea that any such change had been made: they both looked to the *Rè d'Italia* for signals, and saw none. The *Affondatore's* masts were mere sticks, quite unsuitable for signalling; and in the crowd of flags, any signals she made were little likely to attract notice, and did not attract it. If signals were made, no one saw them, and the battle fought itself.

About a quarter of an hour after the *Rè d'Italia* had resumed her way, the front line of the Austrians—the ironclads—in a compact mass passed through the Italian line, or rather through the gap which the *Rè d'Italia* had opened. As they approached, Vacca opened fire at a distance stated by the Austrians as 1,000 or 1,200 yards, but which the Italians call 200: the discrepancy may perhaps be reconciled by supposing that some straggling shots were fired at long range, but none by Vacca's orders until the ships were close to. It is at least agreed that the Austrians did not fire till they were within 200 yards. Then they did; and in the cloud of smoke with which their own fire enveloped them, passed harmlessly through the gap. Captain Colomb suggests that the *Rè d'Italia* may have eased to let them so pass through; but there is no evidence of this, and the

[7] The wording of this signal, which may be considered as Tegetthoff's tactical legacy, was, 'Panzerschiffe den Feind anrennen und zum sinken bringen.'

gap was already there, owing to the previous stoppage.

As the Austrians advanced, Vacca, with the three leading ships, bore to the left and enfiladed their line; then, also, the line of wooden frigates; and, circling round, came into the rear of all, with the intention of destroying some, at least, of the small craft in the third division. But Commodore Petz in the *Kaiser*, and with the wooden ships, was meanwhile edging away towards the south, to attack the wooden division of the Italian fleet. On his part, Ribotty had turned to the left, and was steering with his three ships—the *Varese* had just rejoined—to interpose between Petz and Tegetthoff, so as to let Albini have the undisturbed enjoyment of his share of the fray; but Albini made no move to take advantage of this; and Petz, seeing the *Rè di Portogallo* and the other two ships heading towards him, turned to meet them.

On the way he encountered the *Affondatore*; the two ships were running right against each other, bows on; a collision seemed unavoidable, but the *Affondatore* turned off and passed away. The *Kaiser* then engaged the *Rè di Portogallo*, firing concentrated broadsides. Between two such ships, the *Kaiser*, an old-fashioned line-of-battle ship, and the *Rè di Portogallo*, an ironclad of 5,700 tons carrying amongst her 36 guns, all rifled, two 300-pounder Armstrongs, the word combat ought to be inapplicable. That the *Kaiser* ever came out of it, speaks, more positively than any detailed evidence, of the inefficiency of the Italians. What happened was this. The *Kaiser*, finding that her guns produced no impression on the ironclad's sides, resolved to ram her, and did so. The shock carried away her own stem and bowsprit; her figure-head remained on the *Rè di Portogallo's* quarter-deck; her foremast also went, sweeping away the funnel in its fall; flames and smoke smothered the upper deck, and the ship, grinding alongside the ironclad, received her broadside at this very close range. That she was not destroyed seems almost to confirm the report, that the Italian gunners in their flurry fired blank cartridges.

Still firing, the *Kaiser* passed on, and on her way was again met by the *Affondatore*. This ship was fitted specially as a ram. She had a spur 30 feet long—a touch would have been fatal. She was coming straight on. Her quarry was before her, nearly square; a slight turn towards the left would have made its destruction certain. Her commander gave the order for the men to throw themselves flat on their faces,—'*Pancia a terra*!' when to his surprise, to the surprise of everybody who could see, her helm was put hard over, and she turned away to the right, receiving at a very close range the *Kaiser's* concentrated broadside on her thinly armoured deck. The true reason of the *Affondatore's* conduct will for ever remain doubtful. It is certain that the order to turn to the right was given, and given with repeated emphasis, by Persano himself; but whether his doing so was a simple, well-meaning error of judgment, whether he was afraid of the effect of the shock on the exaggerated spur, or whether his humanity revolted from the idea of putting nine hundred Austrians into the water, cannot possibly be decided.

But the *Kaiser*, closely followed by the *Novara* and the others, passed through the rear of the Italian line, interchanging a heavy fire with the ships of that division—the *Rè di Portogallo*, *Maria Pia*, and *Varese*. The loss fell almost entirely on the *Kaiser* and *Novara*. The *Kaiser*, in addition to the loss of her masts and funnel, had 24 men killed, and 75—amongst whom was the commodore—wounded. The *Novara*

had 7, including her captain, killed, and 20 wounded. The rest of the division had in all but 3 killed and 9 wounded. But the *Kaiser* was disabled; her engineer reported that he could not keep up steam; and she made her way with difficulty, though unopposed, into S. Giorgio.

The crisis of the fight was, however, farther north, amongst the ironclads. The three leading ships, forming Vacca's division, had encircled the rear of the Austrian small craft, but too slowly to inclose them or even to do them any harm. The three sternmost ships under Ribotty, as well as the *Affondatore*, were engaged with the *Kaiser* and her consorts; and the three in the centre—the *Rè d'Italia*, *Palestro*, and *San Martino*—were opposed to the concentrated force of the seven, Austrian ironclads. The result of Persano's want of forethought, or of his trust in the inspiration of the moment, was, that with a fleet of twelve ironclad ships against seven, the actual condition of the fight was that three were opposed to the seven, and were beaten by them.

This is the one great tactical lesson which the action seems to me to convey. Captain Colomb has spoken of the result of the first charge of the Austrian ironclads as the dividing of the Italian line. In this I am compelled to differ from him. The Italian line was divided before the charge quite as much as after; and no part of it was really cut off by the mere passing through a very wide gap. The resulting break was, in fact, rather in the Austrian fleet, whose wooden division was exposed to a concentrated attack from Vacca, Ribotty, and Albini, which must have been overwhelming had these been men of energy and decision, had there been between them a fixedness and unanimity of purpose; and which, even as it was, might well have been fatal.

Of this Tegetthoff seems to have been quickly aware. The ironclads were turned, as soon as the threatened attack could be seen; the signal was to support the second division; and with that they charged back again. For a few minutes the centre of the battle was enveloped in smoke. When it cleared away the fight was virtually at an end.

The Austrian ironclads were painted black, but their funnels were all differently coloured, so that a glimpse through the smoke was sufficient to identify the ship. Between the Italians there was no such difference; they were all painted grey, and, under the circumstances, were undistinguishable from each other. There was thus no choice of an enemy, and once again in the smoke, Tegetthoff's order was simple: 'Ram everything grey!' Backwards and forwards, it is impossible to say how often, the ships passed: the *Don Juan* and the *Kaiser Max* hunted the *San Martino*; the *Prinz Eugen*, *Salamander* and *Drache* took the pressure off the *Kaiser* and *Novara*, and engaged the rear division. Moll, the captain of the *Drache*, was killed; and for a few minutes the command devolved on a young ensign, Weyprecht, who has since won European fame as the commander of the Arctic discovery ship *Tegetthoff*. Twice, in the smoke, the *Ferdinand Max* rammed a grey mass, but inefficiently; the angle of impact was too oblique. A shell from one of her 48-pounders, a smooth, round, old-fashioned shell, burst in the *Palestro's* ward room, and set her on fire. Suddenly, through the smoke, a stationary grey mass was dimly seen. Tegetthoff pointed her out to his flag-captain, Baron von Sterneck. The engine-room telegraph carried down the order: 'Full speed ahead!' The *Max* started forward and struck the grey mass—an enemy's ship—abreast the foremast, on the port-side. It rolled to starboard through an angle roughly estimated at 45°; then, as the *Max* backed out of the

hole she had made, it rolled heavily to port, showing the deck and the terror-stricken crowd on it to the appalled conquerors, and sank. At such a moment, seconds are as years; but it is believed that between the blow and the disappearance the time did not exceed *two* minutes; it was 20 minutes past 11;[8] 37 minutes since the first shot had been fired.

The *Elisabeth*, a paddlewheel despatch boat which had followed Tegetthoff into the thick of the fight, was ordered to pick up as many of the drowning men as she could; but the Italian ships, knowing nothing of what had happened, presently drove her away. She was struck four times, had one man killed and four wounded; and was compelled to look out for her own safety. It was then, and only then, known from the prisoners that the sunken ship was the *Rè d' Italia*. Amongst the few picked up by the boats of one of the Italian ships was the commander Del Santo: his deposition can scarcely fail to be interesting. He says that after the first Austrian charge, the *Ferdinand Max* 'began a series of evolutions with the intention of sinking us; keeping up all the time a very hot fire of musketry and artillery, at a distance of only a few yards.' It seems therefore that no attempt was made to turn the tables; the idea of sinking the *Max* did not occur to the Italians.

Two or three times our men were called to repel boarders, as the enemy threatened our stern or broadside; and once the division of firemen, to extinguish the fire which an enemy's shell had kindled in the Admiral's cabin. Our ship's company behaved splendidly, and especially those of them stationed on the poop, where they were quite without shelter. Amongst these was Boggio, the deputy, who, with his eye-glass in his eye, was firing away with his revolver, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. All at once, as the smoke slightly lifted, I saw the *Ferdinand Max* coming down against us on our port side. I rushed to warn the captain of it. As our rudder had been rendered almost unserviceable by the enemy's fire, he gave the order, 'Full speed astern!' but it was too late to prevent the enemy striking us just abreast the foremast. The ship did not feel any such shock as one would think the necessary consequence of the blow, but heeled over to port, very gradually, and sank.

With the *Rè d' Italia* sunk, and the *Palestro* at a distance trying to extinguish the flames, the action in the centre was at an end. The two fleets collected themselves, but in a changed position. The Austrians were now in-shore and covering Lissa. The Italians had been pushed out to seaward: the *Palestro* blew up about two o'clock: and thoroughly cowed by the loss they had sustained, they were in no humour to attempt to regain their position. The Austrians, on the other hand, had accomplished their purpose; and there was no reason why they should hazard their advantage by a fresh attack on a force still numerically superior. They waited for a couple of hours, and seeing no intention on the part of the enemy to renew the engagement, they went into S. Giorgio; the gun-vessels first, then the wooden frigates, the ironclads following; the *Ferdinand Max*, the last of all, let go her anchor about sundown.

Such in its broad facts was the battle of Lissa, concerning which —as I have already said—some curiously wrong ideas have got into circulation. These are assuredly not worth looking for and contradicting one by one: but perhaps the most common of them is, that an Austrian wooden line-of-battle ship rammed and sank an Italian ironclad; and from that the inference is drawn that a wooden ship can encounter an ironclad on fairly equal terms. As giving rise to and supporting such an inference, the mistake is therefore important.

[8] The time of the *Kaiser* ineffectually ramming the *Rè di Portogallo* is given as 11h. 17m. The two were thus almost simultaneous.

So far as it is possible to trace its origin, I think it arose from a confusion between the *Ferdinand Max*, the *Kaiser Max*, and the *Kaiser*, three totally distinct ships: the two first were ironclads; the third a 90-gun ship. What the *Ferdinand Max* and the *Kaiser* severally did, I have already told at length; but as opposed to the popular misrepresentation, I will say, in so many words: The ship which rammed and sunk the Italian ironclad was herself an ironclad of nearly the same size: and the line-of-battle ship, which rammed an ironclad, injured herself very much and her enemy very little. That of the whole Austrian loss of 38 killed, 35 were on board the wooden ships, and 24 of them on board the *Kaiser* alone, shows how little the efficiency of the two classes of ships can be compared. As to other absurd stories that have been circulated, it would be trouble thrown away to repeat them or to contradict them.

As is very well known, the Italians were excessively disgusted with the result of the action, so different from what they had flattered themselves it would be. Persano was loudly accused of gross misconduct —of cowardice — of treason — of everything that was vile; and that so persistently, that after some delay it was determined to bring him to trial. But he was a Senator—a peer of the realm, so to speak—and could not, according to the constitution, be tried by a court-martial. The whole Senate was therefore formed into a High Court of Justice. The trial lasted for several months: a vast number of witnesses were examined; and their evidence, joined to the detailed Austrian accounts, leaves us little to wish for so far as knowledge of the facts is concerned; a knowledge of motives can never perhaps be satisfactorily ascertained.[9]

The Court, which on the 29th of January, 1867, acquitted the Admiral on the more serious charges of cowardice and treason, on the 15th of April found him guilty of negligence and incapacity (*negligenza e imperizia*). On the 27th of June he had manifestly disobeyed his instructions, which were to clear the Adriatic of enemy's ships; on the cruise from the 8th to the 13th of July he had equally violated his instructions by not seeking an opportunity to attack the enemy, or to blockade him in his harbours; and finally at Lissa he had let himself be surprised by the enemy, he had made no disposition for battle, had called no council of war, had gone without general intimation on board the *Affondatore*, had permitted the enemy to break his line, had managed the *Affondatore* badly, and had left the battle to itself; and the Court therefore sentenced him to be deprived of his rank as Admiral, to be dismissed the service, and to pay the costs of the trial.

There has been in England a tendency to believe that Persano

[9] *Rendiconti delle udienze pubbliche dell' Alta Corte di Giustizia nel dibattimento della causa contro l'Ammiraglio Senatore Conte Carlo Pellion di Persano, preceduti dalla relazione della Commissione d'Istruttoria* (Firenze, 1867). The fullest Austrian account is in *Oesterreichs Kämpfe im Jahre* 1866. Nach Feldacten bearbeitet durch das k. k. Generalstabs. Bureau für Kriegs-Geschichte, vol. v. (Wien, 1869). As Tegetthoff was, in 1869, at the War Office, I think it is probable that he revised this history of the naval campaign, and the sketch of his own life which accompanies it. The account given in the *Archiv für Seewesen* for 1866 must also be considered semi-official; but is much shorter, and, by so much, less perfect. There are, of course, many other Austrian and Italian accounts. Persano's own version of the story is *L'Ammiraglio C. di Persano nella campagna navale dell' anno* 1866. Confutazioni, schiarimenti e documenti (Torino, 1873). The French accounts, as given in the *Revue Maritime*, vols. xviii. and xix., may also be referred to; and the very interesting narrative that appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Nov. 15, 1866), and which, rightly or wrongly, has always been attributed to the Prince de Joinville.

was a victim, sacrificed to the Italians' wounded self-love: for myself, after a careful study of the minutes of the trial, I would accept the decision as just, and even lenient. It is, of course, impossible to offer at length the grounds for this opinion; they fill a closely printed quarto of nearly 300 pages. But in a few words, nothing would more strongly support it than the opening sentences of Persano's own address in reply to the charge. He might almost have been condemned out of his own mouth.

I cannot understand (he began) how I should be accused of having failed in my duty against the enemy's fleet, which came upon us almost before it was signalled, and whilst we were in considerable embarrassment from the fact that our ships had lately come in from a long voyage and were short of stores.

He then enumerated a number of defects, some of which had been repaired a month before, and went on:

So that of the eleven ironclads there were not more than four fit for a long chase. The other seven were, at best, only fit to take part in a battle, but could not be relied on for a chase; and the more so as most of them wanted the guns and ammunition necessary for fighting with ironclads.

If Tegetthoff had come really with a wish to fight, he would not have withdrawn as soon as we were ready to meet and attack him. I could not, of course, suppose that he had come merely to go away again; and it was therefore my duty, in the first place, to form the fleet so as not to expose it to needless risk; and then to oppose and attack the enemy. But instead of that, he went off after a short time, two or three hours perhaps, much to our regret, and notwithstanding the dashing conduct of our ships' companies.

Of which, a great part is not true; a great part is irrelevant; a great part is self-condemnatory; and all is extremely silly. It is impossible to think or speak with respect of a man who at such a critical period, when honour, perhaps life, was at stake, could give voice to such imbecile maunderings; and so, in the words of the old sagas, he is now out of the story.

Tegetthoff's reception from his country was, as might be expected, very different. It is believed that the result of the battle had a very distinct influence on the terms of the peace which was concluded shortly afterwards, and was the direct means of preserving to Austria the Dalmatian and Illyrian provinces. It may well be that this was so; undoubtedly, had Lissa fallen, Austria would have stood in a very different position with regard to the Adriatic. But coming in a time of great depression and calamity, the moral effect of the victory was greater than any mere material advantage, and the nation and the Government hastened to show honour to their champion. The news was sent to Vienna by telegraph; and by telegraph on the very next day Tegetthoff received a message from the Emperor promoting him to be a Vice-Admiral. Decorations were showered on him; but perhaps of all these, the one most grateful to him was that sent by the Emperor of Mexico in an autograph letter, dated Chapultepec, August 24, 1866, which ran thus:

My dear Rear-Admiral Baron von Tegetthoff,—The glorious victory which you have gained over a brave enemy, vastly superior in numbers and nurtured in grand old naval traditions, has filled my heart with unmixed joy. When I handed over to others the care of the navy which had become so dear to me, and relinquished the task of making the land of my birth great and mighty by sea, amid the clash of contending nations, I looked hopefully to you and the young generation of officers and men whom I had been proud to see growing up and striving in a noble emulation under my command. I felt deeply thankful at being able to leave to Adria so many ships—a body of which such an able staff of officers and such brave sailors constituted the soul. Although Providence has led me into another track, my heart still burns with the fire of naval glory; and bright and joyful for me was the day when the heroic fleet to which I had dedicated my youth, under your heroic leadership, wrote down, with a blood-red pen, the 20th of July, 1866, on the pages of naval history. For with the victory of Lissa your fleet becomes enrolled amongst those

whose flag is the symbol of glory, and your name is added to the list of the naval heroes of all time. To you, the officers, and the ships' companies, I send my heartfelt good wishes; and you, as a remembrance of your Admiral and friend, and as a proof of my admiration, I invest with the Grand Cross of my Guadalupe Order.

MAXIMILIAN.

After the end of the war, Vice-Admiral Tegetthoff travelled for a few months in France, England, and the United States. His visit could scarcely be called private, though in name, at least, unofficial; but he had nevertheless the direct object of seeing the great naval arsenals of those countries, and studying their organisation. He had returned from America, and was on his way to Paris, the seat then in 1867, as now in 1878, of a 'Great Exhibition,' when he was recalled by telegraph to Vienna. There he received the honourable though melancholy commission to go to Mexico, to reclaim from the Government (if it may be so called) and bring home the body of the late Emperor Maximilian. This duty was performed, though not without difficulty and delay raised by the Government and Juarez: the body was recovered and brought to Vienna, where it now lies in the Imperial vault. So great throughout Germany was the interest felt in this deep Mexican tragedy; and, notwithstanding the recent development of the North German and Austrian Navies, so little familiarity is there with nautical matters, that I am barely overstating the case if I say that to the majority of even educated Germans, Tegetthoff is not so much the victor of Lissa, as the bringer home of Maximilian's body.

But his career was drawing to a close. In March, 1868, he was appointed head of the Naval Section of the War Office, and Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, and this he held till his death, which took place, after a short illness, on April 7, 1871; in the words of the semi-official notice—'zu früh für Oesterreich.'

The portraits of Tegetthoff that I have seen represent a hard Scotch type of face. I do not know how far they are to be trusted, but they are not out of keeping with his recorded character. He is described as a man of few words, emphatically a man of action, one able to execute his meaning, but not always able to tell it; at the same time ready to speak out, and sharply too, if occasion called for it or the good of the service required it. But, as has happened to other naval officers, there were moments when he was tempted by feelings of disgust or dissatisfaction; and once, at least, he had made up his mind to retire into private life. That he was persuaded to remain for the glory and welfare of his country, is perhaps not the least of the benefits which the Austrian Navy received from the unfortunate Maximilian.

J. K. LAUGHTON.

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# ON JEWISH PROSELYTISM BEFORE THE WAR OF TITUS.

By Francis W. Newman.

On a broad survey of ancient history, so far as it is well known, it would appear that every national creed became encrusted with fable and error increasing with centuries. Nothing may be thought more puerile and contemptible than the mythology of the *Iliad*; but even in the *Odyssey* we find new growths superadded; and when the historical era of Greece opens, the heroes of the *Iliad*—nay, their attendants—are worshipped as gods: and over the Homeric dynasties a load of malignant sensational legends had been forged and accepted as truth, if not gospel. The marvellous tales of Hercules were magnified and multiplied. The cannibal feast made by Atreus for his brother was become an article of the national faith: to doubt that Agamemnon sacrificed his daughter would have seemed heretical, though Homer knew nothing of it. The amour of the god Neptune with the hero Pelops is gravely alluded to in a religious hymn by the very religious Pindar. The wild story of Œdipus slaying his father and marrying his mother ignorantly, is as old as the *Odyssey*; but later narrators heaped up new horrors; and to be acquainted with this mass of ever-growing folly was esteemed as valuable erudition. Nor can we doubt that several monstrous tales of the gods found in the *Iliad* and in Hesiod were corruptions and misinterpretations of a purer theory. Moral corruption went hand in hand with this movement. With the ascendency of the Dorians both hero-worship and the characteristically Greek mania came in: moreover the debauchery systematised in Corinthian and Cyprian temples had no parallel in the earlier times. So much of Greece. But in Egypt the same thing appears. At least it may be broadly stated, that inquirers with one voice avow their belief that the hideous statues of bestial gods and ludicrous devotion of effort for numberless sacred animals, are mere perversions of earlier and reasonable ideas, which received expression in symbols. The religion of Tyre cast off its early cruelties of sacrifice as time went on; but its impurities, unless our informants deceive us, became fixed in the religion, as among the Babylonians in another kind, and as in Egypt. The ancient religion of the Hindoos was noble and pure in comparison to its later stages; and we know that the Buddhist religion, so simple and spiritual with its originator Sakya Muni, has been changed into a carnal sacerdotalism as unlike his doctrine as is Vaticanism to the doctrine of Paul of Tarsus. The religion of Persia suffered depravation between Cyrus and the last Darius. To degenerate seems to be the ordinary fate of national creeds. But perhaps the history of the Hebrew nation shows us one remarkable exception. To define the early state of the national belief might bring us into much controversy; but no one will deny that in its later documents there is a very sensible improvement on the older. A man with whose name all Oxford was well acquainted early in this century—Davison, a friend of Bishop Copleston and Archbishop Whately—preached a series of Bampton Lectures on this very topic—how, in successive 'dispensations,' juster and juster views of the Divine character came forth, till the limited and carnal ideas of Genesis and Exodus were sublimated by Psalmists

and Prophets. It is found difficult to deny that Jephtha's sacrifice of his daughter was justified by Leviticus xxvii. 29; but it is certain that such a deed in the times of royalty was as detestable to Hebrew religion as now to us, and could only obtain sanction when a king brought in foreign priests and foreign notions. At the time of Uzziah the Hebrew acquaintance with foreign countries rapidly increased, and the men who led the national religion became aware how precious was its superiority. This presently led to the belief which pervades the Psalms and Prophecies remaining to us, that the heathen were to lay aside their idols, and come to learn Divine truth of Jerusalem. The noble desire to propagate to foreign nations the higher TRUTH which Israel, or rather Judah, possessed and cherished, burned in the hearts of the religious leaders, not the less because they saw the foreigner to be invading their country with his vain and corrupting idolatries. Isaiah uttered the word and Micah echoed it, 'Many people shall say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob: and He will teach of His ways, and we will walk in His paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.' From that era onwards the Jews became a religious power in the world, small and weak as was their secular State. When established for mercantile reasons in Egypt or elsewhere, they held together locally for their common religion: and, inasmuch as it could not occur to them to imitate the services of the Temple, nothing but the institution which we call the Synagogue could grow up. This was the beginning of the process which was to separate between the ceremonies of the law and its moral doctrines. The exclusive claims set up for the Temple of Jerusalem did but make the synagogues more instructive and more attractive to the thoughtful minds of the foreigners among whom they were planted.

Whether in the kingdom of Samaria there was much energetic religion of the same stamp as in Jerusalem, is a question so difficult to answer, that it is not safe to lay stress on the dispersion of its citizens in Assyria as an active spiritual force of the captives among the captors. But when Jerusalem itself fell under Nebuchadnezzar, thousands of those carried into Babylonia had an intense religion. Those who returned under Cyrus and later kings were probably the most ardent part of the nation: but they did not lessen the national zeal in leaving the less ardent multitude behind: on the contrary, by giving a new existence to the Temple, they concentrated upon new-born Jerusalem the hopes of all. Judah had long ceased to vex Ephraim, nor could Ephraim envy Judah; but all the twelve tribes (if twelve they really were, when Dan and Simeon were lost) re-united in the dispersion, looking up with one heart to Jerusalem as their national and religious centre. Clinging together on religious grounds, they clustered in the towns; whence mercantile necessity, as families multiplied, enforced a continuous migration, Westward as well as Eastward. Of the Eastward movement we know little, except that some reached India and Cochin China, and continuing there for more than two thousand years have acquired the tint of the climate. Of the Western movement we know thus much, that few towns of Asia Minor were without them, and that they reached Italy and Rome before the Christian era. There is no pretence or plausibility in calling the European Jews the *Two* Tribes, any more than the *Ten*. No one knew of any separation. The Christian apostle James writes to his brethren of the *twelve* tribes

without distinction. Paul in the 'Acts' is represented as speaking before Agrippa concerning 'the twelve tribes,' undoubtedly meaning the entire and indivisible body known as 'Jews' throughout the Roman empire. This remark is digressive, and is elicited by the wonderful modern fiction that the Ten Tribes are to be looked for as missing; out of which have arisen ridiculous theories and delusive efforts.

Visits to Jerusalem—whence originated the modern idea of pilgrimage—were prompted by religious zeal, as well as by liberal curiosity and patriotic interest; and Jerusalem became a spiritual heart, to which and from which the Jewish influences flowed. Rules were organised concerning proselytes, according as a foreigner might wish simply to attend the religious worship and instruction of the synagogue, or in a more complete sense to bind himself to the Mosaic law. When it is notorious that proselytes were thus classified in the national enactments, the very fact denotes that their number cannot have been few, nor their accession to the synagogues unexpected. The Jews, as we thenceforth call the whole twelve tribes, on the cardinal question of the Divine nature and unity retained their superiority alike to the polytheists and to the Gentile philosophers; yet they imbibed many new tenets from the nations among whom they were mixed. Prominent among these was the belief in an after-life and a Divine judgment organised as a human tribunal, with a judge on the throne, accusers by his side and books of notaries. Along with this was the idea of a great malignant spirit, who dared to stand up against God as His rival; thence called Satan or *the Enemy*. This probably came from Persia. From Egypt or Babylonia or from both came a belief in magic and in disease caused by the indwelling of evil spirits: moreover any vague notions which they before had of angels were now sharpened and largely filled out. Angels were supposed to minister to God in the elements (a Persian idea), and to wait on Him as bearers of errands to man. They learned even the names of seven Archangels, who 'stand before God,' in a local heaven. Special angels, perhaps evil spirits, were supposed to uphold the pagan dynasties, which fell when the invisible patron was overcome by better angels. Each man was supposed, as by the Etruscans, to have a guardian angel or genius. Rules and recipes for casting out evil spirits were accepted, whether as a medical or as a religious process is hard to decide. Much more was adopted by the Pharisees (who were the progressive, innovating, and predominant body) than was ever acknowledged as binding on the nation. The Pharisees believed in the resurrection of the righteous: that they acquiesced in a doctrine of Tartarus or Hell, such as the Greeks taught, is doubted and keenly denied. In any case it is certain that the Sadducees were not thought less faithful to the national creed for rejecting the belief in spirits and angels and future life as an innovation on Moses. A passage in the Fourth Gospel implies that the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration was current among the contemporaneous Jews, so that a man may be punished for sins which his soul committed in a former body. But it is hard to find a trace of this elsewhere.

If we cannot account some of these new ideas improvements, yet we must regard the change as a mark that the religious intellect among the Jews was anything but stagnant. However great their reverence for the written scriptures, the Pharisees were not mere slavish

commentators on Moses nor on the prophets. When they adopted new thoughts, they were glad so to interpret the old scriptures as to find countenance for them. Thus Moses was alleged to teach the resurrection of the just, when in his last song he addresses to God the words: 'All the saints are in Thy hand.' There was both in the Pharisees and in the Essenes an evident striving after *higher* and *new* truth, which on the one hand opened them to many fanciful notions, but on the other conduced to enlarged and nobler views of all moral topics. They could learn whatever was best in Greek philosophy, if unable to reject some follies of demonology. This was a temperament very well suited to attract and influence the better part of those pagans who had not imbibed the highest philosophy of the day.

Some one will ask: Have we any direct attestation of their efficacy in proselyting? Commentators on the New Testament generally regard it as notorious, that the case of Cornelius, a devout man, attached to Jewish teaching, but uncircumcised, was anything but exceptional; but it is well here to appeal to the testimony of the historian Josephus. First, a few words may be in place concerning his trustworthiness. In attempting to narrate ancient events he undoubtedly betrays a national vanity, and misinterprets both the Hebrew Scriptures and Egyptian legends, to exalt the antiquity and greatness of his people, whom in one place he identifies with the Shepherd Kings of Egypt. In arguing against contemptuous Greeks, and Romans ridiculously ignorant, it is not wonderful that he is carried beyond sobriety. But in writing concerning the events of his own day and things which come within his immediate cognisance, he cannot easily have been deceived, and he wrote to confute enemies at a time when enmity was most bitter. His work on the Jewish war was laid before Vespasian and his son Titus; and he was not likely to assert as fact what the Gentiles everywhere knew to be untrue. Now concerning proselytism he makes very strong assertions. In his treatise to Epaphroditus, entitled *Against Apion* (ii. 39), he writes as follows:

Our laws have been thoroughly tested by ourselves: also, in all other men (ἐν τοῖς ἄλλοις ἅπασιν ἀνθρώποις) they have inspired a zeal for themselves ever more and more (ἀεὶ καὶ μᾶλλον). Earliest, the philosophers among the Greeks, while seeming to adhere to their native religion, in fact followed him [Moses], holding like sentiments concerning God, and teaching simplicity of life and a free imparting [of goods] to one another. Not but that already even among the masses (τοῖς πλήθεσιν) there has arisen from a long time back much zeal for our piety: nor is there any one city, Greek or Barbarian, nor a single nation, into which our custom of the Seventh Day Rest has not penetrated (διαπεφοίτηκε). Also our fastings and lighting of lamps[1] and many of our customs concerning food are kept up. And they try to imitate also our concord of sentiment and free distribution of goods, and our industry in mechanical art, and our hardy endurance when subjected to violences in the cause of our Law. What is most marvellous, this Law, without allurement, without any bait of pleasure, itself by itself, has proved strong; and as God permeates the whole world, so has His Law marched forth among all men. Each man himself, who looks upon his own country and home, will not disown what I am saying. Now we must impute to all men voluntary baseness, if they cherish zeal for things foreign and inferior, in preference to what is native and excellent: if this be not their conduct, our accusers must leave off slandering us. We claim nothing invidious in honouring the enactor of them [our laws] and in believing the annunciations which he made concerning God. Nay, if we did not of ourselves understand the excellence of his laws, yet at least by the multitude (πλήθους) of the emulous [or zealous *proselytes*], we should be led onward to be very proud of them. . . 45. Concerning our laws, more words were

[1] Probably he imagined the *Eternal Fire of Vesta* to be borrowed from the Jews.

not needed; for they are seen in themselves, not teaching impiety, but the truest devoutness; nor exhorting to misanthropy, but to fellowship (or free communication) of goods, being foes of injustice, studious of the just, banishing idleness and expensive habits, teaching men to be self-supporting (αὐτάρκεις) and industrious, forbidding wars of ambition, but training men to be brave in self-defence; laws which are inexorable in punishment, undeceivable by got-up harangues, but ever seeking confirmation of facts: for these we always present, as more manifest (or decisive) than composed speeches. On which account I may boldly say that we have been to other nations expounders of very many and very noble lessons. For what is nobler than piety never transgressed? And what more just than to yield obedience to the laws? And what is more profitable than mutual concord; and not to stand aloof in calamity, nor become wantonly factious in success: but in war to despise death, and in peace to be devoted to arts or agriculture, and retain a firm persuasion that God surveys everything everywhere? Now if among other nations such precepts were either earlier written or more firmly observed, we should owe them thanks, as having been their disciples. But if we are seen *to be pre-eminent in their observance*, and we have proved that the origination of them was from us, then . . . &c. . . .

The reader's attention is called to the tone of this extract. The writer elsewhere avows that the Jews have ceremonial restrictions and prohibitions of food which may be highly unacceptable to foreigners, as mortifying their palates; but his panegyric of the Hebrew law turns entirely on what all mankind avow to be *pure morals*: and at a time when the cultivated Romans still retained a bitter hatred of Judaism on account of the deadly war in which Vespasian and his son turned Judæa into a wilderness, the historian calmly claims it as conceded by the conscience of the Gentiles, that the Jews are their superiors in practical morality. No trace of sacerdotalism, or what (in an evil sense) we call Pharisaism, shows itself in his argument; and from his sentiments elsewhere we may fairly infer those of his fellows and equals, especially since he was of a high priestly family, and, as such, was put forward into responsible office at a very early age. Elsewhere (§ 23 of his own Life) he tells us, that when certain foreign nobles came over for protection to the city in which he was governor, the populace cried out that they must not remain unless they would be circumcised. But Josephus replied, 'that they must in no case be constrained, for *every man must show piety to God according to his own convictions, not by compulsion*; and that they must not let those men repent of having come to them for refuge.' The multitude gave way, and all the wants of the fugitives were supplied abundantly (δαψιλῶς). In modern Europe it has taken six centuries of fighting and two of argument, before this simple and fundamental truth could become established even as a theory in Christendom. Josephus was eminently a Pharisee, and in his early youth not a little ascetic (σκληραγωγήσας ἑαυτὸν), and we see what his doctrine was.

But he narrates at full a remarkable story, which, if I can sufficiently abridge it, will surely interest the reader. The scene of the tale is Adiabene, a small country in the north-east of Assyria, chiefly the valley of the greater Zab. The little potentate who there reigned, acknowledged as his suzerain the Parthian king of kings. A very young king named Izates had ascended the throne, through the special affection of his father, in preference to his elder brothers, born of other wives. The mother of Izates was Helena, who had been converted to Jewish belief simultaneously with her son, but by a different Jewish teacher. The instructor of Izates bore a name familiar to us—Ananias. He was a travelling merchant, and through selling his wares to the king's wives, had obtained introduction to Izates. When the young

man conferred with his mother, and found her to be full of zeal for Jewish habits and institutions, through admiration of the religious doctrine, he proposed to accept circumcision in order to be a true Jew. But through political fears she dissuaded him, and appealed to Ananias; who forthwith vehemently deprecated the king's idea, as offensive to his people; urging that, whatever his zeal for Judaism, he could without circumcision revere God, which was a far more cardinal matter (*κυριώτερον*). This for a while quieted the young man. But after this, a third Jew, called Eleazar, arrived from Galilee, who held just the opposite doctrine; and finding Izates engaged in reading the law of Moses, abruptly charged him with disobedience and impiety in remaining uncircumcised. He carried his point with the zealous convert, who obeyed him without communicating his purpose to his mother and to Ananias. They were frightened when they learnt what he had done, but had to bear it. After this his mother made a progress to Jerusalem, carrying with her thank-offerings. It was just in the crisis of a great famine (this was in the reign of Claudius Cæsar, as is clear in the connection), and queen Helena was only too happy to be able to buy, at large expense, corn from Alexandria and dry figs from Cyprus, which she distributed to the needy, and left a lasting memory of her bounty. Izates at home hearing of the distress, sent large sums of money to the chief men in Jerusalem for the public relief. The Parthian king happening to be expelled from the throne by his satraps, took refuge with Izates; who espoused his cause so vigorously as to effect a conciliation and restore him to royalty, for which service he was rewarded by a valuable addition to his territory. His zeal for Judaism so mounted up, that before long he sent five young boys, his sons, to be taught accurately the Hebrew language and institutions. His mother also repeated her visits to Jerusalem. A result which we could hardly have expected followed. His eldest brother, Monobazus, and his kinsfolk, seeing that Izates had gained high credit with all men (*ζηλωτὸν παρὰ πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις γεγενημένον*) for his piety, formed the like desire of abandoning their native *cultus* for that of the Jews. But this was more than the chief nobles could bear, and they intrigued with a king of the Arabs first, and next with the Parthian king, to effect the deposition of Izates. Space does not allow us to detail how their plans failed, nor does it here signify; but Izates remained on the throne until his death, after a reign of twenty-four years. Though he had many sons, he made his eldest brother Monobazus his successor. The historian had promised to tell us more of the good deeds of 'these kings' to Jerusalem, but no further account appears in his works. It is just possible that 'these kings' meant only Izates and his mother; yet he distinctly repeats that he has more to tell of Monobazus.

This narrative suggests many comments. Three Jews—apparently such as we call laymen—are mentioned as zealous in converting foreigners, and all gain respectful submission. Between Ananias and Eleazar the same controversy is opened, as between Paul and the over-zealous brethren who came from James. Ananias, like Paul and James, did not wish the Gentiles to be subject to circumcision—which was the test ordinance, implying that he who received it accepted the whole national law of Moses. Josephus held with the two apostles, that piety to God was paramount and sufficient; Eleazar held with those whom Paul treats as seducers and corruptors of his Galatian converts, that without circumcision no one can fully obey

God and be a true saint. Many persons imagine that this controversy was originated by one man, Paul: that without his individualism the question might not have arisen, and would not have been fought out for the freedom of the Gentile. But it is clear that Josephus, intimate as were his relations with the chief priests, the Pharisees, and the Essenes, was as decided as Paul himself against the necessity of circumcision—except for those who desired to become Jews nationally. The same doctrine is held universally by all the modern Jews, who certainly have not learned it from Christians. No doubt, as soon as professed reverence arose for the Mosaic scriptures, a narrow-minded teacher who enforced every tittle of the law had a momentary advantage over the larger-minded with the young, inexperienced, and enthusiastic: but with time and discussion the sounder doctrine was sure to prevail.

Further: we must view the details of this remarkable case as an illustration of the historian's emphatic declaration already quoted, that in all nations there was much zeal among the masses of mankind for the Jewish form of piety. Only in the case of an eminent royal convert could we expect details to be preserved in history. But it must be added: there is no reason whatever to make deductions from Josephus's statements on the ground that they oppose those of Roman literature. The Roman writers say indeed little about the Jews, but what they say is certainly confirmatory. Herodotus had too much reverence for foreign religion to despise circumcision; though he had no knowledge of its origin with the Egyptians, Arabs, and Syrians through ideas of cleanliness. But to the Romans, presented as a religious ordinance, it seemed emphatically ludicrous: such, no doubt, it was to the poet Horace. Yet his mention of the Jews is quite kindly. When he wishes to escape from a troublesome companion he tells us how his friend Aristius Fuscus teazed him, declining his request by an off-hand invention: 'To-day is the thirtieth sabbath: you surely would not wish me to insult the Jews.' This was of course said in jest. Elsewhere the poet has the phrase: 'We poets are numerous, and *like Jews* we will press you into our corps:' a clear intimation how active was Jewish proselytism in Rome under Augustus Cæsar. No emperor was likely to be fond of the Jews: for it was no easy matter to hinder Roman soldiers from insulting their religion, out of which popular tumults arose: and since they every seventh year left the land uncultivated, no tribute could be collected in that year—a sore annoyance to the Government. But after the terrible war of Vespasian the sentiment of the Romans became very bitter, and their writers pour out little but slander on the unhappy and crushed people. The ignorance of Tacitus concerning the Jewish history is as thorough, but not as disgraceful, as his hatred and spite; yet he testifies in his own emphatic way to their success in winning proselytes before their final overthrow. 'These ceremonies,' says he, of the Sabbaths and other rites native to Judæa, 'are defended by antiquity; the rest of their institutions, *ill-omened and foul*, have prevailed by their depravity. For all the worst characters used to discard the religion of their ancestors, and carry to Jerusalem tribute and small payments: whereby the resources of the Jews were swollen.' He proceeds to slander them as impure: 'inter se nihil inlicitum.' But there is no motive for quoting farther. It suffices that he attests their zeal and their success in making proselytes. He acknowledges the noble purity of their theology. 'The

Egyptians,' says he, 'worship many animals and artificial figures, but the Jews apprehend a single God, and by the mere intellect; regarding those as profane, who fashion out of perishable material images of gods in the form of men. The Highest and Eternal One, they maintain, is unchangeable and imperishable.' Knowing this to be the nobler and truer doctrine, knowing the vile trash which heathen priests and poets taught as religion, this eminent writer nevertheless stigmatises as '*pessimus*' whoever abandoned such follies for the nobler tenets of the Jews. To keep up the national observances, however puerile, however monstrous, was with a Roman the first duty of man. Tacitus, like Pliny and Trajan, regarded it as a capital crime to cast off one's ancestral religion; and all three are typical Romans. Yet, wonderful to add, great historians have convinced themselves, and have persuaded the world, that in religion the Romans were essentially and systematically tolerant. In fact, despotism was the only Roman idea of rule, in things ecclesiastical or political alike. Against a man who pleaded conscientious objection they were savage: to hypocritical and subservient atheism they had no repugnance at all.

Between the era of Antiochus Epiphanes and the Emperor Nero, it appears certain that the Jews made a very beneficial impression on the mind of Western Asia and the Roman world, preparing it (it may seem) for Christianity. The equitable character of their domestic institutions was in harmony with their nobler religion. The historian Josephus many times insists on the excellence of their social practices and sentiments. What he says of their simplicity of life and the absence of luxury, may have been coloured by the contrast reflected from Roman extravagances; but what he says in detail of the honour paid to industry, the zeal of all to be self-supporting (αὐτάρκεις), the approval of personal work (αὐτουργία), and their freedom in imparting goods to one another, which he calls κοινωνία (community, fellowship), and ἀνάδοσις (yielding up, or distribution), must be accepted literally. We have full reason to believe that mechanical art and rustic labour were as honourable then in Judæa as now in the American Union or at Salt Lake, and that many doctors of the law maintained themselves with their hands. The case of St. Paul is an obvious illustration. Moreover, the laws of Judæa were equitable and the punishments mild. Tacitus himself declares that 'among themselves the fidelity of the Jews was rigid (*obstinata*), and their tender mercy prompt.' Such a people, it might seem, had deserved to live, even in the Roman Empire. Not so thought Roman wisdom. That model emperor Titus, 'the delight of mankind,' took counsel with his high officers whether to save the Temple of Jerusalem, a building esteemed magnificent. But they argued, that out of Jerusalem had come two detestable religions, the Jewish and the Christian, which would best be destroyed by uprooting their original home; therefore the Temple and the city were to be utterly demolished. After Roman cruelty had done its worst upon the oppressed and ruined nation, Christian animosity succeeded, to play a like part. Jewish proselytism ceased, indeed became impossible, after the violent and deadly war; yet the Jews and their religion have long survived the domineering, oppressive, and self-destroying rule of Rome; it has undergone no deterioration by the lapse of centuries; yet they still have to plead for toleration and justice from Sclavonic Europe.

# THE NEMESIS OF THE RENAISSANCE.

THE great European movement of intellectual awakening which to the admiring fancy of succeeding ages has presented the aspect of a new birth has been recently subjected to a process of comprehensive criticism by two eminently qualified students, Mr. Walter Pater and Mr. J. Addington Symonds. The range of survey embraced by Mr. Pater's *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* is larger than that of Mr. Symonds' *Renaissance in Italy*; but while the former isolates and elaborately scrutinises a few salient features of this wide-spread and many-sided life, the latter selects for his broader method of analysis the most striking case in which the phenomena of gestation, parturition, and development have been historically manifested. In his trilogy, *The Age of the Despots*, *The Revival of Learning*, *The Fine Arts*, the political, social, religious, and moral life of Italy and her achievements in scholarship, literature, and the arts, are reviewed with a clear-sightedness that leaves little to be desired either in the apprehension of principles or the mastery of details. The fresh light of this historical criticism is chiefly valuable in enabling us to identify the source whence the movement gained a large increase of life with the cause of its ultimate extinction. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* No lesson to be learnt from the past is more instructive than this, and no period has more emphatically enforced it than that of the Renaissance. That the perversion of the study of classical antiquity from a means of culture and a standard of attainment to an end of reproduction and an object of idolatry, brought about the decay of faith and morals which necessitated the 'Counter-Reformation,' and the degradation of literature and art which reached its lowest depth in the 'Decadence,' is attested by both critics with the greater distinctness because each is more or less a reluctant witness.

Their first important contribution of evidence on the subject helps to dissipate a popular error. Those who learnt history from the manuals of thirty years ago were led to believe that the 'revival of learning' owed its initial impulse to the dispersion of Greek scholars after the fall of Constantinople in 1453; that the antique culture thus suddenly imparted served as the key which unlocked the modern mind. The glorious harvest of art and literature which sprang up all over Western Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was, on this showing, attributable to the casual introduction into Italy of ancient Hellenic seed, and the mysterious communication of its virtue to such native germs as lay dormant in the soil of each country to which it was carried. If this were a true version of the facts, it might be difficult to gainsay the conclusions either of those who hold that the present is inadequate as a supply of healthy mental life without being continually replenished from the past, or of those who would have us believe that Christianity as a force is effete, and that the world must look for the initiative in its progress to the working of other agencies. The facts, however, warrant no such inferences. The upspringing of new growths of art and literature—such as Spanish romance, English poetry, and Flemish painting—at distinct centres of the West, unaffected by the influence of the classical revival, might

suffice to prove that the Renaissance, as a general movement, was not called into being by it, and would have occurred without it. Both Mr. Pater and Mr. Symonds, with the authorities whom they follow, make it abundantly clear that the emancipation of the intellect and emotions from the superstition and ignorance, the restraint and gloom, of the 'dark ages' was a gradual process, of which the beginnings may be traced far back in the twelfth century. Originating, as it would seem, in a natural and spontaneous movement of reaction (of which the French poem of *Aucassin and Nicolette*, admirably analysed in Mr. Pater's opening chapter, is a notable literary expression), its advance may be tracked by successive landmarks, the most prominent being the growths of scholastic philosophy, Provençal poetry, and Albigensian heresy, the importation of Arabian and of Greek learning, and the influence of Roman art and literature upon the genius of a few illustrious Italians. The infiltration of Greek learning into Italy was slow rather than sudden, and the event from which the Renaissance has been commonly supposed to spring can only be regarded as a critical incident, which decisively guided its course into a definite channel. 'The contact of the modern with the ancient world,' says Mr. Symonds, 'only determined the direction which this outburst of the spirit of freedom should take. . . . . The fall of the Greek empire in 1453, while it signified the extinction of the old order, gave an impulse to the now accumulated forces of the new. . . . . Men found that in classical as well as Biblical antiquity existed an ideal of human life, both moral and intellectual, by which they might profit in the present.'[1] But though no more than episodical in the complete narrative of the Renaissance, and only in part to be credited with the splendid deeds of its maturity, the resuscitation of the antique as an object of study was in the highest degree momentous and influential alike for good and evil. The favourable aspect of its influence must in fairness be first considered. The classical ideal of life, as it presented itself to the Greek teachers who imported it, though far from being an accurate mental representation of the play of vital energy which had animated the ancient world, inspired in the Italian scholars who first accepted it a genuinely fervid enthusiasm. Originally manifested in the form of keen antiquarian curiosity, such as Petrarch's when poring over the pages of Homer, which he was unable to read, and Poggio's when ransacking convent libraries for the MSS. of classic authors, the appetite for knowledge grew with what it fed on, and never rested until it attained to scholarship. Scholarship revealed the beauty and joy of a new world of the past brilliantly contrasting with the drear unloveliness to which asceticism had reduced the present; and, free to wander among its alluring dainties, many an eagerly receptive mind was tempted to devour and assimilate them, till it acquired a distaste for all other food. Though early giving indications of the excess to which it was soon to be carried, the movement in its chief manifestations was at first natural and healthy. Religion was foremost in imparting her sanction. The imitation of the antique introduced into sculpture by Niccola Pisano, who found his models in the Roman remains of Pisa and of South Italy, was frankly welcomed by the Church and by successive Christian artists as an access of light and strength. Faith was as yet paramount over the

[1] *Age of the Despots*, p. 15.

national spirit, and the finest natures spontaneously vibrated under its touch. The primary task of Art 'on the threshold of the modern world' was undoubtedly that which Mr. Symonds assigns to it, 'to give form to the ideas evolved by Christianity, and to embody a class of emotions unknown to the ancients.'[2] The absolute certainty with which this task was recognised rendered her unsuspecting of danger. In returning to truth and nature, throwing off the conventional trammels with which ignorance had bound her, and consecrating to the true God the knowledge which had been perverted to the worship of the false, she seemed to be fulfilling her noblest mission. Some considerations such as these, however dimly apprehended, may be conceived to have guided Giotto and Andrea Pisano in their selection of antique forms and attitudes to delineate divine and saintly types.[3] The same practice, carried still further by Masolino, Masaccio, and Ghirlandaio, and to its extreme limit by Luca Signorelli, defines the legitimate application of pagan culture to the service of Christian thought.

It was another healthy symptom that, after having been so long confined to the reproduction of a few stereotyped ideas, Art should take advantage of her new acquisition to regain that intimate association with the daily concerns of life which she had enjoyed in ancient Greece. The paintings of Filippino Lippi, Sandro Botticelli, and Piero di Cosimo, so naïvely familiar in their treatment of classical themes, the terra-cotta sculptures of Luca della Robbia with their reproduction of fruit and flowers, and application of colour to domestic decoration, in imitation of the Roman pottery,[4] furnish the most characteristic examples of the change thus effected. The beauty of the human form, which had been lost sight of for centuries, was again revealed. Men began once more to study from the nude, and depict the tense lines of muscle and sinew, the gentle curves of cheek and breast, for the sake of their own charm. An enthusiasm for knowledge and beauty became diffused over the whole mental atmosphere. Many a leader of the 'gilded youth' of Florence was won by the example and counsel of aged scholars from selfish indulgence to espouse a life of learned toil. Unwearied intellectual and imaginative energy, a vivid interest in new forms of design, the love of costly decoration and of splendid shows, all the signs of a consciousness awakened to the treasures which the world, rightly understood, offers to man's enjoyment, characterised the Italians of the fifteenth century as they have characterised no other race so completely since. A passionate historical sentiment inspired regret for their long-neglected memorial sites, and made them cherish with the fervour of relic-worship any traces of association with the immortal dead. 'Pavia honoured Boethius like a saint, Mantua struck coins with the head of Virgil, and Naples pointed out his tomb . . . Pius II. amnestied the people of Arpino because they were fellow-citizens of Cicero.'[5] Andrea Mantegna's severely faithful delineations of some of the most impressive scenes in Roman history gave to this sentiment its worthiest expression. A bright genial aspect of life, which found vent in love songs, facetiæ, and *novelle*; a serene

[2] *The Fine Arts*, p. 6.

[3] Crowe and Cavalcaselle's *History of Painting in Italy*, vol. i. pp. 249, 264, 288, 299, 300, 346.

[4] Pater (2nd edit.), c. iv. p. 76.

[5] Symonds' *Revival of Learning*, pp. 30–1.

and dignified conception of death, embodied in rich shrines and stately effigies, succeeded to the ascetic and morbid ideals of monasticism. In its moral fibre the Italian temperament was weak, and offered from the first but a feeble resistance to the seductions of pagan impurity; but in the early days of the Renaissance there were no symptoms of that separation between profession and practice, the cynical indifference to crime, the conscious irreverence and hypocritical pretence which marked its later stages. That the unspiritual and immoral side of antiquity should have eventually absorbed the attention of its worshippers is the more lamentable, because its holy and heroic ideals, the devout rationalism of Plato, the ethical purity of Epictetus, the patriotism of Horatius, the fortitude of Regulus, the self-restraint of Scipio, were originally held up to imitation and obtained approval. The 'humanists,' as the professional scholars, apostles of mere human culture, have been too pretentiously styled, were long tolerated, on account of their learning, rather than supported by the mass of the nation in their covert or avowed hostility to the received theology and ethics. Their worst excesses, although noble patrons were found to extol and admiring students to condone them, were publicly condemned. The reading of the infamous *Hermaphroditus* of Beccadelli (Il Panormita) was proscribed by Pope Eugenius IV. under pain of excommunication, and the work, at the instance of the Minorites, was burnt in the squares of Bologna, Milan, and Ferrara.[6] There were a few, besides, out of the great body of scholars, notably Vittorino da Feltre and Vespasiano da Bisticci, who retained their purity of morals and steadfastness of faith amid the prevalence of licentiousness and unbelief, and whose influence was not without effect upon the minds submitted to their training. Even when the leaven of paganism had pervaded the national constitution, the finer spirits of the time, such as Pico della Mirandola and Marsilio Ficino, who welcomed most eagerly the light of ancient philosophy, clung as fervently as ever to the truths of Christianity, and laboured to reconcile their apparent differences by means of allegorical interpretations against the attacks of common enemies.[7] And of the humanists as a body, this redeeming feature must be noted, for which the world owes them eternal gratitude, that they contributed substantially to the foundation of rational criticism and historical science. The assaults of their vigorous scepticism exposed much of the dogmatic fiction which ecclesiastical craft had palmed upon the world,[8] and helped to clear the way for the Protestant Reformation.

It is time, however, to look at the other side of the picture. The attempt of the Italians to revive their dead past was doomed to failure from the outset. The soil and climate had been so radically changed by Christian culture and Northern influences, that the life of paganism, which was once native there, had become virtually an exotic. Such relics of its traditions as lingered latest in the national mind had long since been detected by the vigilant eye of the Church, absorbed into her comprehensive scheme, and reconsecrated to Christian service. The language of the old world, however, still continued to be the sole vehicle of knowledge, and the memory of the masters who had made it the medium of a great literature had never been forgotten. It was in this connection that the

[6] Symonds' *Revival of Learning*, p. 256.
[7] *Ib.* pp. 325, 332-5. Pater, pp. 36, 37.
[8] The 'Donation of Constantine,' for example, under which the Papacy claimed its temporalities.

first symptoms of weakness made their appearance. Though Dante was bold enough to show that his allegiance to Virgil was compatible with freedom, his noble effort to create a language and a literature at one stroke was long unseconded. The highest contemporary minds worked in self-imposed fetters. Petrarch thought lightly of the sonnets by which he is remembered in comparison with his laboured but forgotten Latin Epic. Boccaccio, the father of Italian prose fiction, spent the greater part of his literary life either in transcribing Latin and translating Greek classics, or in making copious compilations of mythological, geographical, and historical lore for the benefit of other scholars. During the century that elapsed between Petrarch and Pulci, Italian poetry was practically extinct. 'The love of Greek and Latin,' says Hallam, 'absorbed the minds of Italian scholars, and effaced all regard to every other branch of literature. Their own language was nearly silent; few condescended so much as to write letters in it.'[9] Under the auspices of Lorenzo de' Medici, who himself wrote it effectively, Italian verse was again cultivated, but the best intellect of his time devoted itself to classical studies and imitations. Midway in the fifteenth century, an academy was founded at Rome, as a medium of learned intercourse, by Pomponio Leto, Platina, and other scholars, who signified their exclusive addiction to one province of culture by the adoption of ancient surnames. At Florence, Ficino, Pico, Poliziano, and Alberti busied themselves both with Greek philosophy and Latin poetry and criticism. There were few who, like the historians Gianotti, Varchi, and Villani, undertook the study of their great forerunners, Aristotle, Platc Cicero, Livy, and Tacitus, as a pre paratory exercise for the task o solving the problems of contempo rary history and politics.[10] The pre vailing tendency was systematicall to discourage the growth of living national literature. Leonardc Aretino, and Poggio wrote their his tories in Latin, and saw no distinc tion between following the lead o a master and treading in his ver footprints. 'Their admiration fo Livy, and the pedantic proprietie of a laboured Latinism, made then pay more attention to rhetoric tha the substance of their work.'[11] Th maturer scholars who succeede them, some of whom, such as Poli ziano and Pontanus, were men o genius, avoided this snare at th expense of falling into anothe They virtually absorbed paganism and wrote like Greeks and Roman because they so felt. But thei power was personal, and died wit them; the academies which the founded soon losing 'their classica character,' and degenerating int coteries of literary triflers. Th devotion which had been at firs only excited by the spirit of th past came to be rendered to th letter. Scholarship having begu to lapse into pedantry, its declin was swift and fatal. The nex generation of scholars have bee immortalised, not for their learning great as it unquestionably was, bu for the affectation which brough upon them the scathing satire c Erasmus; a fastidiousness tha would not suffer them to 'use case or a tense for which they coul not find authority in the works c Cicero.'[12] With such writers a Bembo and Manutius the though was of little moment; correctness c style was all in all. The former, dignitary of the Church, advise Sadoleto not to read St. Paul'

[9] *Literary History of Europe*, vol. i. p. 108. Symonds' *Revival of Learning*, p. 55.
[10] Symonds' *Age of the Despots*, p. 186.
[11] *Ib.* pp. 201, 202.
[12] Hallam, *ut sup.* p. 330.

Epistles, lest their barbarous idiom should corrupt his taste. This purism was carried to the extravagant pitch of fitting every current idea of belief with an antique symbol. In Vida's *Christiad*, an epic composed by the instructions of Leo X., 'God the Father is spoken of as *Superum Pater nimbipotens* and *Regnator Olympi*. . . . . Jesus is invariably described as *Heros*. . . . . The bread of the Last Supper appears under the disguise of *sinceram Cererem*. The wine mingled with gall offered to our Lord upon the cross, is *corrupti poçula Bacchi*.'[13] Sannazaro's poem, *De partu Virginis*, contains similar monstrosities. He 'not only invites the Muses of Helicon to sing the birth of Christ, but he also makes Proteus prophesy His advent to the river-god of Jordan.'[14] Yet these productions, at which the modern world stares as marvels of perverted ingenuity, were welcomed by the authors' contemporaries as models of 'correct and polished writing.'

The prevalence of this blind idolatry of the past was even more benumbing to the spiritual and moral than to the intellectual vitality of literature. The 'humanism' of Petrarch was an ennobling passion, and did not degenerate 'into a mere uncritical and servile worship. . . . He never forgot that Christianity was an advance upon paganism, and that the accomplished man of letters must acquire the culture of the ancients without losing the virtues or sacrificing the hopes of a Christian.'[15] Boccaccio theoretically recognised the need of faith as a protection against the danger of pagan studies. But to the humanists of the next age, who prosecuted such studies to the exclusion of all others, this nominal safeguard was wanting. The glamour of antiquity hallowed its heresies and its vices, no less than its philosophies and its virtues. Some of the leading apostles of culture, e.g. Plethon, whose influence was paramount at Florence during the fifteenth century, were avowed pagans. Others, who were utterly indifferent if not actively opposed to Christianity, were promoted for the sake of their learning to secretaryships in the Papal Chancery and similar official posts which invested their scepticism with a show of ecclesiastical sanction. 'Through them the spirit of humanism, antagonistic to the spirit of the Church, possessed itself of the Eternal City, and much of the flagrant immorality which marked Rome during the Renaissance may be traced to the influence of [these] paganising scholars.'[16] Men who, like Filelfo and Beccadelli, occupied the foremost rank in scholarship were not ashamed to prostitute it by selecting themes from the vilest pollutions of Greece and Rome. 'The humanists generally were distinguished . . . for open disorder in their lives. They developed filthy speaking as a special branch of rhetoric, and professed the science of recondite and obsolete obscenity.'[17] Their literary controversies, in which each disputant raked the sewer and the dunghill for the foulest abuse wherewith to bespatter his antagonist, were a public scandal. Latin, in which they habitually composed, was at this time a living language, but for those unlearned in it the vernacular soon became a channel of impurity, and the national literature was thus sullied at its source.

Had the fanatical scholars been allowed their way, Italian poetry, if it existed at all, would have produced nothing better than sickly copies of the antique. Poliziano, whose early poem on the tournament of Giuliano de' Medici evinced

[13] *Revival of Learning*, p. 399.
[14] *Ib* p. 398.
[15] *Ib.* pp. 84, 85.
[16] *Revival of Learning*, p. 217.
[17] *Ib.* p. 44.

his aptitude for the romantic epic, abandoned it for Latin verse, and his most ambitious effort in his native tongue is an imitation of the Virgilian eclogue adapted to the stage. His successors confined their dramatic attempts to literal reproductions of Plautus and Seneca, which Sismondi stigmatises as having all their faults 'without either action or interest.'[18] Under the leadership of Pulci, the national genius for romance emancipated itself from constraint, and resorting to the legends of Christian chivalry achieved the triumphs immortally associated with the names of Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso. Ariosto, however, though rejecting the counsel of Cardinal Bembo that he should write his epic in Latin, submitted to the reigning fashion in composing his comedies upon the model of Plautus and Terence. Tasso, while daring to depart from the footsteps of Virgil in constructing his *Gerusalemme*, felt constrained to follow them in his dramatic eclogue of *Amyntas*. Among the minor poets, Sannazaro imitated the same pattern still more closely in his *Arcadia*. To Trissino is attributed the importation from the Greek drama of the 'triple unities,' which riveted their slavery upon the stage for three centuries afterwards. Alamanni, Rucellai and others accounted as their enduring title to fame that servile fidelity to antique forms to which the historian, in whose pages we have to search for their names, expressly attributes their lapse into oblivion.[19] Under Macchiavelli and Guicciardini, Italian prose enjoyed a brief term of semi-independence, but their works belong to politics rather than to literature. In poetry Berni created a diversion by his lively satire; and in the drama there were partial reactions in the direction of modern comedy unc Macchiavelli, Aretino, and Gr sini; but these had no perm nence. The current reverted ir its old channel. Italian literatu fell into the keeping of academi which made it their chief busin to restore the ancient drama; a during the century and a h which elapsed between Tasso a Metastasio the country 'produc only a race of cold and contemptil imitators tamely following in t paths of their predecessors, or false and affected originals w mistook an inflated style for gra deur of sentiment, antithesis eloquence, and witty conceits a proof of brilliant powers.'[20]

Art, for which the Italian geni had always manifested its supre bent, enjoyed a more brilliant a a longer reign than literature, experienced as complete a downf As the splendour and durability its achievements in painting identified with the inspiration o native atmosphere, charged with r gious ideas and local associations, advance of decadence correspo with the increasing spread of foreign element, interfused w that atmosphere, and the consu mation of ruin with its ultim predominance. All that the wo has agreed to prize as most origin most attractive, and most in haustible in the Italian painting the Renaissance, it owes not to reflection of the antique, but to spontaneous vitality of Faith a Nature—Giotto's saints, Signorel and Botticelli's angels, Leonard apostles, Raffaelle's Madonnas a Bambinos, Michael Angelo's sib and prophets, and Correggi cherubs; Giorgione's luminous mospheres, Titian's mountains a trees, Tintoretto's doges and se tors, Palma's and Bordone's gold haired beauties. The most char teristic *indicia* of the greatest mast

[18] *Literature of South of Europe*, i. 322. [19] Sismondi, *ut sup.* vol. i. c. xv.
[20] Sismondi, *ut sup.* vol. i. c. xvi.

have been imparted to them by the union of these factors, and the essential elements of their power owed nothing to a foreign source. It was from the peasant women of Umbria that Raffaelle obtained the type of his Madonnas, and from the fountain of his Christian consciousness that he drew the holy calm in which he has steeped their brows. The streets of Florence and Milan supplied Leonardo with his models, whether beautiful or grotesque. The ineffable smile that plays upon the lips of his virgins and saints he never found upon marble Venus or Helen; and from no Cupid or Ganymede did Correggio transfer the look of dreamy brightness which irradiates his boy-faces. Angelico's *naïveté*, Lippi's quaintness, Francia's pathos, Titian's subtle harmony of colour, Tintoretto's dramatic fire of imagination, are alike racy of the soil. It was not for inspiration, but for stimulus and guidance, that Italian imagination was indebted to the antique. The initiative impulse communicated by Niccola Pisano's studies to the art of the thirteenth century was of the utmost service, but, as its recent historians point out, would doubtless have died with him 'had it remained unsupported by the new current of religious and political thought,' of which Giotto was the chief immediate exponent, and which ultimately gave to 'the feeling for true form a new meaning, created the Christian types of this and succeeding ages, and laid the foundation for the greatness of Italian art.'[21] It may be that without this initiative, the art of the Western Church would have remained in the stagnant condition from which that of the Eastern Church has not yet emerged. But, though inevitable, the step would never have been taken could the consequences have been foreseen. To apprehend aright the importance of the crisis, the antagonism between the spiritual spheres of paganism and Christianity must be kept in mind. In an admirable passage, Mr. Symonds thus sums up its leading features:

> To over-estimate the difference from an æsthetic point of view between the religious notions of the Greeks and those which Christianity had made essential, would be difficult. Faith, Hope, and Charity; humility, endurance, suffering; the Resurrection and the Judgment; the Fall and the Redemption; Heaven and Hell; the height and depth of man's mixed nature; the drama of human destiny before the throne of God . . . there was nothing finite here or tangible, no gladness in the beauty of girlish foreheads or the swiftness of a young man's limbs. . . . The human body, which the figurative arts must needs use as the vehicle of their expression, had ceased to have a value in and for itself. . . At best it could be taken only as the symbol of some inner meaning, the shrine of an indwelling spirit nobler than itself. . . . In ancient art those moral and spiritual qualities, which the Greeks recognised as truly human, and therefore divine, allowed themselves to be incarnated in well-selected types of physical perfection. . . . Christianity, on the other hand, made the moral and spiritual nature of man all essential. . . . The body and its terrestrial activity occupied but a subordinate position in its system. . . . The most highly prised among the Christian virtues had no necessary connection with beauty of feature or strength of limb.[22]

In like manner the harmony and tranquillity of the Hellenic ideal in sculpture were utterly alien to conceptions which attained their highest realisation in the 'Man of Sorrows,' agonised on the cross, the self-mortifying penitent and the tortured martyr. In availing herself, therefore, of the aid of pagan art, the Church ran a risk of which she could not at the outset have understood the import. It was impossible to foresee that the confidence with which she had welcomed the advent of truth and knowledge would be so soon abused. The

[21] Crowe and Cavalcaselle, *ut sup.* vol. i. pp. 153, 154. Compare Symonds' *Fine Arts*, pp. 190–223.

[22] *Fine Arts*, pp. 12–15.

The advance of pagan ideas had proceeded too far to be thus summarily checked, but a prospect of recovering its lost territory was opened out to Christian art with the advent of the great masters to whom its destiny was committed at the close of the fifteenth century.

From the hands of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Raffaelle a repetition of the monstrous indecencies that had provoked the recent reaction was impossible; but the currents of Christian and pagan sentiment had by this time become so intermingled that it was barely practicable to separate them. It was probably this difficulty, rather than, as Mr. Pater surmises, an effort at reconciliation, that accounts for the presence in Michael Angelo's Doni Madonna of 'the sleepy-looking fauns of the Dionysiac revel,' and in 'that Madonna herself much of the uncouth energy of the older and more primitive Mighty Mother.'[27] The reconciliatory attitude here referred to is to be found in Raffaelle and Leonardo rather than in Michael Angelo, whose position in the history of Renaissance art will be more fitly noticed in connection with sculpture. The early works of the first named are indeed free from any intrusion of classicism, being prompted by his keen religious susceptibility to the traditions inherited from his master, Perugino, which had been little affected by the dominant taste. But an intellectual sensibility equally keen to the beauty of the antique models which he studied on his visit to Rome, wrought a change which cannot be mistaken in his subsequent work. The new truth was not suffered to dispossess the old, but to preserve them both it was necessary to harmonise their incongruities. Some of his greatest designs have been plausibly conjectured to be attempts, in the spirit of Pico's and Ficino's philosophy, to reconcile the discordant conceptions of Christian faith and pagan mythology in the neutral ground of thought. 'The synod of the antique sages finds a place beside the synod of the Fathers and the Company of Saints. Parnassus and the allegory of the Virtues front each other. The legend of Marsyas and the mythus of the Fall are companion pictures.'[28] One at least of Leonardo's works has the same apparent significance. His 'St. John is a faun of the forest, ivy-crowned and laughing, in whose lips the word "Repent" would be a gleeful paradox.'[29] As the painter of the *Cenacolo* cannot be suspected of irreverence in the selection of such a type, a possible explanation of its obscure meaning may lie in an imaginative compromise between the Judaic and the Hellenic conceptions of natural life, in which the over-asceticism of the one should be tempered by the over-sensuousness of the other. Somewhat of the same tendency is occasionally observable in the works of Luini and Sodoma, who continued to uphold the grand ideals of their master after they had lost their influence upon others.

Consecration to the highest interests of the spirit was after all the predominant aim of Raffaelle's work, but any dream of effecting it by compromise with the unspiritual sphere of Hellenism vanished with his death. Religious art visibly declined in the lifetime of his chief scholar, Giulio Romano, whose genius was eminently pagan, and became little more than a formality until revived for a space under the stress of the 'Counter-Reformation.' To those who still retained some sense of the supremacy of faith as an artistic motive, the intellectual association which they could not shake off proved a fatal hindrance. It ensnared Correggio, for example, into losing sight of the keeping of

[27] C. iii. p. 52. [28] *Fine Arts*, p. 333. [29] *Ib.* p. 34.

his most sacred subjects. In his *Vision of St. John*, the idea of spiritual sublimation, conveyed in the figures of the ascended Christ and one or two of the Apostles, is outraged by the aspect of other members of the circle, who resemble river-gods reclining by their urns. Though he has depicted his Magdalen in solitude, and absorbed in devotional exercises, it would be hard to find a trace of penitence in her voluptuous contours. The mystical rapture of the legend is scarcely perceptible in his exquisitely finished *Marriage of St. Catherine*, which —but for her saintly symbol— might represent a playful domestic group; and he has expended equal grace and finish in intensifying the attraction of themes drawn from classical mythology which are sensual to excess. There can be no equality between the claims of spirit and sense, and the scale being once turned in the latter's favour soon kicked the beam.

> The passionate love of beauty which animated the great masters of the golden age . . . degenerated into soulless animalism. . . . The artists of the later Renaissance had become absorbed in the admiration of merely carnal beauty. . . . To draw *un bel corpo ignudo* with freedom was now the *ne plus ultra* of achievement. How to express thought or to indicate the subtleties of emotion had ceased to be the artists' aim. . . . To throw the Christian ideal aside and to strive to grasp the classical ideal in exchange was easy. But paganism alone could give them nothing but its vices; it was incapable of communicating the real source of life, its poetry, its faith, its cult of nature. Art, therefore, as soon as the artists pronounced themselves for sensuality, merged in a skilful reproduction of elegant forms and nothing more. A handsome youth upon a pedestal was called a god . . . Andrea del Sarto's faithless wife figured as Madonna.[30]

This stigma attaches in chief measure to the Roman and Florentine schools. With Titian and the greater Venetians, although devotional sentiment is not thus degraded, it is obviously conformed to the exigencies of sensuous attraction, voluptuousness of outline, richness of colouring, dramatic vivacity of situation. 'Religion in these pictures was a matter of parade . . . the faith not of humble men or of mystics, not of profound thinkers or ecstatic visionaries, so much as of courtiers and statesmen, of senators and merchants, for whom religion was a function among other functions, not a thing apart, not a source of separate and supreme vitality.'[31] What Mr. Pater well calls 'theatricality,' the aim to be effective instead of impressive, to prize splendour of representation above dignity of theme, has been justly charged upon all the later art of the *Cinque Cento*, and, though originally attributable to the predominance of pagan over Christian ideas, it established so firm a hold upon the Italian mind that even the Counter-Reformation which overthrew that predominance failed to dislodge it. Our illustrations have been drawn from painting only, but the history of its sister arts repeats the same lesson. So long as the study of the antique, the beautiful dead form of a soulless past, was kept under control of the living spirit of the present, imagination remained free and vigorous, its ideals were in harmony with the highest moral and religious aspirations of the time, and art flourished. When the servant was suffered to usurp the mastery, invention languished and gave place to formalism or tumidity, and after a vain effort to revive the spirit of the past in its deserted shrine, Art, deprived of its sustenance in Nature and Faith, dwindled and died.

The presence of paganism is least indicated as an intrusion in Italian architecture because the existing remains of ancient buildings had always served as national models of style, and in such forms as the basilica and the dome had proved thoroughly

[30] *Fine Arts*, pp. 453, 454.

[31] *Ib.* p. 357.

adaptable to Christian uses. The indiscriminate revival of classic forms by the architects of the early Renaissance led to the rapid abandonment of the Lombard and Gothic styles in which religious feeling was visibly embodied, but no immediate abuse was made of the new learning. In the hands of Brunelleschi and his successors at Florence, it was wisely used and really serviceable, assisting their genius and refining their taste, without enslaving them. But with the architects of the mid-Renaissance, the aim of artistic effort 'was how to restore the manner of ancient Rome as far as possible, adapting it to the modern requirements of ecclesiastical, civil, and domestic buildings.'[32] The nearer the approach to this arbitrary standard, the farther the distance from the devotional feeling and spontaneity which characterised the erections of the preceding age. It requires no expert to distinguish between the harmony of severe beauty with religious motive in the Duomo of Florence, and the divorce of that union in St. Peter's at Rome; or to perceive that the impression which the latter produces is 'less ecclesiastical and less strictly Christian than almost any of the elder and far humbler churches of Europe.'[33] There is but a stage from its splendid parade to the meretricious design and 'constructed ornamentation' of the Gesuiti churches—a lower depth than which the decadence of art could not conceivably reach. The course of this decline cannot be even outlined here, but may be studied in the pages of Mr. Symonds. In the works even of Palladio, the greatest architect of the completed Renaissance, he tells us that 'it is useless to seek for decorative fancy, wealth of detail, or sallies of inventive genius. . . . All is cold and calculated.'[34] The same Nemesis avenged the idolatry of ancient art that has been shown to follow upon the idolatry of ancient literature.

At first, enthusiasm for antiquity inspired architects and scholars alike with a desire to imitate *per saltum*, and many works of fervid sympathy and pure artistic intuition were produced. In course of time the laws of language and construction were more accurately studied; invention was superseded by pedantry; after Poliziano and Alberti came Bembo and Palladio. In proportion as architects learned more about Vitruvius, and scholars narrowed their taste to Virgil, the style of both became more cramped and formal. . . . Neo-Latin literature dwindled away to nothing, and Palladio was followed by the violent reactionaries of the *barocco* mannerism.[35]

The sculptors of the early Renaissance, like its architects, borrowed only from the world of antiquity what they needed to quicken the stagnant fancy and improve the conventional types of religious art. Ghiberti, with all his reverence for the antique, 'never appears to have set himself consciously to reproduce the style of Greek sculpture, or to have set forth Hellenic ideas. He remained unaffectedly natural and in a true sense Christian. The paganism of the Renaissance is a phrase with no more meaning for him than for that still more delicate Florentine spirit, Luca della Robbia.'[36] Donatello's classical sympathy was equally consistent with his fervour as a Christian artist; and his successors, Duccio, Rossellino, Civitali and others, seem to have achieved the same reconciliation with complete success. The passage from admiration to idolatry is first apparent in Andrea and Jacopo Sansovino. The former, says Mr. Symonds, 'persistently sacrificed simplicity of composition to decorative effect,' and yet, with all his 'prodigality,' achieved only 'so much mannerism adopted with real passion from the antique and applied with a rhetorical intention.'

[32] *Fine Arts*, p. 69.
[33] *Ib.* pp. 98, 99.
[34] *Ib.* p. 89.
[35] *Ib.* p. 94.
[36] *Ib.* p. 135.

in the depraved atmosphere of Rome, the free thought of the Italians turned to licentiousness.'[38] No sympathy with its refinement and admiration of its munificence can reconcile one to the monstrous spectacle of insincerity which the Papal Court presented under such a rule as that of Leo X. In all but the name he was a sheer pagan. The cultivation of the intellect, and the indulgence of the senses, were all in all to him. The men whom he elevated to the highest posts in the Church were selected solely for their learning and rhetorical skill. Discussions on points of scholarship or philosophy took the place of devout exercises; and banquets worthy of Lucullus, at which 'prelates of the Church and Apostolic secretaries sat side by side with beautiful Imperias and smooth-cheeked singing boys,'[39] were substituted for works of charity. The practice of the flock was not likely to be more consistent than that of the shepherd. The historian's estimate of the moral *status* of Italy a few years earlier would scarcely need revising for any period which coincided with the accomplishment of the 'humanistic' development.

> In Italy, at the end of the fifteenth century, neither public nor private morality, in our sense of the word, existed. . . . Cruelty was met by conspiracy. Tyrannicide became honourable. . . . Murders, poisoning, rapes, and treasons were common incidents of private as of public life. In cities like Naples blood-guilt could be atoned at an inconceivably low rate. . . . Popes sold absolution for the most horrible excesses, and granted indulgences beforehand for the commission of crimes of lust and violence. Success was the standard by which acts were judged. . . . Macchiavelli's use of the word *virtù* is in this relation most instructive. It has altogether lost the Christian sense of *virtue*, and retains only so much of the Roman *virtus* as is applicable to the courage, intellectual ability, and personal prowess of one who has achieved his purpose, be that what it may.[40]

Their frank acceptance of the 'vitiated civilisation' of their time, their hopeless, weary acquiescence in bad faith, meanness, and cruelty, as the normal motives of human nature, and of success as the sole criterion of duty, stamp the contemporary delineations of Macchiavelli and Guicciardini with the ghastly impress of truth. The moral standard of the ruling class cannot have materially differed from his own, when a statesman like the former could hold up as a pattern for princely imitation the policy of Cæsar Borgia, whose career was the incarnation of 'steady selfishness, persistent perfidy, profound mistrust of man, self-command in the execution of perilous designs, moderate and elaborate employment of cruelty for definite ends.'[41] Nor can the standard of private morality have been much higher, when the character of Benvenuto Cellini, which, as drawn by his own hand, excites our repulsion by its union of artistic ability with the most truculent and sensual instincts, seemed worthy to his contemporaries of an elaborate funeral oration 'in praise both of his life and works, and also of his excellent disposition both of mind and body.'[42]

No feature of the Renaissance is more remarkable than the co-existence of extreme moral depravity with high intellectual attainment. The most savage, lustful, and perfidious despots of the age were often the most learned and discriminating of patrons and *dilettanti*. Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, the tyrant of Rimini, already named, 'combined the vices of a barbarian with the enthusiasm of a scholar.'[43] Gian Galeazzo Visconti, a monster of cruelty and falsehood, was an accomplished student of art and letters. The vilest names in the annals of the Papacy, those of Sixtus IV. and Alexander VI., are

[38] *Revival of Learning*, pp. 21, 22. [39] *Ib.* p. 372. [40] *Age of the Despots*, pp. 100–102.
[41] *Ib.* pp. 278, 279. [42] *Fine Arts*, p. 440. [43] *Age of the Despots*, p. 56.

redeemed from utter detestation by their connection with the great artists whom they patronised, although their motives are as open to suspicion as the Medici's, who, by the like employment of munificence for their own selfish ends, succeeded in reducing Florence to political slavery. Following the example of its leaders, the cultivated section of Italian society took so absorbing an interest in the concerns of the intellect and the senses, that it had no time or thought for ethical or religious discipline. Superstition, indeed, still maintained its hold on the mind, but with the effect of increasing the moral paralysis. The spiritual functions of the Pope, for example, sufficed to exempt from public execration a miscreant such as Alexander VI., and inspired awe in those who regarded the individual with loathing. The pattern of indulgence in infamous and unnameable vices, set by the highest in authority, from the Vicar of Christ downwards, was copied in every grade of the social scale. The national temperament, always sensitive upon the morbid side of imagination, developed in its demoralised state a type of fantastic criminality well-nigh unique. Such refinements of unnatural wickedness as were perpetrated by the Borgias, and such acts as the serving up Thyestean banquets of children's flesh, to wreak revenge on their fathers, are characteristic instances. This evident aping of debased examples of pagan vice was matched by a corresponding substitution of debased standards of pagan virtue for the Christian code. Not only tyrannicide, but suicide, was frankly commended to admiration by the Renaissance moralists, and enforced by illustrations drawn from Roman history; while Macchiavelli does not scruple to suggest that 'the Christian faith, as compared with the creeds of antiquity, had enfeebled the national spirit.'[44]

At the sack of Rome in 1527, the humanistic circles were ruined and dispersed, and the cessation of their baleful influence removed the chief obstacle to the extension to Italy of that current of reaction which had set in with the sixteenth century from the West of Europe. Under stress of the Counter-Reformation, the moral and spiritual condition of the Church sensibly improved. Religion made her voice heard in literature; and Art, whose prostitution had been even more shameful, showed signs of repentance. The greatest living worshipper of the antique, Michael Angelo, although of all his brethren he had the least cause to reproach himself with sanctioning its dispossession of Christian ideas, set the example of devoting his old age to exclusively religious labours. Impelled by a like revulsion, the sculptor Ammanati 'some years before his death expressed in public his regret that he had made so many giants and satyrs, feeling that by exhibiting forms of lust, brutality, and animalism, to the gaze of his fellow-countrymen, he had sinned against the higher law revealed by Christianity.'[45] But such expressions of reactionary feeling were powerless to countervail the habits of thought and conventions of style which had fixed their hold upon society, and to which the reigning schools of art were only too ready to minister. As compared with the earnest and vigorous faith which inspired the *Quattrocentisti*, the 'religious sentiment' which animated the painters of the Counter-Reformation was 'emasculated and ecstatic.'[46] It may be doubted, too, if minds which were capable of simultaneously embodying the most discordant ideas, were really susceptible of any deeper impression than the influence of a passing fashion. The 'anatomical'

[44] *Age of the Despots*, p. 388. [45] *Fine Arts*, p. 174. [46] *Ib.* p. 187.

school of Rome and Florence, which exaggerated the worst mannerisms of Michael Angelo, and the school of the Caracci, whose avowed principle it was to assign supremacy to the material over the spiritual elements of art, alike substituted the manufacture of style for the spontaneous expression of thought and feeling. Like its literature, Italian painting fell into the hands of academic factions, '*Macchinisti*,' '*Tenebrosi*,' and others, who eventually reduced it to sheer formalism. The spiritual and intellectual tone of the nation had become lowered past recovery. With the decline of high ideals and the predominance of unworthy aims that marked the Italian 'decadence,' the curse of sterility fell upon a race which had been the most prolific in genius. Art passed into the keeping of other hands, and obtained new vitality from the recurrence to Nature upon which the great schools of France, Spain, and Holland have founded their title to fame.

But Italy, though barren herself, still continued to be the source of European culture, and the influence of the idolatry which had ruined her own art and literature ceased not to work mischief wherever it spread. In art it was responsible for the mock classicism in which only Nicolas Poussin seemed able to inspire a semblance of belief, and which in the works of Gaspar or Claude, of Rubens or Berghem, has little more significance than 'property' decoration, a conventional machinery of Cupids and Tritons, temples and columns, that they have not the courage to discard, but whose unreality discredits their most faithful scenes. The literature of Spain it inoculated with effeminacy, prompting Garcilaso and Montemayor to write eclogues and pastoral romances which even the lenient judgment of Sismondi, who praises their grace and tenderness, condemns as affected, tedious, and enervating. French literature owed to it the vapid mythological phraseology, the thin, faded sentiment, and laborious playing at thought which marred the refinement and sweetness of the 'Pleiad' lyrists. The estimate which so sympathetic a critic as Mr. Pater is constrained to form of Ronsard and his fellows recognises the artificiality and insipidity that distinguish their poetry alike from the spontaneous product of popular feeling and fancy such as the Provençal ballads and *chansons*, and the first-fruits of an ardent enthusiasm for culture such as the epical and lyrical compositions of Dante and Petrarch.

> This is not poetry for the people, but for a refined circle, for courtiers, great lords, and erudite persons, people who desire to be humoured, to gratify a certain refined voluptuousness they have in them. . . . Ronsard's poetry is full of quaint remote learning. He is just a little pedantic, true always to his own express judgment that to be natural is not enough for one who in poetry desires to produce work worthy of immortality. . . . The loves [of those poets] are only half real. . . . They amuse themselves with wonderful elegance, and sometimes their gaiety becomes satiric, for as they play, real passions insinuate themselves, at least the reality of death; their dejection at the thought of leaving *le beau séjour du commun jour* is expressed with almost wearisome reiteration. But with this sentiment they are apt to trifle; the imagery of death serves for a delicate ornament, and they weave into the airy nothingness of their verses their trite reflections on the vanity of life. . . . For these people are a little jaded, and have a constant desire for a subdued and delicate excitement to warm their creeping fancy a little.[47]

In our own literature, though its deep roots in nature and faith kept it essentially true and healthy, the taint of decay imported from Italy may be traced as late as the seventeenth century. It infected the fine genius of Sidney, and led him to waste half his valuable life in laborious imitations of sham an-

[47] Pater, pp. 153-7.

tiques and ingenious verbal conceits. Under the same influence Jonson's vigorous imagination was overweighted with cumbrous learning, and Fletcher's sweet simplicity tortured into pedantry and obscurity. While Shakespeare's delicate instinct enabled him to select what was noblest and tenderest from the stores of Italian legend, the morbid tales of blood and lust which fascinated so many of his brother dramatists were products of the 'age of the despots,' the blackest chapter in the annals of the Renaissance. Though Spenser and Milton successively did much to counteract the evil influences of Neo-Paganism by bringing into prominence the philosophic and poetic elements of it which admitted of harmonising with the Christian spirit, Plato, Homer, and Virgil, had few attractions for such minds as Herrick's, which turned in preference to Anacreon, Horace, and Ovid, and absorbed with equal readiness their graceful and their gross sensuality. It is only when he draws upon his intimate knowledge of rural customs and fairy lore that he does justice to his exquisite gifts of language and lyrical charm, which cannot blind us to his poverty of thought and sentiment when he deals with classical themes. To him and to the 'Pleiad' the Pantheon of Olympus is common property, the philosophy of *Carpe diem* their ethical stock-in-trade. As Remy Belleau cannot chant the delights of April without reference to the goddess from whom the month is named, Herrick feels called upon to weave his floral fancies with the legends of Venus and Cupid. Like Du Bellay, he cannot grieve for a dead friend without apostrophising him 'in Elysium,' and like Ronsard he has no better logic wherewith to persuade his mistress to love than that roses fade quickly. Sedley and Etherege, the frivolous Court poets of the Restoration, employ the same machinery and reiterate the same commonplaces; and on the verge of the eighteenth century the tawdry properties of the Renaissance are furbished up for the last time to ornament the *vers de société* of Prior.

Irreverence, sensuality, and frivolity, pedantry and theatricality accompanying barrenness, these are the latest results of a movement characterised at the outset by devoutness, spirituality, and enthusiasm, simplicity, truthfulness, and fertile invention. The penalties of all abuse are vitiation and impotence. The mental like the physical debauchee reaps his reward in darkened vision, dulled hearing, a taste unable to discriminate between good and evil savours, and loss of vital energy. This judgment fell upon the age which converted the generous wine of the past from a stimulant into a poison by drinking it to excess, and any succeeding age that ventures to repeat the experiment must reckon on the same retribution.

HENRY G. HEWLETT.

# JEAN REYNAUD:

## FRENCH MYSTIC AND PHILOSOPHER.

IT is not perhaps astonishing that the name of Jean Reynaud should be unknown in England; and the fact of his steadily increasing reputation among his own countrypeople seems to require explanation. A writer whose leading aim was to reconcile religion with philosophy, must at first sight appear an anomaly in a nation composed mainly of non-believers and devotees. Yet a careful consideration of his life and works will convince us that Jean Reynaud was nothing unless eminently French, an outgrowth of national tendencies and characteristics, overlooked because less conspicuous than those with which outsiders become familiar.

If I were to chose an epithet for the subject of this paper, I should style him the most etherial minded among writers, or I might aptly borrow the words of one German poet applied to another, and call this typical Frenchman of this nineteenth century, a God-intoxicated man. The purest and deepest religiousness lay at the root of all his thoughts and actions; and though his chief philosophical work was condemned by the Council of Périgueux as teeming with mundane science and monstrous blasphemies, it would be hard to name any other thinker of our time more thoroughly imbued with the real spirit of Christianity. But before examining his works let us look at himself. A more beautiful or touching figure has seldom been pourtrayed for posterity by the hands of friends and contemporaries.

Jean Reynaud was born at Lyons in 1806 of a rich and honourable family, but owing to reverses of fortune he was brought up with his two brothers in the simplest and hardiest fashion. Is it necessary to say of Jean Reynaud more than of any other gifted spirit, that his mother was a remarkable woman? As if foreseeing the contemplative future of the boy, she led him in his earliest years to observe natural objects, especially the stars, of which he was to write afterwards so well. She reared him a child of the open air, and a child of the open air he remained till the last. No one has written with truer poetic insight and finer appreciation of natural beauty, alike on a grand scale or in detail, than he, no doubt partly owing to the unusualness of his bringing up. His schools and tutors were the hills and woods, the starry nights, the flowery fields; and he not only enjoyed nature, but tried to understand her, giving himself over to close observation and silent pondering. He nevertheless received the needful training for a practical career, and in 1827 with one of his brothers quitted the Ecole Polytechnique among the foremost students, and entered upon a course of studies and travel as a pupil of the Ecole des Mines. These first travels in the Black Forest, the Harz Mountains, and Corsica, contributed to develop the splendid mental and physical endowments from which he was afterwards to reap such results. No peril or hardship daunted him, nothing escaped his quick eye. He was a born mountaineer, astonishing even the chamois hunters by his feats of daring and dexterity; and his delight in natural scenery and adventure led him to higher contemplations. From Corsica, in his twenty-fourth year, he thus wrote to his mother: 'Oh, my mother, an immense joy fills my soul. No more emptiness, no more *spleen* for me. Yesterday, the idea of God became manifest to my mind, clear, without a cloud.'

About this time (1825 to 1830), as is well known, a new intellectual era had set in throughout France. Men's minds, especially young minds, were stirred with a fervour that was not entirely social, political, or philosophic, but a mixture of all these. The Socialistic tendencies of the time are evinced in this motto, chosen by a band of students of the Ecole Polytechnique: 'Amelioration, both physical and intellectual, of the poorest and most laborious classes.' No wonder that to an enthusiastic nature like Jean Reynaud's, Socialism should appear the inauguration of a golden age. St. Simon, perhaps the purest and most elevated of Socialistic leaders, had taught his disciples to look for a perfected state of society and regenerated humanity on earth, rather than in the fabled epochs of poets or the celestial mansions of theologians. 'The golden age is before us and not behind,' he wrote: 'it is for us to hasten its coming for our children.' Jean Reynaud, then in all the effervescing enthusiasm and fervid self-devotion of youth, threw in his lot with the Saint Simonians,[1] so aptly styled by Henri Martin: 'ce rendez-vous de tant d'intelligences destinées à prendre des routes si diverses.' We must remember that St. Simonianism by no means ended where it began, and that the follies and immoralities of Ménilmontant were far from entering into the original programme of its founder, which may be summed up in a few noble words, namely, the moral, intellectual, and physical amelioration of the poor and labouring classes. 'I have given up everything to follow these men,' wrote the young philosopher on renouncing the career he had begun so promisingly. 'I will fight under their banner till death, for it is holy.'

He had not long enrolled hi self as a St. Simonian, howev when he was destined to experier a bitter disenchantment. The P Enfantin, then at the height of popularity, soon enounced th wild and pernicious doctrines c cerning the relation of the se which have thrown so much repute on Socialism generally; a Jean Reynaud, after eloquen combating them in vain, reti from the society, mortified, d quieted, not knowing where seek new ideals. I must p briefly over the following years hard study mingled with act literary life in Paris. He joi Pierre Leroux in the editorship the *Revue Encyclopédique*; and wl that journal ceased to appear fr want of contributors, he became s editor of the *Encyclopédie Nouve* He also contributed largely to *Magasin Pittoresque*, and a sel tion of miscellaneous papers, p lished under the title of *Lectu Variées*, is delightful reading. Fr 1834 to the eventful revolution year of 1848, was a period of c tinued intellectual developm and creativeness. The striki fragment, 'L'Infinité des Cie published in the *Revue Encyc pédique*, proved the germ of chief work, *Terre et Ciel*; and still more original paper on Dru ism, which appeared in the sa journal, doubtless suggested to h the book by which in his o country he will certainly e be best judged and appreciat namely, *L'Esprit de la Gaule*. T revolution of February for a ti put an end to these quiet labou Like every other true patriot, threw heart and soul into popular movement, displaying u every occasion that perfect mast of self, and that serene, indom able courage, which marked him

[1] I am indebted to E. Légouvé's little biographical sketch of Jean Reynaud for th details of his early life.

a leader among men. Associated with his friend the noble-minded Schoelcher in the Provisional Government, and named Deputy and Under-Secretary of State, he put his shoulder to the wheel and concentrated all his energies on the subject of educational reform. But his Socialistic tendencies, manifested in the notorious circular wherein he insisted upon the necessity of recruiting representatives of the people among the people—surely a logical sequence of a democratic government—excited great acrimony. Reynaud declared himself in favour of electing not only the peasant proprietors, but schoolmasters, to the Chamber, a class of men at that time held in unjustifiable contempt generally, and on the appearance of this programme he was violently abused by the anti-Republican journals. The fact is, Reynaud was a theorist in advance of his epoch, and his political career must be pronounced a failure. His ardent patriotism, his passionate pity for the poor and the ignorant, his noble aspirations and ideals, had not been perhaps sufficiently tempered in the school of practical life, or perhaps, as those concluded who knew him best, he retired too soon from the combat. 'In six months' time, he would have been stronger than all of us put together,' said one of his colleagues in the Government; and Béranger, always coy of praise, openly expressed his admiration for Reynaud's lofty attitude and rare gifts of oratory. He was one of those born to govern—pose, look, mien, speech, all combined to inspire reverence and enthusiasm. Disappointed at the failure of his efforts, he now retired from the arena of political strife, and absorbed himself in philosophical studies.

The last important act of his life was a refusal to accept the candidateship of the Moselle when offered to him at the general elections of 1863. 'I regret,' he wrote to the electors, 'not to be able to accept the honour you press upon me, but I cannot reconcile it with my conscience to swear allegiance to a constitution which has not liberty as its basis.'

Such in its barren outline is the man's life, but when we colour the picture and fill in the details all becomes glowing, bright, and lovely. Like Schiller he was utterly without littleness. Schiller, said Goethe to Eckermann, is always great, and thus it was with Jean Reynaud. The most unimportant incident, the least little trait, betokens the magnanimity and beauty of a character whose key-note was true heroism. An eye-witness relates the following occurrence that took place during the blood-stained days of July: 'We were camped on the Place de la Concorde, with the National Guards of our commune. It was on the third day of the contest. The battle was drawing to a close. All at once, a workman, unarmed and wearing a blue blouse, appeared, walking quietly across the place. The peasants, crying, "An insurgent, an insurgent!" rushed upon him with pointed bayonets. We tried to hold them back in vain, and the unfortunate man, overcome with terror, set off at full speed, pursued by some cuirassiers of the Champs Elysées, who, seeing his flight, deemed him guilty. In an instant he is surrounded, he is on the ground, his blood flows! when a civilian rushes forward from the crowd, and at the risk of being shot down a dozen times, throws himself between pursuers and pursued. Quick as lightning, without opening his lips, he tears from his own breast his insignia of deputy and throws it about the victim. The swords are lowered, the bayonets drop, the deputy's scarf—symbol of the Nation—becomes a palladium. And that unknown saviour was Jean Reynaud!

There was austerity, nay, stoicism mingled with intensest enjoyment

of intellectual and natural beauty, in this gifted nature, as many stories of his early life testify. In those days, from the family reverses already alluded to, he was obliged to undergo many privations, and he so schooled himself as to 'break the body,' in monastic phrase, and attain a serene indifference to material ease and luxury. Take the following example of his rigid adherence to what was a guiding principle of life. At a time when he often dined upon dry bread, he called upon a friend at the dinner hour, and was of course invited to stay and partake. Blunt refusal. 'Then you have already dined?' asks his host. 'No.' 'Why then refuse to dine with me?' 'Because I have no dinner at home.' 'The more reason for sharing mine.' 'The less reason,' answers Reynaud. 'In the first place, I will not turn a friend's house into an inn, and friendship into parasitism. Secondly, if I sit down hungry at your board to day, I shall come tomorrow and sit down to it, just because I am hungry. Thus, my body would have asserted its mastery, and I will have no masters, least of all, that one.' His friend looking at him astonished, he continued gaily, 'Oh, I have accustomed this body of mine to obey me, I assure you. In my long student travels, I used to say to it on setting out, You will have no breakfast till you have accomplished six leagues. The six leagues passed, it begins to grumble. Two more, say I, and it goes grumbling on. Come, I add sharply, grumbling is of no use, go on and be quiet. And I was obeyed, as I shall be obeyed to-day.' Whereupon he went home to eat his bit of bread.

He had a passionate fondness for animals, and the mystery of their sufferings troubled him greatly. When in 1842 he retired to the solitary hamlet of Vineuil, near Chantilly, to meditate and carry out his two chief works, he surrounded himself with pet animal especially birds. Peacocks had strange fascination for his artistic na ture. One day, watching them wit a friend, as they sat majesticall perched on a roof-top at sunset, h said, 'Do they not seem to salut the god of their native country, an delight to scintillate their plumag in the fire of its departing rays? He delighted also in flowers an plants, and was a skilled botanist an geologist. But perhaps his darlin study was that of the stars, an none has written of starry lor more rapturously than he. 'I doub not,' he writes in *Terre et Ciel* 'that if there existed on the surfac of the world a single spot onl from whence we could survey th mysterious structure of the uni verse, travellers would flock fron the most remote parts to tha privileged place; as it is, the habi of seeing the stars ends by bluntin this noble curiosity in most of us.'

His contemplative solitude a Vineuil was broken in the mos romantic and unexpected manner At the age of thirty-seven he ha retired apparently from the worl and domestic life, to consort wit nature and his books only, whe the daring but kindly interventio of friends saved him from a life-lon isolation.

There was living at the sam time, within fifty leagues of hi retreat, a lady, almost as solitar as himself, young, gracious, beauti ful, and devoted with equal ardou to the pursuit of science and phi losophy. Why not bring thes kindred souls together? though common friends who knew the intimately. The project was ma tured, and, in spite of Jean Rey naud's timidity and apprehension a the thought of linking another exist ence with his own, ultimately carrie out. A meeting was effected be tween the young but prematurel white-haired philosopher and hi Egeria, which resulted in twent years of blissful married life. B

his marriage, too, his worldly circumstances improved; a small inheritance, added to his wife's fortune, enabled him to live in that artistic ease and rustic elegance so dear to his heart. After the storms and conflicts of his youth, came smooth years of domestic harmony, and the amenities of country life. Here the *Brigand*, as he had been nicknamed in early days, occupied his leisure hours in gardening, glowing with all a naturalist's ardour over a new botanical specimen or rare plant. Long before his death, however, the insidious and painful disease from which he died had made havoc of that finely organised constitution and Herculean frame, and already in 1861 he wrote to his friend Henri Martin, the renowned historian:

> I am discontented with myself. I have fallen into a sort of inertia. Yes, at my age we find ourselves so near the other life that we are more disposed to take interest in that than in the present. We say our task is ended; and in seeing its insignificance, become resigned in thinking that another time it will be better done.

But even those who knew him best refused to believe that the end was so near. Though overcome with fits of profound melancholy, he lost none of his imposing presence and great personal beauty, 'cette apparence Olympienne,' as M. Légouvé styles it, and of which all his friends speak so enthusiastically. The portrait before me gives Jean Reynaud not in those evil days, when he was tortured with a fearful malady, but in the flower of his manhood. If I may so express myself, the leading characteristic of his face is its luminosity. The features are perfectly regular and exquisitely modelled, the brow is grand and calm, the pose of the head noble, while the effect of all upon the beholder is as of strange and sudden illumination. The spirit shines upon and irradiates us. And if such is the effect of cold portraiture in black and white, what must have been that of the man himself? He died in 1863, and was buried according to the rites of the Catholic Church in the village cemetery of Neuilly. Although a conclave of bishops had condemned Jean Reynaud as a heretic and a blasphemer a short time before, the Church did not refuse her blessing over his grave.

The task of summarising such a life is easy; but when we come to an estimate of the author and his writings, great difficulties present themselves. We have only to look at two of the many criticisms passed upon them, to see how differently they are regarded by writers of opposed tendencies. M. Taine, reviewing *Terre et Ciel* in the *Revue des deux Mondes* soon after its appearance, whilst fully appreciating the elevation of thought and beauty of style characterising the work throughout, regards it as utterly failing to establish that harmony between religion and science which was the end the author proposed to himself. M. Henri Martin writes of the same work after a careful analysis: 'The only praise becoming a book of like scope may be summed up in a few words, "C'est un livre de vie"'—it is a book of life; and he adds:

> To sum up our own opinions on these vast questions. Theodicy, namely, the science of God, exists, in so far as it can exist; and the religion of the Middle Ages, the philosophy of the eighteenth century, and the various sects of the nineteenth, have proved insufficient for the spiritual needs of humanity. The effort of Jean Reynaud is therefore legitimate and necessary. The way he opens to us is a true way, and we utter the prayer from the bottom of our hearts that this magnanimous appeal to the spirits of France may be responded to.

The directly opposite schools of criticism to which the work was subjected, represent indeed the two great sections into which thinking humanity is divided; firstly, that portion of it which takes refuge in non-belief, called in our own day Agnosticism, refusing to recognise the spiritual needs of mankind, or

accepting the attitude of complete incredulity upon subjects lying outside the domain of scientific proof; and secondly, that far larger portion which acknowledges its inability to live without some guiding principle in the shape of religious dogma. Now, whilst the majority of men and women do follow creeds, it may be, more or less baneful, or enroll themselves members of churches more or less imperfect, for want of something better, surely an attempt to draw up a philosophical scheme of religion should not be pronounced futile. We cannot affirm that what is best and most beneficial in inquiry and freedom in belief, has as yet spread very far, and that religious tolerance is the order of the day. We may take our children to church any Sunday to be edified with accounts of the perpetual torments to which Jews, Mohammedans, Hindoos and the non-saved from the beginning of Christianity until now, are condemned. Witness also the agitations among ourselves concerning the Burials Bill; witness the pious maledictions fulminated against Jean Reynaud by the bishops in council at Périgueux, and the persecutions to which dissidents in religion are subjected in France! The spirit of the Middle Ages is still unfortunately an active agent for evil even in highly civilised nations, and those who spend their forces in combating it must be reckoned among the benefactors of mankind.

The characteristic of the philosophical work *Terre et Ciel* is a consistent and logically developed protest against the theological teaching of the Middle Ages. The writer's mind is overwhelmed with commiseration for those who, in his poetic phraseology, have enrolled themselves 'sous la triste bannière du passé,' under the melancholy banner of the past. In his opinion, the writers of the eighteenth century have also done their work, and in order to prevent us from returning to the mediæval spirit and paganism, a new and pure school of religious mets necessary. Then as sequence of this propositi before him those proble have perplexed philosop Pythagoras down to Sch

What is the nature a of the soul? he asks. Wh come? Whither does it is the part played in the the universe by the wor us? Are they peopled, a the nature of their inhab sum up, he seeks the ur of life, and the conclusion at are, if not in the certain dogmas of the ( contestably in the inter giousness and morality. observes in his criticism c and all those who are acquainted with Frencl concur in the opinion vital issue now is no tween Protestant and Unitarian and Trinitar tween scepticism and l cardinal points of Jea doctrine—namely, that immortal, that human l link in the chain o being, that humanity sive, ever marching wards perfection, tha neither heaven nor he our planet indeed is its heaven—can but lead a loftier conception c whether regarded as a part. He accepted the d great Kepler: 'Hoc eni in quo vivimus et moven nos, et omnia munda (This is heaven, the universe itself, in wh and move and have with all other corporeit was ever more strongl with that taste for im which he writes so el which he traces back his intellectual progenit Gaul. Death for him a translation from one s to another; in perfectin

others, and the world in which they live, human beings nearest approach God.

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of Jean Reynaud's religious and philosophic system, ingenious, consolatory, and elevating though it be. Most readers, I fancy, will like myself prefer those portions of the work which are critical rather than speculative, and reap a harvest of thought rather by culling choice passages here and there, than by mastering the theories he builds up so confidently for himself. The plan of the work is not happy, or at best hazardous, being thrown into the form of a dialogue between a philosopher and a theologian. In fact it is a dialogue after Platonic fashion, but wanting Platonic life and movement. This defect is in a great measure redeemed by the charms of style and the originality of thought predominating throughout. Reynaud's prose is something more than perfection as prose. There are passages that recall the solemnity and convincingness of Pascal and Bossuet, whilst, as has been aptly said, he is never the author, but always the man.

Take as a specimen of his speculative mood the following passage from *Terre et Ciel*, where he is writing of the probable progress of the world, and the effect of scientific knowledge carried to a pitch even to day hardly to be realised. With regard to international commerce and its results upon general advancement and well-being, he says (for the author's own words we must refer the reader to his book):

Adam did not more entirely possess the fruits of his narrow Paradise than we in the present day possess all the combined products of the seas and continents of our vast inheritance. This common enjoyment of the fruits of the earth would not be a sufficient corrective of its vast size, were it not for the ease with which, in contradistinction to our ancestors, we are enabled to transport ourselves from one place to another, and to maintain our relations with various parts of the globe. Such is the result of international commerce. So lively has become the correspondence between the various quarters of the world, that letters and travellers are perpetually crossing each other on their way. And as voyages and journeys become longer and more frequent, they also increase in speed and facility, so that the extent of the globe and its relation to man are determined, not by relative size, but by the ease with which we can reach the most distant parts; the result being that the dimensions of the world, instead of being fixed, progressively diminish from day to day. Who indeed does not perceive that, viewed by the light of geography, the earth is infinitely smaller to us than it was to our forefathers—that each year, in consequence of the improved methods of communication, it suffers further diminution, and that it is destined to become still more limited to our descendants? So so far as the transmission of thought is concerned, distance no longer exists; by a miracle, before which our forerunners would have stood confounded, we shall soon be enabled to converse with the antipodes as easily as with our next-door neighbour. Thus, whilst the ancients could admire Divine power in bowing before the majesty of the earth, we should see ourselves compelled to take a very limited view of the handiworks of the Creator if we were obliged to judge of them by an abode where already we begin to find ourselves cramped for space, where the longest voyages are mere beaten tracks, and, to sum up, where already statisticians begin to tremble when they think of the little room that will be left for posterity. Happily we are more than compensated for the lost majesty of the earth by the new vistas astronomers have opened in the heavens, so that whilst the first appears narrower and narrower, the sidereal world conversely astounds us more and more by its immensity.

This passage is cited more as a sample of the author's manner of thinking than writing, which is here perhaps a little prolix. He is so anxious to be understood that he is apt to elucidate overmuch. But it is above all of the stars that he writes with understanding and witchery. He was given from his youth upwards to minding the heavens, and it is not only the poet and the philosopher, but the mathematician and the scientist, who speaks. 'Ah!' he writes, 'how well I can understand the irritation of the Middle Ages against

Galileo! That problem of the sun's fixity contained many others. The terrestrial globe ceasing to occupy the centre, and to form a rallying point of the universe, all preconceived cosmical ideas being overturned, where then to look for Paradise and Hell?' and in this dialogue between the philosopher and the theologian, the last fares worst of all. Not only Purgatory and Hell, but the Celestial Paradise of the Church, crumbles to pieces:

No more time; no more change; never more anything new; no more acts of charity displayed by one human being towards another; no more salutary reflections, no more aspirations after the Divinity; the elect in their places for ever and ever in Paradise, the damned in theirs below. The time is gone when good men can delight themselves in lifting their brethren out of evil, and in feeling that even the created world yields to their efforts and gains each day, owing to them, an added grace, an added beauty, where those who have had the misfortune to go astray are able, after their lapse, to return to virtue and follow the straight road in company of the righteous. . . . There is no more progress to hope for in this terrible succession of age upon age, neither for one's-self, nor for others, nor in heaven, nor in hell, and the law of unchangeableness is henceforth the law of the universe. . . . Ah! how this paradise repels me! how infinitely I prefer my life, with all its misery and tribulations, to such an immortality and such a beatitude![2]

'There were virtues in the world. There are none in heaven. The logic of theologians has expelled them,' he adds; and a hundred passages might be cited to show how intensely the superstitious teaching of the Church in these days weighed upon his spirits. He saw, as any unbiassed Frenchman must see, that the onl France lies in the eman the young from priestly and when he combats at the cardinal doctrines original sin, eternal p and the nature of angels be no doubt that it was t and the younger of hi people he had in view. that great scientific a should be brought to these questions in Fra astonishing; but that a teacher, the basis of wh is the purest and m Theism, should be a F and that he should ha following, may perhaps s for astonishment. The *Terre et Ciel* before me, p 1866, is the fifth, and do long since been supe others. Such recognitio which, according to the conclave at Périgueux, co be matched for monstrou mies, must have given u ings to many a professor o Whether, indeed, science gion are reconcilable rem for debate. Certain it is Reynaud's attempt in thi has resulted in a choic edifying and memorable

His speculative turn, wide scientific attainn him to curious and subtl into natural phenomena probable results of advan ledge. Take, for exam passages in the first divi volume, upon the sea, ra

[2] Plus de temps, plus de changement, plus jamais rien de nouveau; p charitables de la créature à l'égard de la créature, plus de réflexions s d'emportemens efficaces vers Dieu; les élus seront installés pour toujours place, dans le paradis; les réprouvés, chacun à la sienne, dans l'enfer. L passée où les bons pouvaient se délecter en aidant leurs frères à sortir du sentant la création céder à leurs instances, et gagner, chaque jour, grâce à eux, douceur et une nouvelle beauté; où ceux qui ont eu la malheur de s'égarer, pou leur égarement, revenir à la lumière, et reprendre en compagnie des fid chemin. . . . Il n'y a plus dans l'effroyable suite de ces siècles de siècles, espérer, ni pour soi, ni pour les autres, ni dans le ciel, ni dans l'enfer, ni nul loi de l'immobilité est désormais la loi unique de l'univers. . . . Ah! C paradis m'épouvante, et que j'aime encore mieux ma vie, avec ses misères, ses et ses peines, que cette immortalité avec sa paix béate.

sert. Here instead of metaphysical theories we have lucid expositions of such problems as offer themselves to observers of nature.

And he goes on to predict, with regard to all phenomena, an increasing development of man's power over nature. Every word on this subject, whether he writes of the stars above us, the ocean around, the flowers at our feet, bears the impress of what I am tempted to call an inspired enthusiasm. The key-note of the work must be sought in that ancient Druidic doctrine of the continuity of existence and the immortality of the soul, still further developed in the *Esprit de la Gaule*. True heritor of the spiritual teachers and pontiffs of ancient Gaul, for him, in the words of his favourite classic poet, death indeed was but a midway halt in never-ending existence:

> Longæ vitæ
> Mors media est.

We now turn to the *Esprit de la Gaule*.

It is easy to conceive the ardour which would be kindled in the breast of a noble-minded French boy by the perusal of Cæsar's narrative. Like Jean Reynaud, he would glory in the notion of kinship with the magnanimous Vercingétorix, and would delight in every fragment of tradition bearing on the sad but splendid piece of history of which the youthful 'chief of a hundred chiefs' forms the central figure. The key-note of the *Esprit de la Gaule* is to be found in this clinging to primitive nationality. Jean Reynaud saw in himself a scion rather of the Gaul than of the Roman or the Frank; and his outburst of enthusiasm gave the impetus to those Celtic studies in France which have since borne such rich fruit. To use M. Légouvé's words, 'Son livre réveilla l'esprit Gaulois en France.' M. Henri Martin in the first volume of his History largely acknowledges his frequent obligations to Jean Reynaud, who was the inspirer not only of the historian and the archæologist, but the dramatic poet. Montanelli's tragedy of *Camma* sheds added lustre on that heroine of ancient Gaul whose story is so pathetically told by Amédée Thierry in his *Histoire des Gaulois*. These are instances among many. The author's method of treating a subject is nowhere better seen than in this work. Tradition, folk-lore, architecture, customs, are all laid under contribution, the result being a compendium of fact and suggestion quite marvellous when we consider the scantiness of the materials at command. Of all the classic writers, Lucan alone seems to have grasped the spirit of that race so terrible to its foes because it 'feared not death'—that race which Cæsar with all his legions found so hard to conquer—that race which, like the Hebrew, had arrived at a belief in one God invisible and alone. Even Lucan, evidently full of interest and sympathy though he be, consecrates a few lines only to the theme of the Druids and their belief. I give Christopher Marlowe's translation of this famous passage as being more poetical than Rowe's, though in many respects Rowe's is preferable:

> And you, French Bardi, whose immortal pens
> Renown the valiant souls slain in your wars,
> Sit safe at home and chant sweet poesy.
> And, Druides, you now in peace renew
> Your barbarous customs and sinister rites;
> In unfelled woods and sacred groves you dwell;
> And only gods and heavenly powers you know,
> Or only know you nothing; for you hold
> That souls pass not to silent Erebus,
> Or Pluto's bloodless kingdom, but elsewhere,
> Resume a body; so (if truth you sing)
> Death brings long life. Doubtless these Northern men,
> Whom death, the greatest of all fears, affrights not,
> Are blest by such sweet error; this makes them
> Run on the sword's point, and desire to die,
> And shame to spare life which being lost is won.

shows any admiration is Jean Reynaud;'[2] and he cites this sentence of the great pessimist:

> I see that Jean Reynaud thinks exactly as I do, and that he naturalises without needing either Kant or the transcendental philosophy. He teaches the innateness of the moral character, believes that we have existed before our birth, and in fine, sets forth doctrines altogether Brahmanistic and Boudhistic. Bravo!

But had Schopenhauer studied Reynaud's writings, he would have discovered his error. Jean Reynaud had as little in common with the doctrines of Boudha as with those of Schopenhauer himself, their latter-day apostle. The capital point in all Reynaud's teaching is its hopefulness. For him, life and the world are terms for progress; and he somewhere beautifully says, thus putting himself directly in opposition to the theory of the Nirvanah: 'It is above all things, activity, the principle of action and progress, that likens us to God.' He could not conceive of any religious or philosophic system which should exclude hope and action as the first and best gifts of the Creator to man.

I wish space permitted extracts from some of the essays and sketches collected under the title of *Lectures Variées*, for in none is the spiritual nature and etherial mindedness of the man more apparent. They also testify to his scientific research in rather out-of-the-way grooves, and his intense love of the subtler aspects of nature. Let these last words, cited from the essay called *Elévation vers Dieu par la Nature*, close this sketch, since they better pourtray the author's habits of thought than any commentary could do:

> No exercise gives the soul more strength and vigour than its efforts to arrive at a contemplation of God. The more it is chained down by the toils and obligations of life, the more it needs deliverance from time to time by search after celestial things. This occupation, so different from those of every day, becomes a kind of repose, and assuredly, many men worn out with the daily vexations of existence, would easily be solaced and revived if such aspirations entered more regularly into their habits of thought. It is only by such means that we can succeed in freeing ourselves from the shadows and illusions of the world, and in contracting a taste for infinite perfection. By these exercises the loftiest geniuses that adorn humanity have been formed, and all of us are thereby gainers, since the best way to maintain inner calm amid worldly agitations, is to know how to rise, no matter how transiently, above the horizon of daily life.

Faith in God and the destiny of humanity, the deepest, tenderest sympathy with his kind, patriotism in the loftiest sense of the word, and ideals of life attainable only by a few choice souls—such are the teachings of the noble-minded Frenchman condemned by a conclave of bishops in the nineteenth century as an enemy of religion, a perverter of youth, and a blasphemer!

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Note.—With regard to Jean Reynaud's condemnation of the theory of eternal punishment, the conclave of bishops at Périgueux decreed as follows: 'Quant à la doctrine que l'auteur met principalement en relief dans son livre touchant les peines des méchants après la mort, nous la condamnons pareillement, nous la repoussons, et nous l'avons particulièrement en horreur, parce que elle est infiniment pernicieuse. Certes, l'amour divin n'est que trop souvent étouffé dans le cœur de l'homme sous le poids des passions: qu'arrivera-t-il si une doctrine hypocritement flatteuse vient y détruire la crainte, et offrir à la génération des pervers un Dieu sous le gouvernement duquel les vices affranchis se mettraient à l'aise?' But the closing sentence best shows the temper of the bishops: 'Enfin, nous déclarons que quand bien même, non seulement un homme ou le monde entier, mais, par impossible, *un ange du ciel enseignerait une doctrine contraire*, la nôtre doit demeurer pour tous les chrétiens l'objet d'une foi très-ferme et tout-à-fait immuable. Si quelqu'un agit autrement, qu'il sache qu'il s'est exclu lui-même de la foi catholique et qu'il a encouru ces mêmes peines éternelles dont il nie l'existence.' The italics are my own.

M. B.-E.

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[2] I have not the biographies of Schopenhauer at hand to verify the quotation.

# UPS AND DOWNS IN PHILOLOGY.

IT seems but the other day that we wrote as if wasting our grief over the hardships endured by Philology under a triumphant Aryan dynasty. The case looked all the more hopeless, because the suffering Prometheus clearly had no objection to what was going on; indeed professed to enjoy it. Now, once again, the unexpected has come to pass, and a feeling of despair yields to satisfaction over the turn things seem to be taking. Mr. Sayce's *Principles of Comparative Philology* is a most promising sign; we trust that the author is but a growing Alcides, just strangling a few snakes from the Vedic Hera, by way of getting his hand in for labours yet more profitable to mankind in its perplexity.

We like the bold way in which Mr. Sayce grapples with tough problems, and the modest amount of finality he ascribes to his views. There is a smack of genuineness about his criticisms, because he is not far from wishing well to the side that may easily find them uncomfortable. His information, not always quite so new as he thinks for many of us, is highly valuable, and his inferences from it ingenuous and forcible. We may at least hope that the comparative method is entering upon a stage of application little dreamt of by Bopp or Grimm. The name may well remain, but its old restricted occupation is or ought to be gone, and in any case, what is most true in itself must be best for us in the long run.

In offering our few remarks upon the *Principles*, we are above all things anxious not to be misunderstood. We know of nothing in the whole range of philology so well worth reading. And if anyone has a right to assume a didactic position towards the learned author, we are aware it would ill become us to do so, or to show a carping spirit in finding fault. It so happens that there are a few points on which we have felt unable to keep up with him. We should hardly like to claim so much science for philology, so much influence for analogy, or so much importance for his view of the sentence, as he does. We are not edified by his theory of accent; nor can we doubt that, in a spirit of reaction against some unsound hypotheses, he has started others that will fare no better. But his book is so highly charged with matter, that much of it must remain unexplained and so come to be mistaken. And this might encourage a spiteful advocate on the Aryan side to make such use of some things as to prejudice others unconnected with them. For ourselves, we should like to retain a little of our own discretion, but still to follow Mr. Sayce's colours against all opponents.

With all our regard for the book, we fear that nothing will ever reconcile us to the use of its would-be title, Glottology. We find nothing enjoyable in its sound. We feel unable to learn much from its ostensible meaning, which ought, after all, to be easily intelligible to the uninitiated.

If Mr. Sayce had only shown the the same slight deference found in the *Science of Language* towards the earlier labours of Sir John Stoddart, we might have thought better of the effort to rehabilitate a mutual title. But Sir John never achieved much glory for that name of glossology, which he seems to have thought it was immortality to introduce. No doubt there is something provokingly exceptional about philology; but knowing what it means, rather liking its sound than otherwise, we are quite satisfied with it and should be sorry to

part with it. Our own wishes tend in the direction of contracting rather than enlarging the area of study in philology. We should gladly hand over phonology and glottology to the linguist and the agriologist. We should like philology to stop short at the frontiers of the pre-historic. And if it would make its province co-extensive with all inscriptions or writings that have been or may be discovered, we should think it had an ample and a noble field for examination, and we would then look up to it as Phonography.

We hardly like to move on till we have had our say upon one or two conspicuous items in our book. It would be a pity if any vindictive Aryan, smarting under the loss of his pet Idola, were to turn round and say, that the iconoclast in the case has set up others not much more worthy of veneration. Of course philology is not really affected by the sort of things we shall speak of, as they lie quite outside it, and only require to be kept in their place. As regards these Idola, if they be such, we may reckon them as three, to match the number of those exposed in the second chapter of *Principles*. They may have the names of—i. the Science; ii. the Sentence; iii. the Beehive Community; and though we may only convict ourselves of being more or less culpably mistaken, yet we must venture a few words on these subjects.

Readers of the *Science of Language* will be apt to wish that its author had not taken the trouble to write its second chapter or lecture. One must feel the charm of his fascinating illustrations, but it is hardly safe to take them for more than sketchy after all. Plain people will be puzzled to know whether language really has a history beyond that 'natural growth' which is what nothing else under the sun seems to explain to them. Notwithstanding what they are told of 'the Science of Language, one of the physical sciences,' we may be sure there will be no hurry on the part of the general run of physical philosophers in taking the announcement seriously and literally. It strikes one that the author of *Stratification of Language* elects to put language on the footing of geology, but we cannot stop to discuss the wisdom of the choice. In his last preface, Mr. Sayce seems boldly to go in for chemistry, and throws us out in the attempt to follow him. No hazy notion we ever had of chemical laws or affinities helps us to understand how people have been talking ever since they began to do so. We detect ourselves in the very process of wondering whether, after all, our teachers have quite made up their minds about what science is, or how best to describe it. Of course we are led to expect the proper quantum of laws or invariable rules in philology as in other sciences, especially physical ones. But the difficulty some of us feel is in trying to get at them. Looking at the law of natural growth in phonetic decay, we are puzzled by finding language made into a sort of gigantic fungus. Catching at the law of the sentence, we see it elude us under the ægis of logic, or some other form. Making a dash at such small game as the law of Grimm, we find it a shadow. It may be seen from the third chapter of Baudry's *Comparative Grammar* to be one of those very separable accidents of certain languages, which no fellow can understand as yet. Trying the law of accidence in the light of what Dr. Morris says of our own, and of syntax as Mr. Roby puts it in his second volume, or of euphony and prosody in face of the agriology of the day, we give the search up in despair. If any law seems marked upon those minute things in language which together result in great ones, it is the law of perpetual

least shall not pity him; but this does not commit us to any very sweeping doctrine about the sentence.

We who have dubbed ourselves or pass for 'rational animals,' are apt to point to the logical proposition as our great success, next to 'simple apprehension.' And our books seem to teach us that a proposition normally contains one of the five predicables as the main element of its predicate. They lead our celestial minds to feel sore wrath with any Mr. Mill or his school, who would, by some fell jugglery about the connotation of the predicate and that sort of thing, make out that there need be nothing really abstract about the predicate at all. We stand out for the presence of this abstract, or its equivalent, in the predicate of a proposition used by 'rational animals.' But we are told clearly enough that Tasmanian and other 'natives' get on, perhaps by preference, certainly without complaint, in total independence of abstract general terms. The question then arises about how we can call both them and ourselves 'rational,' when our conception of the sentence differs so much from theirs. Sometimes Mr. Sayce seems to see this difficulty, but in a general way it appears to be ignored. Altogether, we are inclined to think, either that most people held implicitly the right doctrine about the sentence before Mr. Sayce's book was first published, or that they will hardly be up to the point of accepting it now. We can have no sympathy with those who see words and syllables on paper as separate as tadpoles in the water. Neither is a painstaking lexicographer to us only a literary butcher, recklessly chopping up words till they are reduced to their last vertebra.

We must notice the 'beehive community,' lest others should make us responsible for it. It is a mystery to us, and a grievance, inasmuch as it has caused our 'historical' science to project us so far away into the pre-historic. We have thought repeatedly over what in the primitive man can be held to be represented by 'the modern savage and the modern child,' but we get no nearer to a sight of the beehive in either one or the other. But our main objection to the beehive doctrine about primitive man is, that it is so unmercifully burdensome to the imagination. To account for the handful of biliterals or triliterals which underlie the languages of literature by supposing them derived from the discordant jargon of brawling beehive communities is painful, if necessary. It should include an appeal to some law, principle, or compact under which it could have happened. Surely the process was a little beyond the powers of laziness or of phonetic decay. Altogether, too little allowance is commonly made for what has intervened between the primitive state—whatever that may have been—and the modern savage state such as we know it to be, and, perhaps, such as something in the modern world has helped to make it.

We are now at last ready to be made, like Jonadab the son of Rechab, to ride in Mr. Sayce's chariot while the destruction of certain unworthy possessors of philological supremacy is being enacted. In the ups and downs of life in the world, we often come to wonder at the generous but blind attachments we once felt, but feel no longer, and the results of our infatuation may be worse than we can ever atone for. But, happily, it is not necessary to break our hearts outright, because they have loved Aryan charms a little too fondly, and for awhile felt as if they could not get on without them. Strange that it should be necessary in our own, as in Bacon's days, for one out of many with the same advantages to stand forth and say that the fashionable

teaching is full of Idola. And whether Mr. Sayce is right or wrong in his views, he at least is no spiteful calumniator.

The way in which the Aryan monosyllabic root is discussed and displaced in the second chapter is in the author's best manner. Those who like to see a demolition effected will be gratified by this instance of the way in which it can be managed. A perusal of pp. 62–79 can alone do justice to their contents. Comment might be worse than superfluous, and outsiders must be content with a general view of the subject. We hope all readers will notice throughout the *Principles* the valuable aid usually afforded by Semitic in strengthening positions taken up against Aryan on other grounds. Thus, if the Aryan monosyllabic root is an Idolum, Semitic is said by Mr. Sayce to be essentially triliteral. If the verbal root of Aryan analysis (p. 79) is an Idolum, the Semitic verb presupposes a noun (p. 79). If the Aryan notion of present time as expressed by the verb is an Idolum, we see (p. 95) that 'Turanian bears the same testimony as Semitic, and explains the original nature of the Aryan verb.' Judging from the general tenour of the book, we cannot but feel surprise that Mr. Sayce should, on the whole, think so little of that Semitic preponderance in general which his own evidence substantiates in particular. We may as well ask the less 'scientific' reader to subdue his impatience when he finds the word Roots reaching him from all parts of the philological compass, and reminding him of the vain repetition of the name of the Prophet of Islam. If he will look inquiringly here and there, he may be guided to an explanation of the frequency of the notice of roots which he may think more lucid than satisfactory. If Aryan philology is shown to be founded on roots, which are the

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the days of Julius Pollux downwards they have been exemplifying his own pet doctrine, namely, that the sentence makes the word, being itself autochthonous. It is amusing to see the extent to which what are now called Aryan Idola have impressed themselves upon grammars and dictionaries, which got on as well, and far less ponderously, without them. They have, at least, not prevented that astounding grammatical muddle in which our learners see neither tense nor case as it came to be what it is, but wax great in the knowledge of Idola.

The chapter on the Idolum of Primeval Centres is not so much to our liking in its tone and style as the one before it. There seems no consciousness of the absurdity of speaking of a primeval or any 'centre' which cannot have a circumference behind it as well as before it. We doubt very much whether the notion of a primitive 'mitrailleuse' or 'fan' would suit the higher flights of glottological disquisition; but that is about what the Aryan theory comes to. Mr. Sayce shows easily enough that there is nothing outside an exceptional family of languages to confirm it, and that all really 'comparative' evidence, including Etruscan, Lycian, Caucasian, and barbarian, is clean against it.

It is painful from our point of view to see how little regard he pays to the fact that 'scholars of the highest reputation have endeavoured to derive Aryan and Semitic from a common source; and when all else failed, have had recourse to the desperate expedient, &c.' (p. 101). Three pages afterwards, in alleging what forbids the supposition of a relationship between them, he is about as vague as it is possible to be. It is rather begging the question to suppose that everyone knows precisely what he means by the 'structure' of the language, the 'phonology' of the speech, the 'conception' of the grammar, the 'character' of the lexicon. We might suppose he had really nothing specific to adduce, till we hear anon of the chasm which nothing but miracle can bridge between the conception of the Aryan or Semitic verb. All this while some of us have been for years teaching the paradigm of the Greek verb on the basis of the Semitic verb, in its aorist, and in such other parts of it as were in use, before the substantive auxiliary in Greek was applied to the verbal stem. We have taught the presence of at least two forms or pairs of tenses, founded respectively on the first or second aorist, leaving the reduplicated perfect on one side. This has been done without miracle, by simple observation, and to good effect. And it has long seemed to us, that if the curious variety of so-called conjugations in Semitic were looked upon as earlier examples of something like compound verbs in the classical tongues, they might all agree together very amicably. Of course, we wish that Mr. Sayce would not be so positive against any claims of Semitic to supersede Aryan, because we feel that he will some day change his mind. As for the descent of all languages from one original, according to the doctrine that 'articulate language began with the period of roots' (p. 103), we are quite sure that no one has proved the inter-dependence of more than a few of them. The inference from facts under observation would be that most of them have come down to us independently, with or without their own 'period of roots.' But nothing that we can see or hear of for ourselves reconciles us to that 'jelly-bag' sort of theory, which leads Mr. Sayce to extend as much as possible the primeval area from which languages first started to reach their modern development. Neither the Aryans nor our glottologist have succeeded in giving the prehistoric history of language, and small blame to them.

As for all the Aryan farrago of a

telescopic evolution of language through its three stages, none of which have ever been seen, unless perhaps in Coptic, to follow one another, Mr. Sayce has quite disposed of it. He might easily have done so without making such a terrific onslaught on those 'pronominal roots' which attract so much of his attention. Plain readers will be of opinion that when the meaning psychologically is the same, isolation, agglutination, or inflection, are only varieties of form without special principle in any. No trouble would have arisen about them had not the Aryan showman been deafening the ears of the studious by crying out so loud, 'See, here is the Root that made the Base—and here is the Base that made the Case—and this is the Case the Pronoun made—so of course this is the speech that Nature made.' Besides other evidence, the polysynthetic and incorporating languages powerfully help out the decision, that it is about as right to say of certain 'states' of language that they are 'stages' of development, as to say that the States are the United Stages of America.

It must of course be our own mental obtuseness which leads us to see in the fourth chapter little but a charming disproof of its own main position. This we take roughly to be that, whereas the Aryans claim for their Comparative Grammar a credit at most due only to the Lexicon, it is a valid answer to them to say that, however inclusive its Lexicon may be, a nation's grammar is strictly exclusive of any but its own forms. In favour of this way of puting things, we are referred to Basque, of which there seem to be half-a-dozen mutually unintelligible sorts within the radius of a few miles. The fact that the grammar of pigeon-English is Chinese is counterbalanced by the fact that the negro jargon of English is at least not rigidly

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scriptions for general readers adopt the dialect of the 'literary coterie of the court;' yet this is said of the Sassanian Pehlevi, and, considering the battle-ground that Persia has been to so many different tribes, it is a bold thing to say that it never spoke Pehlevi, because a good deal of Aryan is still found in its language, and because Firdusi in the tenth century wrote his *Shabnameh*, his 'Book of Kings,' 'in the purest Aryan.' Nothing, at least in our chapter, is shown to invalidate the supposition that it was Firdusi himself, the panegyrist of kings, who was the courtier, writing in Aryan for other courtiers, while the mixed Pehlevi suited the subjects in general of his Majesty Shahpur I. At any rate, there is mixed grammar for some to read, and made by some who saw that the materials suited the purpose. For ourselves, we are but waiting till the revolutions of the planets bring about a conviction that glottological problems misstated and mis-answered by Aryan are naturally solved by Semitic. Many an hour may be spent with thrilling interest over a dispassionate examination even of Gesenius, and of the instalment of poor Norris's Assyrian Dictionary. So many words of classical and modern use seem to issue from thence, that we come to fancy all the rest will some day have their pedigree traced up to the same source. Then, as we sit at our table, we wonder whether the book before us will not prove to be the precursor of many more bulky ones. It is Raabe's *Gemeinschaftliche Grammatik der Arischen und der Semitischen Sprachen.* It is only a few years old, and the writer has strong Aryan proclivities, yet he has been so much struck with his success about the Grammar, that he is going on at once with a 'Semitisch-Arischen Lexicon.' Little seems to be wanting to the consummation we look for, except that there should be a little more care bestowed on that phonography which ought to be settled before glottology opens its mouth about any but living languages. It is at least conceivable that Grimm's law in Teutonic, the 'Literal Mutations' in Welsh, and the like, may be chiefly useful as pointing to a bolder creed, perhaps to the extent of holding that, where its meaning is ascertained, two-thirds, or even less, of a word may do as well as the whole to identify it wherever it is found. What we mean may be easily seen in Phœnician, where, as Dr. Schröder shows (p. 100), Melkarth can be represented by Makar, or Mokar, if not by Bokar; where the later Boccar traces itself back to Balcas, if not to Malcas; and where a certain famous city is found, as 'Kiryath-hadasa' (New Town), which the Greeks contrived to call Carchedon, and the Latins Carthago. Phonography properly handled would soon find its difficulties reduced if not removed. Needless to say, that to us the four words unwillingly allowed at the end of the chapter to look like Semitic are but as the red-herring trailed across the nobler scent of similarity in Aryan and Semitic.

We infer from Mr. Sayce's last Preface, that, after wounding Aryan susceptibilities by his version of the ideality of roots themselves, he has gained but little credit for his attempted compromise about a root-period. We cannot wonder at it, for one would think that he had nothing left for it but to expunge the word roots altogether from his philological vocabulary. Strangely loth to do this, he seems almost to rehabilitate them when (p. 236) he says: 'As glottologists, we have to begin with roots; they are the first facts to which we can ascend.' We know the words hardly mean what they say, but they indicate a little vacillation on the subject, which accounts for the suggestion of the Root-period, and the Epithet-period, and the Beehive-period, and so forth. In point of fact we make

but little progress while merely deciding that Aryan abstract roots were nonentities, or that simplicity in roots was out of date, when 'the first ideas were as much indifferentiated embryos as the jelly-fish on the shore' (p. 243). The nearest approach we get to anything more constructive is when we are reminded (p. 233) that 'the languages with which we are acquainted have arisen out of the wrecks of numberless forgotten attempts at speech; so the roots presupposed by the lexicon are the selected relics of an infinite wealth of primitive sentence-words.' We prefer the idea of 'selected relics' to that of 'wrecks,' and altogether begin to take heart of grace upon the subject; we see a way to get rid of the parasitic analogy of roots, which sucks so much of the life-blood of the facts. The good ship Philology seems no longer to stagger under its difficulties, or helplessly drift astern before them. We get a notion that the powers of literature have been brought out from what was spoken before, as the powers of the steam-engine from the throes of an ebullient tea-kettle, or the Newtonian system from an orchard apple; and we open our eyes to what might have effected the wondrous transformation, without of course pretending to say that it did so. The art of *Writing* must have had a good deal of science about it from the first, but that 'first' is usually said to be of comparatively recent date, whatever be thought of the Darwinian antiquity of man himself. Our noble brothers, the savages, appear to have an unbounded faculty for composing, adopting, and dropping words, but then they are guiltless of literature. Agriology now quotes them as representing the primitive man, who, having as yet no literature, would deal out his words not by syllables but by indefinite multiples thereof. We feel quite sure that when the first Accadian or pre-Accadian joined the original Phonographic Company, Limited, he would be very shy of beginning with words of a dozen syllables. He would leave language in general to be the mirror of society, but make writing a matter of convenience, and so perhaps, like our monosyllable for Christopher, 'select his relics' for the style of the engraver or scribe, eschewing all but a fraction of vocal usage. He would then deserve the honourable name of lexicographer, and perhaps turn off the wrath which is apt to fall undeservedly on those compilers of dictionaries who deal with the language that has now for so long been written. On this view of the peculiar province and scheme of the writing art one would think that the Aryan with his Roots, the critic with his Root-period, languages with Pre-position, Post-position, or Inter-position, isolating languages with tones, and polysynthetic ones, might all once again form a 'happy family' in glottology. It would not signify what had been spoken in the world if we could only make out the main part of what has been written. But as yet all this is but a vivid dream, while the Doctrine of Roots remains in front of us a melancholy reality.

Perhaps some of our readers may have been led like ourselves to procure a book published some five years ago at Bordeaux by a Frenchman named Campos Leyza. The work is more easily disbelieved in general than disproved in detail. Hebrew words are reduced in it to about seventy so-called roots, many of them doubtful, some onomatopœic. This would be strange, if true, and would at least show the enormous powers of evolution contained in the art of writing what began with a few syllables. It may be worth mentioning, as regards the Doctrine of Roots, that besides the question of biliterals or triliterals, there is another really more important. It is as to whether the supposed roots

were syllables with closed or with unclosed vowels. The first of these would be the Semitic, the last the Aryan view. We take the side of the consonant or Semitic party, and feel a lively recollection of the time, now very long past, when we were at least as much inclined to worship Bopp as to doubt his omniscience. But in an unlucky or a lucky moment we came across his notions of the derivation of prepositions. We found him gravely devoting some eight pages of his German edition to the prepositional offspring of 'Demonstrativ-stamm A.' This proved too much for us, and we may perhaps trace to it a growing disinclination to trust in Bopp or in anything Aryan, or to believe in the deep radical significance of syllables with unclosed vowels.

In his eighth chapter Mr. Sayce has furnished enough grammatical details of the highest interest not only to 'flutter' the Aryans, but to exanimate most believers in a grammar at all, such as we had a few years ago. In the 'Metaphysics of Language,' a heading which happily he seems to have no great wish to perpetuate, he is less hampered by any recent hypotheses of those with whom he is sorry not to agree. We know that the genius even of an Aristotle may be fretted by the ideas of 'dear friends' on a stage which he desires to find clear for his own action. However, for the nonce, the venerable Eton Grammar may stand in the place of Aryan adversaries, and hear enough to make its ink turn pale, its letters paralytic, its paper bilious, and its cover mouldy. To think that it should ever be gravely asserted in an ancient University that every doctrine hitherto on the formation of Declensions and Cases has been a mistake throughout! In one way of viewing the matter the Accusative seems to stand first, in another the Vocative, but the Nominative seems almost nowhere. There is no real Genitive but apposition, no Dative but a generic relation to a sentence, and certainly there was no Ablative in the days of Dionysius Thrax, if it remained for Julius Cæsar to invent it. Then the plural is only a fantastic refinement over the dual; and as for genders, it is only by chance that we have not had eighteen of them, like our more fortunate brethren in South Africa. Semitic throws the most light on all these matters, and conspicuously in giving a plural form to the superlative. Whoever notices what is said (pp. 282–285) about the 'parent speech' in the plural question, as compared with the Semitic, will see how the case lies, and be prepared to see afterwards that, if there is trouble about the person-endings of the verb in Semitic, there is little peace amongst the Aryans about their 'ti' and 'nti.' The least we can say on the whole case is that all grammarians, from the Alexandrian downwards, seem to have admirably succeeded in presenting the accidence of the classics to their disciples upside down, and that when we teach our pupils that one word 'governs' another we ought to add, 'By the bye, of course you know that "government" altogether in these matters is mere rubbish.' Whether the science of language has 'force' enough to construct a more genuine grammar we know not. Probably its powers for some time to come are weakened by that volcanic upheaval of the accusative to the old place of the genitive, which has made the hunt for the characteristic of the noun still more puzzling than ever to the tyro. But we are sure of this, that a few chapters like the one we have been considering are about the most valuable contributions that can be made to philology, and that he who can write them is entitled to the warmest thanks of scholars that are now or shall be.

It is only according to the precedent set by the author of *Science*

*of Language* that in our *Principles* so much stress is laid upon comparative mythology as a branch of glottology. We could have wished to see so interesting a subject reserved for a special treatise, but we must at least glance at the outline of it given in the eighth chapter. And it seems but honest to admit that if philology depended for its whole influence on its feats in the mythological department, we should augur but doubtfully about its future. We might even fear that some at least of our great writers had laboriously dug a pit in this direction in order to tumble into it themselves. This part of his work leads Mr. Sayce to say things about his favourite notion of language as 'the mirror of society,' which might haply be found to set people against any study of it at all beyond their impressions of its meaning in the daily newspapers. It would seem that, the older words are, the more certainly they will have changed and lost their first or early meaning. It might be held to follow that, beyond the few fresh words it might invent, the speech of each generation would consist of words old in their form, but new in their meaning. In this case there can hardly be said to be any embodiment of thought in speech, but a mere attachment of thought to old and empty symbols. But this applies only to an over-statement of the importance of glottology, to the prejudice of that despised 'scholarship' which is indispensable to any profitable study of words. Without a 'scholarship' which did its best to interpret the words of an author by himself and his age, we might indeed have a long list of grammatical forms from past days, but we should know nothing from the old speakers. If it were not easily seen that mythological names are of necessity treated differently from other words in common use, we might be found to give them all up together as hopeless. One would like to be convinced of what glottology has really done in the field of mythology beyond turning the sky into a melancholy cattle prairie, on what are supposed to be the correct principles of the *Rig-Veda*. True Aryans can hardly be aware of the intensity of depression caused in many readers now-a-days by the approach of another solar myth, a fresh vaccination from the *Myths of the Dawn*. We expected nothing of the kind from Mr. Sayce; but we cannot disguise the sad fact from ourselves, that the freshness of our Homer is once more blightingly assailed by his glottology. By the shade of Hermes Trismegistus, we are caught once again by the ubiquitous myth! Paris is to be to us 'the robbers of the bright cow-clouds of the dawn;' and Akhilles, who dies at the western gate of Troy, is Aharyus, the sun, from the Sanskrit 'ahar' (p. 311). Not only so, but our schoolboy deity 'Hêracles is the sun, not only because his life and labours are those of other solar heroes, but also because his own name discloses his origin from *swara*, the splendour of heaven' (p. 340). In this latter case indeed we had heard of a Semitic derivation, and if the Tyrian temples, said by Herodotus to be of Hêracles, were of Baal, we should think it almost certain. But altogether, we cannot help thinking that the solar theory in mythology will be found to have been carried too far, and to be no credit to glottology. Moreover, when it is seen that agriology involves us in a direct succession to the fetishism of the primitive man, we think there is something a little uncomfortable about this, and more than is suggested in Sir John Lubbock's book. There is something in the fact that no new religion, however good, can begin with totally new terms, because no one would understand them. But it need not take

long to give the new meaning to the old terms, just as Hellenistic Greek would soon be made to puzzle the purists of Athens, and as monkish Latin had its own way with the classical style. We find it hard to believe that the myths of Sanskrit or the cuneiform were the necessary foundation of our faith of to-day, any more than that the philosopher's stone was the necessary foundation of modern chemistry, or the wearing of fig-leaves of the modern art of tailoring. In this matter agriology seems rather to overleap itself, and ought to concede more to men's minds or souls than a mere quantum of 'religious instinct,' whatever that may mean. We could have spared this view of it to hear more of what Mr. Sayce is one of the few men entitled to discuss.

We should like to have seen the burden of Mr. Sayce's first appendix in the preface rather than where it is. The Aryan Roots, for which no existence or period can be given, might have looked well by the side of the Route of 'our Aryan forefathers' into Europe, which cannot be made certain or probable. A phrase is used in the second sentence which is usually enough to make us suspicious. 'I assume it to have been proved that their original home was in Asia,' &c. We submit that 'Science of language' has made out a case for this, but has not given proof of it. If any unprejudiced reader will weigh the points mentioned by Mr. Sayce with special reference to the utter absence of any sign of Aryan in Turanian, or in that Accadian which reveals itself to us up to the third millennium; if, further, he will give heed to what we suppose to be the fact, that the inscriptions of Asoka, hardly up to this time closely examined, are not, any more than the Cingalese, specially Aryan, he will see that there is nothing monumental about this said Aryan for 3,000 B.C. in that part of the East from which it is said to have come. And there must be a degree of risk in trusting documents supposed to have been written during ages when scribes were neither numerous nor exceptionally guaranteed for honesty. The second appendix in our book deserves attention, if only for a passage bearing upon the position of those who have a leaning rather to the Semitic than the Aryan view of philology. We grant there is little following it to the purpose of this declaration of belief. But, as it stands, it looks well for the future, and we transcribe it for the reader. 'I have long believed that an unprejudiced and thorough-going examination of the Aryan declension would show that its origin was similar to that of the Semitic noun, the cases being differentiated as the need for them arose out of various more or less unmeaning terminations or suffixes of derivation.'

In concluding our remarks on *Principles of Comparative Philology*, we have only to repeat that they are offered in a spirit of independence, not of opposition. Others may enjoy the profusion of detail and thought in the volume even more than ourselves, but they can scarcely hold it in higher esteem than we do, or feel more thankful for its appearance. It indicates a great, bold, and solid advance towards putting the subject of philology on a sound and satisfactory footing. Our author would be the first to acknowledge, however, that but little is yet done beyond razing the old structures that stood on the site of the fortress of language so much required.

M. T.

## OF THE LENGTEN-TIDE.

SO our fathers called the Lent season. There is no ecclesiastical meaning in the term. It means neither more nor less than the season of the lengthening days: to speak with more precision, of the lengthening day-light. One has found that the other phrase perplexes little children, who not unnaturally ask if the length of the day is not always the same. And doubtless it is so.

Lent is drawing to an end. Let not this Holy Week go, without a line. The way in which some folk bring it home to themselves that a thing is actually present, is by remarking to other folk that it is present. It suffices not to say so to themselves. 'A fine bracing day,' you exclaim to one you meet on the iron-bound road on a frosty morning: and at once you are aware of the fact as you were not aware before. You are delivered, too, from another way of putting the case which would be formulated in the words 'Wretchedly cold morning.' It was a toss-up which you should say: but the resultant feeling is very different. And feeling is the greatest fact.

There are human beings, presumably of intellect far above that of the majority of the race (they frequently convey as much, in any case), and whose minds run on the greater and higher matters of thought (or what they esteem such), who do not condescend to take much notice of such commonplaces as the revolution of the seasons. Summer affects them not, nor winter either: and to walk in a lane between hedges just showing the early green of the lengthening days, is no more than to walk the street, gaunt and stony. The produce of their mind bears no flavour at all of the outward surroundings amid which it was given forth. There are humbler mortals who, chameleon-like, take their soul's colour very greatly from time and place: to whom the Tuesday feeling is very sensibly different from the Saturday one, the April mood from the January one, the inner frame of the growing daylight from that of the shortening days: who are quite different souls in town and country, by the sea-side and among inland woods, under windy pines and under blossoming horse-chestnuts, looking upon the wide plain you see looking from Windsor Castle towards Harrow, and abiding where Perthshire heather perfumes the air and Inverness-shire granite towers into the summer blue. And to such people it is good to stop upon a day in this week: and just to feel where they are in the year. The feeling is in the air, and they take it in at every pore: it is a great reality, and a thousand miles away from anything like affectation; but you are aware of it through a special sense. But as the man quite devoid of the sense of smell knows not when the beanfield or the cloverfield makes all the atmosphere delightful, so the hard mortal, lacking the sense which takes cognisance of place and time and their subtle effluence, writes his article to prove that Christmas and Easter and the souls which keenly feel them are alike shams: writes his theology or morality and never makes you aware of the material or moral surroundings amid which it was written, though you may have abundance of the personal element of self-assertion and self-puffery. Cursed be those things! It is not

such of which we are aware when Gibbon tells us how he laid down the pen which had finished the *Decline and Fall*, and took his little walk in the avenue of acacias and looked at the Lake of Geneva in the moonlight: It is the personal element with its homely charm and not at all its vapouring egoism that comes to us so life-like when the beloved and lamented Helps makes living lips and not dead pages convey to us the truths he felt so seriously but sought so lightsomely to bring home to the reader's mind and heart. Good friend, who kindly read these lines, let us feel the season as it passes over us: It passes fast, as pleasant seasons do: and we may not see it many times more: or it may come when we shall have no heart left for the early blossoms and the first green leaves. Nor is it an impersonal cleverness we look for in a homely essay, like that which we get in overflowing measure when we read a political paper in the *Times* or the *Saturday Review*. In the essay we look for a commonplace human being, whom we feel to be extremely like ourselves: not the least in our weaknesses and fears.

It is a singular exhilaration which stirs, in most plain folk, at the lengthening light. There is pathos in the manifestations of it: notably in cases where it would be hard to say what it is that people are exhilarated about, or what it is they are looking for. I read in the newspapers how at the little town of Lanark, in Scotland (to which little town great Glasgow, with near 800,000 inhabitants, is in a certain sense subordinate), upon the first of March in this year the bells (probably only one bell) began to ring at six o'clock in the evening, after having been silent at that hour through the winter, according to the rule in force there. And one read how a crowd of children gathered to hear the sounds which indicated that gloomy winter was (to a certain degree) now away, and received with loud cheers the unmelodious noise. I never heard the Lanark bells: but I have not heard more than six bells in Scotland which were melodious: and probably those of Lanark are like the most. Now, that first of March was anything rather than 'the first mild day of March.' One thought of the raw dismal early spring of Scotland: and the bare ugly street of a little average Scotch town, where there is not a solitary object on which the eye could rest with the smallest degree of pleasure: and it appeared as though the shivering little folk of Lanark (God bless them, each cold little boy and lassie) had little enough to exhilarate in their outward surroundings. Yet they cheered in that cheerful way. Summer was coming: the bitter cold and frightful darkness of Winter were left behind: What might not come in the warm long days? The vague Good Time, which children vaguely expect, might suddenly overspread all the world. But older folk, sadly delivered from that pleasant illusion, knowing that they will never have anything better than they have already had, and that it is nearly certain they will have much worse, are aware of the same unreasonable but welcome stir within them, as day by day the light encroaches a little on the long darkness, even though the cold relaxes not its bitterness at all. One takes it thankfully, as one takes any little good that comes in these latter days; not analysing it too closely lest in the process it quite vanish away. Let the season be welcomed as it seems, looking back, one used to welcome it when one was a boy. Let us sun ourselves, too, whenever we can, in the happiness of those who are boys now. Two days since, in the

cold evening of a day on which the East wind had blown without cease, the writer met two little boys running home from school. 'The Easter holidays,' one of them exclaimed: 'a fortnight.' 'Are you very happy?' was the question put. The answer was 'Awfully!' We must make as much as maybe of these little events. And children are often happy with a liveliness of delight not known at all by men and women. The little people have their great sorrows and fears, no doubt, but they are evanescent: Unless where there is some heartless step-father or step-mother, or a parent whom Puritanism has de-humanised, there do not come the slow, dragging, enervating troubles which take the spring out of older spirits. It is not as when the poor brain-worker knows himself the mere drudge that must earn the money the idiot wife or the loafing scape-grace of a son tosses about freely. It is not as when the hapless mortal, far short of thirty, finds that he (or she) has spoiled finally all this life. There are wrong turnings which you may take, with little thought, which will lead you into a path in which you can never know a light heart any more. Even there, perhaps, the first green of Spring, and the lengthening light, may awake in you the nearest to cheerfulness that you will ever be aware of: a faint reminder of the vernal joy of departed years.

I am he who lately testified in these pages that Nature is Black: that for large intervals of time the Country is Black, not (as commonly supposed by London folk) Green. These things were so, when the testimony was uplifted. They are changed now. The stupidest obstructive can hardly object to the radical reformation of all things which is brought about by the Spring. The most pig-headed Scotchman that ever lifted up a testimony against churches and services, can complain of this great Inno It was the same walk again t the same six miles were tra All things were changed. Th fields were green: greener than one's recollection. The were touched with the tend verdure: life had stirred i through winter had been little twigs in dirty corners o and the shabby twigs were ing themselves as Solomon was arrayed: one stoppe gazed at them in wonde humility. The ploughed were a cheerful light-brown is the aspect of our soil i parts when it is turned Above, the sky was spaci extent as it has not been fo weeks: the roof overhead ha and the horizon widened. colour of the heavens was blue, with many fleecy cl white. The sea was bright- another shade: one felt how such as have never beheld (and Richter never did) imagine what it looks like. stream by the wayside was ing like diamonds: glitterin diamonds that I have eve Yes, the days are lengthenin nature is reviving: the w cold and darkness in wh have for many months jus life in, have gone. One ha and darkness always more. grow older, and draw nearer last chill, it seems as tho shrunk especially from cold more. Once cold was bri bracing: blood and nerves under it. Now, the feeling is pain.

In this Northern kingdo seasons of the Christian y coming to meet their due nition. The days were in they were not regarded: i places not even remembere

when they came. And these days are not long gone by. But they are gone by: and the freshness of something unaccustomed gives to the Christian year, in these regions, an interest beyond that in many places where it is familiar and has always been so. On Ash-Wednesday, the first day in this Lent, I was present in a Scotch church where the text preached from was *I repent in dust and ashes.* Could more seasonable be found? It was while there was little coming and going between the two countries, that Scotland retained its great diversity from England: the countries are approximating now. Just place the two together, so that average human beings can readily compare them: and the bigger country will leaven the lesser one, and assimilate it. The process may be a regrettable one, or a desirable: but it is inevitable. Surely as the English accent supplants the Scotch among educated people in Scotland, who at least endeavour to acquire it, in many cases with but little success, will English ways of thinking and acting be gradually adopted throughout the North. It is much to be desired that divers most horrible forms of expression be excluded from the debates of the General Assembly. By and bye, a man will cease to *Homologate* the views of one with whom he agrees: likewise to *Resile* from an untenable position; or to declare his purpose to *Implement* an engagement. No longer will some trumpery matter be said to *Bulk Largely* in the public view: nor a question be stated to have *Emerged*, and a *Great Door Opened. Hoc statu, quoad ultra, cum periculo, ultra vires*, will be heard no more. Nor will any proceeding be crowned with *Sucksiss*, the accent being placed strongly on the first syllable.

One may enjoy the lengthening light and the budding hedges and trees, the brightening grass and the first daisies, with an entire freedom from any apprehension that all this will have to be answered for at some future time. As one grows older, sorrowful experience makes one count the cost of most pleasures. But a specially cheering fact about this hopeful season is, that only good comes of it: and no suffering nor trouble will fall on any mortal, after a while, for that he has looked with delight upon any number, how great soever, of blossoming apple-trees or fragrant hawthorns. And the outcome of the Spring revival is only Summer luxuriance and Autumn bounty: never anything heavy or painful. It is much pressed upon the attention of many folk that the way of this world, in divers respects, is not so. The Reckoning comes: That is the law. You have had your banquet, such as it was: and now the Bill comes in. There is a passage in a work by an eminent thinker of a former age, who reached a considerable worldly elevation, and who had opportunities to see a great deal of his fellow creatures, which in these latter days seems even awfully true. It runs as follows:

'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth: and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.'

Although the writer is a preacher, he never discoursed from that text. Neither did he ever allude to it, or quote it, in addressing any congregation. The reader, therefore, may dismiss the rising fear that he is about to have a portion of a sermon palmed off upon him: a fear which, indulged, would probably at this point break off the reading of the

present dissertation. It is sad that it should be so, but it is certain. And that it is so comes of stupid prejudice in some cases: in others, of painful experience.

Now let it be said that, looking at the passage quoted, with its ominous suggestion that you may quite fitly go and divert yourself now, but that you must make up your mind to bear the consequences, I am not thinking of wrong-doing, which will in all likelihood find the wrong-doer out sooner or later: I am thinking of the most innocent and righteous enjoyments of this life. For it is certain that from such, heavy consequences in many instances come. It is entirely fit that many human beings should get married. It is manifest that in a short space the Race would be extinguished were it not so. Yet, the other day, no matter where, the writer looked upon a care-worn and aging man sitting sadly and silently by himself, and thought that the day of reckoning had come to him, as to others innumerable. Many years ago, in the spring-time of their life, the hopeful young couple were married. If there were no difficulties about settlements, and if the mothers-in-law were not especial idiots, the young folk were wonderfully happy both before and after their marriage. Their home was pretty, their means sufficed: and the time came when in the innocent enjoyment of the strange words and ways of little children, all that is best and kindest in human nature was wakened in the young parents' hearts. All that pleasant time had to be paid for. Now, the children, many beyond reasonable number, have grown up: the terrible day had first come, once or twice, when a little sufferer died. And the children are various in character and career: Each has a will of his own, of her own: it is possible there may be the black sheep: every black shee
body's dear little boy o
must be provided with
life: to this end most
away. And, by sad nec
must grow out of their
warm-hearted youth int
far less pleasant: the l
girl is dead, long ago,
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delight in a budding hedge or a little bit of emerald turf in rain or sunshine, you have not only the delight at the time, but you are afterward the better for it. When you find out that Sampson has been telling lies about you, you will not be so angry. When you have preached at the opening of an Organ, and some fatuous idiot writes to you that he 'charges you in the sight of God with having impiously set at defiance and rebelled against His specification,' 'defying the Almighty with a Box of Whistles,' you will be enabled to send a civil reply to the writer, acknowledging his sincerity while regretting his illusion. You will be permanently cheered and mended by the contemplation of much grass and of many blossoming trees: and you will draw in at every pore the vague but elevating teaching of these things, and of the Power behind them that speaks to us through them. And not a whit less wonderful than when you were a child is the cloud of tender green or of fragrant snow that of a sudden transfigures the black branches which rise above a dirty wall in an ugly back-lane of an unattractive town. Looking at the angelic purity amid the frowsy surroundings, it is a fact (although Mr. McTattle may think it a piece of sentimental affectation) that certain human beings in that wonderful though common presence cannot help saying to themselves something to this effect: *Fresh from God.*

I have been reading, with very keen interest, a volume which makes one think seriously of the reckoning we have had to pay for the advantages into whose enjoyment the nation entered at the period of the Reformation. Many good people, only through the depth of their ignorance, fancy that it was all gain then, with no countervailing loss. In fact, the gain was in various respects great; but the price paid, both in Scotland and England, was very heavy. The volume in question is called *The Abbey of Paisley, from its Foundation to its Dissolution, with Notices of the subsequent history of the Church. By J. Cameron Lees, D.D., Minister of St. Giles, Edinburgh.* Such readers (if there be any) as know or care about Scotland and things Scotch, are aware that Dr. Lees is one of the most cultured and distinguished among the Scotch clergy: a diligent parish-priest, a very attractive preacher, a well-read and scholarly man. For many years he was incumbent of Paisley Abbey, now a parish church of the Scotch Establishment: and he did much towards its restoration from a condition of indescribable degradation. The Choir and Transepts are ruined: but the Nave is beautiful as in pre-Reformation times: the windows blaze with gem-like colour as of old; and an organ which cost 2,000*l.* wakens the echoes once more. I hope to be allowed, at another time, to say something of the period whose history is traced in this book. The work has been done with great fulness of information, with much liveliness and interest. And the volume itself, a massive quarto, handsomely printed and illustrated, bears on its title-page no metropolitan imprint. It is *Paisley: Alex. Gardner.* Meanwhile let it be said that whoever reads this book will be reminded (if he knew before) how good was the work the monasteries did in their better days: keeping learning alive, spreading around them a zone of fertile land reclaimed from wild forests: providing a quiet retreat in stormy times for many who longed for such, and testifying against Feudalism by ignoring its caste-distinctions. The deterioration came (and doubtless it was grievous)

when growing wealth tempted kings and nobles to intrude their bastards as Abbots and Priors, sometimes at the age of ten. And then followed the fierce days of change, when no quarter was given on either side: when hypocritical robbers (some of them did not take the trouble to be hypocrites) seized or were given the wealth of the Church, which was the patrimony of the poor, and their descendants have kept it carefully. Now, if the abbeys did little good, in most cases the present possessors of their lands do no good at all. They take the Nation's wages, and make no return whatever. In these days of threatened Disendowment and Disestablishment, this matter will be looked into. That is quite sure. The ancient possessions of the Church in Scotland are at present used as 'a gigantic system of out-door relief' for the support of a limited number of individuals who have ceased to be Scotch in education, in sympathy, in politics, in religion.

A. K. H. B.

# MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

## A VINDICATION.

By C. Kegan Paul.

THE name of Mary Wollstonecraft has long been a mark for obloquy and scorn. Living and dying as a Christian, she has been called an atheist, always a hard name, but harder still some years ago. She ran counter to the customs of society, yet not wantonly or lightly, but with forethought, in order to carry out a moral theory gravely and religiously adopted. Her opinions, save on one point, were those which most cultivated women now hold. Mary Wollstonecraft loved much and suffered much; she had the real enthusiasm of humanity before the words were known which designate a feeling still far from common; and, like many more who think always of others more than self, she has been one of the martyrs of society. Nor did she win, like some other such martyrs, any immediate recognition when her sufferings ceased in rest, nor had she a certain pride in her rejection while here. She did not carry about in men's sight, as has been said of Byron—

> The pageant of her bleeding heart.

For the most part her great sorrows were hidden, herself was unrecognised, and her name despised. Known to and loved by only a very few, her writings have been almost unread, the facts of her life ignored, and only by an accident has any serious attempt been made—eighty years after her death—to set her right in the eyes of those who will choose to see her as she was. As the wife of Godwin, her life found place in a memoir of the philosopher published a year or two since. How completely ignored she has been may be judged from the fact that when Miss Yonge, the well-known authoress of *The Heir of Redclyffe*, prepared some few years since a new edition of *The Elements of Morality*, a book for children, translated by Mary Wollstonecraft from the German, she did not even take the trouble to discover the right name of her whose work she was reproducing, and spelt it *Wolstoncroft* and *Woolstoncroft*. The following pages reproduce in part, and in part supplement, what there was said, in order to do justice to the memory of a woman as good as she was fair, and lovable as she was unfortunate.

Mary Wollstonecraft was born at Hoxton on April 27, 1759. Her father had once been rich, the son of a respectable manufacturer in Spitalfields who had realised a considerable fortune. The family was originally Irish; and Wollstonecraft the younger married an Irishwoman of good family, Elizabeth Dixon.

Never bred to any profession, Mr. Wollstonecraft, when he had spent great part of his patrimony in drink, tried farming, an occupation in which shrewdness, vigilance, and early hours are, above all things, requisite. He got into deeper difficulties, and began a wandering, shifty life, marking each change of residence by a deeper fall in poverty and disrepute. The family roamed from Hoxton to Edmonton, to Essex, to Beverley in Yorkshire, to Laugharne in Pembrokeshire, where he seems to have had some little property, and back to London again.

Mrs. Wollstonecraft died in 1780, leaving six children: Edward, an attorney, in business near the Tower; Mary, Everina, and Eliza; James, who went into the Navy; Charles,

who finally emigrated to America. There are some of the name now settled in Australia. I am unable to say of which son they are the descendants.

Mr. Wollstonecraft soon married again; and his wife appears to have done what she could, but quite in vain, to keep him steady and respectable. His home became no fit place for his daughters, and, indeed, the circumstances of the family drove them out to endeavour to earn a livelihood.

The sisters were all clever women, Mary and Eliza far above the average; but their opportunities of culture had been few. They all had a real desire to learn, and were fair French scholars. They all, therefore, turned their thoughts towards teaching, as a profession; and Mary, as the eldest, was to make the venture first. In the meantime she went to live with her friend, Fanny Blood, a girl of her own age—whose home life was also unhappy—whose father was much such another as Mr. Wollstonecraft. Fanny Blood was an artist, and supported her family by her profession, or nearly did so, for Mrs. Blood gained a small sum by taking in needlework, in which, so long as they lived together, Mary aided her. Everina went to keep house for Edward; and Eliza made a hasty marriage, in order, it may be supposed, to escape from the shame of her home life and the irksomeness of a teacher's career.

I am not able to discover what position in life Mr. Bishop held: he was, however, what is called a gentleman, and I have some notion he was a clergyman. The marriage was from the first unhappy. It is more than probable there were faults on both sides. All the Wollstonecraft sisters were enthusiastic, excitable, and hasty tempered, apt to exaggerate trifles, sensitive to magnify inattention into slights, and slights into studied insults. All had ill-health of a kind which is especially trying to the nerves; and Eliza had, in excess, the family temperament and constitution. She had little actual education, she was very young and inexperienced—scarcely more than seventeen, I take it—at the date of her marriage, so that there was little to counteract the waywardness of a hasty disposition. Yet there can be no doubt, on the other hand, that Bishop was a man of the most furious violence; and this, the third married home which Mary knew intimately, was far more terrible than that of her own parents or of the Bloods.

Mary, much attached to her family, was devoted to Eliza, and considered no sacrifice too great to make for her. To save her from her misery she gave up all hopes of an independent career, and offered a home to her sister, whom she urged to leave her husband, and, when Mrs. Bishop's reason all but gave way under her trials, arranged her secret and sudden flight. It was the first occasion on which any of the great social problems presented themselves to Mary Wollstonecraft: but her rapid mind had no hesitation how this one should be solved. Bishop had dissolved his marriage by his brutality, whether temporary laws still held his wife to him or no. Many years afterwards, she wrote a sketch and worked out in detail some chapters of a story called *The Wrongs of Woman*, but it was still unfinished when she died. Most of the painful scenes in it are simple transcriptions of what she had known and witnessed in her sister's married life; and the root idea of the whole book is the gross immorality of those laws which hold a woman to a brutal, loveless savage, who keeps none of those promises on the strength of which the marriage contract has been undertaken.

Mrs. Bishop was in hiding from her husband for some time; but a

legal separation—no more was possible—was at last arranged, and the sisters, with Fanny Blood, took a house together. The scheme proposed was that Mary and Eliza should obtain daily pupils, while Fanny should maintain herself as an artist. The school existed for awhile at Newington Green: some influential friends sent them about twenty day scholars; some boarders, two ladies and their children, came to live with them. But the board was irregularly paid; the original want of capital hampered the sisters; and, after languishing for two years, the school expired.

Fanny Blood married during that time Mr. Hugh Skeys, a merchant, and went with him to Lisbon. There she died in childbed, having sent for Mary to nurse her, but she only arrived in time to close the eyes of her friend. The first romance which Mary ever wrote, and published a year or two afterwards, was founded on her recollections of this dear companion.

During the period we have now traversed, which brings us to the summer of 1787, when Mary was twenty-eight, she was a voluminous but not a very remarkable letter-writer, and she had written nothing else. Her letters are, save in one point, mainly interesting for the vivid pictures they give of the miserable home life, making the whole family, the Bishops, the Bloods, and others, live again before us. I must, however, venture to refer those who wish to read them, or at least the most interesting of them, to the Life of Godwin before mentioned. The one point in which they are all specially remarkable is the line they take about religion. It must be remembered that this woman is one accused of having set religion at defiance, and therefore it is that I lay such stress on certain passages. In the same letter in which she has written to Everina that, on her advice and her responsibility, Mrs. Bishop was to leave her husband for ever, and in which she recognises that she is flying in the face of all received traditions by giving such counsel, she says:

> Don't suppose I am preaching when I say uniformity of conduct cannot in any degree be expected from those whose first motive of action is not the pleasing the Supreme Being; and those who humbly rely on Providence will not only be supported in affliction, but have a peace imparted to them that is past all describing. This state is indeed a warfare, and we have little that we don't smart for in the attaining. The cant of weak enthusiasts has made the consolations of religion and the assistance of the Holy Spirit appear ridiculous to the inconsiderate, but it is the only solid foundation of comfort that the weak efforts of reason will be assisted, and our hearts and minds corrected and improved, till the time arrives when we shall not only see *perfection*, but every creature around us happy.

Again, to George Blood, Fanny's brother, who had got into a somewhat serious scrape, she writes:

> Do your duty and leave the rest to Heaven; forfeit not that sure support in the time of trouble, and though your want of experience and judgment may betray you into many errors, let not your heart be corrupted by bad example, and then, though it may be wounded by neglect and torn by anguish, you will not feel that most acute of all sorrows, a sense of having deserved the miseries that you undergo.

Again, to the same:

> It gives me the sincerest satisfaction to find that you look for comfort where only it is to be met with, and that Being in whom you trust will not desert you. Be not cast down: while we are struggling with care, life slips away, and through the assistance of Divine grace we are obtaining habits of virtue that will enable us to relish those joys that we cannot now form any idea of. I feel myself particularly attached to those who are heirs of the promises, and travel on in the thorny path with the same Christian hopes that render my severe trials a cause of thankfulness when I can think.

These quotations need not, though they might indefinitely, be increased. Nor is the advice given with the 'easy and free' manner of one who looks on suffering from the outside. Remember that she her-

self was crying out of the deeps, was walking in the valley of the shadow of death. There have been few more joyless lives—all who surrounded her sordid, sensual, and base, constant ill-health, constant poverty. As Mrs. Browning says of Cowper:

> He wore no less a loving face
> Because so broken-hearted.

Mary, while building up her sister and her friend in the faith and in hope, wrote of herself:

> My harassed mind will in time wear out my body. I have been so hunted down by cares, and see so many that I must encounter, that my spirits are quite depressed. I have lost all relish for life, and my almost broken heart is only cheered by the prospect of death. I may be years a-dying though, and so I ought to be patient, for at this time to wish myself away would be selfish.

Again, after Fanny's death:

> Could I not look for comfort where only 'tis to be found, I should have been mad before this, but I feel that I am supported by that Being who alone can heal a wounded spirit. May He bless you both.

It is not perhaps unworthy of notice that among the friends gathered round the sisters at Newington, who gained them pupils and aided them with friendly counsel, two out of the three names of men which meet us most often in the letters are those of clergymen.

Through one of these she became acquainted with Mr. Prior, Assistant Master at Eton, who was commissioned by Lord Kingsborough to find a governess for his daughter. After spending some time at Eton she travelled to Ireland with her hosts, and entered on her duties as governess to the Misses King in October 1787 at a salary of 40*l.* a year. Her sisters obtained various situations of the same kind which need not here be particularised.

It was singularly unfortunate that Mary Wollstonecraft was fated, as it were, to see the unattractive side of almost all the great institutions of society with which she was brought into contact: marriage, education, particularly religious education as administered at Eton, and aristocratic life. When she afterwards wrote her treatise on the Rights of Women, her views on all these subjects were coloured by her own personal experiences. Like all women and most men, she generalised from particulars, and never suspected that such a one-sided view must be partially unfair.

The language which she uses of Eton is probably not too severe, and the points on which she animadverts are not exaggerated: the fine of a guinea for non-attendance at certain religious rites was still in existence, if not at Eton yet in several Oxford colleges, even in my own recollection.

> At boarding schools of every description (she writes) the relaxation of the junior boys is mischief; and of the senior vice. Besides, in great schools, what can be more prejudicial to the moral character than the system of tyranny and abject slavery which is established among the boys, to say nothing of the slavery to forms, which makes religion worse than a farce? For what good can be expected from the youth who receives the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to avoid forfeiting a guinea, which he probably afterwards spends in some sensual manner?
>
> Nothing, indeed, can be more irreverent than the cathedral service as it is now performed in this country, neither does it contain a set of weaker men than those who are the slaves of this childish routine. A disgusting skeleton of the former state is still exhibited, but all the solemnity that interested the imagination, if it did not purify the heart, is stripped off. The performance of high mass on the Continent must impress every mind where a spark of fancy glows, with that awful melancholy, that sublime tenderness, so near akin to devotion. I do not say that these devotional feelings are of more use in a moral sense than any other question of taste, but I contend that the theatrical pomp which gratifies our senses is to be preferred to the cold parade which insults the understanding without reaching the heart.

The remarks on the teachers and the teaching are quite as severe, and, I take it, not less deserved.

Arrived in Ireland, the society was scarcely more congenial. Lord Kingsborough, afterwards Earl of Kingston, was a coarse, hearty, jovial, but not unkindly country squire; Lady Kingsborough, a mere fine lady, without real refinement. One child only among her charges specially attracted her, 'dear Margaret,' as she is called in the letters, afterwards Lady Mountcashel. This lady's own after life was sad, and her character was not free from blame. It is therefore necessary once more to draw attention to Mary Wollstonecraft's own earnest orthodox piety, and the high morality which runs through all her letters. For one of the chief slanders brought against the governess in long-after days was that she had corrupted the minds of her pupils, teaching them base morality and false religion. On the contrary, her whole endeavour was to train them for higher pursuits, and to instil into them a desire for a wider culture than fell to the lot of most girls in those days. Her sorrow was deep that her pupils' lives were such as to render sustained study and religious habits of mind alike difficult. Most of the women with whom Mary Wollstonecraft came in contact were frivolous, and most of the men were coarse. It is not wonderful that her spirits flagged, and in spite of the affection of the one child to whom she was attracted, she saw almost everything around her in gloomy colours.

After a year's sojourn in Ireland Lady Kingston dismissed her governess because—the reason was distinctly avowed — the children loved the governess more than their mother, and the latter became jealous.

The promise of literary skill which Mary had shown before she left London, and a little tale called *Mary*, written during her year in Ireland, induced Mr. Johnson, the publisher in St. Paul's Churchyard, to offer her constant literary work, mainly in the way of translation from the French. She settled in lodgings in George Street, close to Blackfriars Bridge, and worked hard in this employ for five years, finding places for her sisters, and giving them a home when they needed one. Out of her slender earnings she sent Everina to France. Mr. Johnson lived above his business premises, and saw much literary society, among which Mary was always welcome. It is amusing to find that she made a friend of Mrs. Trimmer, whom she calls 'a truly respectable woman.' During this period she translated, among many other books, *Lavater's Physiognomy*; wrote for children *Original Stories from Real Life*, now, perhaps, best known by Blake's striking illustrations; and last, but not least, *The Rights of Women*. This work is one which has ever been more known by name than by perusal, and it is written on a subject which even now excites acrimony rather than calm discussion. The very words 'A Vindication of the Rights of Women,' the full title of the book, are held, without examination, to claim emancipation alike from law, from custom, and from morality. Yet it is evident that the writer, as she has shown herself in her letters, must have changed far more suddenly than is wont to be the case, if such indeed was the object she set before her in writing the treatise.

It is not among the least oddities of this singular work that it is dedicated to M. Talleyrand-Périgord, late Bishop of Autun. Mary Wollstonecraft, always confiding and always charitable, still believed in him. She little knew how unstable was the liberalism for which she gave him credit, and though well aware that some of her opinions were opposed to those which Talleyrand had put forward in his pamphlet on National Education, she yet thought him sincere.

Mary Wollstonecraft, like so many others, turned to France as the land from which was rising the day-star of a new time; yet, unlike many others, she was far from considering that all French manners were worthy of imitation. Even in the dedication to Talleyrand are some noble words in defence of English cleanliness in life and talk, even of seeming prudery, rather than much which is still tolerated in France.

In the dedication she states the 'main argument' of the work, 'built on this simple principle, that if woman be not prepared by education to become the companion of man, she will stop the progress of knowledge, for truth must be common to all, or it will be inefficacious with respect to its influence on general practice.'

In carrying out this argument the most noticeable fact is the extraordinary plainness of speech, and this it was that caused all or nearly all the outcry. For Mary Wollstonecraft did not, as has been supposed, attack the institution of marriage; she did not assail orthodox religion, she did not even directly claim much which at the present day is claimed by the most moderate Liberals for women and their work.

'I respect marriage,' she says, 'as the foundation of almost every social virtue.' 'Religion,' she exclaims in another place, 'pure source of comfort in this vale of tears! how has thy clear stream been muddled by the dabblers who have presumptuously endeavoured to confine in one narrow channel the living waters that ever flow towards God, the sublime ocean of existence! What would life be without that peace which the love of God, built on humanity, alone can impart? Every earthly affection turns back at intervals to prey upon the heart that feeds it, and the purest effusions of benevolence, often rudely damped by man, must mount as a free-will offering to Him who gave them birth, whose bright image they faintly reflect.'

The book was really a plea for equality of education, passing into one for State education, and for the joint education of the sexes, which some of us now again strongly uphold, and which has been, in some instances, tried with marked success. It was a protest against woman being deemed only the plaything of man, an assertion that intellectual companionship was the chief as it is the lasting happiness of marriage. In maintaining these theses, she assailed the theories not only of Rousseau in *Emile*, which would have been easily forgiven her, but those of Dr. Fordyce, whose sermons had long made a part of a young woman's library, of Dr. Gregory, and others, whose words were as a gospel to the average English matron. She did but carry out what Day had sketched in *Sandford* and *Merton* almost without blame.

It may, however, be admitted that her frankness on some subjects not usually discussed in print, is little less than astounding, while side blows are administered to much which was then unquestioned. The fallacy by which virtue is confounded with reputation is laid bare, and she by no means shrinks from uncovering the worst sores of society. She dealt directly with dangerous and explosive subjects, incidentally upheld greater freedom of divorce, and denied the eternity of the torments of hell.

It was not only the plain speaking which alarmed, not only that a woman spoke, but every page showed that she too was affected by the thoughts which claimed rights for men, and the demand for these was even then issuing in the French Revolution.

The book has faults, grave over and above those incident to the time, but its merits are great also; there is much that is valuable for these days—it is fresh, vigorous, eloquent; it should ever be remembered, if not read, as the herald of the demand that woman should be the equal and the friend, not the

slave and toy of man. I will quote as a specimen of her sarcastic vehemence the concluding passage of this memorable book:

> Let woman share the rights, and she will emulate the virtues of man, for she must grow more perfect when emancipated, or justify the authority which chains such a weak being to her duty. If the latter, it will be expedient to open a fresh trade with Russia for whips, a present which a father should always make to his son-in-law on his wedding-day, that a husband may keep his whole family in order by the same means, and without any violation of justice reign, wielding this sceptre, sole master of his house, because he is the only being in it who has reason, the Divine indefeasible earthly sovereignty breathed into man by the Master of the Universe. Allowing this position, women have not any inherent rights to claim, and, by the same rule, their duties vanish, for rights and duties are inseparable.
>
> Be just, then, O ye men of understanding! and mark not the more severely what women do amiss than the vicious tricks of the horse or the ass for whom ye provide provender, and allow her the privileges of ignorance to whom ye deny the right of reason, or ye will be worse than Egyptian taskmasters, expecting virtue where nature has not given understanding!

Among those most scandalised by the publication of the work were Mrs. Bishop and Everina Wollstonecraft. It is not surprising that they did not agree with the views contained in it, but the small spite with which it is discussed in their letters which still remain seems to point to envy and jealousy far more than to honest indignation at opinions. The sisters were both in situations, and in a degree independent of Mary's pecuniary aid. She did less for them since they needed less, more for her own culture, and more for her needy and, it must be added, worthless brother Charles. These were sins which jealous and petty natures could neither overlook nor forgive.

Mrs. Wollstonecraft, for such was the brevet rank she took after the publication of her book, determined to go to France for a few weeks; her book had been translated into French, she wished to see the Revolution at, as it then seemed, its peaceful work, and to perfect the French accent; her scholarship was already excellent. The party was to consist of Mr. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Fuseli, and herself, but the others were prevented going, and Mary went alone to Paris in December 1792, boarding at the house of Madame Filliettaz, *née* Bregantz, a lady in whose school at Putney Mrs. Bishop and Everina had been teachers.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuseli had long been friends of Mary, and slander attempted in after years to make out an attachment between her and Fuseli, which stuck sufficiently to make even Godwin surmise that had Fuseli been free Mary might have been in love with him. But in fact Godwin knew extremely little of his wife's earlier life, nor was this a subject on which he had sought enlightenment from herself. I can only here say that I fail to find any confirmation whatever of this preposterous story, and much which makes directly against it, the strongest fact being that Mary remained to the end the correspondent and close friend of Mrs. Fuseli. She went to Paris heart-whole, having reached the age of thirty-five without, so far as I can discover, any trace of a romance such as comes into most women's lives at a far earlier period.

Were it not that her life had been so lonely, that her gentlemen friends had been staid elderly persons, who stood to her in the light of father or elder brothers, this might seem strange in the case of one so gifted and so fair.

Like her mind, however, her beauty would appear to have ripened late. In July, 1792, Mrs. Bishop says in a letter to Everina that Charles informs her 'that Mrs. Wollstonecraft had grown quite handsome.' The grudging admission is more than confirmed by the

portrait by Opie, painted after his return from France, and when the waves and storms of sorrow had gone over her. More than one print was engraved of that portrait, in which is well preserved its tender, wistful, childlike, pathetic beauty, with a look of pleading against the hardness of the world, which I know in one only other face, that of Beatrice Cenci. But those prints can give no notion of the complexion, rich, full, healthy, vivid, of the clear brown eyes, and masses of brownish auburn hair. The fault of the face was that one eyelid slightly drooped. In spite of this defect Southey speaks of her eyes as the most meaning he ever saw, though he did not quite like an expression on her features 'indicating superiority,' whatever that may mean, for he says it was not haughtiness or sarcasm.

Such was Mary Woolstonecraft when she landed in France. She had very good introductions, amongst others to Helen Maria Williams, the author, great-aunt to the late distinguished Athanase Coquerel. A few days after her arrival she saw one of the memorable scenes of the Revolution, and described it in words worthy of its unique character. She thus narrates the passage of the King to his trial in a letter to Mr. Johnson:

About nine this morning (Dec. 26, 1792) the King passed by my window, moving silently along—excepting now and then a few strokes on the drum, which rendered the stillness more awful—through empty streets, surrounded by the National Guards, who, clustering round the carriage, seemed to deserve the name. The inhabitants flocked to their windows, but the casements were all shut; not a voice was heard, nor did I see anything like an insulting gesture. For the first time since I entered France I bowed to the majesty of the people, and respected the propriety of demeanour, so perfectly in unison with my own feelings. I can scarcely tell you why, but an association of feelings made the tears flow insensibly from my eyes, when I saw Louis, sitting with more dignity than I expected from his character, in a hackney coach, going to meet death where so many of his race have triumphed. My fancy instantly brought Louis XIV. before me, entering the capital with all his pomp, after one of the victories most flattering to his pride, only to see the sunshine of posterity overshadowed by the sublime gloom of misery. I have been alone ever since, and though my mind is calm, I cannot dismiss the lively images that have filled my imagination all the day. Nay, do not smile, but pity me; for once or twice, lifting my eyes from the paper, I have seen eyes glare through a glass door opposite my chair, and bloody hands shook at me. Not the distant sound of a footstep can I hear. My apartments are remote from those of the servants, the only persons who sleep with me in an immense hotel, one folding-door opening after another. I wish I had even kept the cat with me! I want to see something alive; death, in so many frightful shapes, has taken hold of my fancy. I am going to bed, and for the first time in my life cannot put out the candle.

We all remember that within a month the King, whom Mary saw and pitied, went on a sadder journey still. On January 21, 1793, Louis was beheaded, and before the first week of March had ended all diplomatic relations were over between England and France—the two countries were at war. 'The coalised kings threaten us,' said Danton; 'we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the head of a king.'

Unless Mary had gone at once, she could not go at all. From the date of the King's death the position of every English resident in France became extremely hazardous. The hatred against the countrymen and the countrywomen of Pitt can scarcely be imagined in these calmer times; and Paris, always cruel in panic, was soon in the throes of what has been so well called 'The Terror!' Want was added to personal danger in the case of many residents; crowds assembled in the streets, clamouring for the barest needs of life, *du pain et du savon*—for bread and soap.

Mary shared to the full this want and difficulty. It was impossible for her to communicate with

her sisters, or to receive remittances from England. The letter to Mr. Johnson was the last tidings of her for more than eighteen months.

The American community in Paris did not of course share the suspicion, dislike, and danger which were the lot of the English. One of these Americans, Captain Gilbert Imlay, became acquainted with Mary in the spring of 1793.

After he left the American army, on the conclusion of peace, he became a commissioner for laying out land in the back settlements. From Kentucky he wrote letters on the state of the country to an Irish friend, who published them in Dublin in 1793. Though they were written *currente calamo*, and had not the advantage of the writer's final revision, the *Topographical Description of the Western Territory of North America* is a model of what a monograph on a new country should be. It is at once clear, full, and condensed, is even now interesting, and in its own day went through many editions. Its language throughout shows an educated, accomplished man.

Imlay had now entered into various commercial speculations, of which the centre appears to have been Havre, and his trade was with Norway and Sweden, presumably in timber, since that industry had mainly attracted him in America. At the time of which we speak he was successful in commerce, and he had considerable command of money. The kindness he showed Mary Wollstonecraft disposed her to look on him favourably, she soon gave him a very sincere affection, and consented to become his wife.

I use this word deliberately, although no legal ceremony ever passed between them. Her view was that a common affection was marriage, and that the marriage tie should not bind after the death of love, if love should die. It is probable, however, that, like many others who hold the same views, only a series of untoward circumstances made her act upon her opinions. A legal marriage with Imlay was certainly difficult, apparently impossible. Her position as a British subject was full of danger—a marriage would have forced her openly to declare herself as such. It may be doubted whether the ceremony, if any could have taken place, would have been valid in England. Passing as Imlay's wife, without such preparatory declaration, her safety was assured, and as his wife she was acknowledged by him. Charles Wollstonecraft wrote from Philadelphia that he had seen a gentleman who knew his sister in Paris, and that he was 'informed that she is married to Captain Imlay of this country.'

Long after the period at which we have now arrived, when Imlay's affection had ceased, and his desertion of Mary had practically begun, he entrusted certain important business negotiations to her, and speaks of her in a legal document as 'Mary Imlay, my best friend and wife,' a document which in many cases and countries would be considered as constituting a marriage. She believed that his love, which was to her sacred, would endure. No one can read her letters without seeing that she was a pure, high-minded, and refined woman, and that she considered herself, in the eyes of God and man, Imlay's wife. Religious as she was and with a strong moral sense, she yet made the grand mistake of supposing that it is possible for one woman to undo the consecrated custom of ages, to set herself in opposition to the course of society, and not be crushed by it. And she made the no less fatal mistake of judging Imlay by her own standard, and thinking that he was as true, as impassioned, as self-denying as herself.

Mary Wollstonecraft was living with Imlay as his wife in Paris in August 1793, when he was called to Havre on business, and was absent for some months. During this period began the series of letters written to Imlay, which were given up to her on their final separation, and which were published after her death. 'They are,' as Godwin said of them, 'the offspring of a glowing imagination, and a heart penetrated with the passion it essays to describe.' But they are also the letters of a tender and devoted wife, who feels no doubt of her position. It is impossible to give extracts from these letters—they must be read as a whole. A new edition, however, will soon be published, and give the opportunity of judging them. Towards the close of 1793 Mary joined Imlay at Havre, and there in the spring of 1794 gave birth to a girl, who received the name of Fanny, in memory of the dear friend of her youth.

At Havre, as before in Paris, she was left much alone, and turned eagerly once more to literary work. She wrote at this time a book which is almost unknown, but which well deserves recognition, under the somewhat ambitious title of *An Historical and Moral View of the Origin and Progress of the French Revolution, and the Effect it has produced in Europe.* She intended to complete this in three or four volumes, but only one was published, and went almost immediately through two editions.

It brings the history of the Revolution down to the time of the King's removal to Paris, and therefore includes the taking of the Bastille, the march of the women on Versailles, and other dramatic occurrences, which we all know so well in the graphic pages of Carlyle. But she also goes carefully into the whole state of society and politics, and into the causes of the Revolution, in a most way; her remarks are th characterised by a singula *d'esprit*, and the work is, the most balanced and phil book I know on the Revol far as it had then gone.

It has the great advant the writer lived and prese calmness through so much she describes, and it is little coloured by the opinion of the time. So words, some very strong are indeed used of Marie Ar showing that she who c those matters know nothing ally, could not but depend gossip; but this is intere showing what the view the Queen was before pass to its highest, before the fu people, with all the ferocity and deed attendant on gre lar movements, had brok May we not say probably truth lies between Burke' ling eloquence, and Carl thusiastic exclamations, scurrilous insinuations of about the fêtes at the Tria

Her accounts of the siege, and of the Versailles are worth reading beside the master to whose sty are so great a contrast. has seized on the comic ele the march to Versailles, Ma stonecraft on the tragic, a seems to me the worthier v

From Havre, then called Marat, in lieu of its old Le Havre de Grâce, Mar when she could to her siste unconscious of their ch feeling towards her, thou letters insensibly to herse to betray a change in h happiness.

Imlay became involved i titude of speculations, wh dered him dissatisfied w competency which he had and thoroughly restless. T

that he and his wife had proposed to themselves was that they should settle in a farm either in France or America, but he now embarked in fresh ventures in Norway, which would, he considered, bring him a large fortune. His interest in Mary and his child sensibly cooled, and though he allowed them to join him in England—he had left them still longer alone at Havre than he had done in Paris—her letters to him show that she went with a heavy heart and gloomy forebodings of coming sorrow. The meeting was but the prelude to another long separation. Imlay's affairs were seriously embarrassed, and although there was no word of a permanent breach, it was evident that trade was, before all things, the main interest in his life, and that nothing was farther from his intentions than to be satisfied with competency, if it might be realised, and to settle down. It proved necessary that some one should go to Sweden and Norway, on Imlay's part, to arrange some business matters, while his own presence was urgently needed elsewhere. The voyage, it was thought, would prove advantageous to Mary's health, and in June 1795, less than two months after their meeting, she started on her journey.

The document still exists, of which I have already spoken, in which Imlay calls her his wife, and gives her plenary powers to act for him.

Her letters to Imlay during this period were afterwards divested of all that was personal and private, and published under the title *Letters from Norway*, and are a thoroughly picturesque and graceful description of a summer tour. On her return to England, in the late autumn, she found letters awaiting her from Imlay, which made it plain that he intended to leave her, but offering to settle an annuity on her and her child. For herself she rejected this offer with scorn. 'From you,' she wrote, 'I will not receive any more. I am not sufficiently humbled to depend on your beneficence.' They met again, when Imlay attempted to gloss over the past, and it seemed possible that for the child's sake they might still remain together. But though he had assured her that he had no other attachment, she soon discovered that he was carrying on an unworthy intrigue under her own roof. Driven to despair, and for a time quite out of her mind, she attempted to drown herself by leaping from Putney Bridge, and when that attempt was frustrated, although she was quite insensible when she was taken out of the water, she still nursed for some time the desire of ending her existence.

I do not know how far a great novelist of our day has consciously borrowed the incident, or has adopted it only with the keen insight of genius, but the attempted suicide of Myra, in *Daniel Deronda*, is in its touching details the same as that of Mary Wollstonecraft. She, too, before the leap which should have been fatal, walked into the water, and stood there awhile; not however in the glory of a summer sunset, which might add a picturesqueness to death, but in the chill fog of a winter's day, in order that her garments might be sufficiently saturated to prevent her instinctive struggles to save herself from the fate she deliberately chose. The unexpected succour given her by some watermen, in a passing boat, long seemed but cruel kindness.

Mr. Johnson, as before, was the most helpful and most cordial among her friends, and aided her once more to support herself by her pen. She thenceforward resented all attempts of Imlay to provide for her—attempts which, as after circumstances proved, were made for the sake of appearances, and not with any cordial reality.

I want not (she said) such vulgar comfort, nor will I accept it. I never wanted but your heart; that gone, you have nothing more to give. Forgive me if I say that I shall consider any direct or indirect attempt to supply my necessities as an insult I have not merited, and as rather done out of tenderness for your own reputation than for me.

With reference to Fanny's maintenance, she neither accepted nor refused anything. 'You must do as you please with regard to the child,' was her final decision. Imlay eventually gave a bond for a sum to be settled on his child, the interest to be devoted to her education; but neither principal nor interest was ever paid.

Imlay vanishes thenceforward from our sight, and we may care little to endeavour to trace him; it would probably be useless. I have found no mention of his care for his daughter, or, if he was still living, of sorrow for her tragic fate in 1816.

In the literary and liberal society among which she now mixed, Mrs. Reveley, afterwards the Mrs. Gisborne to whom were written Shelley's well-known lines, was, perhaps, her most intimate friend. From her, and from Miss Hayes, Mrs. Shelley in after life heard almost all that she knew of her mother. Miss Hayes was a lady of some little literary fame in her own day, which fame she long survived, dying in 1843, aged eighty-three. At her house Mary Wollstonecraft met William Godwin once or twice before she went to Norway, and there they met again when after her separation from Imlay she went once more into society.

From the testimony of these loving friends Mrs. Shelley gives the following picture of her mother. Her note is especially interesting as showing the sympathy, partly intellectual, partly physical, felt by the gifted daughter for the still more gifted mother, who died in giving her birth.

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was one of those beings who a
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nor chance of circumstances
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having experienced the sorrows
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desire was kindled in her to dim
sorrows. Her sound understand
trepidity, her sensibility and ea
thy, stamped all her writings
and truth, and endowed them wi
charm which enchants while it
She was one whom all loved wh
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that beating heart has been laid
still grave, but no one who has
her speaks of her without enthus
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Godwin met her at the momer
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Godwin's first impressi
was not a pleasing one. E
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but superficial, and he speedily yielded to the charm which all who knew her recognised. She on her side found that she could love again, and an attachment was soon understood between them, though not at once declared to the world. Godwin writes of this period:

> The partiality we conceived for each other was in that mode which I have always considered as the purest and most refined style of love. It grew with equal advances in the mind of each. It would have been impossible for the most minute observer to have said who was before and who was after. One sex did not take the priority which long-established custom has awarded it, nor the other overstep that delicacy which is so severely imposed. I am not conscious that either party can assume to have been the agent or the patient, the toil-spreader or the prey in the affair. When in the course of things the disclosure came, there was nothing in a manner for either party to disclose to the other. There was no period of throes and resolute explanation attendant on the tale. It was friendship melting into love.

The relation into which they now entered was an extremely happy one. Both held the same views on marriage, yet both felt the need of being inconsistent. It should be in their opinion apart from and independent of forms, yet for the sake of the child who was to be born, and for the sake of society, the ceremony took place at Old St. Pancras Church on March 29, 1797. It was characteristic of Godwin that he did not notice the circumstance in his minute and careful diary, so wholly did he regard it as superfluous, the marriage having been binding on his heart and conscience long before.

And now Mary Wollstonecraft had a season of real calm in her stormy life. Godwin for once only in his life was stirred by a real passion, and his admiration for his wife equalled his affection. The very slight clouds which arose now and then were of a transient character, and sprang from Mary Wollstonecraft's excessive sensitiveness and eager quickness of temper. These were, perhaps, occasionally tried by Godwin's confirmed bachelor habits, and also by the fact that he took *au pied de la lettre* all that she had said about the independence of women, when in truth she leant a good deal on the aid of others.

In some respects she was content to acquiesce in his bachelor ways; they adopted a singular device for their uninterrupted student life. Godwin's strong view of the possibility that people may weary of being always together, led him to take rooms in a house about twenty doors from that in the Polygon, Somers Town, which was their joint home. To this study he repaired as soon as he rose in the morning, rarely even breakfasting at the Polygon, and here also he often slept. Each was engaged in his and her own literary occupations, and they seldom met, unless they walked out together, till dinner-time each day.

> We agreed also (says Godwin) in condemning the notion that a man and his wife cannot visit in mixed society but in company with each other, and we rather sought occasions of deviating from than in complying with this rule.

When the marriage was declared, some time after it had taken place, it was cordially received by all but Mrs. Inchbald, one of Godwin's oldest friends. All else, the Lambs, Holcroft, Mrs. Reveley, Mr. Johnson, found that they had gained two friends, if they had only known one before, that the marriage had brought out the higher qualities of each.

But the brighter life was to last but a short time. In five months after the marriage was declared it ended unexpectedly and tragically. Mary had suffered so little when Fanny was born, that she was, perhaps, imprudent before the birth of her next child. Mary Godwin, afterwards Mrs. Shelley, was born at 20 minutes past 11, August 30,

1797. At first all seemed going on well, but fever set in, and in spite of the most untiring care of Dr. Fordyce, Sir Anthony Carlisle, and tender nurses among her friends, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin died on September 10, at 20 minutes past 8 in the morning.

Miss Hayes, who had been with her, wrote thus to Mr. Hugh Skeys:

> Myself and Mrs. Fenwick were the two female friends that were with Mrs. Godwin during her last illness. Mrs. Fenwick attended her from the beginning of her confinement with scarcely any intermission. I was with her for the four last days of her life; and though I have had but little experience of scenes of this sort, yet I can confidently affirm that my imagination could never have pictured to me a mind so tranquil under affliction so great. . . . Her whole soul seemed to dwell with anxious fondness on her friends; and her affections, which were at all times more alive than perhaps those of any other human being, seemed to gather new disinterestedness upon this trying occasion. The attachment and regret of those who surrounded her seemed to increase every hour; and if her principles are to be judged of by what I saw of her death, I should say that no principles could be more conducive to calmness and consolation.

Miss Fenwick wrote to Everina Wollstonecraft for Godwin, in the same strain, and says:

> It is not possible to describe the unremitting and devoted attentions of her husband. . . .
>
> No woman was ever more happy in marriage than Mrs. Godwin. Who ever endured more anguish than Mr. Godwin endures? Her description of him in the very last moments of her recollection was, 'He is the kindest, best man in the world.'

It has often been noticed, so often that the subject is trite, how often a vein of comedy is found in the deepest tragedies of life. This is exemplified in a remark of Godwin to his dying wife, too characteristic of that unsentimental materialist to be passed over. In one of Mary Wollstonecraft's last hours, when she was suffering acute agony, Mr. Basil Montagu ran to Dr. Carlisle, and returned before the physician with an anodyne which ministered himself, raising bed to give it. The medi an immediate effect, and sh to her husband, who held h with a sigh of relief, and sa Godwin, I am in heaver even at that moment Goc clined to be entrapped intc mission that heaven existec calmly replied, 'You mean, that your physical sensat somewhat easier.'

How much he loved proved by her exquisite drawn by his hand, in his *St. Leon*, where Marguerit the sweetest characters fiction of that day, is unmi sketched from the recolle the writer's married life.

Mary Godwin was burie she had been married, at Pancras. This was then almost a country churchya its pretty Norman chu bowered in trees. A large willow shadowed the grave

There sixteen years aft the child whose birth had so fatal to her mother used her books in the warm June to spend every hour s call her own. Behind the c boughs she made her stu found peace from a stepmot never loved her, and a fath his increasing difficulties a stitutional unfitness to h charge of a warm-hearted, ir girl, made hard and unsymp There Shelley found her books, and their intimacy till over her mother's resti Mary Godwin placed her his, and linked her fortu his own. But that event to another biography and generation.

Old St. Pancras church seen strange vicissitude Metropolitan and the Midl ways broke in on its pea when I visited it some yea

search for Mary Wollstonecraft's original grave, I thought I had seldom seen a place of the dead so desecrated. Once more the wilderness blossoms as the rose; it has become a public garden, well tended and fair. But neither in its shame nor its reparation did Mary Wollstonecraft lie there. When the railways invaded the spot, and Godwin had lain some years by his wife's side, their grandson Sir Percy Shelley removed their remains to Bournemouth churchyard to the grave where he had laid his mother. It is scarcely credible, but it is yet the fact, that strong objection was made on the part of the Bournemouth clergy to an inscription which recorded on the grave the works by which each was known, and indeed to the very transference of the bodies. But kinder and wiser counsels prevailed, and on a sunny bank sloping to the west, among the rose-twined crosses of many who have died in more orthodox beliefs, lie those who at least might each of them have said:

Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.

It is always idle to speculate on what might have been. Yet fancy will sometimes enjoy idleness, and it is difficult not to think for a moment on those two lives of Godwin and his wife, one shortened so untimeously, one so blighted. No one can doubt that each had a power to supplement and improve at once the life and genius of the other, and it is probable that Mary Godwin's calm faith might have softened her husband's ruggedness—his critical faculty would have matured her style, and pruned her luxuriant fancy. She had been more schooled in the actual work of life than he, and her experience might have saved her husband from the unfortunate pecuniary difficulties which were so great a burden on his later years. But this was not to be. She died in her prime, intellectual and physical, leaving to the daughter to whom she then gave birth a mingled inheritance of genius and sadness, of filial duty met by coldness at home, of deep wedded joys, and deep widowed sorrows. Her opinions have become in many particulars the commonplaces of our own day, while she who was the first to proclaim what is now held innocently was forgotten or assailed.

# THE RAILWAY COMMISSIONERS AND THE COMPANIES.

THE time is at hand when Parliament will have to take into consideration the reappointment of the Railway Commissioners. This announcement may seem to carry with it little significance, but in the fact are involved questions of no little moment to the mercantile community. By the Act of July 21, 1873, the period for which the Railway Commissioners were appointed was limited to 'five years after the passing of the Act and thenceforth until the end of the next session of Parliaiament.' Railway shareholders throughout the Kingdom have, in a variety of ways, been reminded of the fact. Some time ago a pamphlet entitled *Railway Debentures and the Railway Commissioners* was published and widely circulated, and from the expression of approval it has met with from Sir Daniel Gooch and other chairmen of railway companies, the pamphlet may be taken as a fair exposition of the views entertained by the railway interest. Its author, Mr. Carter, was at one period the most eminent railway solicitor of the day, and sat sometime for Coventry. For some years he was legal adviser to both the London and North-Western and the Midland Companies, and great were the services he rendered these powerful corporations. Having retired from the labours of his profession, he espoused the railway interest, and by his decease the railway companies have lost a powerful champion.

On more than one occasion, at meetings of railway shareholders, the members have been urged to exert themselves with a view to prevent the reappointment of the Commissioners, and to resist any attempt to increase their powers. For example, at a meeting of the Great Western Company, the chairman, Sir D. Gooch, took occasion to call special attention to Mr. Carter's pamphlet, and advised every shareholder not only to read it, but to aid the directors in getting the views expressed adopted by the House of Commons, where, he remarked, the battle would have to be fought. When, therefore, the question comes before the House, a stout battle may be expected, and every available resource of the great railway interest will doubtless be pressed into the service to get rid of what the companies regard as the oppressive and intrusive jurisdiction of the Commissioners.

The writer of the present paper having directed his attention to the subject of railway legislation, and having, moreover, had the advantage of practical experience, has ventured to set forth views upon the subject which he believes to be in accordance with those entertained by the trading community of the country.

The pleas put forward in the railway interest may be briefly summed up as follows:

(1) That shareholders have invested their money on the faith of the tolls and rates authorised by Acts of Parliament.

(2) That the power exercised by the Railway Commissioners to enforce through rates amounts to a power to confiscate the property of the companies.

(3) That the powers vested in the Commissioners as to through rates abrogate and repeal provisions of Acts of Parliament.

(1) With respect to the argument that investments in railways have been made solely on the se-

curity of the rates and tolls which Parliament has authorised the railway companies to demand, it may be remarked that the idea is so ingenious that the majority of shareholders will be startled at its novelty; but the plea is as untenable as it is ingenious. The idea of having invested money in a railway solely because by Act of Parliament a certain strictly defined sum might be demanded for services rendered, will surely not be regarded by thoughtful capitalists as one of the wisest of proceedings. If the theory holds good are the companies justified in uniformly departing from the legal scale of charges? Ought they not to demand the exact tolls authorised in the special Acts? Assuredly so, neither more nor less. The theory, however, cannot be sustained, for as a fact shareholders invested their money because they believed that the general prospects were good, and they had a right to expect that the managers would be able by the exercise of judgment and experience to make the line pay; no thought ever troubled their minds about legal rates or tolls. It is doubtful whether more than a handful of shareholders are even cognisant of the existence of Parliamentary tolls, and much more than doubtful whether they are acquainted with their nature and extent. Indeed, valuable service would be rendered to the mercantile community if a clear and authoritative explanation were given upon the subject of rates and tolls as fixed by the special Acts of the different companies. In the absence of such an authoritative explanation, I put forth the following as the position of the matter. In the first place, the schemes of statutory rates, tolls, &c., were for the most part settled when railways were in their infancy; it was not foreseen that railway companies would be what they have become—general carriers; the notion prevailed that railways would be principally used for conveying the vehicles of other people from station to station, hence the use of the term 'tolls.' At the period these enactments were made, through lack of experience, the provisions were neither exact enough nor sufficiently comprehensive. That most of them are utterly impracticable for existing circumstances is generally acknowledged, in fact charges are often fixed without any reference to legal maximum rates. The chief value of statutory tolls may be said to be the use made of them by railway managers, who, in answer to complaints made by traders of excessive charges, are always ready with the stereotyped answer, viz. an appeal to their Parliamentary powers.

The difficulty of this question may be estimated by the fact that there are not fewer than 3,000 special Acts in existence, the phraseology of which with regard to rates and tolls is so perplexing and obscure as to be open to almost any number of constructions. In order that a fair knowledge of the provisions may be gained I would explain that, for the purpose of fixing rates, goods are classified in the Acts under four general heads, the fourth class being subject to the highest rate. In each class are enumerated say a dozen descriptions of raw materials or articles of merchandise, but the last and highest class, be it remarked, concludes with the indefinite but comprehensive words, 'all other wares, merchandise, articles, matters, or things.' Hence, there is the remarkable fact that certain goods, inasmuch as they do not happen to be enumerated, but which by affinity should come in a cheaper class, are subject to being classified at the highest rate, the companies shielding themselves under the words at the end of the clause, 'all other wares,

merchandise, articles, matters, and things.' In the Report of the Joint Committee on Railway Amalgamation, upon this question of Parliamentary rates the following remarks appear: 'The present loose and imperfect classification of rates in the special Acts leaves it in the power of the companies arbitrarily to place in one class or another, or to remove from class to class, the many enumerated goods.' Again, to show their uselessness as a general rule, it is further observed: 'Legal maximum rates afford little real protection to the public, since they are always fixed so high that it is or becomes sooner or later the interest of the companies to carry at lower rates.' This conclusion of the committee, be it noticed, is quite in accordance with the statement I set out with, that these rates are useful chiefly as arguments to be advanced by railway officials in support of exorbitant rates, in cases where from various reasons or from arbitrary motives they may wish to exact them.

(2) I now pass to the consideration of the arguments against the powers given to the Commissioners to decide between railway companies in their disputes as to through rates. With regard to this point it is asserted by Mr. Carter: 'It now appears that over these rates and tolls [the Parliamentary tolls] such powers of revision have been given to the Railway Commissioners, created by the Act of 1873, as in the opinion of the Joint Committee of the Lords and Commons, on whose report the Act was said to have been founded, "*amount to a power to confiscate the property of the companies,*" and of course of their creditors.'[1] I venture to submit that the use here made of the opinion expressed in the Report of the Com-

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[1] The words italicised are quoted from the Report of the Joint C

no unusual occurrence for a railway company in answer to an application from a trader for a through rate to reply, 'We cannot arrange this rate, for the other company or companies will not agree.' An application to the other company is subject to the same reply.

The Joint Committee saw that some remedy was needed, and therefore in recommendation No. XVI. they say: 'The Railway and Canal Traffic Act ought to be explained by enabling every railway company to make through rates from or to any station on its own line to or from any station on any other line, with a provision that if any objection be made to the proposed rate or division as unfair, and no agreement can be come to, the Commissioners shall, upon the application of any of the companies interested, decide the matter in dispute.' The powers of the Commissioners are precisely in accordance with this recommendation. Further, it was suggested, by more than one *railway* witness examined before the Committee, that through rates should be enforced by a competent court. For instance, Sir E. W. Watkin, in answer to Question 4,495, said, 'I would impose upon every company the duty of making a through rate, leaving the money division to be a matter of arbitration.' Mr. F. Broughton, Manager of the Mid-Wales Railway, Question 3,290, remarked, 'As regards . . . through rates, I say that they [the proposed Commissioners] should have unlimited powers.' Several applications have been made to the Commissioners by small companies which have been unable to arrange rates with the larger companies; that is to say, the weak have had to appeal for protection against the power of the strong. In the words of Mr. Broughton, 'There is a great deal of delay and expense, and consequent abuse and oppression, on the part of the larger companies to the smaller ones.'

The case in fact stands thus: upon mercantile application a company proposes a through rate to some point on the line of another company. No agreement can be come to as to the rate suggested, and therefore an appeal is made to the Commissioners to decide, not, be it observed, as between the consignor and the companies; the Commissioners are not entrusted with power to alter or reduce the rate charged to the public, but, it being a matter of public necessity that facility should be afforded for the transit of through traffic, the Government has delegated to them the power of settling any such points of dispute between contending companies. According to the words of the Act, 'The Commissioners shall consider whether the granting of the rate is a due and reasonable facility in the interest of the public, and whether, having regard to the circumstances, the route proposed is a reasonable one, and shall allow or refuse the rate accordingly.

A complaint on behalf of the companies is raised that there is no appeal from the judgment of the Commissioners: of course not; the Railway Commission was appointed by Parliament as *the* court of appeal, and the Commissioners chosen were supposed to be, from legal knowledge or practical railway experience, the most qualified persons to form such a tribunal. It would be a strange policy to appeal from their decision to a court in every way less competent. Again, if there is to be the power of appeal, what individual could contest any injustice if he had to fight against a powerful company who could take him from court to court? The remarks of the late Lord Campbell, during a debate in the House of Lords on 'the Canal and Railway Traffic Act, 1854,' are to the point. His Lordship said, 'They were to form a just judgment on all matters of complaint relating to

railway management that might come before them. . . . The judges, and himself among them, felt themselves incompetent to decide on these matters.'

Complaint is made that the powers of the Commissioners as to through rates are given '*not in language known to the law, but in the familiar phraseology of the carrying trade.*' It is not surprising that one who passed so many years in legal pursuits should thus object to the introduction of familiar phraseology into Acts of Parliament; persons, however, outside the profession will welcome the introduction of language 'understanded of the people.' If the intention was to show that it is for the benefit of shareholders that Acts of Parliament should be constructed so that lawyers only can interpret their provisions, I venture to think few disinterested people will be found to agree with such an idea.

(3) I now proceed to the consideration of the statement 'that all the powers conferred by many hundred Acts of Parliament to levy rates and tolls, on the faith of which the companies have made their railways, and the debenture holders have lent their money, are in effect, so far as through traffic is concerned, entirely abrogated and repealed, and in lieu thereof the companies can henceforth demand such rates only as the Railway Commissioners may "consider a *due and reasonable facility in the interest of the public,*" of the meaning and effect of which expression the Commissioners are the sole judges.' (Mr. Carter's pamphlet, pp. 5, 6.) To affirm that the powers granted to the Commissioners as to through rates are powers to confiscate the property of the companies, and to assert that the Parliamentary rates and tolls 'are entirely abrogated and repealed,' is simply an abuse of language, but not likely to mislead or embarrass the minds of those acquainted with the facts of the case. If it could have been shown that in any single instance decisions of the Commissioners had had any such effect, the use of such language would have been justifiable, but no attempt of the kind is made nor a particle of evidence adduced in support of the statement. Further it is acknowledged that the power to appeal to the Commissioners is strictly limited to railway companies, nevertheless it is feared that the power vested in the Commissioners will be used to hand over the earnings of one company to a rival or unfriendly company, and this without any attempt to justify the ground of such fear. As appeals are entirely in the hands of the companies themselves, it may safely be concluded that not one of them would resort to the Commissioners if there were the remotest possibility of a confiscation of property.

Just as I had arrived at this point in the present paper a copy of the Commissioners' Report for the year 1877 reached my hands: nothing could be more appropriate than the opinion expressed therein upon this through rate question. The Commissioners remark as follows:

> We have seen it stated here and there that this right [to allow or refuse through rates] is fraught with possible danger to railway property. But certainly as yet it has done no harm, rather it has been of excellent effect as an additional motive to harmony of arrangements, and an additional motive to connected companies to act as one concern in providing for the forwarding of through traffic. At the same time the power we exercise in this matter is clogged with some restrictions, which would be better removed, and of course a power that can only be exercised at the instance of a railway company is of no help in cases where the interests of railways and the public are different. . . . We are authorised to make any division of a rate we please, but if we grant the rate at all we must grant it at the amount as a whole at which it has stood in the notice given of it by the applicant company to the other companies. We would suggest that we should have the same power over the amount of a through rate that we have over its apportionment.

Enough has been said to indicate the general tenor, if not the general object, of this pamphlet. I do not deem it necessary therefore to take up in further detail the views advanced. At first sight a strong case seems to have been made out for the railway companies; and notwithstanding the author's assertion that he wrote as a shareholder only, the almost irresistible impression is that he wrote under the influence of some powerful inspiration, at all events the amount of special pleading is not the least conspicuous feature of the attempt. So repeatedly and so urgently is it asserted that the security of railway shareholders is well-nigh gone, and that there must have been some miscarriage or misapprehension in the framing of the Bill, which has resulted in the possession of what is termed a 'forbidden power' by the Railway Commissioners, that the reader might come to the conclusion that the Railway Commissioners were appointed for the express purpose of prejudicing the interests of railway shareholders. The old cry of 'confiscation' is raised to create alarm, and an artful policy is resorted to of magnifying the importance of questions which in reality are irrelevant to the issue; questions doubtless in themselves of an important nature, but which it is abundantly clear are raised only for the purpose of overwhelming, and thus mystifying and complicating, the real point at issue.

Passing to the general question, I think it is evident that in the interests of the public it cannot be too strongly urged that the Commissioners should not only be reappointed, but that additional powers should be granted.

The present powers of the Railway Commissioners over rates are of the mildest character, and far more circumscribed than those recommended by the Joint Committee. One of their principal resolutions was 'that a new and uniform classification of rates is desirable and practicable, and there should be power to alter the classification from time to time with consent of the Commissioners.' This classification, be it remarked, constitutes the very basis upon which all rates are fixed, but at present the Commissioners have no jurisdiction over the classification tables. In the report of the Joint Committee, under the head of 'Suggested Regulations,' is the following important recommendation, which, however, was not embraced in the Act of 1873:

> It seems desirable that the companies should be compelled to adopt as between themselves and the public the Clearing House classification, and to adapt their statutory rates to it. But it further appears that the Clearing House classification is altered from time to time to meet the varying wants and circumstances of trade, and it seems therefore desirable that there should be some power of making corresponding alterations in the classification adopted for the public. The exercise of this power might be made subject to the approval of the Commissioners mentioned below.

The classification referred to is issued under the authority of the Railway Clearing House, and undergoes from time to time the process of revision by what may be termed a revising committee, composed of the Goods Managers of the various companies. It is not too much to affirm that alterations without any notice to the public are continually being made, and these often of the most embarrassing and serious nature. For instance, certain species of goods are removed from one class to another, involving in some cases an increase in the cost of carriage of 15 to 20 per cent., the fact of which may not be made known to the freighter until the company sends in its account, probably weeks after the transaction. The power of the companies in such matters may be said to be well-nigh unlimited, and it is not too much

to affirm that at times it is used most arbitrarily. That some restraining influence is essential is abundantly clear, not only from cases in the past, but from evidence very recently given before the Commissioners.

The 'classification' grievance is an old and a serious one. The companies have always maintained that it is simply a private list of regulations solely intended for their own use, hence the book is issued with the words 'private and not for publication.' The Act of 1873 provided that the companies should exhibit their rate books at all their stations for inspection by the public at any reasonable time. This regulation was so novel and so objectionable to the companies, that it is perhaps not surprising an applicant who may wish to examine these books is looked upon with no little suspicion. The figures in the rate books cannot, however, be understood without reference to the Clearing House classification, which is in fact the guide or index to the rates. It would only be fair that the companies should be compelled to give this classification public circulation; and in revising the Commissioners Act, Parliament will do well to provide that the exhibition of the rate books must include this classification table.

The practice of the companies of keeping secret all revisions until they actually come into operation suggests suspicion. That some specified notice should be given of intended alterations, and that the Commissioners should be empowered to hear and decide with regard to complaints on this head, seems but reasonable. It will be understood how essential it is that something should be done in this respect when it is stated that it is a common practice for merchants and manufacturers to offer their goods at certain prices which include delivery to all principal stations, their lists being issued periodically, yearly, half-yearly or quarterly. Any sudden alteration in the terms of carriage thus becomes a very embarrassing matter.

The following will serve as an illustration of the way in which alterations are sometimes made. On the 1st of October, 1877, all the railway companies in England (not Scotland or Ireland) commenced the use of a new scale of charges 'for conveyance by goods train of all packages of 500 lbs. or under.' Previously all parcels exceeding 112 lbs. in weight, with a few exceptions, were charged at a fixed rate per ton. As the rates for small parcels say below 28 lbs. are reduced, the change was evidently introduced with the intention of weakening the position of the small parcels companies. To the trading interest, however, this new arrangement not only brought a serious increase in cost, but fresh alarm at the uncertainty which seems inseparable from matters of railway charges. The task of clearly explaining the matter to the general reader is hopeless, for even in the hands of an expert the 'scale' itself is something like a conundrum.

The annoyance and trouble which are thus occasioned cannot be estimated. There is no rule for the guidance of the public, and, as we have pointed out, without this new list, which is of an intricate nature, and not intended for general circulation, the trader is simply at the mercy of the companies. One of the special recommendations of the Joint Committee, and one of the most prominent provisions of the Act of 1873, was that the public should know what they are charged, and why they are charged. No step could have been taken by the railway companies more in antagonism to the principle thus clearly laid down, than the promulgation of this new scale.

The general reader will not fail at least to comprehend the interests involved in connection with the vast traffic which has to be charged under this head. Let him imagine, for example, how many thousands of packages under 500 lbs. are daily sent out by London, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and Sheffield houses, and yet those entrusted with the carrying of this vast trade thought it well thus suddenly to introduce this radical change. It would almost seem that the companies had determined to give a forcible illustration in the matter of parcels under 500 lbs. of their Parliamentary powers, according to which in many of their special Acts they are authorised to demand 'any sum they think fit.' The unreasonableness of such an enactment is so palpable that it is only surprising it has not long ago been repealed; and yet in connection with such a state of things it is argued that the companies should be controlled only by their own inclinations. This question is one involving a great principle, and not one of mere detail; the circumstances are such that traders may well contend that the Commissioners should possess in the matter of rates more of what has been termed 'this forbidden power.' The importance of the question is such that it must ere long engage the attention of Parliament. That the railway companies should be left at liberty to arrange the details of their own charges is only fair and proper. What is contended for is that certain general principles should be laid down by the Railway Commissioners as lines within which the companies must keep.

Some of the additional powers with which the Commissioners might and ought to be invested are clearly set forth in their Annual Reports for 1876, 1877. At page 10 in the Report dated November 9, 1876, it is remarked:

At present if a railway company act in a manner unauthorised by their special Acts, we cannot grant an injunction to restrain them, unless it can be shown that in so acting they are infringing some provisions of the Act of 1873, and the extension referred to would be to give any aggrieved person a right to complain against a railway company simply for an infringement of the company's special Act, and thus to enable the Commissioners directly to enforce obedience to such Acts and the observance by railway companies of their provisions.

Again, in their Report for 1877 the Commissioners say:

It is well known that the charges which a company may take must not exceed the maximum tolls authorised by its special Act. It has been less noticed that they must also be reasonable; and even where a company is empowered to charge any rate it thinks proper, as for the carriage of packages not exceeding a certain weight, generally five hundredweight, the power is not absolute, the charge must still be a reasonable sum. . . . It deserves consideration whether it would not be well that this important qualification of reasonableness were made of practical value, and security taken for its being observed, by our being authorised to enjoin the reduction of unreasonable charges, just as we enjoin the reduction of unequal charges.

The desirability of carrying out these suggestions must be obvious to every mercantile man, and if adopted should be supplemented by a revision of the rate clauses of the special Acts with a view to render them applicable to existing circumstances.

It is a significant fact that Mr. Wait, Member for Gloucester, during the Session of 1874 moved 'that the power to call on the Commissioners should be extended to any ten persons interested.' If the House of Commons had had before it the case of the new regulations as to parcels under 500 lbs. there can be no doubt that Mr. Wait's motion would have created a more lively interest, and have been supported by more than fifty-one members. There can be no question that the opinion is gradually gaining ground that some such power as that suggested by Mr. Wait is absolutely necessary. Soon after

the defeat of Mr. Wait's motion the 'Associated Chambers of Commerce' resolved 'that the power to appeal to the Railway Commissioners should be extended to cases in which private firms or individuals have well-founded causes of complaint against companies.'

I would for a moment direct attention to the position of a trader in respect of his dealings with a railway company. He arrives at the conclusion that he is not fairly dealt with, his case is laid fully before the railway officials, and every exertion used to come to an amicable settlement. The policy of the companies under such circumstances is to give an emphatic 'no' as often as the aggrieved trader presses his claim, and the emphasis upon the negative is varied from time to time according to circumstances. The trader finds at length that no impression can be made on the railway conscience, and he has therefore either to accept the inevitable or appeal to the law. Upon legal proceedings being mentioned, the railway company will probably remind the trader of their power to retaliate, and put him for the future in a worse position than before, even should a decision at law be entirely in his favour.

The relative position of a consignor of goods and the railway companies renders it imperatively necessary that the Commissioners, having thus far proved to be both competent and impartial, should be authorised to hear disputes with regard to rates as between the public and the companies as well as similar disputes which may arise between one company and another.

'Terminal charges,' as they are styled, have also been a fruitful source of dispute, and the question naturally arises whether the powers of the Commissioners with regard to these charges are sufficiently extensive. I do not, however, propose to argue this point, the details being of a technical nature and such as to render it difficult of explanation to the general reader.

As a general principle, in this commercial country it is held to be impolitic for the Legislature to intervene between contracting parties, and nothing but an inequality in the contracting power of the two parties will justify the interference of Parliament. Railway companies having obtained a virtual monopoly of the carrying trade of the country, it is obvious that freedom of contract, as applied to a trader and a railway company, is simply a figure of speech. It is sufficient for the purpose that this inequality in the contracting power has on this particular point been recognised by the Legislature, for in Mr. Cardwell's well-known Act special contracts entered into by consignors, by which the company's liability would be evaded, are declared void. Such interference by the Legislature is also amply justified by Mr. Balfour Browne in his *Practice before the Railway Commissioners*.

After dealing with the question of infants, &c. he remarks:

> Free contract does not mean one party to do as he likes, but both parties to do as they wish. Now the same is the case with regard to railway companies and the public. The immense power of the former makes the relation between them and individuals very much like that between a man and an infant, and instead of making the public incompetent to contract (as if by reason of nonage), the law has made the railway company's contracts liable to supervision.

Like other people, railway companies are easily dealt with so long as their terms are accepted readily and cheerfully, but when disputes or disagreements arise it is quite another matter. The trader who demands what he considers justice is liable to annoyance and inconvenience, first of one sort, then of another, from which in many cases there is no escape but yielding. It is at this point that protection for the trader is needed.

Grievances are so numerous and so various in kind that it would be impossible to provide in an Act of Parliament the necessary details showing how each case was to be dealt with. A more elastic system is demanded. The Commission should be entrusted with the necessary discretionary powers—in fact, be constituted a permanent Board of Arbitration. In the Railway Commission we have a tribunal capable of dealing fairly and impartially with matters in which practical working is involved. The number and variety of cases which have been before them, and upon which they have given just decisions, is proof of the value of the tribunal. Attempts will be made to show that the tribunal, judged by the amount of work it has to do, is costly; that the business of the Court is gradually declining in amount, and not therefore worth the cost of maintenance; but the value of the tribunal is not to be thus measured. Its importance as the guardian of the public interests in the various branches of railway management can scarcely be overestimated, for its very existence holds in check, to no little extent, the exercise by railway companies of an arbitrary policy; and the vigorous manner in which the Commissioners have defended the rights of the public has forced the companies to a settlement of disputes.

The legal profession, as a body, have never taken kindly to the new form of jurisdiction, and have viewed with jealousy what they regard as an innovation upon the established courts of law. Opposition may therefore be expected from this quarter. One object sought in the appointment of the Commissioners has to a great extent been attained—the materials needed for the construction of a new and amended Act have been produced, the administration of which, whilst it would confer increased public benefit, would certainly be no source of prejudice to railway shareholders, if indeed it would not exercise the very opposite effect.

It must be remembered that shareholders have little or no control or influence in railway administration, for, in the words of the Joint Committee, 'The real managers are far removed from the influence of the shareholders, and the latter are to a great extent a fluctuating and helpless body. The history of railway enterprise shows how frequently their interests have been sacrificed to the policy, the speculation, or the passions of the real managers.' (*Report*, p. xxix.) A few of the shareholders go through the form of attending the usual periodical meetings, but they are generally expected to listen to the report with due composure and return home contented with the management. Those who attempt any adverse criticism soon discover that they are powerless. With some few exceptions, the powerful bureaucracy of directors and officers are not open to impression either from the shareholders or the public.

If railway shareholders could bring their weight to bear on the administration, it should undoubtedly be directed towards inducing the executive to place themselves, where grievances have to be remedied, more upon a level with those who complain. The adoption of a more liberal and equitable policy should be the object steadily kept in view.

It may be concluded that the railway (management) interest will be in powerful array when the jurisdiction of the Commissioners is again discussed in Parliament, and the power it can bring to bear will be used as vigorously as it was in connection with the passing of the Act by which they were appointed. The companies of course have their legitimate interests to protect, and

no attempt has been or will be made to interfere with them. On the other hand, the exercise of arbitrary powers by the railway companies has rendered an appeal to the Legislature indispensable.

No trading interest, large or small, ought to be exposed to the risk of forcing from railway companies by legal process what ought to be granted without such trouble and expense. Most traders naturally feel that their time is far better employed in looking after their own immediate business than engaging in a battle with a railway company. Hence it is a fact that all but the more determined and public-spirited allow their disputes to slumber rather than engage in a contest with such odds against them. Those traders who, whether from public spirit or a determination to protect their own interests, have put matters to a legal test have conferred on their class no little benefit.

Finally, I would reiterate, that the great commercial interests of the country are affected in a vast degree by the nature of the railway facilities afforded; that it cannot be contended that the jurisdiction of the Railway Commissioners has tended in the slightest degree to prejudice the railway interest; at the same time it is unquestionable that important work has been done for the public, and it is of the utmost importance that the powers of the Commissioners should not only be renewed, as well as fully and well defined, but should also be extended, that the court should be more easy of access to the public, and that the Commissioners should be empowered to give decisions which would effectually shut the door to subsequent evasion on the part of the companies.

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NOTE.—For much of the information required in the preparation of this paper, I am indebted to Mr. Parsloe, author of 'Railway Rates and Fares,' published in the *Fortnightly Review*, July 1875.

## GARDEN ALLOTMENTS.

THE last three sessions of Parliament have made it clear that there is no political question of vital importance which is likely to give rise to a great party struggle, and to which a definite answer is now ready to be given. At the same time the organisation of both political parties is becoming more elaborate and complete, and their preparations for conflict are going on as actively as if the verdict of the country on some measure involving radical changes were likely to be required at a very early date. In spite of this the programme put forward by those who advocate change is of the vaguest character, merely pointing to certain questions to which attention is invited, but not attempting to offer a definite solution of any of them. One speaker after another, in enumerating the subjects on which reform is desired, seems to think he may satisfy his audience with saying, 'Then there is the land question,' but never ventures to do more than use the most meaningless expressions in regard to it. Mr. Newman has already exposed the pernicious phrase 'free trade in land,' which, if it means anything, means that the same unlimited power of use which is permitted in the case of chattels shall be permitted as regards land, and that a wealthy man should be allowed to buy up a county, eject its inhabitants, and sell it to a foreign government if he wishes, without paying for a stamp on his conveyances. It is restriction which is required; but no clear answer is given to the question, What restrictions ought the State to impose on the rights of a person who has in the theory of law only an estate in land, but who now practically has the same kind of absolute ownership over it which he has over a chattel? Of course there are inconveniences and anomalies in our laws relating to land and its transfer which are little understood except by those engaged in the practice of law and acquainted with its details; but since the Reform Bill of 1832 immense progress has been made in the task of removing these anomalies and inconveniences. These beneficial changes are, however, never noted or aided by the popular advocates of reform in the land laws, probably very few of them have even heard of the Act of last session to remedy the inconvenient old rules regarding contingent remainders. It is only from accurate knowledge of the actual state of the law that these reforms, which have saved the country immense sums every year, can be properly appreciated or further reforms suggested. The time, however, seems now to have come for more radical changes, to which these reforms have gradually been leading, changes which by carrying them to their logical conclusion at the same time effect a practical gain. Recent legislation has gradually conferred on executors considerable powers of dealing with land in special cases. Why cannot the simple step be taken of enacting that the executor or administrator shall take the same power over freeholds which he has over leaseholds? Why should not rights over land as well as all other rights be vested by the fact of his or their appointment in one representative or one set of representatives? It would be easy to prevent the capricious alienation of an estate or a cottage to which a family were attached, by providing that lands specifically devised, should not be liable for debts until all other

means of paying had been exhausted. The executor or administrator would thus be the *universal* representative of a deceased person, like the 'heres' in Roman law, and in consequence deeds of conveyance would be shorter and less complicated, the endless disputes between real and personal representatives set at rest, and the expense of Chancery proceedings greatly diminished. The question as to who should take the beneficial interest in land need not necessarily be affected; but as the abolition of the rule which gives all freehold interests in land to an heir in case of intestacy, instead of dividing freehold lands amongst the next of kin, has already received large support in Parliament, this change also might soon follow.

Another comparatively simple reform would be the abolition of estates tail, or rather the conversion of these estates into estates in fee simple without the awkward plan of effecting that conversion by an enrolled deed. Greater facilities should also be offered for the enfranchisement of copyholds with a view to the total extinction of copyhold tenure with all its troublesome incidents. These changes, which might easily be made, would literally remove all the anomalies in the English law relating to land, and would cause an enormous saving to the country by preventing much litigation, and still more by simplifying legal assurances.

Alterations in the law of settlement have been already much discussed, though generally under a complete misunderstanding of the present state of the law regarding perpetuities. No doubt useful reforms may be effected in this matter also, but it is almost impossible to discuss them fairly without entering into questions which are too abstruse for popular treatment, unless it should appear desirable to adopt the general rule that no one should be allowed to settle land upon any person or class of persons not in existence when a settlement is made or a will takes effect.

All these reforms, however, can have but little influence in settling the all-important economical and political problems involved in what is called the Land Question. Their importance ought not to be overlooked, but political reformers cannot too soon recognise the fact that it is not to them that we must look for any very substantial benefit to the great mass of Englishmen, who would not be directly affected by them at all. On the other hand, Conservatives need not dread them as involving any startling social revolution. If we are ever to have a class of small landowners, cultivating their own fields and attached to the lands they cultivate, or if we are to see the country districts supporting a larger population, country life made more attractive, and less tendency in the people to congregate in large towns, if we are to have in England a healthy and numerous yeomanry or peasantry, if the country is to be less dependent on its power to outstrip all others in manufactures and more self-sufficient, it is not to these reforms that we can look to accomplish these ends. If they are to be accomplished by legislation, that legislation must be more sweeping, and it is impossible at present to say that any definite and satisfactory proposals as to the nature of such legislation have been made. Something may be done by making better provision to compensate tenant farmers for permanent improvements than is afforded by the Agricultural Holdings Act, and to secure the occupiers of farms against capricious ejection; but even this would be only the removal of a grievance affecting a class already in existence, accompanied by an economical gain. It would not bring about the important results desired by those

who regard the existence of a very large contented and healthy country population as the greatest safeguard and highest glory of a nation.

More is required if the complaints of the *Deserted Village* are no longer to be heard, and the evils which have not decreased since the time of Goldsmith are to be remedied. It is an undoubted fact that more than half the population of England are living deprived of pure air, of clear sunlight, and of the opportunity of tasting the pleasures derived from simple natural objects. The desire for them is not yet dead. I have known of people in the east of Manchester cultivating a nettle in a back yard with the greatest care, as it was the only plant that would grow where they were forced to live. On holidays their case is no better, for high moorlands which border the most thickly peopled parts of Lancashire are closed throughout the whole year by the successful shoddy manufacturers who have taken to game preserving. Real physical health is impossible, and moral health proportionately difficult. Education no doubt spreads a desire for natural beauty, but the satisfaction of that desire is beyond the power of the masses, whose minds and eyes we are cruelly endeavouring to open, so that they will be more conscious of wants which they may not satisfy. An educated man, unless living in a purely abstract world or absorbed wholly in his successes in active life, must of necessity be miserable if forced to live in a hideous street of small brick houses, where nothing will grow and where sunlight never penetrates. A weekly tenant in such a place is scarcely likely to devote his mind to beautifying his home, or surrounding it with the simple marks of his industry and skill which render it a place he loves for its own sake. His leisure must almost of necessity be spent in the public-house, where his seat must be paid for at the expense of his health, his prospects, and his family; denied all other physical pleasures, he naturally takes refuge in drink. His throat must be tickled to compensate him for the offence done to his eyes by the whole of his surroundings.

These are the evils which we are now forced to check unless our town population is to sink into utter misery and degradation, and our country districts are to be a desert, entered only for a month or two every year that the sacred birds which are their only inhabitants may be duly sacrificed at the appointed time. Where is the remedy to be found? If not in general legislation, we may perhaps look to local effort put forth either by co-operation among workmen themselves, by the benevolent wisdom of wealthy individuals, or by special action of municipal bodies who are acquainted with the wants and the capabilities of the district whose affairs they administer.

There are indications that if the course which would really conduce most to the benefit of the most thickly populated districts of England were once clearly recognised, and reasonable means for accomplishing the desired end were pointed out and generally known, societies or persons who would provide the necessary organisation would not be wanting.

The evils to be overcome are clear. First, it is obvious that it is impossible and probably undesirable for the majority of the poorer classes in England to obtain their sustenance from agriculture, cattle farming, or even market gardening. It is possible that nearly half the population of the country will be dependent on the earnings of the head of the family to which they belong, derived from manufacturing or mining. Secondly, if any health of body, any feeling of patriotism, any enjoyment of the externals of home life are to be possible for this

section of the people, the conditions under which they now live must be altered.

How is the necessary alteration to be brought about? Already the suggestion of a solution of the difficulty has been indicated. More than thirty years ago William Howitt in *Tait's Magazine* gave a glowing picture of some of the districts round his own town. He calculates that in 1835 about four hundred and twenty acres of land near Nottingham were divided into small plots let as gardens at low rents, and furnishing a healthy and inexpensive means for about five thousand factory workmen and small tradesmen to occupy their leisure. Mr. Howitt speaks enthusiastically of the benefits and pleasure derived from this system by those who availed themselves of it. Even as a speculation on the part of the landowner it was then considered to be successful. It was to this system, so useful in his own town, that Mr. Howitt looked as capable of aiding most effectually the establishment of the ideal Christian state of which he dreamed.

Thirty years, however, have made little change in this direction. The Nottingham gardens are slightly more numerous now than they were when William Howitt wrote, but their number has not increased in proportion to the growth of the town. The gardens too are less convenient than formerly, as the town has extended, and their distance from the factories and the homes of the workmen is greater than it was formerly. About eight thousand allotments, varying in size from two hundred to six hundred square yards, are now held by the townspeople of Nottingham. Most of the tenants of these plots are engaged as workmen in the lace or hosiery factories, and have some distance to walk from their homes in the town to their gardens in the suburbs, as it is only in a few exceptional cases that cottages have been built on the allotments. In 1872 the average rent was about one halfpenny a square yard, so that until the plots are required for building the system is one eminently advantageous to the landlord, and would be still more so to any co-operative society of workmen who could venture together to buy larger plots and lay them out with a special view to their being used permanently as gardens. At present the landlord does little besides mark out the plots and some sort of pathway to each. Even when the hours of labour were longer than they are at present, the privilege of possessing one of these gardens was highly prized by many, although much of the short space of daylight which remained after working hours was consumed in the walk from the factory to the cottage and from the cottage to the garden. Generally both flowers and vegetables are cultivated, and most of the tenants have some special hobby in horticulture, and each takes a particular pride in rearing the finest vegetables or flowers of the kind which accords with his own taste. In the summer months the gardens afford an attraction against which the public-house cannot compete. The whole Sunday is often spent by a workman and his family in his garden, where some kind of summer-house is frequently built as a temporary shelter and adorned with flowers. From the testimony of those who have lived long in Nottingham, it seems that the system even on its present limited scale has done much to diminish drunkenness and improve the health of those who avail themselves of its advantages. It cannot be said, however, that the circumstances under which it has been at work are very favourable. The land is not exceptionally fertile and the rents are high. I have known a working gardener near Nottingham to pay 6*l.* 10*s.* for a small market garden for which he

would probably not have paid more than 3*l.* a little farther in the country, if the landlord would have let a small holding at all. The distance of the garden from the home is a second disadvantage of the most serious character, which would not affect the system if properly carried out and the cottages were placed on the allotments, or, if that were impossible, built in rows very near to lands which had been divided thus into gardens. Probably too it will be felt that as the hours of labour are now shorter than formerly, the need for such an employment as the cultivation of these gardens will be greater, and at the same time more opportunity will be given for carrying that cultivation to perfection and making it productive, even from a purely economical point of view. The diet of an English workman and his family would probably be more wholesome if it consisted to a larger extent of fresh vegetables. In the North of England at present fresh vegetables are considered a luxury and not one of the staples of ordinary diet. If a workman, however, grew them himself, he would prize them more, use them with more care and greater pleasure, and possibly find that the cost of production was a little pleasant labour, which would be a healthy recreation, and a few pounds, which would otherwise have been unprofitably spent.

Attempts on a small scale to introduce the Nottingham system in other towns have at times been made, but suitable land near to the workmen's houses is generally too dear. If the plan is ever to work successfully, it must either be tried on a large scale or in some new place. Workmen change their habits and notions very slowly, and the change advocated is a very radical change. It is not merely an attempt to improve the dwellings of the working classes, but to make the artisan a food producer also, to break down to some extent the hard line of division between town life and country life. We are producing more coal, iron, and calico, than we can sell, and the failure of a market means starvation for a whole district. It is time that an effort should be made to render our country more self-sufficient, and that workmen should have it within their power to produce some at least of the necessaries of life for themselves. So many persons are engaged in the production of articles of mere luxury or of tools, and so few in using the tools, that articles of necessity are dear and luxuries cheap. So much thought has been spent in trying to manufacture as many things as possible, that the question, 'What is the good of the article manufactured?' is seldom considered. All classes buy things because they happen to appear cheap rather than because they really want them. If in the theories of economists and in the practical activity of the nation, it could be remembered that the real aim of the ceaseless industry of the nation is to provide food, health, and wise recreation for all classes of the people, according to their several stations, and not to produce as much as possible of every commodity which clever contrivances may find a sale for, the country would be infinitely happier, and free from the dangers which are every day becoming more threatening. At present the old sentence is only too true of us: 'Ye have spent your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not.'

ALFRED HOPKINSON.

# THE ACADEMY OF THE ARCADI.

## A STUDY OF ITALIAN LITERARY LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

### PART I.

FROM the year 1680 to the year 1790, Italian literature is mainly represented by Filicaia, Vico, Metastasio, Goldoni, Parini, Gasparo Gozzi, Vincenzo Monti, and Vittorio Alfieri. But these men merely represent, they do not constitute, the intellectual life of the nation; for that we must look in the innumerable academies, networks of molecular life spreading all over Italy, and connecting all the classes of society which possessed, or were supposed to possess, any knowledge of literature. Everyone has heard of the *Crusca*—indeed of all the Italian academies it is the only one whose fame has endured—yet the Crusca was far less intimately connected with the literary life of the nation than was any one of the hundreds of little associations whose names are now forgotten. It was a confederacy of critics, of grammarians, who corrected the language but did not enrich it; who made individual authors quail, but who had no real influence on the intellectual life of the nation; their institution was a barren one, and as such remained separated from all others. The real literary vitality of the people resided in those countless academies which sprang up and died out on all sides, growing out of pompous receptions in the palaces of cardinals or of princesses, and out of the disorderly carouses at literary coffee houses, academies of which now only the names, high-sounding and uncouth, remain to puzzle the literary antiquarian:—the Transformed (Trasformati) of Milan, among whom were Parini, the three Verris, and Beccaria; the Frozen Ones (Gelidi) of Bologna; the Crazed Ones (Intronati) of Siena; the Erithrean Shepherds of Naples; the Phlegmatics, Frigids, Fervids, and Drunkards, none of whom have any special interest for us. They were all local—very limited in numbers and fame—but there was one academy whose name resounded with equal glory from Trent to Messina, from Savona to Treviso, which comprised among its members all the great writers, philosophers or artists, all the noble lords, all the rich bankers, all the astute lawyers, all the well-known doctors, all the sainted priests, all the beautiful ladies, that lived or travelled in Italy. By means of colonies established in all the Italian towns, it caught, like a huge spider-web, everyone distinguished in any way whatever. The establishment could profit by every sort of advantage of which its members might be possessed. The use of literary talents was obvious in a literary institution; artists could paint pictures and make plans for the academy; musicians could afford agreeable interludes in its meetings; princes, senators, and ministers could grant diplomas and honours; bankers might give or lend money; and last, but far from least, ladies would form a pleasing leaven, a charming cement to all the remainder. With views so liberal, and principles so grasping, what wonder was there if the institution flourished, if it spread in all quarters, if the pastoral pipe, and laurel, and pine crown, appeared on the title-pages of half the books published in Italy during the last century, and if of all the Italian literary curiosities of that time, none

impressed us so powerfully as did the Academy of the Arcadians? What had become of this once renowned institution? Had it been swallowed up in the convulsions which changed the face of Italy, or were its broken fragments still crumbling away in silence? Although we were in Rome, the head-quarters of the Academy, it was long before we could obtain any answer to this question. Most persons had never heard the name of the Arcadians, while those who had, associated it with vague impressions of absurdity and imbecility. However, little by little we obtained a few scraps of information on the subject, mostly erroneous and contradictory, and invariably accompanied by not a few expressions of contempt; and just as we were giving up all further inquiry in despair, we received an authorisation to visit the hallowed spot, once the meeting-place of the Arcadians, and now the only remnant of their possessions.

The Bosco Parrasio is situate on the road winding up the Janiculum towards the Villa Pamfili, but so utterly forgotten are all things Arcadian, that for a long time we wandered close to its gate, through the dirty street leading to Ponte Sisto, up the battered Via Crucis of S. Pietro Montorio, and down the slippery mule path of the mills, asking vainly after the villa of the Arcadians. No one had ever heard of such a place as the Bosco Parrasio, nor of such beings as the Arcadians; the beggars who hung about the gate of the monastery hard by, the sacristan of the Sette Dolori, the dyers hanging out their skeins of scarlet and blue wool, the peasants loading their mules with sacks of flour, all answered in the same astonished negative. At the top of two slippery mounds, between the Vigna Corsini and the mills, was a little garden, at whose gate stood a portly priest: we determined on accosting him. True, there was no reason why he should have heard of a place unknown in the whole neighbourhood, but he was our last hope. So we repeated to him the old, hopeless question — 'Scusi, ma saprebbe forse dov'è il Bosco Parrasio, il casino dell' Accademia degli Arcadi?' The priest, as jolly, slovenly, and demonstrative a one as could be found, turned with alacrity towards us — 'Il Bosco Parrasio? Eccolo, è questo.' So, when we least expected it, we actually stood at the gate of the Italian Parnassus, and, what surprised us still more, in the company of one of the dignitaries of Arcadia.

We returned from this first visit with the most dismal impressions of the Bosco Parrasio—of muddy paths, dripping bushes, flowerbeds filled with decaying ilex leaves, lichen-covered benches, crumbling plaster and mouldering portraits—grim spectres looking down on the final ruin of Arcadia. Nor had the live inhabitants of the place conduced to raise our spirits. The villa was inhabited by some peasants whose furniture and provisions filled the state rooms. The Arcadian who did the honours of the place did not know one portrait from the other; could not recollect his own, or anyone else's, pastoral name; and took an interest in nothing, save some beans spread out to dry, which he examined, criticised, and calculated the market value of, in company with the gardener's wife. Such was the first effect Arcadia produced on our imagination; but gradually, as the remembrance of meanness and decay became fainter, the disagreeable impression wore away, and left instead a whimsical interest in the forgotten academy; the Bosco Parrasio impressed us no longer as a damp, decaying casino in the suburbs, but as a weird habitation of literary goblins.

The result of this new phase of humour was that we revisited the villa of the Arcadians, and found it strangely different from what it had at first seemed. It was now June, the time when Rome receives her crowning beauty before being made hideous by dust and decay, when the Campagna is one living, waving, chirping, humming mass of green; when grass and flowers spring up in every interstice of the old pavement, in every crevice of the crumbling walls. The little triangular strip of ground on the Janiculum was a tangle of flowers; belated jonquils and daffodils drooped in the shade of the velvet-leaved medlar trees; jessamines, lupins, and wild geraniums were entwined among the box and yew hedges; garlands of tiny pink and yellow roses were slung from ilex to ilex, drooping over the marble slab carved with the Arcadian pipe:

Fistula cui semper decrescit arundinis ordo,
Nam calamus cerâ jungitur usque minor.

Behind a clump of tapering laurels and pines was hidden a grotto, covered with long ferns and maidenhair, trickling with the icy water of the Acqua Paola. In front of the little yellow villa splashed a fountain, and the miniature amphitheatre was overrun with ivy, morning glories, and tomatoes. The house, once the summer resort of Arcadian sonnetteers, was now abandoned to a family of market gardeners, who hung their hats and jackets on the marble heads of improvvisatori and crowned poetesses, and threw their beans, maize, and garden tools into corners of the desolate reception rooms, from whose mildewed walls looked down a host of celebrities—brocaded doges, powdered princesses, and scarlet-robed cardinals, simpering drearily in their desolation. Sad, haggard poetesses, in sea-green and sky-blue draperies, with lank, powdered locks, and meagre arms, holding lyres; fat, ill-shaven priests in white bands and mop wigs; sonnetteering ladies, sweet and vapid in dove-coloured stomachers and embroidered sleeves; jolly extemporary poets, flaunting in many-coloured waistcoats and gorgeous shawls; and among this crowd of *rococo* figures, looking down on the homely furniture, holy water vessels, hallowed box sprigs, and smutty prints of saints and soldiers, here and there stood out some strongly-marked individuality:—Alfieri in semi-military dress, with the collar of his own Order of Homer, glaring fiercely round him, his red hair waving as if in the draught of a furnace; the dapper Algarotti, philosopher for ladies, versifier for kings, and hanger-on of celebrities, his long, beaked face peeping out from a huge wig and pelisse; John V. of Portugal, dark, apelike, his head covered with a mass of black horsehair, his body encased in shining armour; the Abate Metastasio, reclining on his sofa, fat, easy, elegant, languid with selfish, self-complacent sentimentality. It was strange to turn from this assembly of literary ghosts, their gala dresses and gala looks fading away in oblivion, to the bright, noble nature surrounding the mouldering casino. Close beneath stretched the Vigna Corsini, overrun with tall grass, poppies, and vines; further off, the pines of Villa Lante, St. Peter's with its background of the bald round Monte Mario, and far in the distance, Soracte, rising out of the hazy blue plain. In front, stretched at the foot of the Janiculum, lay Rome, bounded on one side by the ilexes of the Pincian and the Quirinal, and on the other by the Tiber winding past the green Testaccio. Perhaps it was just in this contrast between the grand view and the blooming garden, and the time-stained portraits of long-forgotten men and women, whose frail talents

had withered and fallen to dust with time, that lay the charm of the Bosco Parrasio. We returned often and often to spend the burning afternoons in the shady gardens, or in the cool, dismantled rooms, going home at sunset, carrying away bunches of flowers, tiny roses, polyanthuses gorgeous as an Oriental brocade, sapphire-coloured irises, exquisitely delicate in texture and perfume, tied up with long sprays of maidenhair fresh from the trickling grotto; sketches, too, of some brocaded Lycidas or powdered Chloe, and above all, vague impressions, quaint and sentimental, of the long deceased and long forgotten world of the last century.

During the intervals of our visits we procured, not without great difficulty, old books relating to the Arcadian Academy. We sought for them in dingy dens near the Piazza Navona, and on stone benches behind the Pantheon, among rows of musty, faded, worm-eaten, volumes, and among heaps of soiled prints, engravings, and etchings. Thus, one by one, we discovered many of the heavily-bound, childishly-printed books with the invariable *Imprimatur*, and 'Approbation of the Superiors,' and the no less invariable pages of dedicatory nonsense, in huge characters, with windmills and Cupids as initial letters; the books which contained all that remains of Arcadian glory, and whence we extracted the materials for the following sketch of the Italian eighteenth century, a time so like our own, and yet so strangely different, so near our own, and yet so entirely forgotten.

The grand literature and art which burst into full efflorescence at the beginning of the sixteenth century, had their origin in the strong, active, cheerful life of the previous age; the sixteenth century, the time of foreign invasion, of Spanish and papal preponderance, of despair, brutality and fanaticism, in its turn produced and bequeathed to the succeeding century its artistic and literary fruit—the crazy, meretricious architecture and sculpture of the Jesuit churches, the threatrical and extatic Bolognese painting, and the wild conceits and languid affectation of the literary school of Marini. These were the products of a time of unhealthy excitement; they grew to maturity in one of national lethargy, and the poor, exhausted seventeenth century was reviled, not only for its own indolence and incapacity, but for the extravagance which it had inherited from its predecessor. The mystic sibyls and tragic martyrdoms of Guido and Domenichino became simpering, sentimental ladies and romping opera murders in the hands of Donato Creti, of Ciro Ferri, and of Luca Giordano; the brilliant paradoxes of Marini and the elegant effeminacy of Guarini turned into systematic nonsense and voluntary vapidness among their successors: the sun cooled itself in the waters of rivers which were on fire; the celestial sieve, resplendent with shining holes, was swept by the bristly back of the Apennines; love was an infernal heaven and a celestial hell; it was burning ice and freezing fire, and was inspired by ladies made up entirely of coral, gold thread, lilies, roses, and ivory, on whose lips sat Cupids shooting arrows which were snakes. In short, if in England the rage for conceits injured not a few excellent poets, in Italy it made the fortune of scores of poetasters; for the indolent, ostentatious nobles, who presided over the innumerable academies, required mad paradoxes and vapid hyperboles in their birthday odes and dedicatory sonnets, as much as they required fluttering, smirking goddesses for their gardens, and curling masonry and waving stucco work for their chapels. Yet it was during this despicable period of exhausted repose that took place

the partial renovation which produced the modern Italian world; it was among these languid, pompous, artificial people of the seventeenth century that modern society began to be formed, and it is in dealing with them that we first find that we have to do, no longer with our remote ancestors living in castles, travelling on horseback, fighting in the streets, and carousing at banquets, but with the grandfathers of our grandfathers, steady, formal, hypocritical people, paying visits in coaches, going to operas, giving dinner parties, and litigating and slandering rather than assassinating and poisoning. As the century advanced and the stormy times of invasion and reformation were left further and further behind, Italy, indolent, pedantic and ostentatious, saw the slow consolidation of regular, formal governments, despotic, but not illegal, letting people do what they chose except think and act for themselves, while the spiritual authorities, with their well-organised Jesuit schools and officially-managed Inquisition, relaxed their sway, or rather let their zeal die out into self-complacent meddlesomeness: heresy had long been crushed, indifference was rapidly spreading, and free thought was almost becoming a possibility; in short, the ponderous, inert mass of Italian society was imperceptibly slipping onwards. At this time Rome was, with the exception of Venice and Genoa, the only truly independent Italian State, and the only true republic remaining. The Papal See had become a most perfect oligarchy; the sacred college was mainly recruited among the nobility, and the pope was the doge or gonfaloniere for life of an ecclesiastical senate. Religious zeal there was no longer: the race of Caraffas and Perettis had died out; poor monks remained poor monks; and inquisitors remained inquisitors; the Protestant and Catholic States were treated with the same bland civility; all ideas of giving laws to Europe had been laid aside as folly. The popes were elected sovereigns, whose only thought was to secure to their relatives wealth and a chance of succession; the cardinals were rich senators aspiring to sovereign power and consoling their disappointment with pomp and ostentation. Still, this system of nepotism was not without its advantages: each pope brought with him his family and friends from Bologna, Lombardy or Venetia; Roman life was kept up by a continual influx of foreigners, and Roman society obtained a more liberal and active character than it would otherwise have had. The papal families vied with each other in tasteless magnificence: the Borghese enlarged the great villa outside Porta del Popolo, the Odescalchi of Como built the vast yellow palace opposite the SS. Apostoli, the Altieri erected the huge, clumsy structure near the Gesù, the Pistojese Rospigliosi established themselves on the Quirinal, the Florentine Corsini on the Janiculum; everywhere, in short, the strangers colonised Rome. To them are due those enormous palaces with spacious courts and low-stepped stairs, bedizened with plaster dragons and flowerets and curls of masonry without, and with gilt Cupids, and brick and chalk-coloured frescoes within, and the many villas with straight walls of clipped ilex and box, and innumerable ill-restored, worthless statues in fantastic temples. They employed the frigid Maratta and the stiff Sacchi to cover their ceilings with earthy-tinted Gods and Nymphs, and the clumsy Duquesnoy and the theatrical Legros to ornament their chapels with gigantic saints in flying marble robes. Thanks to them and their hangers on, Rome was in the middle of the seventeenth century a handsome, modern-looking

town, for most of the houses with shell, pinebranch, and other stucco ornaments which abound in what are now the dirtiest quarters, were then resplendent with whitewash. The prince nephews were likewise patrons of music, which was then struggling to free itself from the inexorable composers of madrigals and canons; theatres were built, and cardinals had wonderful private concerts, at which sang all the charming sirens of the day, Milton's Baroni and Evelyn's Laurettos and Pasqualinos. But above all the Roman aristocracy favoured literature and men of letters: not a wedding could take place, not a cardinal could be promoted without volumes of poems being published on the occasion, and the innumerable lay ecclesiastics who hung on to the princes of the church were all poets, members, and perhaps founders, of academies. In short, thanks to foreign colonisation and nepotism, there was in Rome a vast literary bustle without aim or result. But as the century of incapacity and indolence grew towards its close, Italian intellect began once more to stir; music, destined to attain to perfection in the succeeding age, rapidly superseded the plastic arts, and a new style of poetry, free from conceit and extravagance, soon showed itself. It would certainly be difficult to find in any Italian verses of the end of the seventeenth century the feeling and grace of the songs contained in Salvator Rosa's music-book, but nevertheless, a great literary change did take place. While Redi let his droll humour riot in his burlesque Triumph of Bacchus, and Menzini wrote his sharp, harsh Satires, Filicaia and Guidi struck a note which had been mute for more than two centuries; instead of addressing the descendants of the 'unconquered Hippolytus' and the 'magnanimous Alfonso' of Ariosto and Tasso, they addressed Italy, France, and Germany; they spoke to a nation in the name of a nation, and their poetry has the nobility as well as the bombast of newly-obtained and as yet misunderstood independence. At the same time the conceits and fustian of the poets of the preceding generation began to lose favour, and the simplicity and elegance of the early Italian classics began once more to be admired. In Rome especially a society of literary purists formed itself, which included some of the most gifted poets, and some of the most eminent pedants of the day; for literature had sunk so low that mediocrity could easily associate with talent, nay, that talent and mediocrity might be found strangely united in a single individual. They found a staunch patroness in Queen Christina of Sweden, who, in return for the amount of bombastic flattery usual in that day, received them as friends and presided over their meetings in her gardens. They even introduced her majesty's bad verses into their own poems, a better proof than the most servile flattery that these writers of the seventeenth century were without station, fortune, or a literary public. They turned their attention especially to extirpating what remained of the metaphysical poetry of the previous age, and to rehabilitating Petrarch and his followers, Bembo, Molza, and Costanzo, and their influence became daily greater and more acknowledged. However, they did not succeed in bettering their own fortunes, for, on the death of the munificent Christina, they lost their fixed meeting-place, and had to send their servile muse to Don Livio Odescalchi to ask for an invitation to Frascati, and to Cardinal Corsini to beg admission into his gardens—a favour readily granted, for the Roman nobles were idle, conceited, and loved to play the Maecenas. However, one fortunate spring morning of the year 1692, fate decreed that

they should find no better place of meeting than the large pasture tracts behind the castle of Sant' Angelo, usually known as the Prati di Castello. The party numbered fourteen and included some of the most illustrious men of letters then flourishing: Alessandro Guidi, the humpbacked favourite of Queen Christina, regarded by himself and his contemporaries as a second Pindar, and who boasted that his poetical stables contained a hundred winged coursers, ready to carry up his misshapen little person in the track of the horses of the sun; Giambattista Felice Zappi, a young Imolese lawyer, of noble birth and elegant person, of whose graceful though rather insipid poems we shall speak more than once; Silvio Stampiglia, historiographer and writer of tragicomical opera texts to the Emperor Leopold; the Calabrian jurist and critic, Giovanni Vincenzo Gravina; the Abate Crescimbeni, one of the stupidest and most self-important of Roman pedants, and nine others, mostly satellites of the two last-mentioned writers. The Prati di Castello form a quiet, rural peninsula, separated by a bend of the sluggish, yellow river from the vast, grey town, with its innumerable cupolas and belfries shining in the sunlight; the ground is covered with grass and mint, crushed and browzed by the shaggy Roman horses and long-horned, white oxen; here and there a hedge of flowering thorn or a clump of slender elms, and to the back, the round mass of the castle of S. Angelo and the long extent of the Vatican terrace gardens. The quiet pastoral scene impressed even the fourteen literati, for after they had read and improvised verses, and applauded each other as indiscriminately as was their wont, one of them exclaimed: 'It seems to-day as if Arcadia were reviving for us!' His speech was hailed as an inspiration, and it was immediately determined that, since Arcadia had been thus happily resuscitated, it should be kept alive by their care. The first and most obvious necessity was to exchange their real names for such as would suit their new capacity of Arcadian shepherds, and fourteen pastoral names and surnames were forthwith written on as many slips of paper, which were extracted, in the order that fate ordained, out of the hat of one of the company. This being done, the fourteen shepherds in black coats, white bands and horsehair wigs, pastoral physicians, lawyers, priests, and professors, set about framing the constitution of the newly-created state. It was republican, but paternal, the elected head of the state was called *custode* (custos), and to him were given two subordinate, or vice-*custodi*: such was the rudimentary form of government.

Scarcely was the existence of Arcadia known, than everyone in Rome longed to be admitted into it, the learned literati and the stupid nobles being equally charmed with the notion. Meanwhile the Academy elected its president, or more properly speaking, the sheep looked out for a head shepherd. The choice unanimously fell upon one of the least brilliant of the members; yet the choice was a happy one, as events proved in after years. Guidi was old, conceited, and too little interested in the institution; Zappi, on the other hand, was too young and simple-minded; Silvio Stampiglia was a writer of plays, and had no connections in the ecclesiastical city; Leonio was insignificant, and the other unnamed ones still more so; the choice therefore remained between Gravina and Crescimbeni. Gravina was a man of about thirty, tall, thin, with a fine, worn, thoughtful face, thin lips, a long weak chin, dreamy eyes and a massive forehead, whence his scant hair fell in light ringlets;

he had a considerable fortune for a Roman writer in those days, and held the chair of Jurisprudence at the Sapienza. As a jurist his talent was undoubted, his great works on Roman law are read to this day, and served, with those of Vico, to produce a new school of Judicial Philosophy, headed by Montesquieu; he was besides a great classical scholar, his critical writings were ingenious, his style elegant and noble; and his society was eagerly sought by all the most intelligent men in Rome. Gian Mario dei Crescimbeni was a priest of about forty, born at Macerata in the March; he was small and ungainly in figure, dark complexioned, with a nose of such huge proportions as to gain him the familiar appellation of *Nasica*; his crabbed aspect was that of the pedant that he was. He had written on literature, in a stiff, hard, low style, mere awkward compilations, and the only original idea he was ever known to have struck out, was that the *Divina Commedia* was a comic poem and the *Morgante Maggiore* a serious one. Yet, in spite of all the recommendations of person, talents, learning, and position, on the one hand, and of all the disadvantages of ugliness, stupidity, pedantry, and poverty, on the other, the general choice fell not upon the dignified and ingenious Gravina, but upon the awkward and pedantic Crescimbeni, nor was the choice a wrong one. For Crescimbeni had a high conception of the honour and responsibility attached to the position of *Custode Generale d'Arcadia;* he was a good-natured man, who could flatter the great and soothe the humble, and whose only thought would be to further the interests of the Academy which had honoured him with its choice. Martello, writing some years later, describes him as discreet, fair, and modest, able to distinguish a good writer from a bad one, yet condescending even towards a raven decked out in swan's feathers.[1] Gravina, on the contrary, was neither entirely liked nor entirely respected in Rome; his being a Neapolitan, though certainly no recommendation to the Romans, is not sufficient to account for the rather hostile feeling which he inspired. 'He is proud and eccentric according to the general belief' [che strano e altero è nel concetto altrui], writes Martello; he was cold, conceited, and had an insatiable appetite for praise; to be tolerated by him it was necessary to concur in all his notions, which were often extravagant and pedantic, as, for instance, he affected to consider Trissino's *Italia Liberata* equal to the *Iliad* and immeasurably superior to Tasso's *Jerusalem*. 'You must concur in all his notions,' continues Martello, 'for the weakness of this great man is to imagine himself possessed of all human wisdom. Praise him, and he will love you as a son.' Unfortunately the Roman literati of established position found such conditions intolerable, although profuse enough of praise towards wealthy patrons; so Gravina remained as *Opico Erimanteo*, a mere member of the academy, distinguished only by his own talents, while Crescimbeni, under the name of *Alfesibeo Cario*, took possession of the supreme rank of Custode Generale d'Arcadia.

However, as the Academy grew in numbers, Gravina came into greater notice, for the institution needed a code of laws, and this

[1] Vi notai Crescimbeni e il suo Leonio,
Ch'ambo discreti, equanimi e modesti,
San chi sieda e chi no nel coro Aonio.
Ma già non sono al van desio molesti
D'un corvo che di cigno abbia le piume.
*Pier Jacopo Martello*, Sat. 3.

work naturally fell to the great jurist and scholar; the result was considered worthy of Cicero, both for wisdom and latinity. Meanwhile Crescimbeni, who could not shine by his pen, set to work quietly and patiently at gaining members and patrons for the academy, with which his heart was bound up. Among the Roman nobles who aspired to the position of Maecenas, the most conspicuous was Don Livio Odescalchi, of Como, nephew of the proud pope who had dared to thwart Louis XIV. He was the successor to Queen Christina's position in Roman society; in his elegant palace between the SS. Apostoli and the Corso, he gave concerts at which (as the irate Bourdelot complains) all the ecclesiastical musicians of Rome sang profane music, and literary receptions at which verses were read and improvised by conspicuous writers; nay, he even invited whole academies to his splendid villa in the hills. D. Livio, who was always willing to buy literary fame at the price of such invitations, immediately understood how important it was to connect his name with that of the rising academy, and Crescimbeni took care to foster this belief. D. Livio appears to have been the only noble who invited the whole academy to his country seat, Prince Corsini and Cardinal Farnese deigning to receive the hungry, shabby literati in their vineyards and gardens, but not in their palaces.

There seems at the end of the seventeenth century to have lingered in Italy a remnant of Spanish gravity and pomposity, which disappeared in the eighteenth century, when the true Italian character came once more into notice, mingled perhaps with a little French levity. It is impossible to conceive how an institution like the Arcadian Academy could have assumed the importance which it did, except in the midst of that stately and solemn civilisation, marked by straight-walked gardens, heavy-gilt coaches, black clothes, and huge, curly periwigs, or in any other place than Rome, among its upstart princes and idle prelates, whose only thought was ostentation of some sort. Sixty years later, in the days of Goldoni and Gaspare Gozzi, such an academy would have been regarded as a mere whimsical congregation of crotchety pedants and blue stockings, whose only use was to make people acquainted with each other, and whose sittings were an avowed amusement, enlivened by music, small talk, and cards; but between the years 1690 and 1710 things were viewed in a very different light: the Arcadian Academy, besides reviving the simplicity and innocence of the golden age, was to reform literature throughout Italy; it was to make or unmake the reputation of writers; it was to eradicate vice and ignorance; it was to restore to Rome the glorious days of Augustus and of Leo X.; it was to erect monuments to kings and emperors, and to supply Homers for any chance Achilles who might turn up. All this was sincerely believed by Crescimbeni, D. Livio Odescalchi, and probably nearly all the Roman Arcadians, nor do they ever seem to have suspected any ludicrous discrepancy between what they were and what they intended to be; these poetasters, priests, and lawyers living for the most part off dedications, and their munificent patrons, the illiterate nobles, met in the prim box alleys and ilex groves of the Roman villas, and fretted to read their own compositions, and yawned over those of their companions, in the full persuasion that they were engaged in most important work, and that the whole world watched them with anxious interest. Everything had to be literary and solemn, and even Arcadian amusements took a ponder-

ous and pompous shape, as is proved by Crescimbeni's account of that celebrated and delightful game called the *Giuoco del Sibillone*, invented by the illustrious shepherd Domenico Trosi.

In this game of the *Sibillone* (i.e. great male Sibyl), otherwise called game of the oracle (writes the Custode Generale d'Arcadia), one of the company is chosen to personate the oracle, and answers in a single word whatever question may be put to him by the spectators, which word is afterwards explained and shown to be suitable to the question by two others, who play the part of interpreters. For the sake of enjoying this most noble and curious game, after some time there came not only friends, but other persons, and we ourselves have seen more than once gentlemen and ladies of the highest rank, and even Cardinals; and in truth this was an amusement worthy of any great personage, because, as the interpreters were mostly men learned in every science, their interpretations were usually full of rare information, especially philosophical . . . nay, sometimes the interpreter would fulfil his duty with wondrous perfection, speaking extempore in elegant Italian verses, sometimes even in rhyme.

As the Academy increased in numbers and importance, Crescimbeni took to publishing octavo volumes with large margins, endless dedications, and the syrinx surrounded by pine and laurel branches, the chosen emblem of Arcadia, in which he chronicled the meetings of the Arcadians and the Olympic Games, performances in which the clumsiness and sloth of literary racers and wrestlers were displayed in honour of some illustrious stranger. The cost of printing these works must have greatly surpassed any small profits made from their dedications, and, as many of them were published anonymously, I can ascribe their production only to the sincere faith which Crescimbeni placed in his vocation, and his awe-stricken belief in the institution which had placed him at its head. Then appeared volumes containing the lives of distinguished members, and others filled with biographies of the deceased ones. In these productions Crescimbeni was assisted by various other Academicians, whose style is rather less insufferable than his own, but who write about Arcadian matters with as much solemnity as their chief. From these works it appears that Arcadian colonies were beginning to be founded all over Italy, and that scarcely a single distinguished man of letters of any part of the country had been missed by Crescimbeni's pastoral fishing apparatus. These books also give an insight into the literary circles of Rome, inasmuch as they were connected with the academy. The principal one had for its centre the beautiful and accomplished Faustina, daughter of the famous painter Carlo Maratta, and wife of the then scarcely less celebrated poet Felice Zappi. Zappi was considerably older than his wife, but handsome, elegant, and highly talented, and there appears to have existed between them an affection which never diminished, and of which Faustina's beautiful sonnet to an old love of her husband's is a proof such as one rarely meets among the vapid Arcadian love poems. She was likewise skilled as a painter, and the Arcadian Academy still possesses a little portrait in which she has represented herself in the full maturity of her beauty, dressed in flowered yellow brocade, her black hair raised in a high structure, and one long curl falling on her finely-modelled neck. The face, with its straight, delicate features, and opaque, ivory complexion, has a sort of sedate, intellectual coquetry, like Pope's lady—'An equal mixture of good humour and sensible, soft melancholy'—which makes one understand the courteous and admiring affection which Faustina Maratti Zappi inspired in the most eminent men of Italy, a feeling quite unlike the flat gallantry of those times, and which Manfredi has well expressed in a pretty sonnet:

Pur con questi occhi al fin visto ho l'altero
Miracol di bellezza e d'onestate,
Cui sol per adombrar, mille fiate
Oltr' Arno ed Apennin spinto ho il pensiero.
E pur con queste orecchie udito ho il vero
Pregio e il vivo stupor di nostra etate:
Or gli uni e l'altre omai paghi e beate
Chiudansi pur, ch'altro da lor non chero.
Nè tu i gran templi e i simulacri tuoi
Vantarmi intatti ancor dal tempo edace,
Nell'ampie spoglie della terra doma;
Chè gloria antica o nuova altra non puoi
Mostrar pari a costei, sia con tua pace,
Bella, invitta, superba, augusta Roma.

Rolli and Frugoni and all the principal Italian poets addressed Faustina Maratti under her Arcadian name of Aglauro Cidonia; but their verses were mostly inferior to their subject, and Felice Zappi himself, although his vein was generally rather insipid and finikin, was, on the whole, the sweetest and most elegant of the poets who sang the charms of the beautiful painter and poetess. Faustina is the heroine of a romantic incident, strange enough in the jog-trot literary Italy of those days. A young nobleman, violently enamoured of her and enraged at her contemptuous treatment, determined to destroy her beauty in default of her reputation, and threw in her face some dreadful liquid, probably vitriol, of which, however, only a single drop touched her, leaving on her temple a black patch, the size of a sticking-plaster *mouche*, an indelible record of this semi-miracle, which she, of course, recorded in a sonnet. It is curious with what simplicity Count Corniani, writing sixty years later, asks with indignant surprise how such an atrocious attempt could go unpunished; but its author was perhaps the nephew of a Pope, and in the eighteenth century it is a great proof of the liberty enjoyed by Italians that the crime should not have been punished on the victim rather than on the criminal. An old friend and constant visitor at the Zappi's was Pier Jacopo Martello, who resided for some time in Rome as Secretary to the Ambassador of the Bolognese Senate to the Holy See. Martello was, like most of his contemporaries, a learned man —he had written Latin verses and treatises; but he had been in Paris and acquired a taste for French literature, which, joined to his secular Bolognese education, gave him a light and genteel air compared with the solemn Roman clod-hoppers. A volume of his works contains a finely-done little engraving of his portrait, suspended with a pastoral pipe on an oak tree; with his carefully crimped hair and fur pelisse he has much the look of a dandy; and his thin lips, heavy eyelids, and scraggy profile give the general impression of conceit, inoffensive, intellectual, and benign. Martello was perhaps the first Italian who made his fellow-countrymen acquainted with French literature, and who, while the subtle and icy Gravina was constructing plays on what he conceived to be the Greek model, wrote tragedies in the correct and polished French style, and in a species of alexandrin, invented by himself, and of such uncouthness of sound as to do him little credit. Occasionally the cheerful little Bolognese society at Faustina Zappi's house was augmented by the benign and elegant mathematician Francesco Zanotti and his rough, merry brother, the painter and poet Giampietro. Then there was the intimate of old Carlo Maratta, the famous violinist and composer, Arcangelo Corelli, whose works are still remembered and admired, while Martello, the Zanottis, Zappi, and even the beautiful Faustina herself, have long been forgotten.

But while colonies were being founded in all directions, and the illustrious names — not only of princes, and senators, and cardinals, but of the last Gonzagas and Estensi—were being exchanged for pastoral appellations, danger threatened the Academy from with-

in, and a spark was set alight which well-nigh blew Arcadia back again into chaos. The haughty and eccentric Gravina had not seen without a pang the growth of an institution which had declined having him as its head, nor the glory which had then accrued to his rival Crescimbeni. This ill-favoured, awkward pedant had become the acknowledged head of the whole hierarchy of Italian literature, petted by cardinals and princes, and flattered by poets and ladies; and meanwhile he, Gian Vincenzo Gravina, the greatest scholar and jurist in Rome, the author of luminous treatises and elegant poems, the handsome, dignified, eloquent Gravina was left to muse and study in his rustily-furnished rooms in Via Giulia, and to hold forth thrice a week before the students of the Sapienza. Gravina's jealous irritation was increased beyond all control by the ill success of his tragedies, which, as Martello informs us, no one would read, and the ill will pent up for twenty years suddenly vented itself on the unlucky Crescimbeni. The pretext for the quarrel is confused and obscure. Gravina accused Crescimbeni of passing off the famous Arcadian Code as his own work; Crescimbeni declared that Gravina had merely translated what he himself had suggested; which was in the right and which in the wrong none can now tell, and no one perhaps understood at the time; but what is certain is that a schism ensued, Crescimbeni retaining the main body of the Arcadians, while Gravina marched off at the head of the minority. And now appeared the influence of Gravina's undoubted talents; one Arcadian after another abandoned Crescimbeni and rallied round his rival. Between the two parties poor D. Livio Odescalchi was perfectly lost; he felt bound to protect from heresy the Academy that was rendering him immortal; but he could in no way discover which was the orthodox branch, and which the schismatic, wavering between the authority of Crescimbeni, long and intimately connected with the institution, and the influence of Gravina, the most brilliant scholar of Rome. At length, and in despair, D. Livio let himself be won over by Gravina, but reluctantly, and casting a half remorseful glance back at Crescimbeni. Although he installed the Anti-Arcadia in one of his villas outside Porta del Popolo, and even accepted the nominal title of Custode Generale, he yet tried to keep on good terms with Crescimbeni, who takes care to inform us of this fact (*Vite degli Arcadi Morti*), at the same time hinting darkly and solemnly that the unhappy Prince was the victim of a conspiracy, of whose existence he became aware very soon, but too late, alas! to be saved. In the midst of these awful events, which the scoffing Baretti ridiculed with more coarseness than wit fifty years later, one of the original founders of the disturbed Academy, Domenico Petrosellini, had the levity to sing the war between Gravina and Crescimbeni in a heroic-comic poem, which had great success at the time, but is now extremely difficult to procure.

But the schism, begun about 1711, was not of long duration. Gravina's coldness, intolerant and intolerable conceit, and real want of interest in Arcadian matters, little by little sent back the penitent schismatics to the orthodox institution, and after some time the heresiarch found himself shunned no less by his own former disciples than by those of his opponent. So Gian Vincenzo Gravina hid his humiliation in his house near Palazzo Farnese, and soothed his disappointment by doing his best to make his young pupil Metastasio an eminent lawyer, instead of letting him waste his powers on being a poet.

The Arcadian Academy appears already to have possessed some sort of fixed abode, called *Serbatoio*, a word that might be translated into *reservoir* or *conservatory*, and about which Baretti made the following etymological remarks:

*Serbatoio*, a Greek word derived from the Chaldean, is in Rome equivalent to *postical Secretary's office*, while in Florence it has the meaning of *a closet in which are kept meat, vegetables, poultry and other eatables.*

However, the *Serbatoio* appears to have been a very humble apartment, judging by a letter of Giampietro Zanotti: 'I have been to the Serbatoio, a very little thing, ornamented with very little things.' Indeed, the only large thing that it contained was Crescimbeni's nose:

I assure you (writes Zanotti to his wife) that it impressed me much more than the obeliak of Piazza del Popolo . . . Oh, what a nose! A statue ought to be made of it and placed in the Capitol. What is the cupola of St. Peter's or the Colosseum compared to that nose? A wretched trifle. Let us pray Heaven to preserve that nose yet a while, and let us give thanks for our living now-a-days and seeing so grand a sight.

The Bolognese painter could not recover from the impression made by Crescimbeni's nose, and again spoke of it in a letter of the 19th December, 1719:

Saturday last the lightning fell with tremendous crash on to the Capitol, and, strange to say, broke a bench on which three lawyers were seated, without hurting them. Think if it were to fall on to the Serbatoio d'Arcadia and hit the nose of the Custode!

When Giampietro Zanotti wrote this rhapsody on Crescimbeni's nose, Gravina had already been removed from the scene of his shortlived glory and long humiliation. Unable to brook the final victory of his rival, he had apparently accepted the invitation of the King of Sardinia to fill the place of professor of civil law at Turin, when, in 1718, he suddenly died, leaving the bulk of his fortune to his favourite pupil Pietro Bonaventura Trapassi, the son of an ex-soldier and small druggist, who was later to fill the world with his fame under the name of Pietro Metastasio. Soon after Gravina's death, his friends, Vincenzo Leonio and Pier Jacopo Martello, informed Crescimbeni that the deceased had charged them to make known to the Custode Generale d'Arcadia that he deeply regretted having provoked the schism in that institution, but that he had done so from no want of respect towards it. This extraordinary posthumous self-humiliation of one of the vainest of men may possibly have touched even the rusty heart of his rival; at all events, the merits of Gravina were appreciated more universally than before, and by a general decree of the Arcadian Academy, the name of Gian Vincenzo Gravina, erased during his lifetime from its registers as that of a malignant schismatic, was inscribed once more in them a short time after his death.

Two events, more brilliant than even this one, were reserved for the last years of Crescimbeni's reign.

In 1725 there arrived in Rome the most illustrious Signor Benedetto Marcello, patrician of Venice and Provveditore of Pola, celebrated for his patronage of poetry and music. Crescimbeni and his pedants, who were utterly incapable of appreciating the musical genius of Marcello, and who, in their happy state of self-delusion, doubtless considered musicians as miserable buffoons, not worthy of a look from an empty-headed man of letters, were yet capable of appreciating the great Venetian composer's high rank. So Marcello was forthwith admitted to the inestimable honour of belonging to the Arcadian Academy, and when his psalms were performed in Cardinal Ottoboni's palace, Crescimbeni and his colleagues embellished this solemnity

by reciting their own verses in the interludes of the music—a splendid instance of self-sufficient folly patronising genius. Marcello, however, was of very little importance compared with the heroic prince who graced these performances with his presence; and if sonnets were made for the patrician who deigned to cultivate music, Olympic Games were decreed in honour of the king who stooped to pay attention to poetry. The king in question was Don John V. of Portugal, one of the most licentious, superstitious, and spendthrift princes of the day, and whose portrait at the Bosco Parrasio, representing him in full armour and a black horsehair wig, from under which peers his swarthy, apelike countenance, reveals one of the most brutish natures conceivable. Crescimbeni, however, was too much dazzled by the glory which surrounded John V. to perceive any of his Majesty's uncouth peculiarities, and the king, in return for the Olympic Games above mentioned, made a present to the Arcadian Academy of a triangular strip of ground on the Janiculum, which, being laid out with flowers and shrubs, was designated by the name of *Parrhasian Grove*, and became the summer resort of the shepherds in black broadcloth and full-bottomed wigs.

Meanwhile the Academy was gradually changing, as one after another of the old members dropped away and new ones started up instead. Alessandro Guidi had not long survived Queen Christina and the seventeenth century; Silvio Stampiglia had for years been replaced in the imperial service by the Candiot dramatist and reviewer Zeno; Carlo Maratta, last of great painters, and Corelli, first of great violinists, had followed each other to the grave; the intelligent and accomplished Martello had also gone, leaving, however, a growing crop of French imitations and Alexandrin verses behind; even Prince Livio Odescalchi, would-be Maecenas, had died, happy, doubtless, in expectation of immortal fame.

This gradual change in the members of the Academy indicated a much more important one in the whole republic of letters, nay, in the whole of Italian society. The men educated in the seventeenth century were rapidly dying out, while those already educated in the eighteenth were beginning to take their place. The solemn period of stagnation, nepotism, and Spanish rule was over, and the time of French influence, levity, tolerance, and national reconstitution had come. There remained, it is true, not only then but throughout the whole eighteenth century, much that was childish, pedantic, and servile; there were vast numbers of dunces who passed off for learned men, and vast numbers of fools who got credit as poets; worse still, there were truly learned men wasting their time on the most futile disputes, and real poets throwing away their talents on the most insignificant subjects; there was still, worst of all, the basest adulation of princes, and prelates, and fine ladies; this was the miserable inheritance of the previous age, but by its side was what the previous age had not possessed—learning put to worthy use, talent developed in the right way, and protection granted generously and intelligently. But of these new characteristics we shall speak later, when we come to treat of the time when they were more highly developed than at the mere beginning of the century. We must, however, mention some of the new Arcadians who went to the Bosco Parrasio before its laurels and ilexes had grown out of the state of bushes.

Paolo Antonio Rolli is one of the

most conspicuous of these more or less forgotten celebrities. He was born near Rome about 1686, and, after having vainly attempted to make his fortune at home by his talents for both written and extemporary poetry, went to London, wrote libretti for Händel and his rival Porpora, translated *Paradise Lost*, was put into the *Dunciad* for his pains, and pronounced to be a vermicelli-maker, or pastrycook, the only profession besides that of musician for which the Britons of those days gave the Italians credit. In Italy, on the contrary, Rolli got more consideration than money; his elegies were translated into Latin, and he himself, being a native of Todi in Umbria, was dignified with the title of the modern Propertius. Although Rolli was far from being a first-rate poet, this epithet was founded upon more than the mere accident of his Umbrian origin and elegiac tendencies, for, living when he did, he had a strange, unaccountable, antique air about him, such as became common only much later. He was trifling and superficial, yet, among the colourless, insipid imitators of Petrarca, he stood out as does a second-rate copy of some mythological picture by Titian among a lot of hazy, woe-begone Guidos and Sassoferratos; while his contemporaries composed in loose, limp rhymes, he was the first to make Italian hendecasyllabics; while they were satisfied with the barest, slightest outlines of conventional scenery, he went into minute descriptions of the split sides of figs, of the crackling of burning juniper berries, of the scent of Monte Porzio wine and the weight of ripe melons; while they indited canzoni upon the beatification of saints, he wrote a hymn to Venus, a patchwork of imitations from half the writers of antiquity, but not without a pantheistic, pagan tone, such as was rare before Goethe;[2] indeed, his antique tendencies were carried to such a length that he thought it prudent to head his works by a declaration that, 'by the Divine Grace, I was born in the faith and in the bosom of the holy Catholic Roman Church, which I have everywhere and at all times publicly professed.' Rolli never departed farther from the models of his times than in the series of little poems addressed to his Egeria; she is certainly not the Cynthia of Propertius, still less the Delia of Tibullus, yet she is more closely related to them than to the colourless semi-nymphs, semi-nuns, of Rolli's contemporaries; he makes no attempt to substitute the conventional pseudo-classic details for modern ones, and it is perhaps the very minuteness and distinctness with which he describes Egeria at her mirror, dressed in brocade trim-

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[2] O bella Venere, figlia del Giorno,
Destami affetti puri nell' animo,
E un guardo volgimi dal tuo soggiorno.
Te non accolsero da' flutti infidi,
Nata dall'atro sangue Saturnio,
Di Cipro fertile gl'infami lidi:
A te non fumano l'are in Citera,
Nè ti circonda con le Bassaridi
De' fauni e satiri l'impura schiera.
. . . . . .
Le sagge favole sull' onde chiare
Poserti in vaga conca cerulea,
A fior del tremulo tranquillo mare;
Perchè il tuo vivido spirto sovrano
Penetra e scorre negli umor fluidi
Che padre rendono l'ampio Oceano,
Il qual con l'umide ramose braccia
Lo porta e infonde nel grembo all'aride
Cose che mutano colore e faccia;
. . . . . .
Tu quando i tiepidi venti amorosi
Il duro ghiaccio sui monti sciolgono,
E i fiumi a Tetide vanno orgogliosi;
Tratta dai rapidi tuoi bianchi augelli
Scendi nel suolo che per te germina
Erbette tenere e fior novelli.
Tu rendi a gli alberi, e frutto e fronda;
Per te gli arati campi verdeggiano,
E cresce prodiga la messe bionda;
Per te di pampini vestono le viti,
E il caro peso dei folti grappoli
Per te sostengono gli olmi mariti.

med with gold fringe, flowers and lace on her powdered hair, waiting for her heavy gilt coach, which brings him nearer to antiquity than his classical brethren. Rolli, though often graceful and lively, and sometimes almost pathetic, was after all only a second-rate poet, but a piece by him has become a sort of relic from being connected with a great poet:—the canzonet 'Solitario Bosco Ombroso' having been a favourite with Frau Rath, who taught it to the little Goethe even before he knew a word of Italian.

A more brilliant and universally admired poet than Rolli was the Abate Carlo Innocenzo Frugoni, but his subsequent literary fate was worse than that of Rolli, for while the latter has been permitted to remain in inglorious peace, Frugoni's name has been used as a byeword by thousands of Italians who have never read a line by him. That *frugonería* means high-sounding nonsense, meaningless fustian, is well known by every student of Italian literature, but who and what Frugoni was, few have cared to investigate. He was, when we really get to see him, a lamentable instance of fine talent not wasted, but ruined out and out by a disorderly character, a ramshackle career, and a stupid public. Of noble Genoese family, Frugoni had been forced into a monastery at sixteen; many years were wasted in getting out of it, with the help of the good-natured Pope; many more in vainly attempting to recover the fortune which, on his embracing a monastic life, had been seized by his relatives; and the remainder of Frugoni's days passed in trying to obtain a fixed mode of life, an attempt frustrated by political events, by his antecedents and by his own reckless, disorderly habits, which would have been punished by any but the easy-going hierarchy of the eighteenth century. In the midst of all this, Frugoni's brilliant, prolific, unsteady talents suffered as much as his worldly career, for their possessor seems to have been totally destitute of patience, of desire of improvement, and of judgment: he poured forth sonnet upon sonnet, ode upon ode, stanza upon stanza, without any thought of attempting a large work, or perfecting a small one; perfectly satisfied with his facile vein and the easily excited applause of his hearers, and firmly persuaded that he would be immortal, Frugoni's talents were, as we have said, not merely wasted, but irretrievably ruined, for in his works the good is not embedded in the bad, but sense is inextricably interwoven with nonsense, and a grand thought or beautiful image is (we can find no other expression) so mixed and amalgamated with trashiness as to be absolutely irrecoverable. Yet his poems were very popular, nor was their popularity entirely undeserved, for they have a flow of versification, a magnificence of sound, and a splendour of colouring and imagery which dazzle the mind before it has time to reflect on the meaning. Frugoni's epithets always raise up confused visions of beauty and wonder, and the mere sound of his verse impresses you, but on trying to analyse one of his pieces, you find that he evidently had no idea of what he was writing, and that he did nothing but heap together brilliant pieces of trash and gorgeous fragments of real value, which only serve to make the absurdity of the remainder more lamentable. However, Frugoni's time was not one of inanity, although it may have been one of bad taste, and Frugoni himself was not an inane poet; on the contrary, his grandiloquent and highly-coloured nonsense was probably enjoyed just in proportion as it differed from the pale, correct, languid truisms of the poets of the preceding generation. Frugoni was a man of real and brilliant talents,

and talents like his, however much wasted and ruined they may be, cannot fail to excite what they do in some measure deserve, momentary admiration and everlasting abuse.

A third poet was beginning to be spoken of at Arcadian meetings, although probably much less than either Rolli or Frugoni, and this was the Abate Pietro Metastasio. He had been early brought into notice by the fact of his being the adopted son of Gravina, of ominous memory, and after his benefactor's death he often appeared at the Bosco Parrasio, first with a tiresome frigid elegy to the memory of the deceased, and then with other trifles of which the great Crescimbeni deigned to approve. People expected him to be another, though less dangerous, Gravina, and praised him for his erudition, but unfortunately, having consumed his protector's legacy, he got into idle ways at Naples, neglected the study of the law and abandoned the company of the wise and learned Arcadians for that of composers and singers and similar riffraff. What would poor Gravina have done if he could have foreseen such an end for his adopted son? said the Arcadians at the Bosco Parrasio, and shook their heads at the prodigal. One day, however, in the year 1724, news came from Naples that a play called *Dido*, set to music by Sarro and written by Gravina's pupil, had had the most extraordinary success, and soon after the worthies at the Bosco Parrasio heard to their amazement that Metastasio was the greatest dramatist Italy had ever produced, and the greatest poet she had given the world since Tasso.

But there was another poet who, while infinitely less esteemed than any of his contemporaries, was yet infinitely more flattered, and who, while everyone knew that he would, nay must, be forgotten by the very next generation, yet received what Rolli, Frugoni or Metastasio would vainly have sought for—an honour which, while the greatest Italy could give, she yet ventured to offer only to an inferior sort of beings. The crown of the Capitol had got to seem such a theatrical honour that it could be given only to a kind of theatrical performer, and such was the Cavalier Bernardino Perfetti, the greatest of Italian *improvvisatori*. If we have been speaking in a paradoxical style, it has been from the very nature of our subject, for never did there exist a stranger paradox than one of these extemporary poets, possessed of a splendid endowment which every other sort of poet would have despised, displaying his talent in an exercise which was an avowed waste of it, and, while producing nothing but commonplace nonsense, giving a greater impression of genius and inspiration than the best of his worthier contemporaries. It is therefore easier to condemn and ridicule such poets and poetry than to judge them with fairness, or even to get a distinct notion of the case under judgment; however, before speaking of Perfetti himself, we must make a few remarks on the class to which he belonged. Italy appears at all times to have produced extemporary poets; and we meet them, male and female, almost as often during the Renaissance as during the eighteenth century; Lorenzo de' Medici is said to have improvised his spirited 'Falcon Hunt' at a convivial meeting, and both he and his son Leo X. had regular *improvvisatori* among their satellites, but it seems probable that the gradual institution of a number of academies, of which the eighteenth century was particularly prolific, and the gradual spreading of literary interests among the more frivolous parts of society—another

characteristic feature of the eighteenth century—favoured the profession of extemporary poets, and caused it to become a perfectly independent one. For besides the poets who, like Rolli and Frugoni, extemporised verses at a party or at table, without thinking any more about them, and whose fame rested entirely upon their written compositions, there was a class of men and of women who would improvise, not a couplet here or there, but whole poems of thirty or forty stanzas on any given subject and before assemblies convened for the express purpose of hearing them; people who did not write and perhaps could not write, for the exercise of their profession rendered them incapable of anything but the most slovenly work, besides accustoming them to compose only under a kind of stimulus which they had not when calmly writing at a table. To be a successful *improvvisatore* real poetical faculties were undoubtedly required: great vivacity of mind and brilliancy of imagination, besides extraordinary powers of expression and versification, but besides this there were qualities which an ordinary poet rarely possesses—a nervous excitability and a warmth of, we should almost say, sensational feeling, which generally developed at the expense of the body and the mind. Most *improvvisatori* showed signs of utter exhaustion, such as was rapidly destroying the young Metastasio when the Princess Belmonte Pignatelli induced Gravina to forbid his improvising any longer. How much depended upon the practice of improvising, the habit of getting into this extraordinary state of physical and intellectual excitement, is shown by the fact that Lorenzo d'Aponte, the librettist of Mozart, gradually developed the faculty in himself and in his brother, while Metastasio, who had possessed it when a mere child, afterwards declared that he could neither extemporise a single line nor understand how he had ever been able to do so. That the product of these anomalous talents must have been a very anomalous one is evident, and that the *improvvisatori* talked a vast amount of trash, nay that there was in their performance no real originality or literary merit, is undeniable; that, as Metastasio, who in after life could not endure the thing, tells us, the poems thus produced were full of 'Angelicas with the helmet of Orlando and Rinaldos wearing the nightcap of Armida;' that, as we learn from Forsyth, the scraps of improvised poetry written down by persons of the audience proved the vilest rubbish—all this is very true, and yet it is even more true that the performance of a good *improvvisatore* was a wonderful performance; the rapid out-pouring of sonorous verse, the succession of image on image, flashing past the mind in vague splendour, the air of inspiration, and the sensuous eloquence which is more potent than that of the reasoning faculties—all this made the exhibition of a Perfetti or a Corilla a striking one; but a mere exhibition it was, like that of fireworks or some strange theatre scene, and it was absurd to seek in it a poem, or any sort of real work of art.[3] Among the many accounts which remain of the performance of the greatest *improvvisatore* of the last century, we choose the following one, written by the lively and in-

[3] The *improvvisatori* were probably aware of their shortcomings, and aware of their right to be excused, as I gather from the following answer made by an extemporary poet of the first years of this century to a Cardinal who cried out, 'Too many syllables:' 'Chi ferra, inchioda, e chi cammina, inciampa; S'improvvisa, Eminenza, e non si stampa.'

telligent Président de Brosses to his French friends from Rome in the year 1739:

> You have heard of the class of poets who think nothing of composing an extemporary poem on any subject one may propose to them. The subject we gave to Perfetti was the Aurora borealis. He meditated, looking downwards, for at least half a quarter of an hour, to the sound of a harpsichord preluding *sotto voce*. Then he rose, and began to declaim in rhymed octaves, softly, and stanza by stanza, the harpsichord continuing to play chords while he was declaiming, and preluding during the intervals between the stanzas. At first they succeeded each other slowly enough, but little by little the poet became more animated, and in proportion to his doing so, the harpsichord also played louder and louder, till at length this extraordinary man declaimed like a poet full of enthusiasm. The accompanier on the harpsichord and himself went on together with surprising rapidity. When it was over, Perfetti seemed fatigued; he told us that he does not like to have to improvise often, as it exhausts his mind and body. His poem pleased me very much; in his rapid declamation it seemed to me sonorous, full of ideas and imagery. . . . You may be sure, however, that it consisted in reality of much more sound than sense: it is impossible that the general construction should not be most often maimed and tortured, and that the filling up be not mere grandiloquent rubbish.

Bernardino Perfetti, thus described by the Président de Brosses, was of noble Siennese family, a knight of the order of St. Stephen and a professor of Jurisprudence in his native city, nor does he seem ever to have exercised his talents for improvising, except for pleasure and glory. In 1725 the Grand-Duchess Dowager of Tuscany, Violante Beatrice of Bavaria, sent for him to Rome, where she was a guest of Benedict XIII., on occasion of the Jubilee. During this visit Perfetti excited such admiration by his improvisations at the Clementine College, at the palace of the Grand-Duchess and at that of the French ambassador, Cardinal Polignac, that the Pope, no doubt influenced by Crescimbeni and his adherents, decided that the *improvvisatore* should receive the crown of the Capitol, and gave the necessary instructions to the Senators and chief magistrates. Perfetti had, however, to undergo three consecutive ordeals in the palace of the Grand-Duchess, and in the presence of all Arcadia, twelve of whose members were chosen as judges. These twelve, divided into batches of four, proposed a theme to him on each evening; he improvised on them all with the greatest success, and the last evening, when everyone thought that he was utterly exhausted, he suddenly rose and epitomised all the previous arguments in the light verse called *sdrucciolo*, and according to Crescimbeni—

> Strung together the themes with wondrous felicity, and in such a way that, without altering the order of their succession, he formed out of the most different subjects a perfectly constructed oration.

The delegates of course decided that Perfetti was well worthy of the crown worn by Petrarch. This was a very serious opinion, and the character of Benedict XIII., of Crescimbeni, and, above all, of the solemn, stately time, excludes all thought of the ceremony being a mystification like that played off by the facetious Leo X. on poor Baraballo. The day after these trials Perfetti dressed himself after dinner, that is to say, after two in the afternoon, in a robe of black damask, and betook himself to the palace of the Sapienza, where he was received by a magistrate who carried him to the Capitol in one of the great gold-embossed and painted coaches of the Senator. In the hall of the Horatii and Curiatii, bedizened with Arpino's clumsy frescoes and decked out for the occasion with draperies and plants, Perfetti was met by the unique representative of the Roman Senate, in his gold and purple robes, with his adjuncts, the Conservatori, the chief magistrates, innumerable pages,

mace-bearers, and nobles, by the Grand-Duchess Dowager of Tuscany, the Princess Ruspoli, sister of the pope, and her daughter the Duchess Gravina, and by Arcadia represented by Crescimbeni and the most illustrious members. In the midst of a crowd of Cardinals, prelates, longwigged princes and enamelled cheeked ladies, Perfetti advanced to the foot of the senatorial throne, and the Senator Marchese Mario Frangipani, taking the laurel wreath from a page who held it on a silver embossed salver, placed it on the poet's head, making the following Ciceronian speech:

Eximium hoc laudis poeticae decus, quod tuo capiti impono, sub felicissimis auspiciis S.S.D.N. Papae Benedicti XIII., sit publici non minus erga argumentum quam obsequentissimi animi significatio erga amplissimam illam et plane regiam benevolentiam, quâ decoraris.

Perfetti was not less glib in improvising Latin prose than Italian verse, and answered:

Poetica laurus immeritae imposita fronti, excelsam S.S. Patris ac Principis papae Benedicti XIII. munificentiamque, effusamque senatus populusque Romani erga me voluntatem testatur, quarum utraque aut honore dignos invenit aut facit.

Then the crowned poet was seated on a chair of state prepared for him, and seven Arcadians, headed by Crescimbeni, repeated laudatory poems, to the accompaniment of a tremendous noise of trumpets and drums, and the firing of a hundred mortars. Afterwards the notary of the Senate drew up an act by which the citizenship and nobility of Rome were conferred on the Cavalier Perfetti and all his descendants.

There is or was a picture of Perfetti at the Bosco Parrasio, not in the black damask robe and laurel wreath, but in a strange combination of many-coloured garments, green, red, and yellow, with an open collar and loose blue necktie, and an orange-coloured scarf rolled round his close-shaven head, a mass of colour harmonising well with the very swarthy complexion, brilliant eyes, and full, laughing lips of the poet. This picture, gaudy and yet harmonious, rich and outlandish, serves to help out our conception of the strange, theatrical, poetical medley of talents which made up the successor of Petrarch.

VERNON LEE.

(*To be continued.*)

# IVY-LEAVES.

## FROM THE HERMITAGE, EPPING FOREST.

THE vernal equinox past, and Spring really with us and improving day by day up to midsummer, who would stay in the Wilderness of Brick that could fly from it? I asked myself this, lying on the grass under a great hawthorn bush 'dipt in cream;' but next began to consider that it is not fair to despise London, even in this view. The great city is very bright in Spring with its successive almond blossoms, lilacs, horse chestnuts, its well-wooded parks and verdant suburbs.

And how luckily the West-end Parks are linked to each other, as in a careless chain, so that from far-away corners of Chelsea, Brompton, Kensington, Bayswater, you can walk up into the core of West London at Charing Cross, or to Westminster Bridge, with a mere busy crossing or two in the whole stretch, as frequent reminder that you are passing among green woods through the midst of the greatest city in the world.

Nay, if he knows his Town, the pedestrian can push on hither and thither among the countless abodes of men by many a picturesque route and without long losing sight of green branches. The Embankment brings him to the garden and quaint courts of that Temple whose Book of the Law is bulkier and more complex than the old one. From crowded Fleet Street and Chancery Lane he soon escapes into the other learned and city-verdurous region of Lincoln's Inn, and again, crossing Holborn, into the embrace of shadowy Gray's Inn and Lord Verulam's renowned ghost.

'Tis pleasant to remind one's-self how much the great smoky foggy noisy province covered with houses has to recommend it. When I am in town in early summer I long to be in the country; but when I am in the country, be it in a soft elysium of young green leaves, tufts of fragrant primroses, wild hyacinths like ponds of harmless blue fire, and all things that paint the meadows with delight, harangued by the blackbird and serenaded by the nightingale, or in a nobler earthly paradise of lake and mountain, I confess I often think fondly of London. Its imperial dignity as a chief centre of influence, a storehouse and workshop of human ideas, impresses the imagination by the aid of distance with majestic and solemn unity of effect. It orbs into a grandeur which 'we saw not while we moved therein.'

Even the newspapers, remote from the details of their production and sale, begin to appear marvellous (as I suppose they are) with their rapid intelligence from all ends of the earth and clear and ready commentaries. And then the Picture Galleries—the old with their garnered treasures, the new with their varied productions of, at lowest, careful and skilful work. Last year I was among the buttercups when the Galleries opened, and when some one brought catalogues down, I remember a feeling of amazement at the amount of artistic industry, chiefly in the great hive, though the bees do roam abroad for their materials. The peasants and farmers going about among their fields and farm animals are satisfactorily in place; but the horse and cow take as much notice of the landscape and meditate as much on abstract ideas as their two-legged guardians, for all one can find out; and how politics or arts could spontaneously

arise among such human creatures it is not possible to conceive. In short, we want both Town and Country.

This year I have seen the Shows with bodily eyes, and experienced the mental indigestion which is sure to follow. A Picture Gallery, indeed, is always an evil—a necessary evil, one may allow. Pictures ought to be the enrichment of public buildings, churches, and private dwellings. Seeing them crowded into a Gallery is like seeing animals in a Zoological Garden, or worse. The 'Grosvenor' will do good in various ways; for one thing it will accustom the public to find fewer pictures and more space round them, and teach the advantage and comfort of this. Also, one feels he is breathing a freer pictorial air than at the Academy, which is often 'stuffy' and not always wholesome. If incompetence finds its way to the walls of the younger Gallery, one knows at least that it is not chartered incompetence, forcing itself upon you by privilege and patent, and moreover assuming the right to sit in judgment upon art in general. The position of the Royal Academy has no little likeness to that of the Corporation of the City of London. They are both of them rich and strong, have many friends and much to say for themselves; direct assaults have rather seemed to strengthen them than otherwise; at the same time there is a general feeling that they are obliged to live on the defensive—that their existence is by no means self-justifying, but requires a good deal of apology, and needs a good deal of reforming if people could only agree about how to effect it. Recent accession of wealth, by means of which the Academy, in addition to the parts of teacher and exhibitor, has become a picture-buyer off its own walls, may work for good or for evil according to management. In any case, the increase of purse-power comes opportunely to its aid against opponents and rivals. It is safe to prophesy that many a future Sir Frederick and Sir John, and other canvas knights (meaning no disrespect), will speak pleasant things to a great dinner-party in Burlington House in future months of May, and hear things no less agreeable in turn from the Prime Minister and other prime people of those unborn years, though who most of these are likely to be no man can guess. By the bye, were I President of this highly distinguished and privileged institution, there is a question which I would at once take steps to submit to the Council: Is it expedient that prominent Artists of the Academy should make a practice of exhibiting elsewhere some of their most important new works? Those who belong to such a body have in charge other interests besides their own.

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Where there is *significancy*, a man's character is interesting, and a work of art or literature important; but a great deal of cleverness may remain thoroughly insignificant.

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Fitly to estimate a poem, is the most delicate and difficult literary enterprise that Criticism can attempt. Sympathy, impartiality, experience, are essential; breadth of judgment and subtlety of expression. And even with all these (so rarely found) the verdict may be inadequate though valuable, and need to be checked by others; for who can avoid seeking his own affinities and laying undue stress upon them?

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Some small passages of arms took place not long ago between the *Spectator* newspaper and *Fraser's Magazine*. *Spectator* reproached *Fraser* now with a habit of prolixity, anon with a habit of 'snippetiness;'

*Fraser* denied the other's claim to comment thus upon the management of a contemporary and yet to be itself free from criticism, and suggested that *Spectator's* weekly paragraphs might with equal fairness be said to resemble 'small beer served in liqueur-glasses.' *Spectator* retorted, *Fraser* replied, and then the pea-shooting came to an end. Since this, it would seem, the *Spectator* (May 4) has discovered or been reminded of the existence of a volume, published more than a year ago, of collected poems by Mr. Allingham (who is as well known to be editor of the magazine as Messrs. Hutton and Townsend are to be joint-editors of the newspaper), and has taken it up, rather late, in the hope, the reviewer tells us, of finding something to praise. The reviewer also mentions that he has never till now happened to meet with any of Mr. Allingham's verses, being apparently in the habit of giving but little attention to *belles lettres*. However, with the laudable object already mentioned, he 'lingered long over the pages' of *Songs, Ballads, and Stories*, but in vain; he could not, from cover to cover, find a piece, or a stanza, or even a line, deserving the name of poetry. One very short effusion, and one only (called 'Half-Waking') he selects for quotation, as being the best in the book; but is so unlucky as to miss out two of the five stanzas, thus making the little piece totally meaningless, after which he declares that it is 'not poetry,' but something that 'might have been written from school to a fond parent by a well-brought-up lad of fifteen or thereabouts.' His general verdict on the volume is as follows: 'There is no reason why, with health and strength, a man should not go on pouring out verse of this description just as a sausage-mill turns out sausages, till the machine wears out or remains unsupplied with material. The best thing we can say for them [it?] is that they are totally innocent in intention, and they may perhaps have a further usefulness in warning young would-be poets against the facile expression of commonplace thoughts.'

The attack is not a remarkably powerful one, nor can the disguise of good-nature be called highly successful; in fact, considered as a literary performance the article has a somewhat ludicrous aspect, and perhaps, all things considered, it would have been better policy of the *Spectator* had it persevered in ignoring the volume in question. As it is, the review stands in evidence, and so does the book, and so also do the circumstances, for whosoever may take any interest in forming an opinion on the case, which is at once a grave and a paltry one, and may be regarded in either light, according to taste.

---

Push not *à outrance* your antagonism of opinion. Perhaps your opponent, by nature or by training, finds it impossible to come upon your standpoint; if so, you cannot make him, and probably he sees another side of the truth from his own. Perhaps he stood years ago where you stand now and has since passed on; perhaps, again, he will agree with you next year or next month. Finally, if he is merely stupid or merely obstinate, will you run your head against a tree? As to the dishonest man, his so-called opinions are mere points of cunning or malice, and your wisdom is to avoid him, unless he insists on thrusting himself in your way.

---

Time is like a bank-note; nothing so carelessly crumpled and soiled; nothing we are so unwilling to lose altogether.

---

You have a friend and an enemy in every man's bosom, and it rests with yourself which to challenge.

---

Those Worthies of the great Past, in every department of human activity, whose good works and thoughts we inherit and glory in—why are they thus precious and venerable to us? Because, and in so far as, they were true to themselves. This was their part. It is ours to be true to *our*selves, and thus only can we have the truth we revere in them. The Past has in itself a reverend quality which the Present lacks, and therefore we ought to take care that the Present receive due respect; recollecting, for one thing, that it immediately becomes the Past.

---

Mentally, we must all begin, like young apes, with ready-chewed morsels; but afterwards we ought to find and eat our own food.

---

The continued study of the physical, apart from the moral and spiritual, commonly tends to unbelief, negation, and in no few cases even to denial of all that is highest in human life. The disjunction is unnatural. Man's mind, in its relations to the universe, cannot wholesomely occupy itself always in mere analysis; still less in a special—that is, artificially separated—department of analysis. Men of science, strictly so called, are usually unfitted for general contemplation and speculation, for which is needed an imaginative mind, imbued with science and purified by religious feeling.

---

'MATTER-OF-FACT.'

'There's daily need
That we should feed;
But what are all your Arts indeed?
Pray who would brook
To lose his cook
Rather than Homer's gray old book?'

Pig's Tail and Snout!
Here's truth, no doubt;
But topsy-turvy, inside out.

The Needfullest,
Is that the Best?
Your guts in modest cave should rest!

Who binds up dung
Sweet flow'rs among?
Are frying-pans as pictures hung?
Eat, drink, your fill;
Gain strength and will;
If need be, take a draught or pill.

And if some power
In lucky hour
Shall make you feel the heavenly dower
Which Genius brings
On mystic wings
To light the world of common things,—

Poor dolt! at least
Mock not this feast
Which proves you are not all a beast.
Be humble,—nay,
Kneel down and say,
'Thank Heaven for one true glimpse to-day!'

---

There are some things fit to be stated oratorically, some poetically, some logically, some technically, some humorously, some *commonsensically*, and a statement wrongly managed as to mode is like a tune played out of its key.

---

One may love Poetry heartily, and turn to it for soothing, refreshment, elevation, when no other reading will serve; and yet feel usually a shudder on opening any volume to find it printed in broken lines which at once tell the eye it is not 'prose.' Verse has associations with the noblest and loveliest phases of human intellect, and, on the other hand, with the most absurd motions of silly conceit, as the sound of an organ may remind you of a Gothic cathedral or of a starved monkey in a red jacket.

---

Upon a cork of Morality public men wind a ball of Selfishness,

and play their game with it. Without the cork the ball would never hop; but the cork must be small, or it would hop too high.

---

'High Church,' bloated with unassimilated mystic traditions and morbid formulæ—'Low Church,' rubbing self-importance into a pimply condition of inflamed vanity—may respectively be termed the dropsy and the scabies of a religious system.

---

The 'cock-sure' and super-earnest people, I often think (who in their hearts are possibly not sure at all), supply the best excuse for the careless happy-go-lucky and self-indulgent mortals, whose mottoes are: 'Carpe diem! vive la joie! vive la bagatelle!'

---

Nobody *jolts* me mentally so much as a certain eloquent Oxford Professor. Now, my magic steed soars and floats among summer clouds, now skims the meadowy plain, brushing the flowers; anon, he jumps, bucks, flings, caracoles, till I am eager to clutch his mane, his tail, any holdfast—cry, 'now then!'—'woa then!'—'quiet then!'—wish myself thrown off in some soft place. It is like a dream, a nightmare. Lo, all again grows sweet and smooth and musical. I hear as it were the swelling of a quire, the song of angels.

But ha! what is this? Once more Pegasus begins to jerk, snort, and *da capo*,—there—I'm off! Provoking animal, go to the—— stars! I'll provide myself with a stout hackney,—for ordinary use, I mean: I would not, after all, lose my magic steed for the world.

---

It is in the *beginning* of an ordinary friendship that you are most likely to receive confidences; but not so with a great friendship.

---

The Clock begins to strike seven. One—two—three . . . the Voice of Time . . . What is it but a piece of mechanism? . . . Nay. The wheels, the cogs, the strings, the weights, are indeed cunningly devised by men; but to make these, and put them together, men have dipped their fingers into the element of supernal law, into starry ether. I see the earth, the planets, the universe moving; and the great movement is here induced to record itself. We mark it off to our consciousness and call it *Time*. Are we in it? Is it in us? . . . Five—six—seven:—the Clock is done striking. One may think of much in a quarter-minute.

---

Another day, the clear emphatic little voice of the Clock gave my mind a more practical turn. Remembering how often it had happened to me, especially with public clocks, to miss count for one reason or another of the number of strokes, I thought of the following simple expedient for expressing the hour more distinctly—which I commend to horologers. After 'one,' 'two,' and 'three' o'clock, struck as now; let the number three be made the basis of the scheme of striking from four to twelve: 1,2,3,.4; 1,2,3,.4,5; 1,2,3,.4,5,6; 1,2,3,.4,5,6,.7; and so on, the pause after every three strokes being for the time of one stroke. This could not, even as a novelty, be confused with quarter-striking, the quarters being invariably struck in a different tone from the hours.

While speaking of public clocks, let me ask, how people can be so idiotic as to allow any radial lines except the hands to appear on a clock-face? The new illuminated clock placed in the old red brick tower of Chelsea Church, has four strong dark curved lines crossing its face, in consequence of which you must, by day or night, come close up to it to be sure of where the hands are pointing to: and

this is by no means the only case of the kind. As in the matter of railway platforms, one's first notion is, that there must be some practical reason for the inconvenience; but you recollect that there are clock-faces without any such lines, and platforms which *are* on a level with the carriages, and you perceive that human stupidity and incompetency are to blame. To which add, as regards railways, the question of the pocket. To remedy their blundering (and murderous) arrangements would cost money, and Governmental incompetency fails to insist upon what public safety so manifestly requires, and has so long required.

---

Two books on Thoreau, Emerson's friend and neighbour, have lately appeared, a man of interesting personality, who spoke charmingly of birds, fishes, and plants. I remember how 'Life in the Woods' delighted me, and I wrote these lines on the fly-leaf:

Walden's a placid woodland pool
  Across the wild waves hoary,
In whose fountain, clear and cool
    I intend to swim.
British lakes, Italian, Swiss,
Prouder, lovelier than this,
    Echo song and story;
Wide are those Indian waters; but
By Walden one man built a hut—
    I often think of him.

I gave a copy of the book to Clough, who also liked it well, but insisted on the fact (for he had seen them) that Walden Pond and its woods were no savage solitude, but well within the limits of New England civilisation. He was anxious, *more suo*, there should be no exaggerations. 'A Week on the Concord and Merrimack' is also a truly enjoyable volume; in those that followed, the writer often repeated himself—and others. I felt a kind of affectionate anger on hearing of his death, understanding it to have come of neglect of ordinary precautions against illness, and remembering his contempt for all who coddled themselves, feared cold, wet, &c.; and this impromptu expressed the feeling:

H. D. T.

Ah me! the stout man's dead,
Hath done our hope much wrong;
His sermon and his song
Are much discredited.
His boldness, was it brag?
Weak brethren were his scorn,
He lord of river, wood, and crag,
Crony of snow and tempest, night
    and morn;
    Who took no keeping
    Of eating, sleeping,
  Lay on the mountain side aloof,
    Careless of hearth and roof;
For, ah! that hollow cough of his,
Poor man, is no new scoff of his;
Now must he fear a drop of dew,
The summer wind would pierce him
    through;
Faintly, faintly, comes his breath;
He yields, before his time, to death.
Not wise the man, whate'er he be,
Nor safe, who lacks humility.
—But, Henry! I am sad for thee.

There is an essay of his on Work (I am not sure of the title) which seems to me one of his best things, though needing to be taken with many grains of salt. He was a genuine and wholesome fruit of his climate and soil; in face, according to the only portrait I have seen, curiously like Mr. Emerson. One of his last expressions was, 'I regret nothing in the past.'

---

Aristocracy has abolished itself; those below insist on keeping up the forms of it.

---

Dr. Alfred Carpenter has been lecturing on 'Alcohol;' the *Times* has had a leader on it; Dr. William Carpenter and others have written letters in that journal on the subject; and my own impression, as an

impartial reader, is, that the whole discussion leaves the matter precisely where it was before, in spite of Dr. A. Carpenter's emphatic assertion: 'Science tells us most clearly that the use of alcohol in health is necessarily hurtful.' (*Times*, May 17.)

Now, let us look quietly at this authoritative statement of what 'Science tell us most clearly.'

Alcohol is a word derived from the Arabic, and used to express the pure inflammable spirit contained in wine, brandy, whisky, beer, and other liquors. This spirit is the same in all, and is producible after fermentation from many kinds of fruits, grains, and vegetables. But we do not drink alcohol—or 'spirits of wine;' we drink various Wines (to take this class of liquors for example) wherein is a certain portion of alcohol in combination with saccharine, acid, astringent, aqueous, and other substances. When I drink a pint of sound claret or Rhenish, or good beer, it is nothing to the point to explain to me the effects of alcohol on the human constitution; the effects of the combination, in these forms, I know to be pleasant, and believe to be wholesome. If I take more than enough, that is unwholesome. If I take brandy, whisky, gin, or other distilled liquor which has a large proportion of alcohol, I still am not drinking alcohol, but I am drinking something which I know from experience to be—unless when taken exceptionally and cautiously—bad for me; and in proportion as my so-called wine is mingled with distilled liquor, the same is true of it. Surely the simple and rational course is to guard against, and argue against, the habitual use of strong drink, not of alcohol. It is, I must say and repeat, a common vice of the Scientific Mind to carry Analysis—whereby it has won such victories in its own departments—too minutely into the general affairs of Human Life, which, as we learn from experience, require a certain breadth of treatment. Where we do not know everything, intelligent empiricism is in many cases not only the modestest, but the wisest course.

Moreover, I find in these recent discussions a defect which I have often observed in others of the kind: no notice whatever is taken of the *mental* effects of alcoholic drinks moderately used. I cannot lament that the boosing songs once so popular have fallen out of fashion; but have we not grown a little hypocritical? It would seem that we are ashamed to as much as hint—*Nunc vino pellite curas*, or to allow that wine has ever the least power to make glad the heart of man. In one of Peacock's novels the hero resolves on suicide, and to fortify himself for the deed orders up a bit of supper and a bottle of old Burgundy, after consuming which his purpose fades away, and he lives to go through many subsequent adventures. This is an extreme case; but for Heaven's sake, good Chemists, do what you possibly can to protect us against the too common evil of adulteration—

(Wine, good wine, is an excellent thing;
Too often the vintner deserves to swing—)

But let us hear no more of 'alcohol!'

---

In these modern times there are vast and increasing multitudes of *over-educated men.* I mean men whose natural powers of imagination, judgment, and reasoning are small, yet who, by the aid of memory and industry, have, under favouring circumstances, acquired a large but not discriminating knowledge of what others have said, a fluent supply of words, and a boundless self-conceit; so that they seem to themselves, and to many others, to be not

only wise but the wisest of living mankind, while in fact they are essentially and incurably poor-minded. Such people—unoriginal, fluent, plausible, narrow and immodest—in even retailing the good things acquired by memory are almost certain to confuse them by lack of proportionality, and by additions from their own foolishness and self-opinion. These men too, unfortunately, are very ready to put themselves forward as counsellors and leaders, and often gain a temporary acceptance; their real effect, as a class, being to darken counsel and to mislead. Plenty of over-educated men issue yearly from the universities upon a world already crowded to inconvenience; but 'over-educated' is not synonymous with 'highly educated;' there are men who were over-educated in being taught to spell, because they were thus spoilt for their proper places in life.

---

The Bard sings Beauty, and what lies behind
All Beauty, in the Everlasting Mind.
Rejoice, O World, if one true verse you find;
Grave it in gold, and on your forehead bind.

EASTERN HERMIT.

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